

PUNCH

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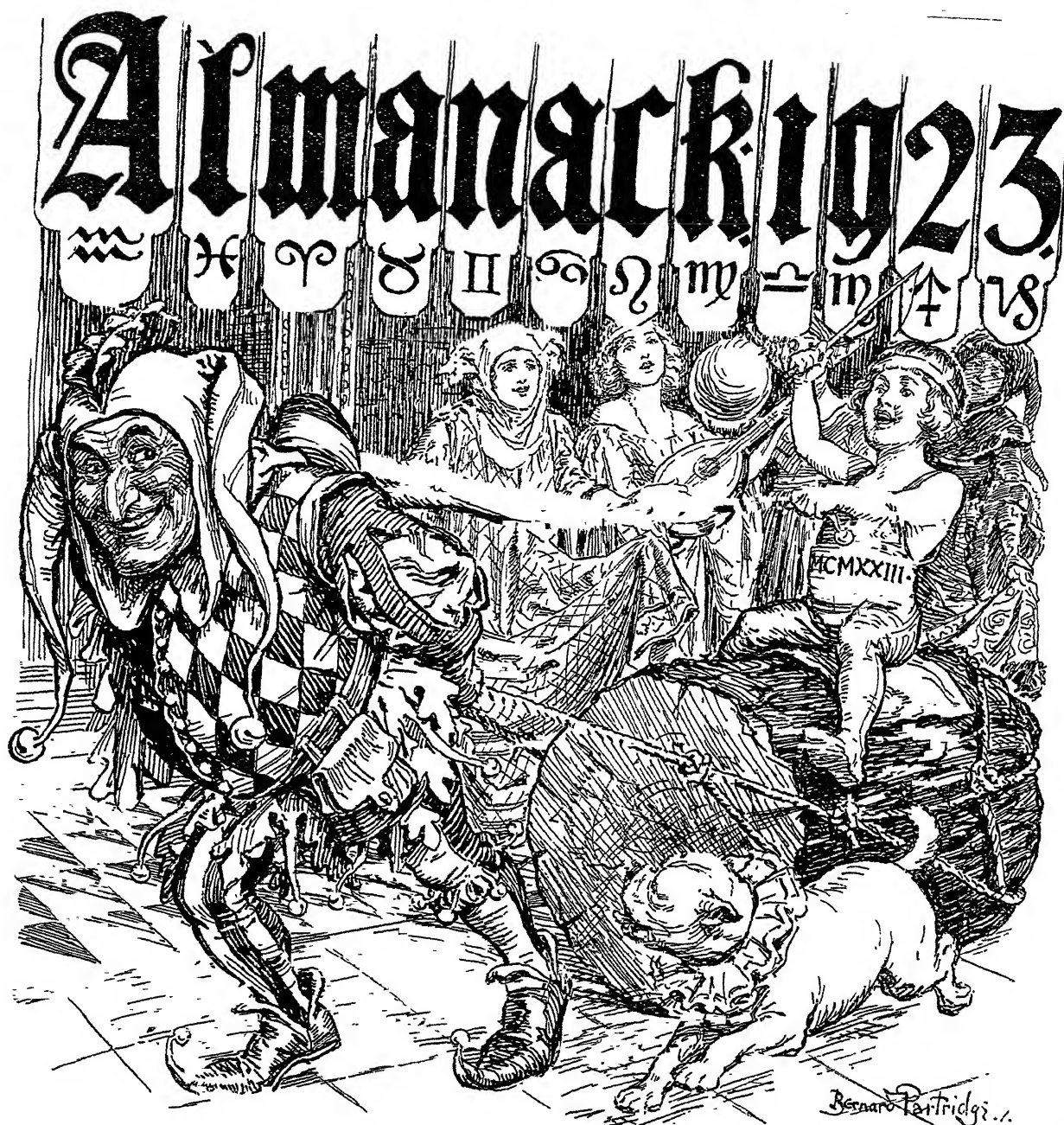


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CALENDAR, 1923.

January	February	March	April	May	June
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THE FIRST NIGHT.

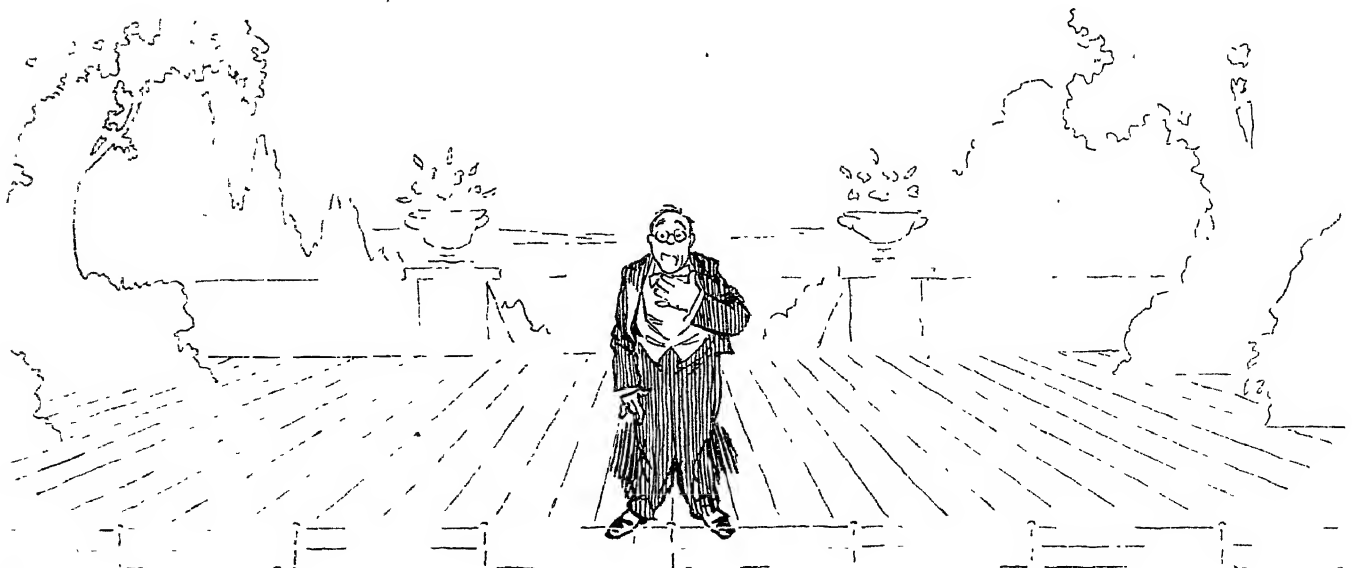
Jongasse



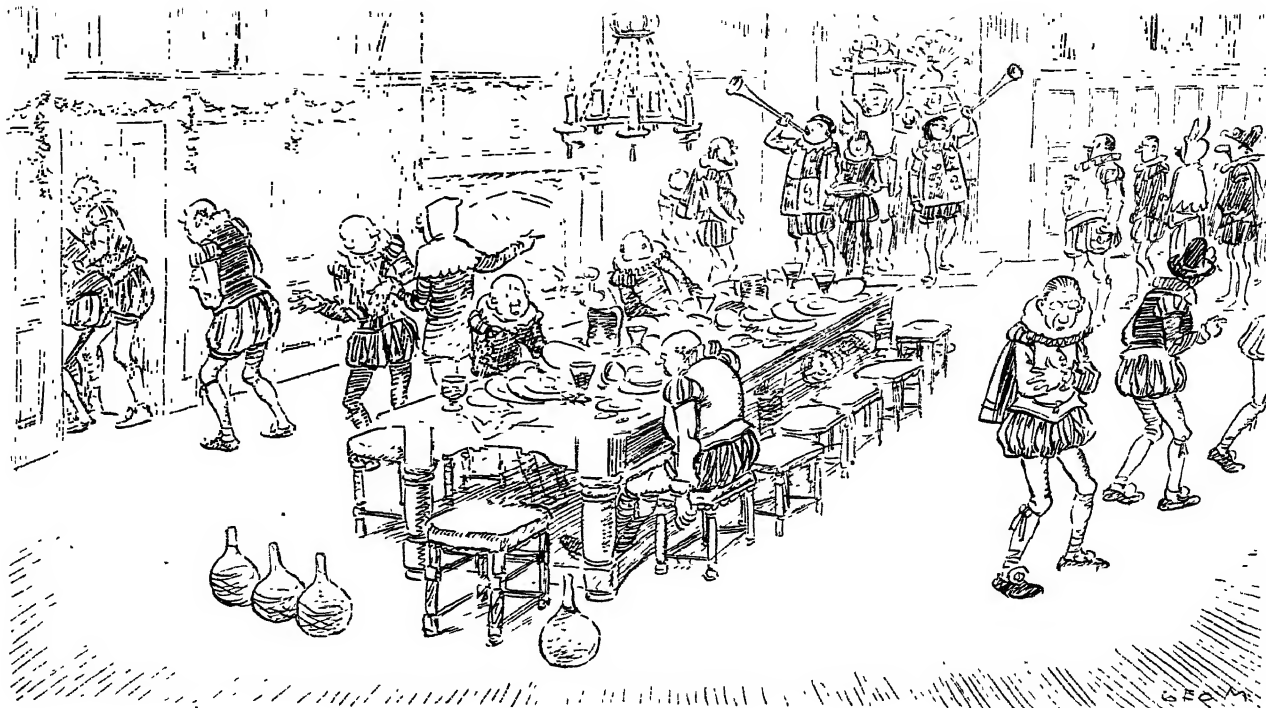
WITH WHAT GRACIOUS HUMILITY—AND YET EASY CONFIDENCE—THE ACCOMPLISHED PERFORMERS TAKE THEIR CALLS—



WITH WHAT QUIET DIGNITY, WHAT MODEST ASSURANCE—



WITH WHAT — OH, YES, OF COURSE THIS MUST BE THE AUTHOR.



A SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIANS ATTEMPTS THE RECONSTRUCTION OF AN ELIZABETHAN CHRISTMAS DINNER WITH STRICTLY HISTORICAL ACCURACY, BUT BREAKS DOWN THROUGH FAILURE TO REPRODUCE THE DIGESTIONS OF THE PERIOD.



[The Earl has commanded that there shall be no vulgarity in the Christmas entertainments.]

Seneschal. "MY LORD, THESE BE THE MINSTRELS. NOT A COMELY CROWD, BUT THEY GIVE A VERY REFINED PERFORMANCE. WE HAVE JUST HAD A REHEARSAL IN THE KITCHEN BEFORE THE MENIALS, AND I CAN ASSURE YOU, MY LORD, THAT THE LAUGHTER WAS NEVER EXCESSIVE."



SCENE: *The British Museum.*

Tourist. "COME ON, MARIA; WE SHALL NEVER GET THROUGH IF YOU STOP LOOKING AT THINGS"



SCENE: *A Country Club.*

Local Sportsman (not very generous with his game). "HOW WAS THE MARKET YESTERDAY?"
Neighbour. "STOCK EXCHANGE OR LEADENHALL?"



Little Girl (to mother, who has been to a dance attended by Royalty). "AND DID THE PRINCE DANCE WITH YOU, MUMMY?"
Mother. "OH, NO, DEAR." *Little Girl. "I s'POSE THAT WAS COS YOU HADN'T GLASS SLIPPERS?"*



New Maid from a Farmhouse (receiving instruction on how to announce visitors). "BUT, PLEASE 'M, AM I TO LOOSE THEM IN IF YOU'RE NOT IN THE ROOM?"

MINCE MEAT.

(By our *Chairvariety Artistes*.)

A Ping-Pong League has been formed in London, and the game is said to be having a great vogue in the provinces. It is predicted that before long it will be taken up sufficiently by other countries to give the British Press a new subject: "What is wrong with our Ping-Pong?"

We must bear up bravely. The first twelve months of our English winter are always the worst.

We are now entering upon the fifth year of the Peace. It is only fair to acknowledge that many experts foretold that it would be a protracted affair.

In sporting circles it is thought that either Father Christmas or the "Beaver" epidemic will have to go under this Yuletide.

We are informed that one newspaper hopes to extend its insurance scheme this Christmas to cover the risk of small boys bursting after dinner.

A man found wandering the other day said he was a rock-driller out of work. It seems a shame that he can't get temporary employment drilling holes for sultanas in a Christmas pudding arsenal.

It has been suggested that in order to assist absent-minded people every hotel office should have a card bearing the words, "Have You Left Anything?" Some hotels might have another card near the cashier's desk with the words, "Have You Anything Left?"

A card posted in London on December 24th, 1911, was delivered a few weeks ago. It is good to feel that there was at least one man who took the POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S advice to "Post Early."

We hear that a firm of motor-tyre manufacturers are presenting their Scottish clients at Christmas with a booklet entitled *How to Repair a Punctured Haggis*.

A weekly paper has discovered a boy in Hammersmith who laughs at everything, even at his lessons. There is likely to be keen competition for his attendance at pantomimes.

A new trick of a music-hall illusionist is to make a small boy disappear from a box which is later found to contain eggs. This seems a sound commercial solution of the old problem of "What to do with our boys."

Medical writers agree that anxiety and mental effort at meal-times are bad for the digestion. With the New Poor the trouble is the bill; with the New Rich the French menu.

A plain piece of oxidised paper, devoid

We read of a surgeon having to be called in to remove a raisin from a small boy's ear. This should serve as a lesson to small boys who bury themselves too deeply in their puddings.

A boom in the air-gun trade is reported—a sure sign that the close season for waits will soon be at an end.

There is again to be no pantomime at Drury Lane Theatre this year. Thousands of school-children are reported to have sent messages of sympathy to their parents.

Much of the mistletoe used in this country comes from Brittany. So do many of the onions. Facts like these are often helpful to a poor conversationalist at a Christmas party.

There will be plenty of temperance drinks quite as good in taste as the intoxicating stuff, says a temperance writer, discussing Christmas possibilities. We are grateful for this warning.

Many people who successfully insured with newspapers against accident have expressed their objection to being dunned for Christmas-boxes by the taxi-drivers who knocked them down.

PRESSED LEAVES:

AN ANNUAL REVERIE.

RED rose and scented brier,
Fragrant of seasons dead
When I was still a flier
Whose feet are now as lead;
How touching these mementoes
Which I achieved to win
When, poised on all my ten toes,
I danced the daylight in.

That era, O so brilliant,
When I recall to mind,

Old loves awake resilient
Out of the years behind;
These crushed and faded rose-leaves,
A perfume haunts them still
That in my throbbing nose leaves
A strangely poignant thrill.

Fragrance (I said so) lingers
Round each, derived in part
From their respective fingers
Who pinned them next my heart—
Mollie's and Meg's and Mabel's—
But ah, I've lost the clues,
Have mixed, in fact, the labels
In memory's index-tables
And can't tell which was whose.

O. S.

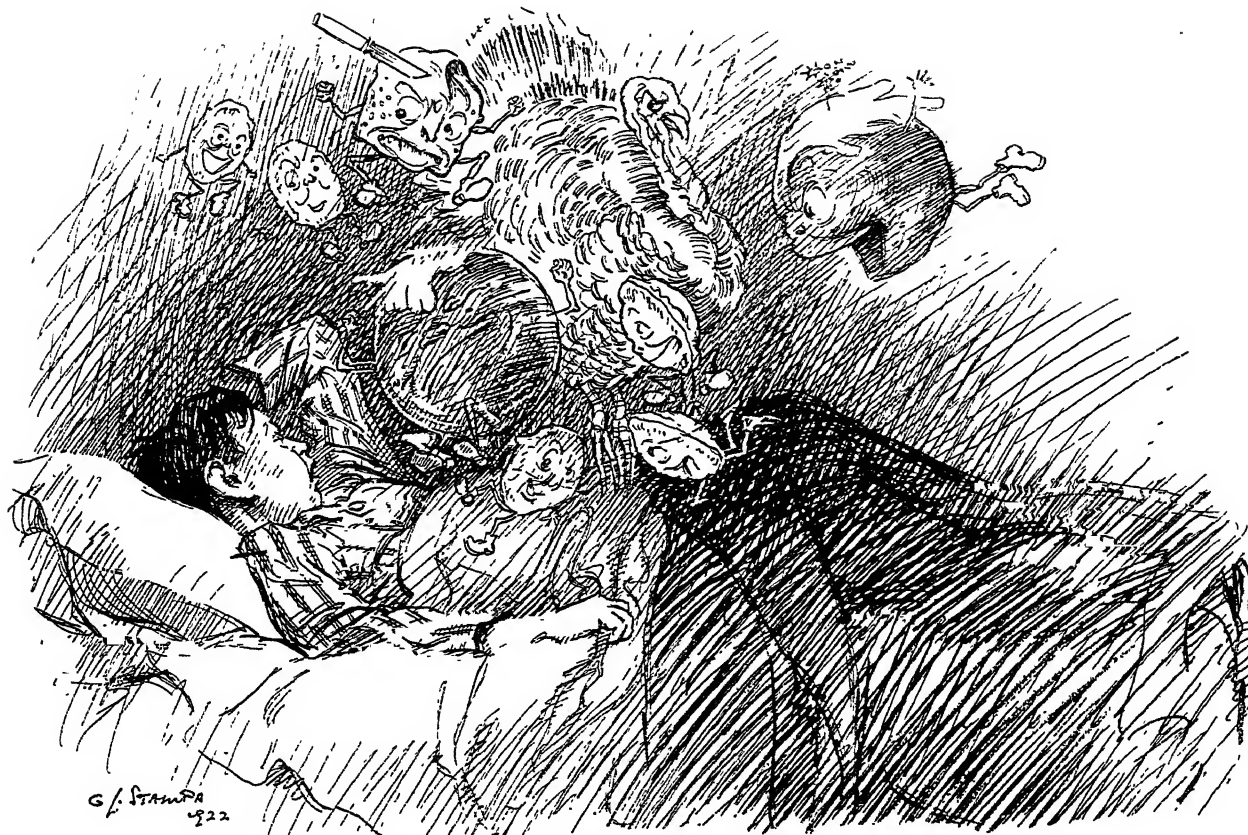


Passing Constable (eager to render professional assistance). "AND WHEN DID YOU LAST SEE THE BALL, GENTLEMEN?"

of all writing, is to be the fashionable Christmas Card this year. The idea is that the recipient will get the impression that he has received greetings from the POET LAUREATE.

With teams touring in Australasia and South Africa, many an enthusiast will be able to spend the winter, as he spent the summer, crouching over the fire reading the cricket reports.

It is said that several pantomime comedians are seeking injunctions to restrain one another from using a topical joke about this year's increase in the size of Turkey.



THE WEIGHTS, DECEMBER 25th, 10.45 P.M.



Christmas Shopper. "HAVE YOU ANY SORT OF THING, ABOUT FOURPENCE, TO AMUSE A FATHER?"



THE BULL-DOG BREED.

Sympathetic Stranger. "THAT WAS A VERY NARROW ESCAPE YOU HAD. HAS IT EVER HAPPENED BEFORE?"
Our Village Postman. "EVERY DAY."



Veteran Pavement Artist. "THIS YER TALK ABART BRIGHTENIN' LONDON GIVES ME THE 'UMP. NONE OF 'EM CARES NOWADAYS FOR A BIT O' SALMON ON A PLATE OR A COUPLE OF MACKERELS."
Scots Musician. "AY, MON; AN' THEY'RE WANTIN' JAZZ TUNES FRAE THE PIPES."



Guest. "THIS WINE IS REALLY EXCELLENT."

Host. "SO IT OUGHT TO BE. I'VE OWED MY WINE MERCHANT FOR IT FOR SEVENTEEN YEARS."



Extract from recent dialogue between above gentleman and house agent. "I WANT A LITTLE PLACE IN A 'UNE DISTRICT. NO WALLS, NO 'IGH FENCES, NO WATER JUMPS AND NO BARBED WIRE TO WORRY YER. JUST GOOD OPEN COUNTRY AN' PLAIN SAILIN'."
"WE HAVE THE VERY THING ON OUR BOOKS, SIR."

THE SENSATION-MONGERS.



BERTIE AND I DETERMINED TO BE TALKED ABOUT, SO WE EXECUTED A STEP-DANCE ON OUR TABLE AT A WELL-KNOWN RESTAURANT; BUT WE ARE AFRAID WE WERE THOUGHT TO BE A TURN PUT ON BY THE MANAGEMENT.

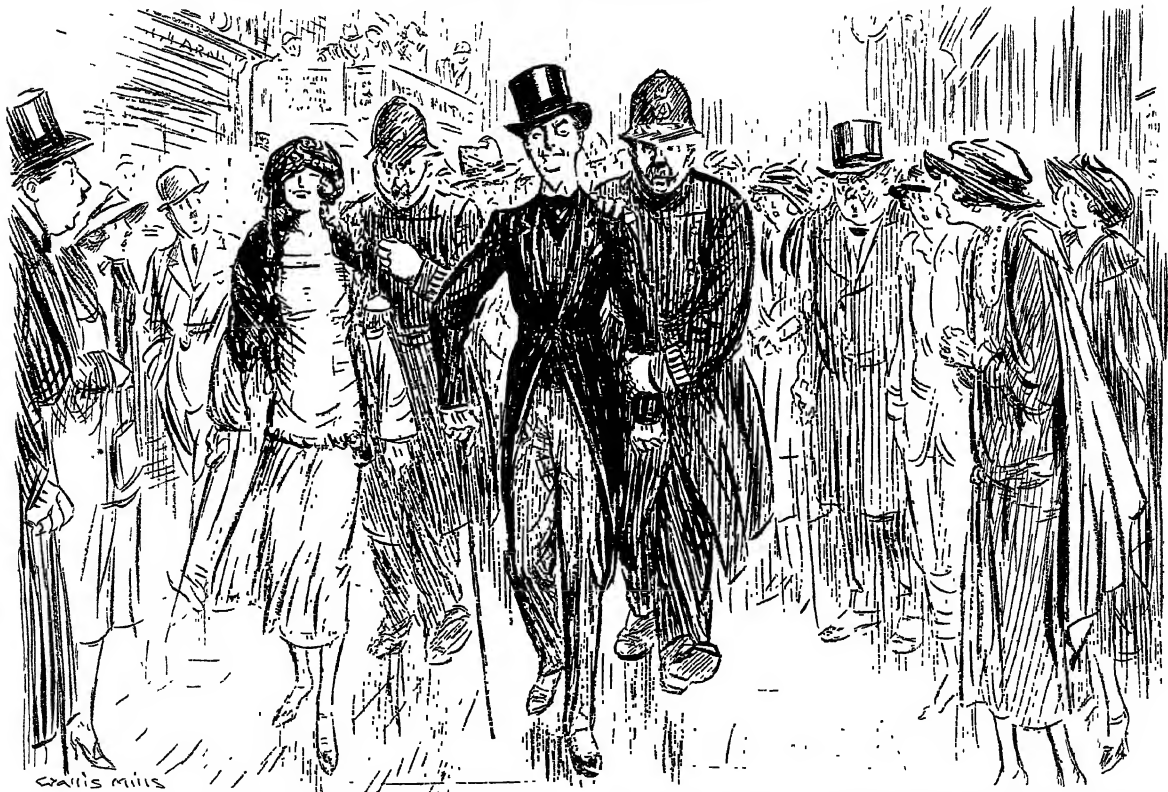


WE MADE UP OUR MINDS TO OUT-BOHEMIAN THE MOST ADVANCED BOHEMIANS, SO ENTERTAINED A FEW. THEY TOLD US AFTERWARDS THAT THEY HAD HAD A NICE CONVENTIONAL EVENING.

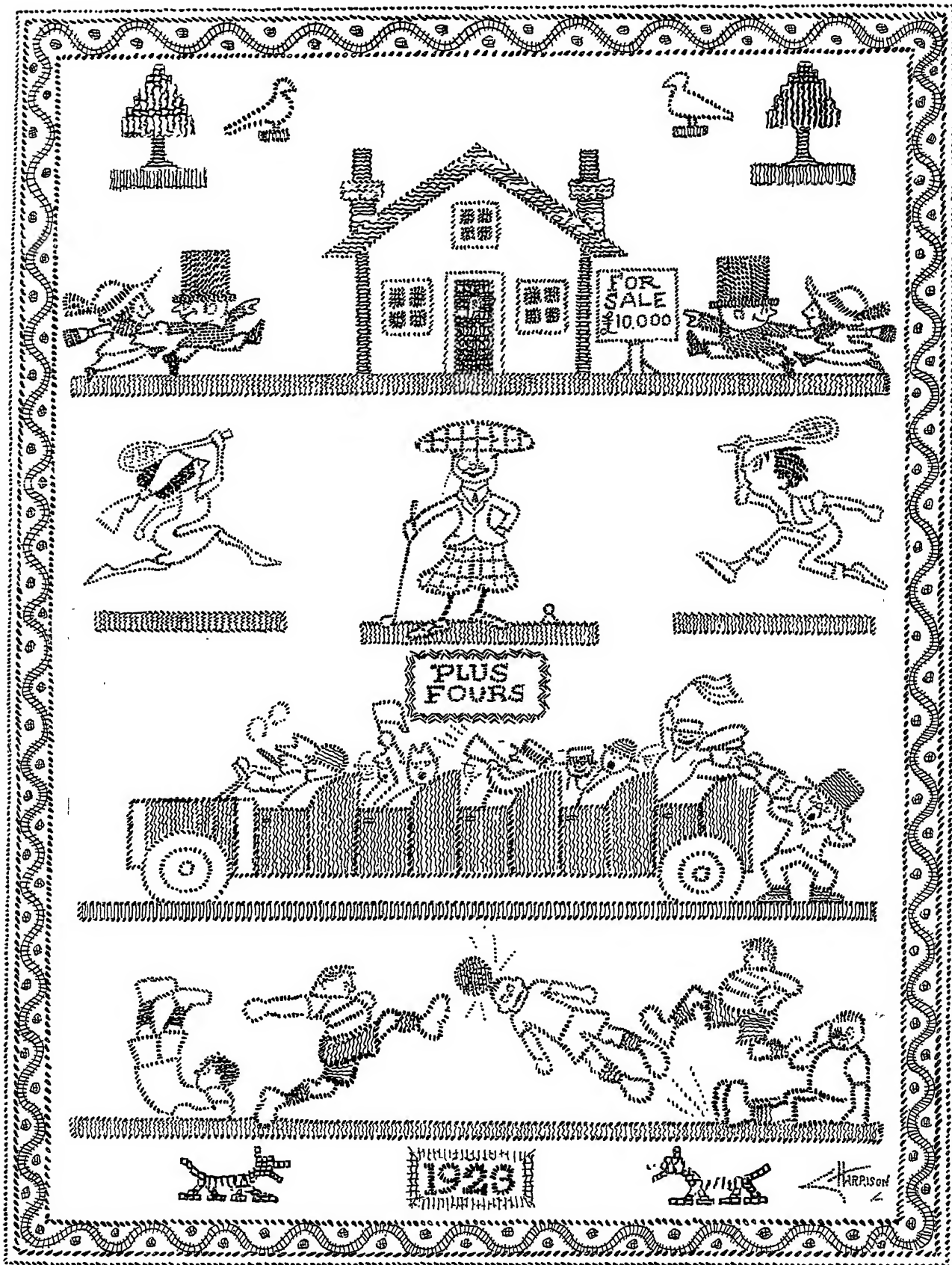
THE SENSATION-MONGERS.



WE CERTAINLY THOUGHT WE SHOULD CREATE A FURORE IN BOND STREET, BUT KIND OLD LADIES INSISTED WE WERE COLLECTING FOR HOSPITALS.



HOWEVER, EVERYTHING COMES TO HIM WHO WAITS. ONE DAY BERTIE BOUGHT A SMALL PACKET OF TOOTHPOWDER IN PICCADILLY AND GAVE IT TO ME TO HOLD. WE WERE POUNCED UPON BY THE POLICE AS COCAINE TRAFFICKERS. GREAT SENSATION!



DESIGN FOR A SAMPLER FOR 1923.



The Plot that failed

WHEN people of the name of Snooks
Acquired the Grange at Medlinghurst
The six hereditary spoons

With which the house and grounds were
cursed

At once decided to unleash
Their rage against these *nouveaux riches*.

Observe them then on Christmas-Eve
Inside the oaken banquet-room,
Assembled at their posts to weave
A Foul Conspiracy of Doom,
And haunt this vulgar upstart set
As Snooks was never haunted yet.

Reading from left to right their names
Are: Ulph, the wailing banshee dim,
Complete with manacles. Sir James—
A poisoned sword goes right through him.
He makes that curious whistling croon
At midnight in the Mauve Saloon.

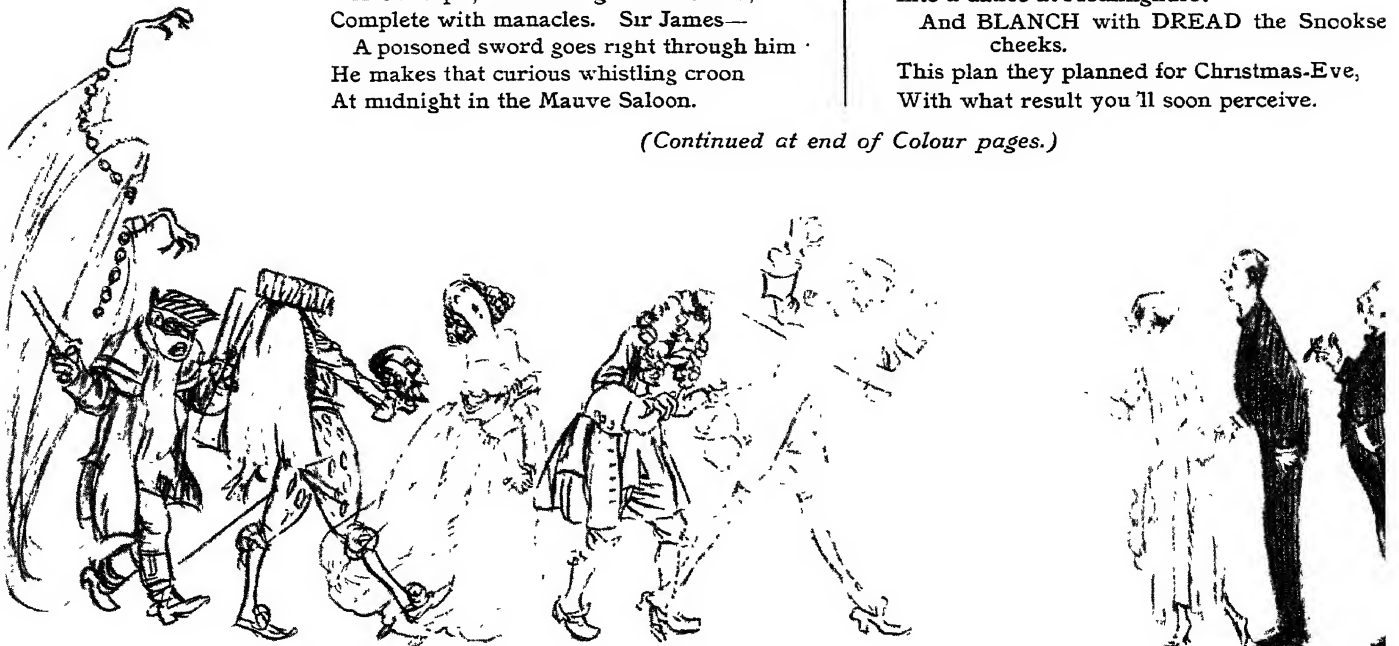
The miser, Mordecai Hayles,
Emits a large blood-curdling groan,
While Lady Ethelfleda's wails
Are something quite unique in tone;
On wild wet nights they reach the cleft
Of E *in alt*, and sometimes F.

The head worn lightly on the arm,
And not, as usual, on the neck,
Is what I think confers his charm
On Howling Lord Erasmus Peck;
And last, not least, of all the clan
Is Bellowing Dick the highwayman.

These all of them agreed to BURST
With concentrated moans and squeaks
Into a dance at Medlinghurst
And BLANCH with DREAD the Snookse
cheeks.

This plan they planned for Christmas-Eve,
With what result you'll soon perceive.

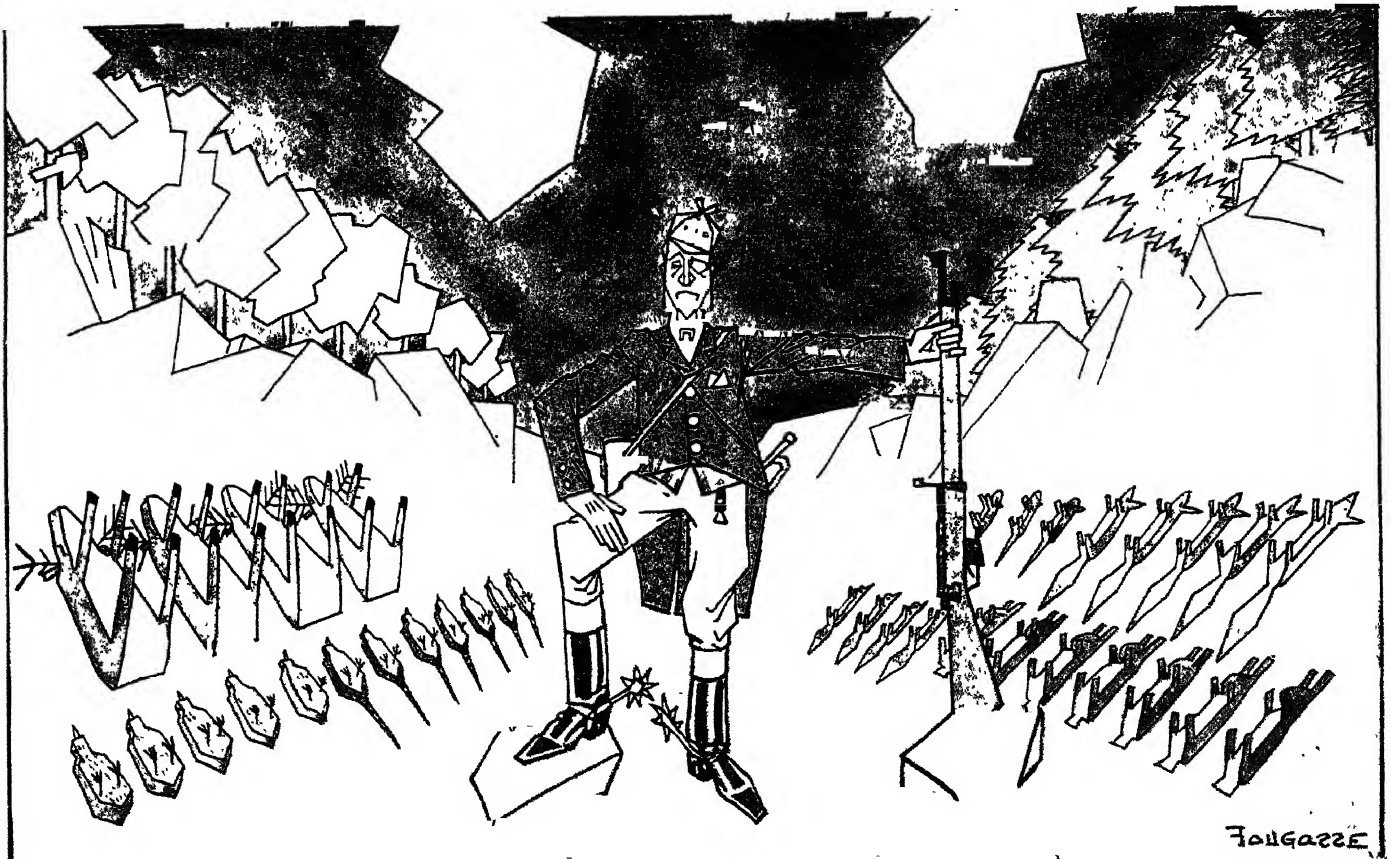
(Continued at end of Colour pages.)



ALL SQUARE.



AS WE HAVE SEEN SO MANY PORTRAITS OF POST-WAR SPORTSMEN BY PRE-WAR ARTISTS, WE THINK THAT IT IS ONLY FAIR TO ALL PARTIES THAT WE SHOULD PUBLISH—



THE ABOVE PORTRAIT OF A PRE-WAR SPORTSMAN AS SEEN BY A POST-WAR ARTIST

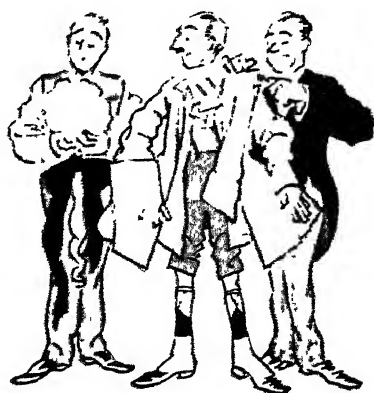
"KINDNESS IN ANOTHER'S TROUBLE."

THE SPIRIT OF SELF-SACRIFICE IS NEVER MORE CLEARLY DEMONSTRATED THAN IT IS IN CONNECTION WITH CHARITY BALLS WHEN YOU CONSIDER THAT ALL THOSE TAKING PART IN SUCH AN ENTERPRISE OF MERCY HAVE ALREADY BRAVELY PAID UP—

Fugasson.



PERHAPS A HUNDRED OR SO—



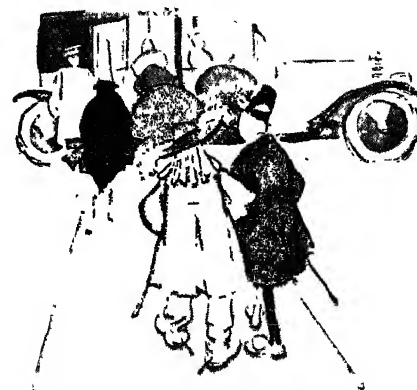
FOR AN APPROPRIATE COSTUME—



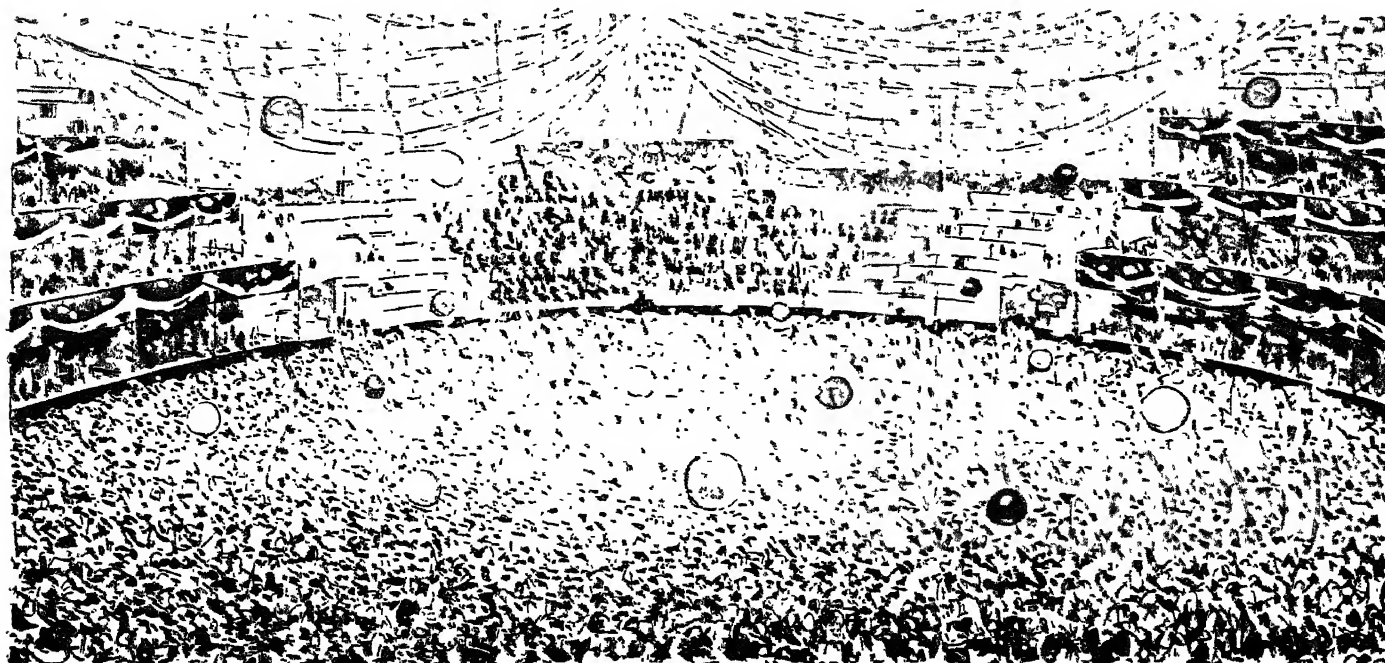
AND, IT MAY BE, A GUINEA OR MORE A COPY FOR PHOTOGRAPHS OF IT—



AND SAY THREE OR FOUR GUINEAS A HEAD FOR A LITTLE DINNER BEFORE THE SHOW—



WITH POSSIBLY A FIVER FOR THE HIRE OF A CAR FOR THE NIGHT—



IT IS INDEED WONDERFUL THAT THEY DON'T COMPLAIN AT HAVING TO PAY A GUINEA OR TWO TO THE CHARITY ITSELF FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF ASSISTING AT THE EVENING'S GOOD WORK.

IN 1930.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER WRITTEN BY A YOUNG LADY TO A FRIEND.



"— HAD A TOPPING DAY LAST WEEK. I'M STAYING WITH THE GOLDBERGS AND BOBBY TOOK ME FOR A JOY-FLY IN HIS NEW 5,000 H.P. 'FLICK'—



WE STARTED OFF WITH AN HOUR ON MONT BLANC, WHICH IS STILL COMPARATIVELY FREE OF TRIPPERS—



AFTER WHICH WE HAD A ROUND AT THE NEW MID-SAHARA GOLF COURSE—



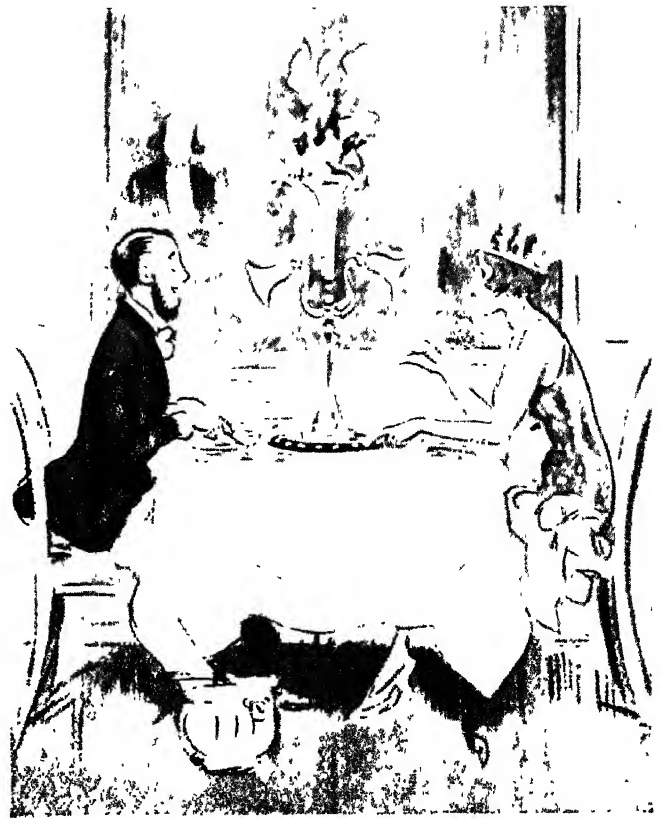
WE THEN REFRESHED OURSELVES WITH A DIP AT THE SMART LITTLE 'PLAGE' JUST OUTSIDE MOMBASA—

IN 1930.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER WRITTEN BY A YOUNG LADY TO A FRIEND.



AFTER TEA WE SPENT HALF-AN-HOUR AT DEAR OLD-FASHIONED 'MONTE' FOR THE SAKE OF OLD TIMES—



DINED IN PARIS AND HEARD THE DAY'S NEWS—



CAME TO LONDON, WHERE WE HAD HALF-A-DOZEN DANCES AT THE FITZ—



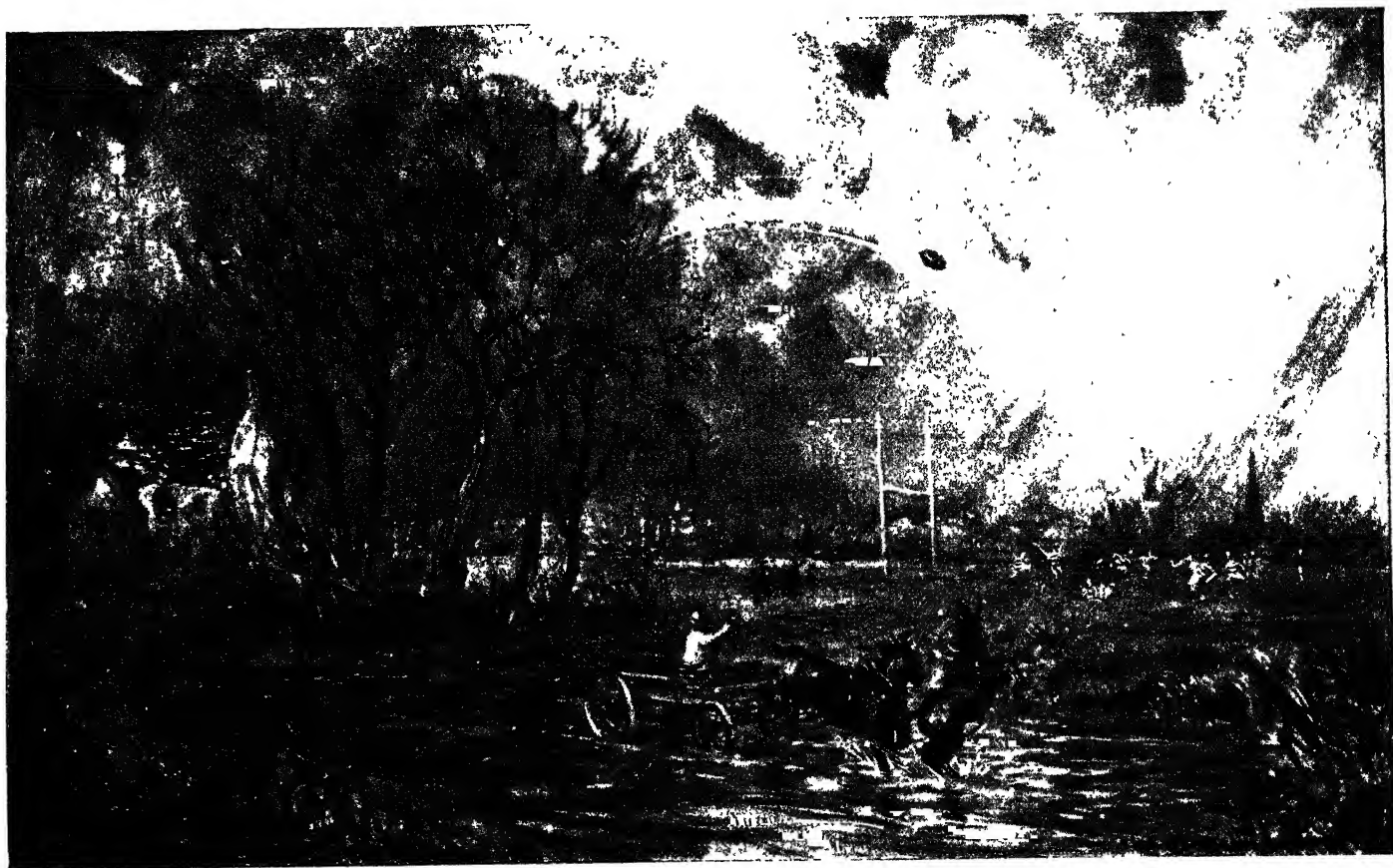
AND GOT BACK TO YORKSHIRE IN TIME FOR THE FINISH OF THE USUAL 'NIGHTY-NIGHT' RAG."

LEWIS BAUMER

FOOTBALL WITH THE MASTERS.



THE CUSTODIAN (BEAVERS UNITED)—(*Rembrandt*).

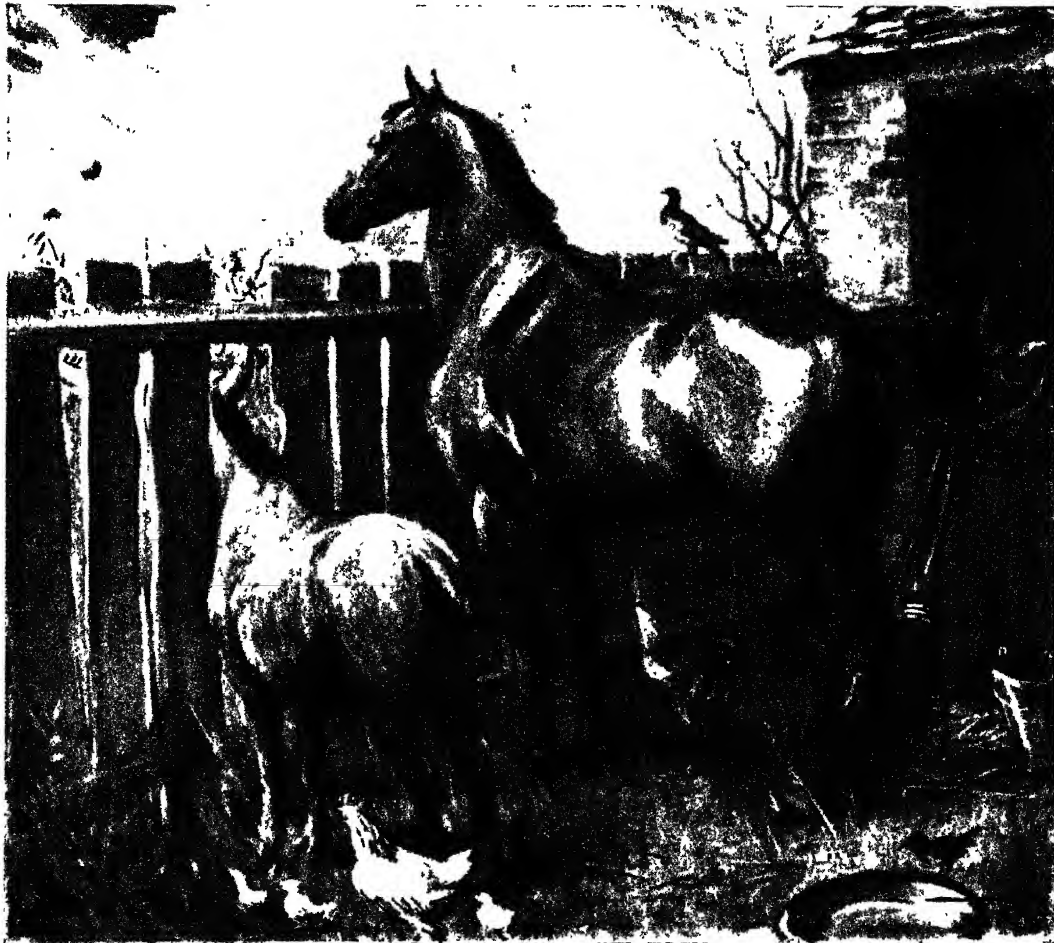


THE DROP KICK—(*Constable*).

FOOTBALL WITH THE MASTERS.

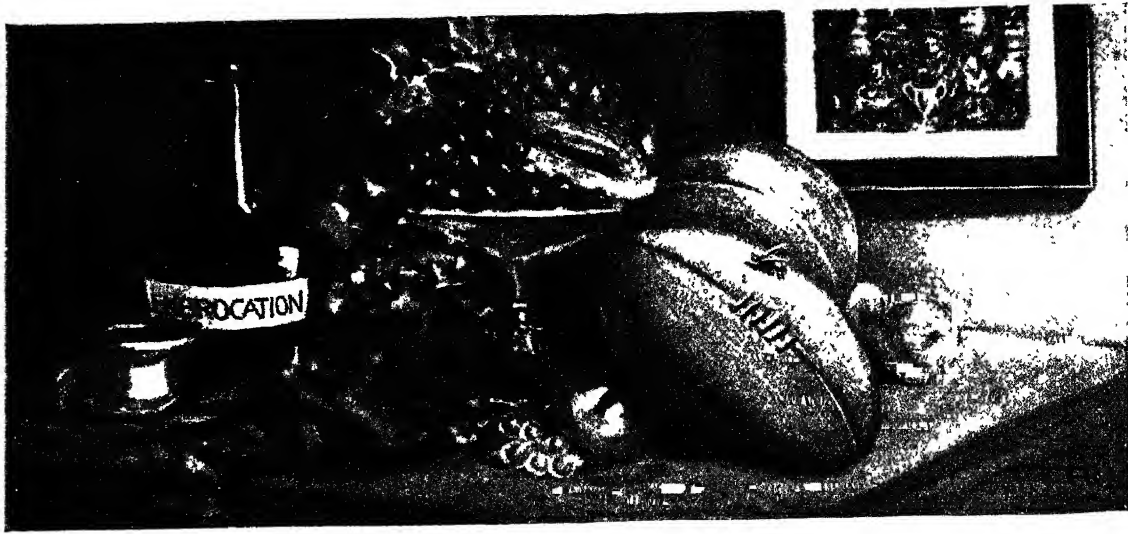


TAVERN EXPERTS—(*Teniers*)



THE SUPPORTERS—(*Landseer*)

FOOTBALL WITH THE MASTERS.



STILL LIFE—(*Dutch School*).



ARIADNE v. OLD BACCHANALIANS—(*Titian*).

FOOTBALL WITH THE MASTERS.



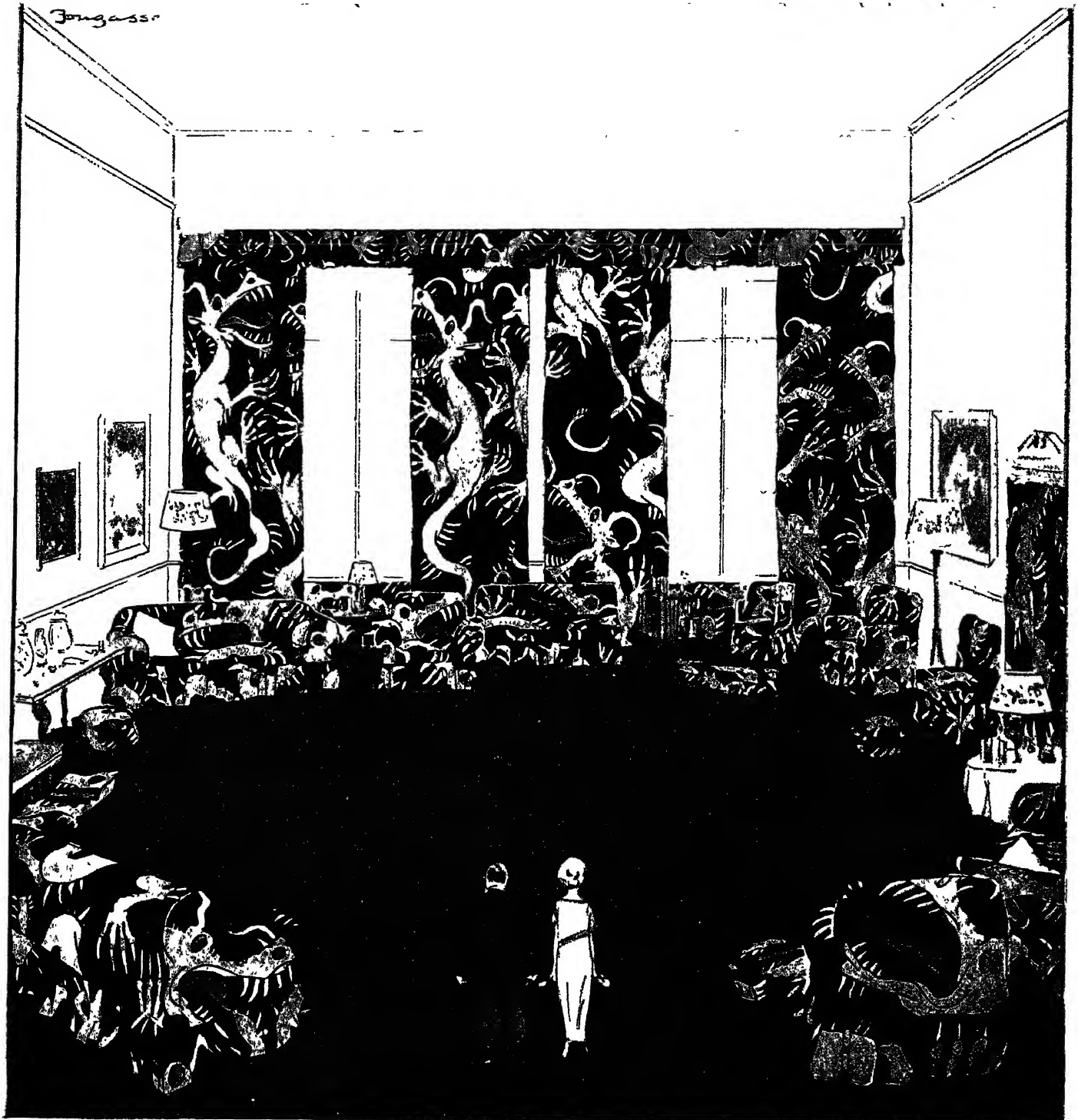
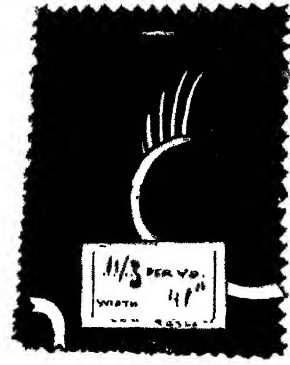
HALF-TIME SCORES SEEN FROM MOUSEHOLD HEATH—(*Old Crome*).



LITTLE PHILIP (THE STAND-OFF HALF FOR SPAIN)—(*Velasquez*).

"EX PEDE HERCULEM" ?

I SUPPOSE IT WAS OUR OWN FAULT, BUT HOW
WERE WE TO KNOW FROM THE PATTERN
THAT THE STUFF WE CHOSE FOR OUR NEW
CURTAINS AND CHAIR COVERS—



WAS REALLY LIKE THIS ?

"ACCIDENTAL COLOUR."



UNTIL VERONESE-GREEN PAINTED HIS PICTURE, "A WOODLAND NOSEGAY," EVERYONE LOOKED ON HIM AS SLIGHTLY OLD-FASHIONED -



BUT WHEN THE PRINTERS CARELESSLY WENT AND REVERSED THE COLOURS IN REPRODUCING IT HE CREATED A VERITABLE FURORE AMONG THE MODERNS

THE PLOT THAT FAILED.



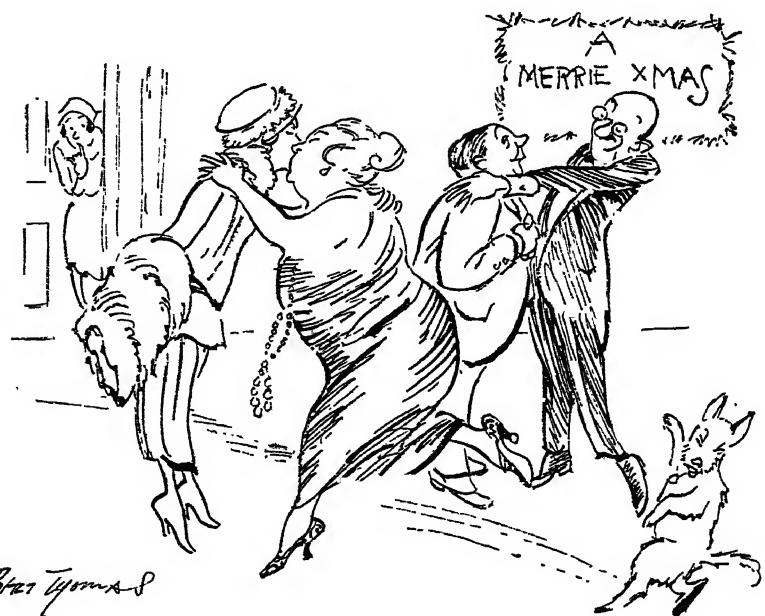
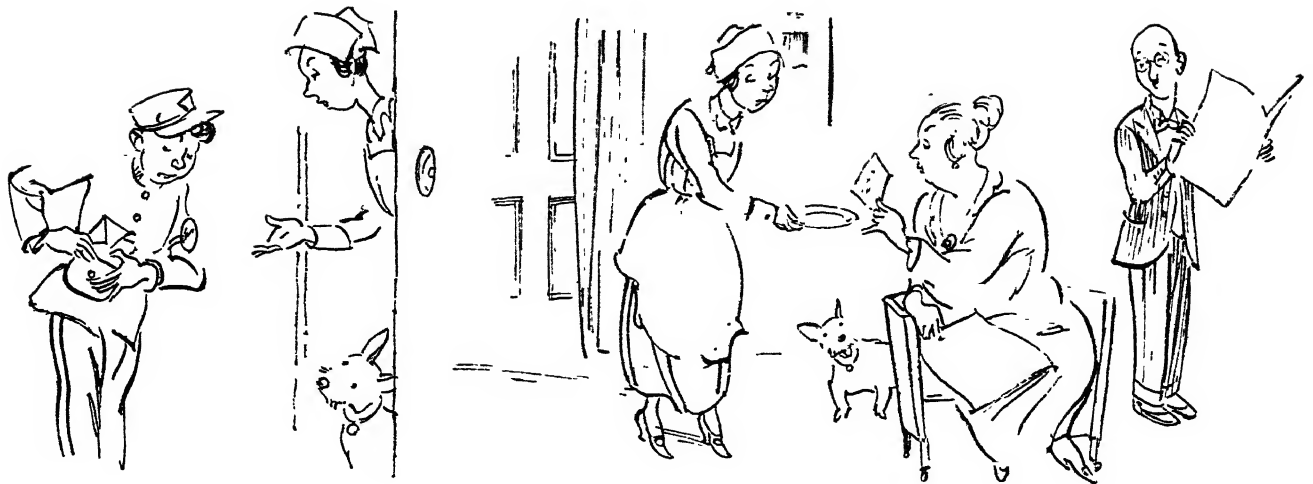
(Concluded from beginning of Colour pages)

The Snookses had a lot of guests
Assembled in the panelled hall,
When high above their mirth and jests
The ghosts, with one tremendous squall,
With jangling gyves, with eldritch din,
Right through the keyhole shambled in.

But were the Snookses (rich by trade)
Or any of Snookses' friends
Annoyed, discomfited, afraid?
Observe the way the story ends.
"How sweetly countrified!" they said;
"The old Jazz band! We dreamed it dead."

EVOE.





Bert Thomas

UNWELCOME GUESTS.

ACTION AND REACTION.



IF OUR ANCESTRESSES HAD PLAYED ENERGETIC GAMES—



Everett H. Shepard

AND LEARNED TO SMOKE—

Punch's Almanack for 1923.

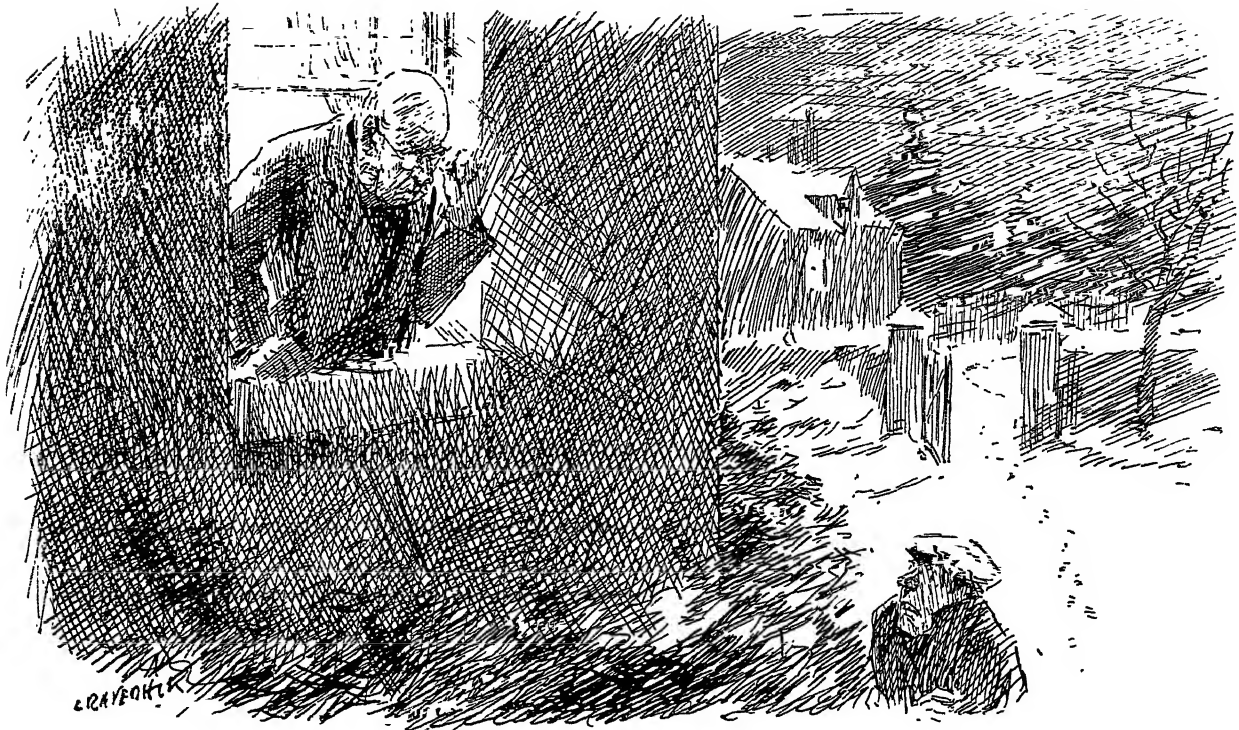
ACTION AND REACTION.



AND ACQUIRED THE ART OF TOYING WITH A COCKTAIL—



PROBABLY THIS IS THE KIND OF THING WE SHOULD HAVE TO PUT UP WITH TO-DAY.



Householder. "AN' WHIT ARE YE WANTIN' AT THIS TIME O' NIGHT?"

Mendicant. "WILL YE NO GIVE ME FOURPENCE FOR A BED?"

Householder. "BIDE A WEE AND I'LL COME DOON AN' TAK' A LOOK AT IT."



Sportsman (a little vague about the latest development of aviation—to pedestrian bird). "GET UP, THERE! GET UP AND FLY!—
(No response)—WELL, WHAT ABOUT GLIDING?"

IT befell that a certain King had an only Daughter and it mishapped that she fell into the Hand of an Evil Magician who did hold her in Peril



So that the King was passing heavy & let cry that whoever might deliver her should have for Reward the Half of his Kingdom.

Whereupon all manner of Men essayed to rescue her but none might prevail, for the Magician was exceeding powerful.



Anon the King's Word came to a certain poor Woodcutter



Who had three Sons, and him thought that they might so well make the Adventure. For, said he, An if they win her I will go Halver.

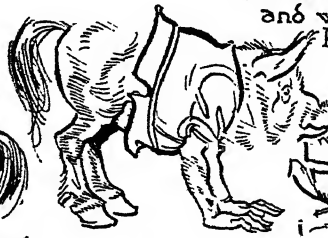
So anon the Eldest Son made him ready & departed & did come whereav the Magician dwelt & did beat upon the Door



Saying Deliver up to me the Princess.



So shall I, said the Magician. I don't think, & by his Craft he threw an Enchantment over the Youth so that he became like unto a Beast and when he returned Home his Father knew him not.

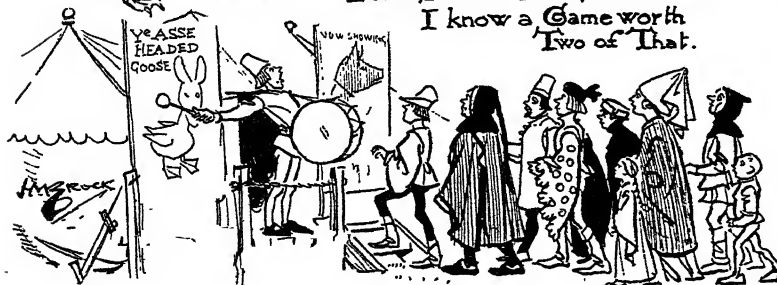
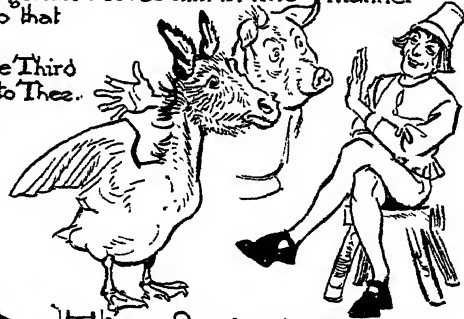


transforming him into he returned Home



the Likeness of an Animal so that discomfited.

Then said they all unto the Third Son, The Turn falleth to Thee. But he enquired of them if they descried aught that was Verdant within his Eye. For, said he, I desire not to become Farm Stock & I let you wit that I know a Game worth Two of That.



Therewithal he did take his two Brethren abroad & did put a Tent round about & made a Show of them charging much Money for Admission so that in time he became the World's Greatest Showman & his Wealth exceeded Half a Kingdom.

THE ROMANCE OF SUCCESS :

AN OLD-STYLE FAIRY-TALE REVISED TO SUIT A COMMERCIAL AGE.

BLUE-BEAST.

(A Children's Play.)

THIS, of course, is not the original text of a play, but it is the version of a play which was actually performed last Christmas by some of the neighbouring children for our benefit. Miss Watson managed it all. She let the children choose their own story, and they chose the charming old fantasy of Bluebeard. Then she made them read the tale till they knew it by heart—some of them; she also arranged the scenes and taught them a few important cues, but in the main, I gather, she wanted the children to furnish their own dialogue. A good idea. It was bound to make them act more naturally, though here and there, as you will see, it led to a certain discursiveness. Perhaps it was a pity that the play was performed after, instead of before, such a very sumptuous tea; but none the less it was a great success, and, if anyone would care to make use of it *this year*, he is welcome.

A NOTE ON THE CAST.

Abdullah . . ROBERT (6½); all against the drama, but didn't want to miss the tea.

Anne (his daughter) . . . BRIDGET (6); a finished actress, but has a deplorable tendency to gag.

Fatima (his daughter) . . JOCELYN (5); has all the arts of her sex, a sentimental turn of mind and a permanent beam. Wanted to do "Beauty and the Beast."

Hassan (his son) ANTONY (7 in years, but in knowledge of life and social aplomb about 33); complete man-of-the-world; carries the whole piece on his shoulders; no nonsense about him; insisted on doing "Bluebeard;" son of the Vicar.

Stage Manager, Prompter and Orchestra:
MISS WATSON.

ACT I.—SCENE 1.

SCENE: Abdullah's house. Abdullah discovered weeping bitterly and surrounded by his family.

Fatima (kindly). Why do you weep, dear father? Can it be that somethink ails you? (No reply.)

Fatima (rapidly). Why-do-you-weep-dear-father-can-it-be-that-somethink-ails-you?

[*Abdullah searches desperately about his person and continues to weep, but again makes no articulate reply.*]

Anne. Wait a bit, Antony. Alas, unhappy girls that we are! We have been well brought up and taught to dance and sing, but

Fatima (beaming on everyone). But, alas, we have never known the joy of wearing wick jools to set off our beauty now you go on Antony.

Hassan. But, hush, I hear knocking (No sound is heard.) But, hush, I hear knocking (No sound is heard.)

Fatima (beaming). I heard nothink.

Hassan (moving to the wings). Shut up, I will go and see what stranger waits below. Where's Bluebeard, Miss Watson?

Fatima (suddenly). I am vewy beautiful but I have never known the joy of wearing wick jools—

Hassan (returning). I say, Bluebeard's ill. The stranger is very gorgeously dressed in silk robes, but there is one very curious and remarkable thing about him—

Anne. My daddy can act.

Fatima. So can my daddy act.

Hassan. So can mine (jumping into the stalls). Come on, father.

Prompter (appearing on the stage, to loud applause). Would you mind, Vicar? You act so well.

The Vicar (protesting but pleased). Hardly my part, is it, Miss Watson?

However (Is hauled on to the stage by Hassan, and flung into the wings, amid deafening applause.)

Hassan. Now let's start again, but there's one very curious and remarkable thing about him, his long beard, instead of being black or brown or grey or white, like other men's, is of a brilliant blue colour and here he is.

[Enter the Vicar, adorned with a blue beard, a pink sash and a hideous scimitar.

Hassan (doing the honours). Oh, this is Bluebeard. Do you know Abdullah?

Bluebeard. Ha! How are you, Abdullah?

Hassan. Wake up, Robert! (Kicks same; but Abdullah is sunk in gloom, brooding over his lost ships). Miss Anne Abdullah—Miss Fatima Abdullah—Mr. Bluebeard.

Bluebeard (rubbing his hands together). Ha! And now we all know each other



Abdullah. "THAT'S MY APPLE, ANTONY."

Hassan. Miss Watson, he ought to say, "Nay, my child, 'tis nought," now oughtn't he?

Abdullah (through his tears). I've lost—I've lost my— (Breaks down again.)

Hassan (stepping superbly into the breach). Our father is a rich merchant who has lost so many ships and had so many misfortunes that try as he will he seems to grow poorer an' poorer. (Produces an apple from his pocket and

silk robes, but there is one very curious and remarkable thing about him—

Anne. My daddy can act.

Fatima. So can my daddy act.

Hassan. So can mine (jumping into the stalls). Come on, father.

Prompter (appearing on the stage, to loud applause). Would you mind, Vicar? You act so well.

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Bluebeard (rubbing his hands together). Ha! And now we all know each other



Hassan. "OH, THIS IS BLUEBEARD. DO YOU KNOW ABDULLAH?"

munches same, adding thoughtfully) I'm taller than you, Bridget.

Anne (with scorn). I've got a chocolate monkey. (Produces same.)

Abdullah (pointing a terrible finger). That's my apple, Antony! You've taken my apple!

Hassan (unmoved). Well, you're supposed to be having misfortunes—this is one of them. (Hurriedly, as Abdullah approaches) But hush, I hear knock-

—eh? Very satisfactory—very satisfactory, I'm sure.

(A prolonged pause, during which Hassan returns to his apple, Fatima smiles kindly on a little boy in the stalls, and Miss Watson is heard murmuring distantly afar off.)

Hassan (at last). Go on, father. Ask for Fatima's hand in marriage.

Bluebeard (jumping). What's that? Ha! Er—it is my privilege, Abdullah, my very great privilege, Abdullah, to—er—invite your co-operation—(seizing Anne by the hand)—to ask, to request, to solicit the hand of your beautiful daughter

Hassan. That's not Fatima—that's the ugly one.

Anne. You beast, Antony! I'm not ugly, am I, Vicar? (weeps).

Bluebeard. No, my dear, certainly not; we're only acting. Well, how say you, Abdullah? (seizes Fatima, who sucks her thumb and ogles him ominously).

Abdullah (roused). Will you make Antony give me back my apple?

Hassan. I haven't nearly finished with it yet.

Bluebeard. Never mind, Robert; I'll promise that you shall have two other apples instead. How's that, my little man?

Abdullah (magnificently). Then, Stranger, you may have both my daughters in marriage.

Bluebeard. Bless my soul!

Abdullah (with a grand gesture). See that they are fed every day. Farewell!

CURTAIN (unrehearsed).

SCENE 2.

THE WEDDING FEAST.

This is a fine spectacular scene. Bluebeard and his two wives—for Anne has got it into her head that she is just as much married as Fatima—stand at the back under a bunch of mistletoe, surveying the Joyous Dance of the Wedding Guests. These are played by all the smallest children in the neighbourhood, ranging from three to five. The dance has been carefully rehearsed, but never in the presence of the parents and never after a cracker tea. The performers trot about the stage, or leap

into the air, or stop for conversation, as the fancy takes them, and Miss Watson plays the piano, keeping in time with Hassan, who leads the dance and takes it very seriously. The others as they move gaze earnestly at the audience, searching for the faces of



Abdullah. "STRANGER, YOU MAY HAVE BOTH MY DAUGHTERS IN MARRIAGE."

their fond parents, who in their turn have eyes for nobody's offspring but their own. When the dancers have found what they want they generally sit down with a plop and open their mouths very wide, or blow penny whistles, or eat buns, grinning gloriously at their mammās. And thus the dance comes automatically to an end.

INTERVAL.



Bluebeard. "HA! I SEE THAT YOU HAVE ENTERED THE FORBIDDEN CHAMBER."

ACT II.

Bluebeard's Palace.—Outside the Secret Chamber. Bluebeard (who has been furiously conning the text in the interval), Fatima and Anne discovered—Anne playing with seven dolls; Fatima sadly worried about the blue silk bow in her hair, which is slipping down; Bluebeard standing over them with a drawn scimitar. He retains his clerical attire, relieved by the pink

sash and blue beard. Fatima wears a cracker-cap. Unhappily, Anne's dolls are intended to represent the unfortunate occupants of the Secret Chamber, and Miss Watson is even now hunting high and low for them. Bluebeard (rather squeakily). Good-

bye to you, my dear, but if you open that door I shall be extremely wroth, and shall certainly cut off your head.

Fatima. You are a bad crool and wicked man. Will you do up my bow, please?

Bluebeard (doing his best to obey and gag at the same time). Understand this clearly, Fatima—if you go into that room I shall be very cross indeed, and—and cut off your head.

Fatima. Ow! you're hurting. Will you weally cut off my head?

Bluebeard (fiercely). To be sure I shall.

Anne (interested). Will it bleed?

Bluebeard (manœuvring for his exit). To be sure it will—copiously, I fear. Ha!

Fatima (beaming). Why?

[Exit Bluebeard.

Anne (setting up the dolls in a row). How many twins have you got, Fatima? I've got seven.

Prompter. Shall we peep into the Secret Chamber?

Fatima (fiddling with her bow again). I've got none twins. But I've got jools.

Prompter. Shall we peep into the Secret Chamber?

Anne (absorbed in the dolls). I've got more jools than you, whatever you say.

Fatima. No, you haven't.

Anne. Yes, I have. I've got hundreds.

Fatima. I've got hundreds and hundreds—and hundreds—(a little weakly)—and thousands.

Prompter (hissing stealthily). Give me

those dolls, Bridget. Shall we peep into the Secret Chamber?

Anne (recalling the situation all in a breath). Shall we look into the mysterious chamber, Fatima? I am weary of the Palace with its wealth of wonders and there is nothing else to occupy our minds.

Fatima (struggling with bow). My daddy's a silicitor.

Anne. So's my daddy a silicitor.

Fatima (infuriated). He's not, Bridget!

Anne (shaken). Well, I expect he is, anyhow. I say, shall we kill all the twins?

Fatima (eagerly, abandoning the bow altogether). Yes, let's cut off their heads, for I know now that they are crool and wicked wetches. (A ghastly scene ensues.)

Anne (striking terrible blows). Oof! Oof! Oof! Oof!

Fatima. Let me kill one, Bridget,

Anne. Nay, Fatima, for Bluebeard would be angry with you; they are my twins.

Bluebeard (entering hastily). Ha! I see that you have entered the forbidden chamber. The penalty for that is death (brandishing scimitar).

Fatima. Why?

Bluebeard (brandishing with variations). Er—because your eyes have beheld the seven wives I slew.

Anne. No, you didn't, we slewed them, so there, Mister Nobody!

Fatima. And we didn't go into the mysterious chamber. (Falling on her knees) Oh, spare me, Bluebeard, will you do up my bow, please? (Bluebeard in the circumstances rightly ignores this request.)

Anne. Oh, spare her, crool monster, she begs so pityously for mercy.

Bluebeard. I will give you an hour to live. [Exit.]

Anne (borrowing Fatima's cracker-cap and mounting step-ladder near the wings). I will go to the turret, for possibly our brother Hassan may choose this very day to visit us.

Fatima (weary of the Bluebeard legend, sinks to the floor and closes her eyes, remarking) I am the Sleeping Beauty. (Prolonged silence. Fatima sleeps.)

Prompter. Sister Anne, Sister Anne (Silence). Sister Anne, Sister Anne (Silence).

Anne (looking out anxiously over the audience). She thinks she's the Sleeping Beauty, but she isn't, is she, Miss Watson. No, dear sister, I only see the bees and the birds in the forest, and I can see Mr. Pike because of his bald patch.

Prompter. Sister Anne, Sister Anne, do you see anyone coming?

Anne (with a dreadful scowl at the stalls). Miss Watson, Nicholas is making faces at me, yes, yes, dear Fatima, some horsemen are approaching. Oh joy, it is our brother Antony!

(Anne, suddenly coy, opens her mouth wide and giggles.)

Hassan (seizing Bluebeard by the beard, which comes off). Then die, foul villain!

Fatima (realising that no one means to kiss her, jumps up suddenly and, rushing to the Vicar, embraces him, observing) My Beast, my Beast—my lovely Beast! So you were really a Prince in disguise all the time?

Hassan. What are you doing, Jocelyn?

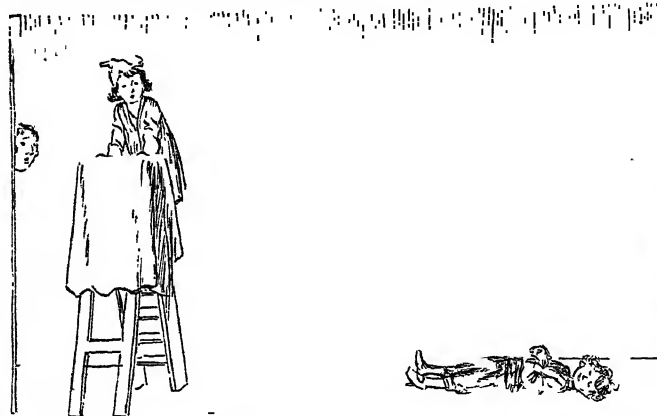
Fatima (embracing the Vicar's legs and reciting from her favourite tale). She flung her arms round the Beast's neck and kissed his gweat hairwy cheek. At this a gweat cwash was heard the place was suddenly lit up and the whole scene was one of wejoicing and festivity. This is my Pwince.

Bluebeard. Thank

you, my dear.

Hassan (bitterly). You've spoilt the whole thing (renews his assault on the Vicar). Then die, foul villain!

[But at this point Miss Watson tactfully struck up the National Anthem, and when the presents had been handed over the foot-lights it was generally agreed that Fatima's ending was much the best. A. P. H.]



Fatima (weary of the Bluebeard legend). "I AM THE SLEEPING BEAUTY."

[Enter Bluebeard, thoroughly worked up and brandishing like a man.]

Bluebeard. Now, Fatima, you are about to perish—er—immediately. (Fatima remains unmoved.)

[Enter Hassan and a crowd of attendants, not easily distinguishable from the Wedding Guests.]

Hassan (rushing at Bluebeard, halts half-way, having detected an unwelcome



Hassan. "THEN DIE, FOUL VILLIAN!"

figure in his retinue; sternly). Why did you come in, Robert?

Abdullah. Miss Watson said I might, because there's going to be presents at the end.

Hassan. Oh! (darkly). Where is Bluebeard?

Anne. Here he is.

Hassan. I know, but I ought to have been directed by the wild shrieks of the girls. Shriek, Bridget!

Black Saturday.

"The Tailor makes the Man. The 'Serge' Shirt makes the gentleman.

No Mistakes will be rectified after Friday afternoon."—Inscription on a pay envelope.

"In a nice country place, South Cork, six minutes from a good town, a really good general wanted: good good wages given to a really good servant with good references."

Irish Paper.

In spite of the Irregulars there seems to be a lot of good in Southern Ireland still.

"Has it, one wonders, become obsolete for the boys and girls of the land to read and care for the description of the fair Order of the Table Round, in 'Guinevere':—

I made them lay their hands in mine and swear To reverence the King as if he were Their conscience, and their conscience as their King. To trick the heathen."—Birmingham Paper.

A strong repudiation of the last item is anticipated in missionary quarters.

OUR THEATRICAL BEAUTY COMPETITION.



MISS GLADYS COOPER, WHO STAYS AT WILLOWMERE.



SIR GERALD DU MAURIER ON A SKETCHING TOUR THROUGH BARRIE-LAND.



SIR CHARLES HAWTREY, OF LONDON, WENT TO THE ISLE OF RUM.



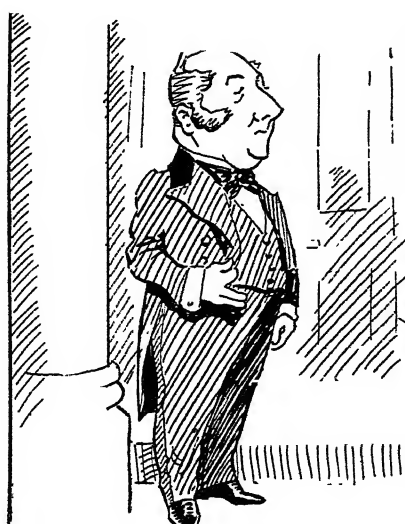
MISS SYLVIA NELIS, MR. FREDERICK RANALOW AND MISS VIOLET MARQUESITA SPEND THEIR HOLIDAY AT NEWGATE-ON-SEA.



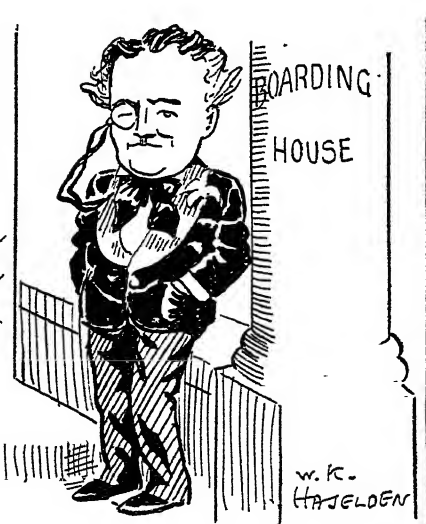
MR. GEORGE ROBEY GOES GOLFING AND IS ALWAYS "ROUND IN FIFTY."

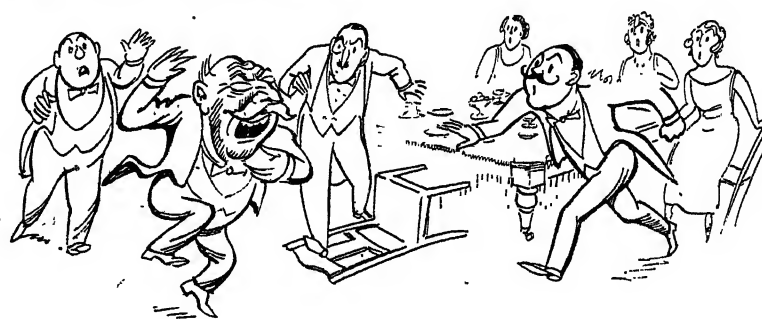
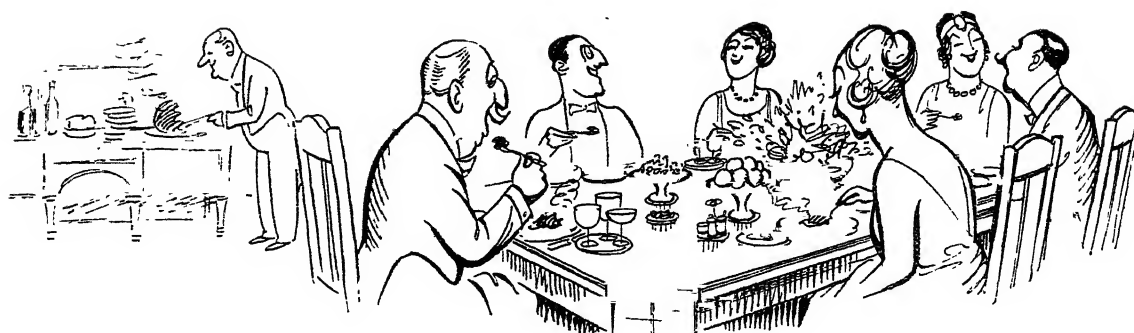


MR. SEYMOUR HICKS ON HOLIDAY IN SAVILE ROW.

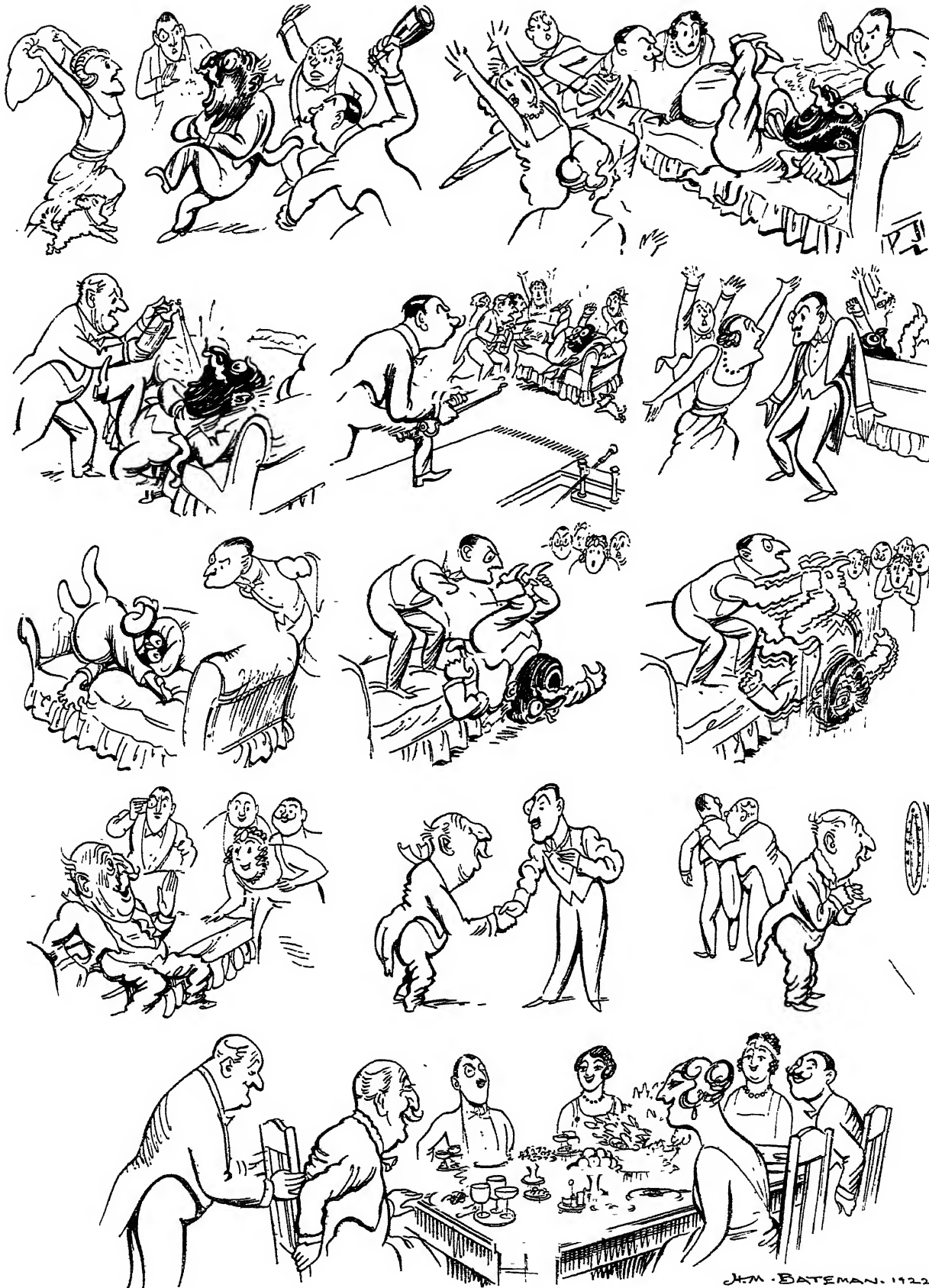


MESSRS. AYNESWORTH AND AINLEY AT A "KIND OF HOTEL" AT DOVER.





THE PLUM THAT TOOK THE WRONG TURNING.



THE PLUM THAT TOOK THE WRONG TURNING.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES



Keeper of the Dungeons (to discarded jester). "THINGS ARE GOING A BIT SLOW UPSTAIRS, AND THE BARON HAS SENT ME TO FETCH YOU TO TELL THEM FUNNY STORIES. HE SAYS YOU MUST HAVE HAD TIME TO THINK OF SOME GOOD THINGS DURING THE FIFTEEN YEARS YOU'VE BEEN DOWN HERE."



Anxious Wife. "OH, SIR HUGH, I DON'T THINK YOU OUGHT TO ENCOURAGE THAT MAN; HE LOOKS LIKE A MURDERER."

Sir Hugh. "MY DEAR ERMYNTRUDE, HOW FOOLISH YOU ARE! WHY, HE IS OUR NEW ASSASSIN, WHO HAS COME TO US WITH SUCH GOOD REFERENCES."



ANY OLD DOG'S DAY.

I HAD great trouble with a dog the other day—at least they said it was a dog.

It lurked beneath the table at a house where I was calling. It did not like me. It sallied forth and bit me somewhat; whereupon I shot (with it) one of the neatest goals that have been scored since Peckham Thursday won the Cup.

Just at that moment my hostess entered the room.

Not only, it appeared, had this beast the manners of a *Little Lord Fauntleroy*; it had won three prizes at Cruft's Sunday School, and it was a Polynesian porcupine hound—the only one in West London.

"But," I spluttered when I had recited a column of apologies—"but it has hind-legs like a collie."

"Ah—yes."

"And ears like a spaniel."

"So it should."

"And a tail like a bull-terrier, and a muzzle like a Pekingese."

"You see," triumphantly, "those are the *points* of a Polynesian porcupine hound. That's why the dear won those three prizes. Wasn't it, lovey?"

* * * * *

You catch the idea?

I have long suspected it.

If you want to make a stir in the dog world nowadays; if you want to appear in the picture papers ("with her celebrated Mongolian moose hounds"), you must strike out an original line.

I have taken steps in the matter myself, so you may as well look out for me at the next show—"Mr. Blatherskite and his famous Armenian lizard hounds."

You don't know what a lizard hound is? Nor did I till I went to Battersea. I asked for a dog—any kind, so long as it had a lovable face. They brought me Reuben, who may be worth thousands when I have boomed the breed for a year or two.

He has, you see, the general physique of a pre-war fourpenny rabbit.

You don't think much of that sort of dog? Well, just you wait.

His colouring is like a yellow silk jumper that has "run." He has ears like a cocker spaniel and a nose like an Aberdeen.

And these, I have decided, are the points of an Armenian lizard hound.

As nobody else has a dog like mine ; as therefore there is no other Armenian lizard hound in London, I confidently hope to get quite a sum for him next year—when *my* dog has his day.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

(Being a variation on the *Pantomime treatment of the Revival of Trade in Mr. Punch's central cartoon.*)

Out of the night a New Year breaks,
 Much in the annual well-known way;
 Once more the virtuous Teuton makes
 New Resolutions not to pay;
 While on Lausanne's eternal pitch
 The Winter Sports proceed, and ISMET,
 Still eking out with some new hitch
 His dalliance in the final ditch,
 Declines to murmur "Kismet!"
 Meantime, in slumber long mislaid
 There in her patch of briar-rose,
 The Sleeping Beauty (British Trade)
 Audibly snores inside her nose;
 A Wicked Fairy with a pin
 (Bellona lent this ammunition)
 Punctured her vulnerable skin,
 And for a season left her in
 A comatose condition.
 But lo! a twitching in her ears
 (Or so the optimists allege);
 Subconsciously the lady hears
 Prince Tranquil hacking through the hedge;
 Anon he'll lean above her bed
 And print a sounding kiss upon her;
 And she will cry, "The curse is fled!
 Ah, Love, thy smack would wake the dead!
 Buss me again, my BONAR!" O. S.

THE MASTERPIECE FILM SERIES.

"I'm filming some of your high-brow stuff," said the producer. "A fellow talking of poetry put me on to it. I told him I could make a picture would knock spots out of any piece of poetry he liked to name. He didn't seem to believe me, so I made him write down the titles of six of what he said were the best. He'd kind of set my back up about it, so I got busy. I met him yesterday and told him I'd done the first on his list, and, if he liked to come along and bring the fellow who wrote it, I'd give them a treat. But it seems the author died some while ago."

The producer sucked reflectively at his cigar. "I never had a more rotten scenario to work on, but I pulled it together and put some pep into it. It starts with the fellow who tells the tale having a grouch, kind of sickening for something, and listening to a bird and wishing he was it, and then he gets yarning about wine and harvest fields."

"My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness—" I began.

"That's right," interrupted the producer. "Fancy you knowing it! Well, I began with a picnic. Man and girl sitting under a tree, and a close-up of the bird on the branch above."

"Why a girl?"

He looked at me reproachfully. "You got to have a love interest. You got to have big risks, acrobatic stunts, or else human heart-throbs and palpitating passion. Well, I got the fellow filling their glasses and then switched off to the vintage scenes. I got a big crowd on in those. Then back to the girl cutting sandwiches off a loaf, and off again to RUTH, with old man BOAZ coming across lots to comfort her. I featured Sadie McCann as RUTH. Close-up of Sadie with tears rolling down her cheeks."

"Then I finished up with a fade-away of the picnic couple, with the moon rising and the bird on the branch still singing. It's poor thin stuff, but no one can say I didn't do the best I could with it. And stuck to the text."

"What about the 'magic casements'?" I inquired after a pause. The producer blinked at me sleepily. The dinner had been excellent and he had done it full justice. "Oh, that," he murmured. "It was kind of dragged in, I thought. Silly. So I left it out. You got to cut things down in some places and expand in others. Can you give me an idea for a title? Something with ginger in it. 'Ode to a Nightingale' won't cut much ice with a cinema audience. Weak; you want something stronger."

"The next item is a thing called 'Intimations of Immortality.' I haven't tried to read it yet, but I'm keeping on Sadie for the leading rôle whatever it is."

"I should like to see what you do with it," I said.

He lit another cigar. "You bet," he said, "I can make a story with a thrill in it out of a plate of mush if I have to. Yes, Sir!"

* * * * *

I met Miss Sadie McCann yesterday, exercising her Pekes. My acquaintance with her is slight, but she greeted me with the vivacity which has endeared her to cinema audiences all over the world.

"I believe you're the high-brow who set the old man on to filming this poetry," she cried, and went on without waiting for my disclaimer. "The studio has been upside-down ever since. Thank goodness we've finished Tim at last!"

"Tim?"

"Oh, come! You don't expect me to say 'Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Childhood' every time I mention the thing. He made me read it over three times. Wordy, I call it. The old man got quite hot trying to make out what it was all about. As he said, there were only two facts to go upon, and he had to build up the story on them. He did it all right, I must say."

"What were the facts?" I inquired.

"Why, that the hero was a shepherd boy and that he did time."

"Did time?"

"That's right. 'Shades of the prison-house,' you know."

"Oh!" I said.

"The old man made it for assault—he had knocked down the Squire's son for trying to make love to me. Waylaid me by the stile. I was a Child of Nature, bare feet and my hair down, jumping about. That stunt. All right so far; but we had a lot of trouble with the lambs. There's a line he wanted to illustrate, something about them 'bounding to the tabor's sound.' Nobody knew what a tabor was and they didn't seem to care for a gramophone. He hired six, and let 'em out in the field behind the studio, and I was to dance about with them. But they only stood and stared and made me feel like a fool. Animals can make one feel idiotic. Have you noticed that?"

I had.

"Well, the lambs were a wash-out, but it's made a pretty picture. Of course I married the shepherd when he came out of jail, and in the last scene I've got a baby. You must come and see it when it's shown. Pooh Bah, my precious, where are you?"

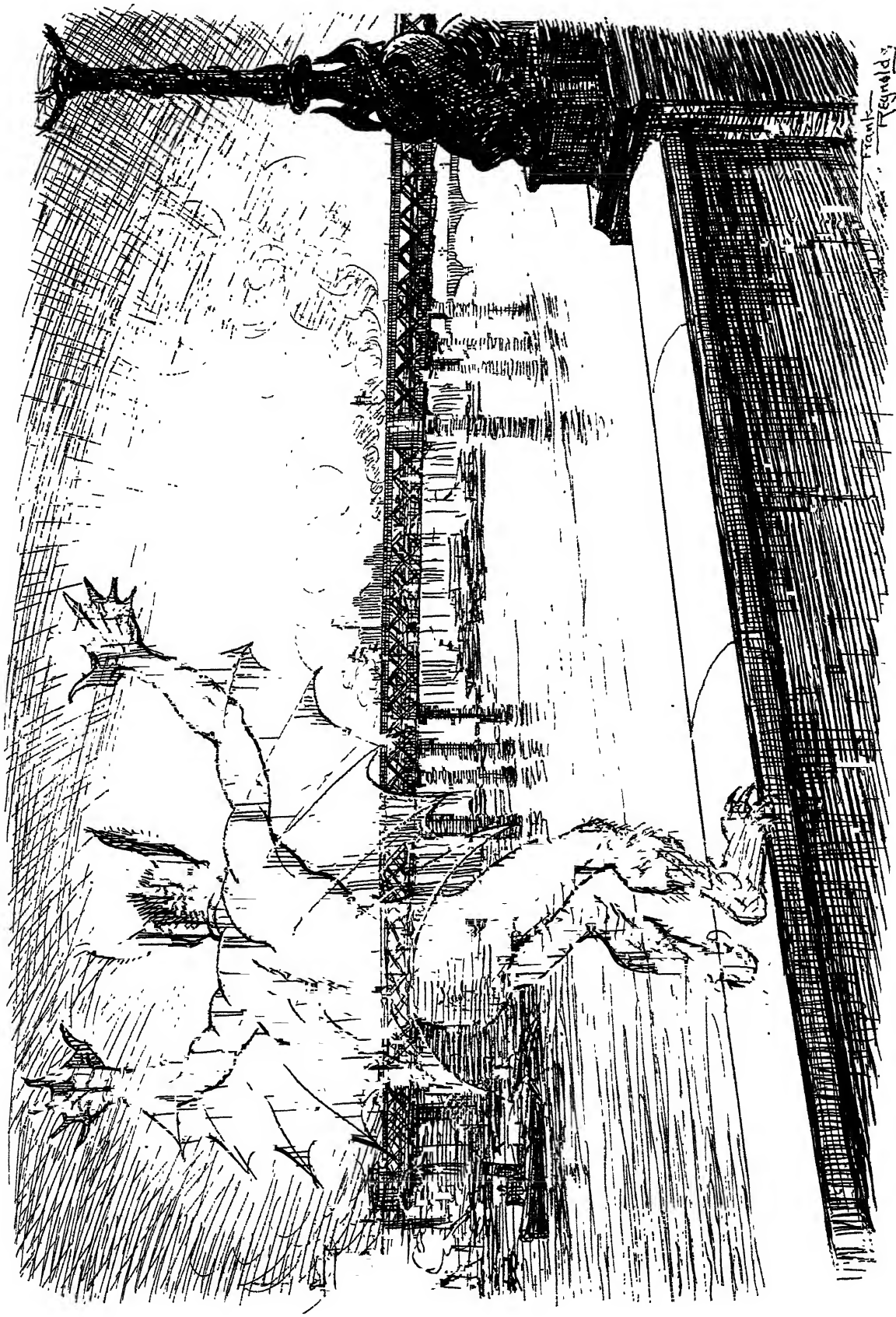
Pooh Bah came up leisurely and was presented with a chocolate.

"There's a paragraph advertising it in the trade papers," she added. "Something about a praiseworthy effort to bring the gems of literature within the reach of all, and its educational value. Rather a pity, I think. People hate being improved."

I agreed. "But in this case"

"Well, I look rather nice without shoes and stockings," remarked Sadie.

"I wouldn't miss 'Tim' for anything," I assured her. And I meant it.



THE KEEPER OF THE BRIDGE.

SPIRIT OF UGLINESS (to *Charing Cross Bridge*). "SO LONG AS I'VE ANYTHING TO DO WITH LONDON, YOU SHAN'T GO. YOU'RE MY MASTERPIECE."



Ingenuous Lady. "DIAMONDS? DID YOU SAY DIAMONDS ARE TRUMPS?"

Partner (fearing the worst). "YES, DIAMONDS—THE LITTLE RED THINGS WITH POINTS."

CHARIVARIA.

A CRICKET MATCH in New Zealand has been interrupted by an earthquake. Loud cheers are reported to have greeted the umpires when they went out to see if the pitch was quiet enough for the resumption of play.

It is alleged that on New Year's Eve a Scotsman was seen trying to kiss a pillar-box. We suspect the pillar-box of being intoxicated.

"What is the oldest thing in the world?" is a question *Daily Mail* readers have been discussing. We regard it as unfortunate that the subject has cropped up just when the pantomime joke is being given its annual airing.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has been in a storm on the Mediterranean. His previous experience of perorations, however, must have made him confident of coming safely to harbour.

According to a weekly paper the average life of a Treasury note is three

hundred days. We have tried many times to give them a nice comfortable home, but they seem to pine away.

Colonel T. E. LAWRENCE, the most romantic figure of the Great War, is said to have joined the British Army as a private. Being a great traveller it is thought he was anxious to study the sergeant-major in its wild state at close range.

A French expedition is testing the possibility of crossing the Sahara in motor-cars. Bit by bit this world is being made impossible for the pedestrian.

From the various prophecies in the newspapers it is evident that we are going to have another hard summer this winter.

The Winter Sales are reported as having opened, but, owing to the holidays, there is little other war news.

One hundred and sixty plays were produced in London last year. No wonder the Brighter London movement never had a real chance.

A lady writer is of the opinion that more women should take up the law. Quite a number of husbands still insist that the average woman prefers to lay it down.

One of life's little tragedies came to light at Mount Pleasant Post Office when it was discovered that a bottle of whiskey had been smashed in the post. How many of us realised in the midst of our own enjoyment that there was such misery in the world?

China is to be represented at the British Exhibition at Wembley in 1924. Nothing has been settled about Thanet agreeing to go in with the British group.

According to *The Evening Standard* eight out of twenty boys in an Irish school were found to be in possession of revolvers. The theory is that they were looking for a man named EUCLID.

Mr. LOVAT FRASER has been telling us what Christmas will be like in 1942, and from what we can gather the public will be well advised to leave the matter in his capable hands.

"I never saw either STEVENSON or STEVENSON'S wife," says Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR. Collectors of Stevensoniana will welcome this authoritative pronouncement.

Le Temps has published a Note to the effect that the Tangier Question has not been lost sight of by the Allied Governments. It is merely for the moment overshadowed by the CARPENTIER-SIKI controversy.

According to a daily paper the "new influenza" has not come officially under the notice of the Health authorities. Only perseverance can secure recognition for it.

Italians intending to emigrate to Australia have been notified that they will not be granted passports unless they are sure of work on arrival. Their Government apparently takes a sceptical view of the rumoured demand for organ-grinders in the Bush.

A man charged with drunkenness at Yarmouth was found lying with a bottle of rum in his pocket, a floral wreath round his neck and a dog sitting on his chest. Still, it is a poor heart that never rejoices.

A contemporary has discovered that the hobby of many musicians is fishing. We have sometimes suspected this when watching a conductor flogging a swirling orchestra.

Labour has a majority of one in the Australian House of Representatives. Speculation is rife as to who is the one.

According to a personal paragraph Mr. STANLEY BALDWIN has a dry humour that will appeal to the Americans. This is very fortunate, as of course wet humour is prohibited over there.

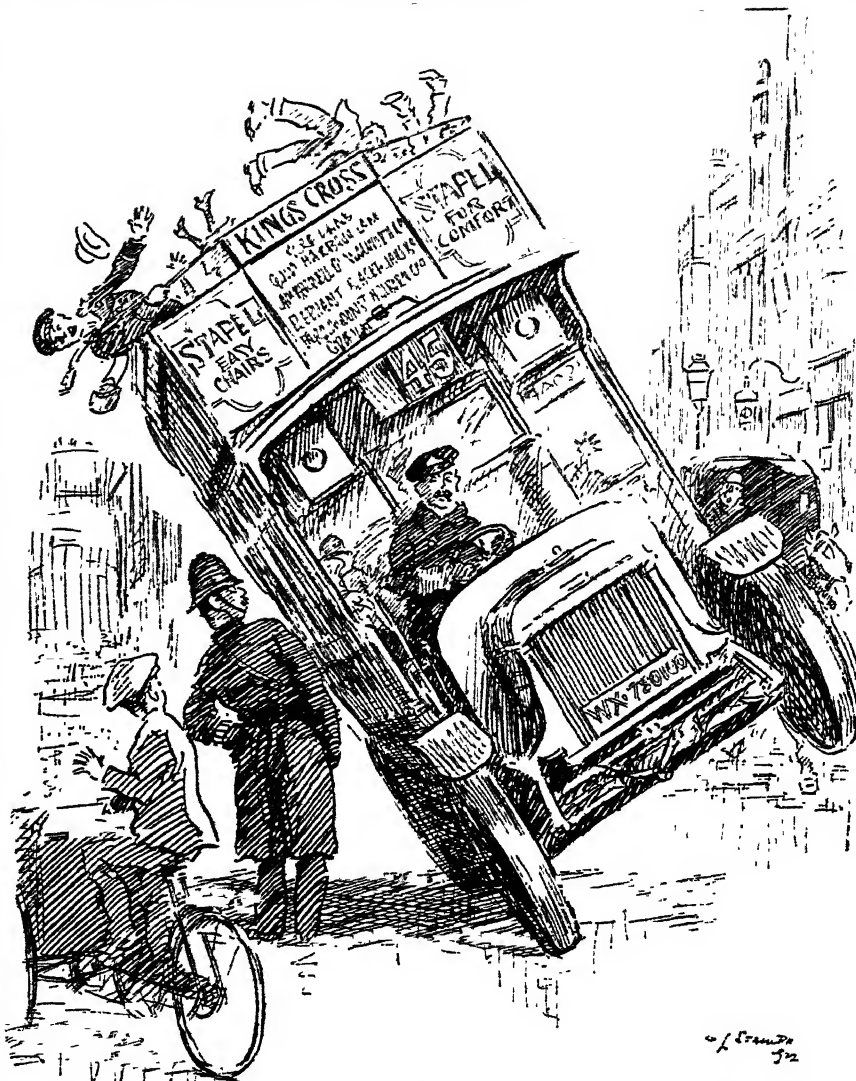
We are given to understand that Satan has the present epidemic of New Year Resolutions well in hand.

From Smith Minor's English History paper:—

"When the Duke of Monmouth fled from the battle he changed clothes with a peasant and was afterwards discovered laying in a ditch."

"Viscount — has given £100 towards the restoration of the organ in Worcester Cathedral. It had been decided that the work of repair should not be commenced until £5,000 had been promised, but as the fund has now reached £4,999 19s. 2d. the work is to be put in hand."—*Daily Paper*.

It is thought that with a very little pressure his lordship may be induced to spring another tenpence.



[The L.G.O.C. lately demonstrated at their Chiswick works the angle at which a motor omnibus may tilt without turning over.]

Conductor. "KEEP YOUR SEATS, PLEASE; YOU'RE PERFECTLY SAFE. BILL KNOWS TO A INCH 'OW FAR 'E CAN BEND."

A PIONEER'S FATE.

[A correspondent in a daily paper, advocating conversation in railway carriages, says that his own plan is to begin by asking strangers little puzzles, and, if on a long journey, giving character readings from any handwriting supplied to him.]

My word, but the party was frigid
As down in the carriage I sat—
Six faces reservedly rigid,
Six attitudes dismal and flat;
For none to his fellow was speaking;
Aloof they pretended to read;
And I thought, "Lo, the chance I am
seeking
Of doing my daily good deed."

It thawed them, though ever so slightly,
When, heedless of faces beneath,
Having murmured a greeting politely,
I swung on the rack by my teeth,
And, thus having gained their attention,
Went on without further ado
In jocular manner to mention
A little conundrum or two.

The thawing progressed at a sure rate

As japes I began to outpour
Concerning the egg of the curate
And when was a door not a door,
And pleasantly ventured to tell a
Few tales of my days with the Flag,
Ere juggling an open umbrella,
Two hats and a vanity bag.

Soon all chattered freely together
(Their tongues by my friendliness
loosed),

Completely oblivious whether
Or not they had been introduced;
They joined in a general discussion
On how to put boredom to rout;
But I thought their solution too
Prussian

In savagely throwing me out.

Canine Longevity.

"The Dogs exhibited at this Show have for the past Forty Years been fed on —'s Foods."

Advt. in *Provincial Paper*.

SHOCKING TRAVESTIES.

VI.—THE RACING NOVEL.

(With acknowledgments where they are due.)

Chapter I.—THE HOPELESS HORSE.

THE race was over and once again Bluebottle had come in last. Jim Burford, the jockey, stood looking at his recent mount with an expression of disgust on his face. Bluebottle was a strange animal. Putty-coloured, no groom was able to get a shine on his coat, which was as thick as fur, and his front legs seemed to have all the joints in the wrong places. He had beautifully expressive eyes, but he never seemed to run as fast as the other horses did. For this reason they almost invariably beat him. He was out of Novelist by Public House. He was tucked up and stood too high on his feet. Jim Burford began to wonder whether Bluebottle was a thoroughbred after all. He looked hard again at the front side of him, then, a quick suspicion crossing his mind, he walked round to the back. No, the tail was all right. It fell down the whole way like a waterfall. There was no tassel or tuft at the end. Bluebottle was not a mule.

Just then Jeff Mutson, the owner of Bluebottle, came up. He was angry.

"What a brute!" he exclaimed, looking contemptuously at Bluebottle. "He's an out-and-out rotter, only fit to be sold as cat's-meat. I should like to have him shot."

"He baffles me, I admit," returned the jockey, who did not like Jeff Mutson, "and he is certainly not remarkable for his velocity. Yet I cannot help thinking that there is some good in him after all."

"He's a long time showing it, then," remarked Will Whapham, the trainer, who had just joined them. "He is always giving you back-end rides."

"I'm tired of him, anyhow," cried Jeff Mutson. "I would sell the brute this minute for an old song."

"Would you?" said a clear girlish voice coming up to the three men. It was Sally Mottram. She lived at Foxcover, which was the next estate to Bolttrough, Jeff Mutson's place. Racing occasionally, her colours being mole and green, there was no better judge of horse-flesh in the country than Sally Mottram.

"I like your horse Bluebottle," she continued. "He has a nice face. Would you really sell him for an old song?"

"I would," answered Jeff Mutson.

Throwing back her head crowned with thick chestnut-coloured hair, the girl began to sing the opening chorus

of *Atalanta in Calydon* with the full power of her rich contralto voice.

"That will do," said Jeff Mutson when she reached the end of the second stanza. "The horse is yours."

"What on earth are you going to do with him?" asked Will Whapham.

"I shall train him myself by kindness," she replied.

"I shall always be happy to ride him for you whenever you wish," said Jim Burford.

Jim Burford admired Sally Mottram devotedly.

Chapter II.—JEFF MUTSON IS SNUBBED.

Jeff Mutson was something of a mystery. He had a large London office close to the Bank of England, but no one could ever make out what he did there. The brass plate on the door simply said, "JEFF MUTSON: OFFICE," but during the daytime visitors were never seen to enter it. Lights, however, always burnt there late at night, shadowy figures went in and out, and strange noises could be heard inside.

Whatever Jeff Mutson did in London there was no doubt that he possessed money. He had bought the fine estate of Bolttrough from Burke Chatham. Burke Chatham had had bad luck in racing. He had kept putting everything he had on Bluebottle, and had lost every time. Finally he put his shirt on it and lost that. Then he borrowed some money, bought a new shirt and became a private detective. But he had made no big scoop as yet.

Jeff Mutson kept no horses at Bolttrough, but he had a string at Newmarket. He did not seem to race because he liked it, but in order to become popular.

He was greatly attracted by Sally Mottram, who lived alone at Foxcover with an aunt, and he soon called to see her. He met Sally in the park, where she had just given Bluebottle a five-mile gallop, and was rewarding him with a piece of nut toffee.

The horse snorted when he saw Mutson. He hated Mutson. Sally nodded coldly.

"What a fine park you have!" said Mutson.

"I consider it much more beautiful when it is empty," replied Sally Mottram. She did not like Jeff Mutson either.

Jeff Mutson did not take the hint.

"It is a pity that the owner of Bolttrough was obliged to sell the estate to me," he persisted meaningly.

Sally Mottram blushed. She was thinking of Burke Chatham, with whom she was in love. Jeff Mutson understood what was passing in her mind.

"If a certain thing happened," he went on, "I might give Bolttrough back to its former occupant as a present and buy another place for myself."

"What do you mean?" asked Sally.

"If you became engaged to me," said Jeff Mutson.

"Possibly Mr. Chatham may win enough money soon to buy Bolttrough back from you," she said, changing the subject. "He is employed in tracking the various burglaries that have been committed in the vicinity and big rewards are offered. Besides that he has put everything he possesses on Bluebottle for the City and Suburban."

"What," laughed Mutson—"do you mean to tell me you are entering that old crock for Epsom? Asparagus will win the City and Suburban." Asparagus was Jeff Mutson's horse.

"We shall see when the time comes," said Sally; "but my horse is improving every day," and, setting spurs to Bluebottle, she galloped off. A clod struck Jeff Mutson in the right eye. He was amazed to see what kindness had already done with the horse he had formerly owned. All Bluebottle's legs appeared to be working in their proper order and with astonishing rapidity. He was twice or even thrice the animal he had been. His eyes flashed fire. His fur shone. If he was worth an old song then, he was worth an anthology now. Jeff Mutson looked annoyed.

Chapter III.—BLUEBOTTLE DIS-APPEARS.

Sally Mottram was talking to Burke Chatham.

"I am suspicious of that man Mutson," said Burke. "I have been making inquiries about him in the City, and it seems that the Guard at the Bank of England has heard a strange tunnelling noise from the direction of his office. Nobody visits him except the most notorious characters, and they only come at night, wearing masks and carrying lanterns and pickaxes. It almost looks as if he were engaged upon some nefarious enterprise. Is anything known about him down here?"

"Nothing, except that he always has a plentiful supply of money and wears several diamond rings on each finger," answered Sally. "All the stables and outhouses at Bolttrough are kept locked up and no one is allowed to go into them except himself. Otherwise he lives as the ordinary country gentleman might do. But I cannot say that I like him either."

As she said this Sally Mottram thought of Mutson's proposal of marriage to her. She resolved that it should never take place if Burke Chat-



MANNERS AND MODES; HOW TO BE SUCCESSFULLY RUDE.

AT A PRIVATE DANCE ENSURE THE ENJOYMENT OF YOUR PARTY BY BRINGING YOUR OWN CHAMPAGNE AND CIGARS.

ham's debts could be paid by any other means.

"But don't let us talk of Jeff Mutson!" she exclaimed. "Come and look at Bluebottle."

They went together to the stable. Bluebottle was gone.

Chapter IV.—RE-ENTER BLUEBOTTLE.

Putting two and two together Burke Chatham felt certain that there was something suspicious about Jeff Mutson's occupation. He decided to watch Boltrough that night. He climbed into the stable-yard and hid himself behind a tub. For a long time nothing happened, and then he saw lights in the window of one of the outhouses. Peeping through he saw an extraordinary sight. Jeff Mutson stood turning over and over in his hands an amazing collection of jewelled ornaments, tiaras, necklaces and bracelets, studded with diamonds, emeralds and pearls. Close beside him was a cask filled to the brim with sovereigns, and the floor was literally littered with packets of hundred and five pound notes.

Burke Chatham had scarcely recovered from his surprise when from a barn behind him he heard a loud and long-drawn whinny. He recognised it at once as Bluebottle's.

So Jeff Mutson had stolen Bluebottle as well. Remembering that Mutson's Asparagus was favourite for the City and Suburban, there was only one thing that Burke as a fair-minded sportsman could do. He climbed out of the yard, wrote a hasty note and pushed it into the letter-box in the Boltrough front-door. It ran: "Unless Bluebottle is returned in time for the race the police will be told of the other cattle you keep in your stalls."

The next night Bluebottle was returned.

Chapter V.—THE FAILURE MAKES GOOD.

When the horses went out on to the famous course for the big race, the excitement was intense. Asparagus of course had most friends, but there was many a cheer for the mole-and-green of Sally Mottram worn by Jim Burford on Bluebottle, for the good looks and orphan state of the girl had touched a sympathetic chord in every heart. Jeff Mutson still hoped to win her if Blue-

bottle was beaten, for then Burke Chatham would be ruined, and he did not know that it was Burke who had seen him counting over the proceeds of his burglaries. The race began.

Crematorium got away first, with Beaver and Hatstand his nearest attendants. Then Asparagus spurted and took the lead on the rails. The rest were bunched. Then Bluebottle came out. He crept up to Hatstand. Hatstand crept away. Bluebottle crept up again. Hatstand crept back. Bluebottle

going back for, Bluebottle?" Bluebottle went forward again. They were nose to nose at the post. Bluebottle had the longer fur on his nose. Bluebottle won.

"Oh, I am so glad!" gasped Sally Mottram.

A hand was laid on Jeff Mutson's arm. "You are wanted for breaking into the Bank of England, removing three hundred thousand pounds and substituting forgeries," said a voice in his ear. "Also for five country-house burglaries and registering Asparagus for the City and Suburban under a wrong description of sex."

Jeff Mutson drew a revolver from his pocket and shot himself through the head.

Burke Chatham married Sally Mottram.

Bluebottle won many another race, and now grazes in the park at Boltrough. He often thinks of the days when from being an ugly duckling he blossomed out under Sally Mottram's care to become a veritable swan of the Turf.

EVON.

AS THE PRUNE FALLS.

After deliberating for two years the Government of India decided that the country was overstocked with British officers. In due course, with the staff sometimes working till as late as five and partially forgoing their Thursday holiday, a great scheme was evolved, under which only super-officers would be kept; the remainder—about a thousand weak—being shipped to various parts of the Empire, with good wishes and a lump sum of money.

In the 199th Deccans it was found that as many as six officers were surplus to requirements, and five of them were quickly weeded out. Little

things that you or I might not have noticed, but experienced soldiers spotted at once, caused their elimination. For instance, ever since young Halibut, the first to go, had attended the Commissioner's garden-party in a sport's coat which he had picked up cheap whilst on leave, it was obvious that he wouldn't quite do for a dressy regiment like the Deccans.

And now, before the pruning could be said to be finished, one more officer had to go, and the choice lay between Captains Plassy and Clive. As far as the Station could judge, their chances



"CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE."

MR. HUGH WALPOLE MAKES THE CATHEDRAL HUM.

flung down the gage to Beaver. Beaver skidded on it and crossed his legs. Crematorium stopped and began to eat grass. Bluebottle crawled up to Asparagus's stall. He crawled past it. He crawled up to the jockey's knee. He crawled up to the jockey's head. He snorted in the jockey's ear. He crawled down Asparagus's nose. Asparagus sneezed. His jockey took the whip. Could Jim Burford get another ounce—two ounces—a quarter-of-a-pound—out of Bluebottle? He got them. Bluebottle was in front. He went back. "Don't go back," whispered Jim Burford. "What are you



"NOW THAT THE EXCITEMENT SEEMS TO HAVE FINALLY DIED DOWN, I WONDER IF YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT WAS THAT JOKE ABOUT BEAVERS?"

were fairly even. Plassy had the M.C. and played golf regularly with the Colonel every evening; while Clive had the Frontier Medal with clasp and had passed his Hindustani exam. that month. The Second-in-Command's wife wished to keep Plassy for his tennis, but Mrs. Adjutant was all in favour of Clive, as he was such a beautiful dancer. As far as could be seen the decision would have to come from Mrs. General, who commanded the Station in a quiet but firm manner.

One day the Mess havildar brought into the Mess two chits from Flagstaff House, one for Clive Sahib and one for Plassy Sahib, couched in identical terms:—

"We shall be so delighted if you will dine with us on Saturday, at 8.30.

Yours sincerely,
MILLCENT BATON-TABS."

"Well," said Plassy, "this is the great test, Clive, my boy, as to who goes on wielding the sword and tennis racquet and who hangs on the strap."

At the due time the two arrived at Flagstaff House and advanced to meet their hostess. "Good evening, Mrs. Baton-Tabs," said Clive; "I do hope your two topping kiddies are quite fit;" thereby scoring a point, which was counteracted by Plassy's refusing a vermuth with the words, "Thanks so much, but I never touch short drinks."

They were introduced to the other guests, Colonel and Mrs. Dall-Currie and Major and Mrs. Dummie, and so they went in to dinner.

Except when Clive dropped a mark by omitting to stop the khitmagar when pouring his whisky, honours were even, and it appeared that it would be impossible to decide who was the better officer, when Plassy, in turning to speak to Mrs. General on his left, knocked the bearer's arm and sent a shower of stewed prunes over Mrs. Dummie. . . .

"Well, I suppose I'd better get my kit packed," said Plassy as they walked home. "Just to think that a promising career should be spoilt by a plate of prunes!"

"Yes, hard luck," replied Clive; "but I shall still know you when I'm a General."

The two were sitting in the Mess a week later when the Adjutant came in.

"Clive, your orders are through, and you sail on Saturday."

"What do you mean?" said Clive, staggered. "There must be some mistake surely."

"No mistake, I'm afraid. You see, I heard unofficially that Colonel Dall-Currie was fearfully told off by Mrs. Dummie in the Club at Peshawar in '13 in front of everybody, and, after that little contretemps of Plassy's at dinner the other night, he was so frightfully pleased that he wrote off at once to Simla, where he knows people, and said that whatever happened Plassy must be kept on in the Army, as he could tell that he is a born soldier, tactful and the sort that a Senior Officer takes to at once.

"Well, good luck. You'd better try Bolivia; there's a fortune to be made there out of beef extracts and things."

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

III.—THE HANDS OF DESTINY.

"It's all very depressing," said George, throwing down the paper in disgust, "I shall go and have a manicure."

It was after luncheon at the Club. All about us men of evident affluence reclined in leather chairs and, sadly consuming coffee and cigars, discussed in low tones the gloomy condition of the world.

"There's no way out that I can see," said a large man. "Bring me a brandy, waiter."

"It's a black look-out, certainly," said his companion. "I'll have a small port."

"True," said I to George; "but will a manicure improve it all?"

"Whenever I'm depressed," he said, "I go to Thomas's. There's a girl there—" and George assumed an extremely dreamy expression. "Where do you go?" he inquired.

"I don't," I said. "I mean I don't go to Thomas's. I go to different places—Rupert's and Stanley's and—so on."

"I don't know them," said George.

"No?"

"You ought to stick to the same place," said George, studying his immaculate fingers. "Can't expect to have your hands nice otherwise. Come on, I'll take you there." And he jumped up with a much more optimistic air.

"I don't really think I want—" I began.

"Oh, yes, you do. When was your last?"

"My last?" said I, plunging my hands into my pockets. "Well, of course the Election upset things a good deal. I really forget."

"Oh, come on! Dora's a peach."

"But I don't know Dora."

By this time George had shattered the spell of quietness in the room, and several large men rose up and, muttering something about "the office," sham-bled out of the door.

George is very strong-willed. "Anyhow, you can have your hair cut," he said as we walked up Piccadilly.

"It was cut last week."

"Well, anyway," said George; and suddenly we were in the shop.

Thomas's is a kind of small mosque, all tiles and Moorish arches, and crudely-coloured glass through which the sun comes but dimly, and small partitioned shrines are set along the walls.

"Funny place, isn't it?" said George. "Rather romantic. I always think Oriental and all that."

"It is funny," I said. "And when one thinks how seldom they shave in the East and how rarely a Moor has his hair cut, it's funnier still."

But the high-priest was upon us, bowing low.

"Two manicures," said George, as easily as if he had said "Two melons."

"Two manicures—suttinly, Sir," said the high-priest, bowing, and cried into a speaking-tube the words, "Next two manicures *up*, please," and from far below were heard the words, "Next two manicures—*right*."

And we waited under the vaulted dome. . . .

The rustle of silk was heard.

At this point, in a clear voice, I heard myself saying, "I should like a hair-cut."

"Come this way, Sir," said the high-



Office Boy (with theatrical tendencies—to faithless flapper). "BY THE TIME THESE LAST WORDS OF MINE REACH YOUR HEARTLESS EAR, I SHALL BE A CORP."

priest; and before George could open his mouth I had escaped into a secure shrine in the male quarters, entirely surrounded by hair-oil and looking-glass.

To contemplate one's profile from every possible angle without physical effort is a rare and soothing experience to the least handsome among us; and the high-priest left me to enjoy this for some time.

Then came a priest, not quite so high, and said in a very courtly way, "Do you wish the hair cut short? Or perhaps a trim about the back and sides?"

"I don't want it cut any *shorter*," I said miserably. "It was cut last week. The fact is—"

"Shampoo, face-massage, radio—?"

"A shampoo," I said eagerly. "I couldn't think of the word."

"Suttinly, Sir. Wet or dry?"

"I forget," said I. "Which is which?"

"If-you-have-a-dry," he answered rapidly, "I-shall-first-open-the-pores-of-the-scalp-with-a-hot-towel-bound-round-the-head; then-with-a-preparation-of-oil-and—"

"Wet," I murmured desperately—"wet."

For sheer brutality give me a really expensive wet shampoo. The priest swathed me in suffocating towels, took firm hold of the nape of the neck, forcibly thrust the nose into a basin, turned a powerful hose of boiling water on the crown, vigorously pummelled the scalp, shouted in the ear, "Would you like it *cold*?" and, while the mouth was still spluttering "No," petrified the whole body with a murderous jet of iced water. He then tightly twisted a towel round the temples and by sharply jerking back the head attempted to dislocate the spine. Foiled there, he shook the head violently from side to side so as to detach it from the trunk. He then pressed a switch, tore out most of the surviving hairs with a revolving brush, scratched fiercely among the roots, and said, "The hair's very thin, Sir."

"I shouldn't wonder," I gasped.

"And the next, Sir?" he snapped.

"Face-massage, radio—"

"I think we'll leave the face as it is," I ventured. For at this point I imagined myself stealing out of the shop and abandoning George for ever.

The priest bowed. "The young lady is waiting for the hands," he said, not without menace.

"The *hands*?" I faltered. "Oh, yes, of course—the hands;" and, taking out one of the hands, I examined it dispassionately. "As a matter of fact—"

"*This way, please*," said the priest firmly.

By the discreditable exercise of some sort of psychic power I was now wafted swiftly to a row of shrines in a remote corner, more commodious and secluded than the others. In one of them was George and a young lady, looking exceedingly romantic. In three others also there were men whose faces were vaguely familiar. Where had I seen them? At the Office—the Underground—the Club?

At the Club—lunch-time.

I entered my shrine, feeling that in ten minutes I should be engaged to be married.

The young lady was friendly, pleasant but discreet. She took one of the hands and laid it out on a cushion.

"I've been doing a good deal of manual labour," I said hastily. "Gardening and carpentering and—"

"Very int'resting work, of *course*," she said reproachfully, "but absolutely



Butler. "HER LADYSHIP'S INSTRUCTIONS, SIR JOHN, THAT, AS YOU HAVE A COLD, I WAS TO BRING YOU UP A GLASS OF HOT MILK WITH 'A LITTLE SOMETHING IN IT.'"

Invalid. "HOT MILK, THOMPSON! ME! I'LL THROW IT AT YOU."

Butler. "YES, SIR JOHN. THAT'S WHY I'VE ONLY BROUGHT UP 'THE LITTLE SOMETHING IN IT.'"

fatal for the hands. Still, they're not so bad," she added kindly.

I breathed again.

She worked quickly. A terrifying trayful of files, knives, scissors, nippers, tin-openers, tweezers and metal-polishers stood at her side, and, seizing the hand, she put it through a ruthless course of pruning, paring, filing and slicing. In five minutes but few traces of the original hand remained.

However, I must say that after the shampoo it was a comparatively restful process; and this no doubt explains the origin and purpose of the shampoo.

Meanwhile we talked.

She said she liked manicuring more than hairdressing, though she used to do both, and, of course, in a way she had been in the business since she was eight, and that was only thirteen years ago, though you might not think it, because her father and mother were both in the hairdressing, and her sisters too, and they'd been brought up hear-

ing nothing else since they were quite tiny, and what with everyone talking "shop" night and day, of course one did get a bit sick of it—anyone would—all the same . . .

The idea of a happy childhood marred only by too much hairdressers' "shop" in the home moved me profoundly.

"Are you Dora?" I asked.

"No," she said. "Dora's further along. She's going to be married."

"A dark young man? Small moustache? Name of George?"

"That's the one."

"Funny," I mused. "He never told me

"P'raps he doesn't know," she said darkly, and dropped the hand in a bowl of hot water to soak. "Now the other one, please," she commanded.

"I—I don't think I've time to have the other one done," I said nervously, looking at my watch. "Not now. One day next week, perhaps."

"Men *are* funny," she remarked re-

flectively. "That's what my husband used to say."

"Oh, well," I said brightly, "I mustn't imitate *him*, must I?" and I fearlessly produced the hand.

She picked it up and filed it thoughtfully with a long romantic-looking file.

"That's just what *he* did," she said.

A. P. H.

Our Sociable Aristocracy.

"I was asleep in my room on the second floor, and so were most of the other occupants of the castle, including the servants."

Daily Paper.

"FURNISHED HOUSES AND APARTMENTS. Player Grand, second-hand, full scale."

Advt. in Provincial Paper.

Personally, if we had to live in a piano, we should prefer a cottage.

From an Auction catalogue:—

"Superior Solid Oak Disappearing Typist Desk, in excellent condition." This might be quite useful in the event of an unexpected visit from the other girl.



New Year Reveller (pulling himself together). "WELL, I MUST SAY 'GOOD NIGHT' TO YOU BOYS. I LIVE HERE."

LONDON'S SUPREME LACK.

AN influential gathering assembled at Olympia the other day, between the performances of the circus, to support the project of establishing once again a permanent circus in London. Mr. WHIMSICAL WALKER (who has recently put about the obviously untruthful rumour that he is a septuagenarian) was in the Chair, and among those present were Dean INGE, PIMPO, Mr. C. B. COCHRAN, Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON, Sir PERCY SCOTT and the Italian Ambassador.

The proceedings opened with the reading of a letter from Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, saying that if the proposed circus were ever established he would be delighted to join the staff and perform his famous trick of riding two horses at once. (Groans.)

The Chairman said that the absence of a permanent circus was a blot in London's 'scutcheon. (Laughter and cheers.) He did not want to say anything detrimental to the stage or the movies (laughter), but he thought it unfair that they should crowd out the time-honoured ring. (Laughter and cheers.) The old Romans (laughter), who knew what they were about (renewed laughter), had a motto to the effect that all a wise man needed was bread and circuses. (Laughter.) Well, we had the bread only (loud laughter)

and, thanks to the late War, not too much butter on that. (Roars of laughter.) The purpose of the present meeting was to endeavour to give us circuses too, all the year round, and not merely for a month at Christmas. (Loud cheers.)

The ITALIAN AMBASSADOR said that nothing would be more likely to promote good relations between Italy and England than the establishment of a permanent circus in London, because all the best circus performers were Italians. (Cheers.) Italy was full of the most remarkable gymnasts and riders looking with longing eyes towards London. A wise Government would see to it that their wishes were gratified. (Loud applause.) Nothing but perfect international amity could then result. (Renewed applause.)

The leader of a deputation of school-boys said that he wished strongly to support the object of the meeting. It was deplorable that Piccadilly Circus, Oxford Circus and Finsbury Circus should be London's only permanent arenas. The County Council, were it a humane body, would change the names of these places and thus prevent many a hopeful young heart from breaking. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. CHESTERTON said that he was all for a circus. A city without a circus could not prosper. (Cheers.) So long as clowns tumbled, the universe would

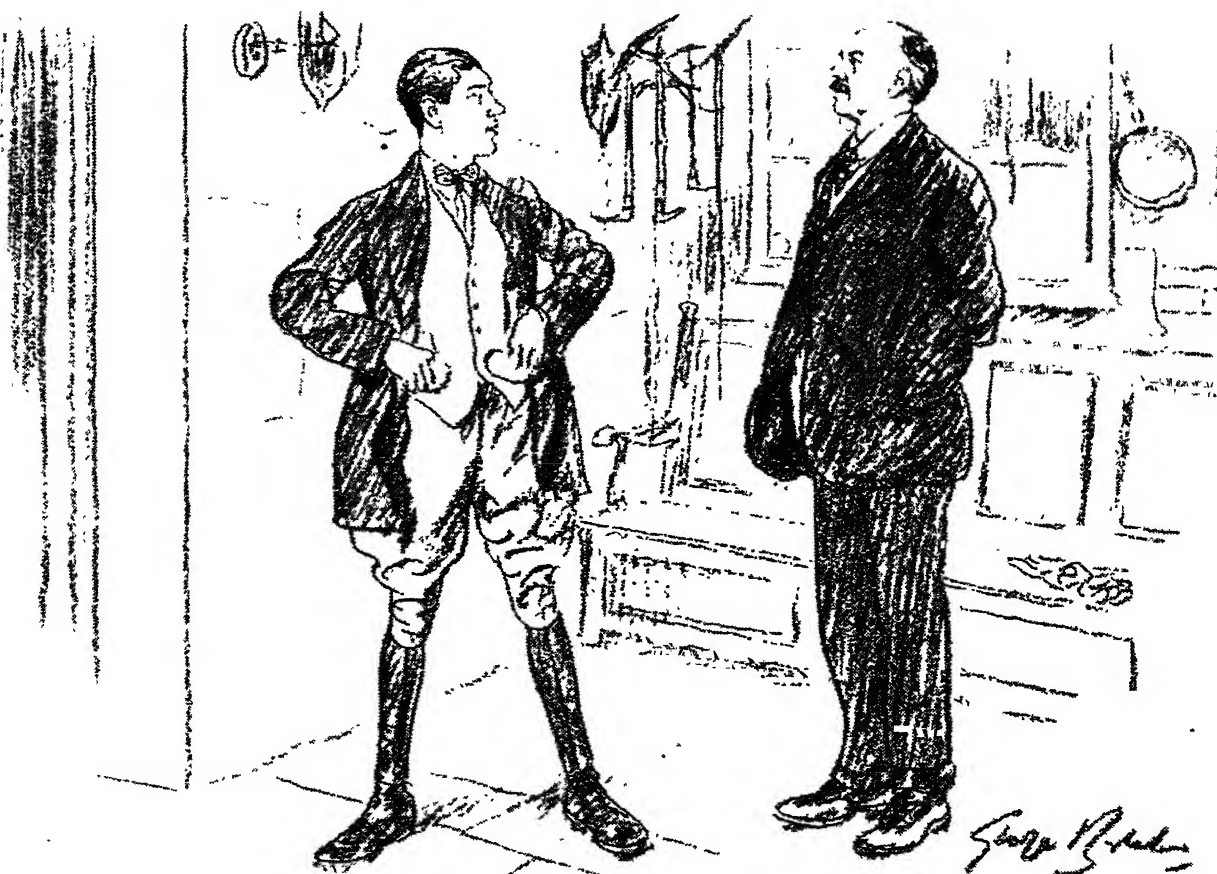
remain stable. (A laugh.) He had not meant to be as funny as that, but let it stand. (Another laugh.) The horse was a notoriously noble animal, and the spectacle of a horse isolated in the ring could not but do good accordingly. How much more good would forty horses in the ring do! (Wild enthusiasm.) Their honoured Chairman had said something about the Romans, but he had not said enough. In his (the speaker's) opinion it was their fondness for the circus that made the Romans the conquerors of the world. (Loud cheers.) He had not looked it up recently, but the decline of Rome, he felt convinced, was coeval with the decline of the circus. (Loud cheers.) He was too much occupied or he would like to offer himself as the first ring-master of the proposed new circus. (Cheers.) It would be delightful. He would love to crack a whip. (Loud applause.) He would enjoy matching his wits against a clown's, but had no hope of coming out victorious. He would also have room to turn round. (Roars of laughter.)

Mr. COCHRAN said that he had always been as warm a friend of the circus as could be found, but just at the moment there was more money in the cinema and revue. While the question of a permanent circus was pending he would suggest that all present should pay one or more visits to the *Robin Hood* film at



A GOOD IMPRESSION.

BONAR CRUSOE (*cautiously*). "WHAT HAVE WE HERE? A FOOTPRINT IN THE SAND?
IT MAY MEAN TRADE; IF SO IT WOULD BE GRAND!"



Son of the House (to Visitor, a great archaeologist, whom he has been told to entertain). "NOW WHICH IS IT TO BE, SIR—A LOOK OVER THE CHURCH, WHICH IS ONLY SAXON, OR A WALK TO OUR PREHISTORIC BARN, WITH THE PROSPECT OF A RAT OR TWO?"

the London Pavilion. Whatever enterprise he might be engaged in, they might be sure that his heart was in the magic ring. (Loud cheers.) The circus was his spiritual home. (Renewed cheers.)

PIMPO, who addressed the meeting from the Chairman's shoulders, said that it was anomalous that Londoners should have the opportunity of witnessing somersaults only in winter. (Roars of laughter.) It was a scandal that, until Olympia opened on December 22nd, the only equestrians to be seen in a London place of amusement were the *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*. (Renewed roars.) PIMPO went on to lament the fact that the circus played so small a part in modern literature. His favourite reading was *The Ring and the Book*. He did not care so much for the Book part, but the Ring tickled him to death. (Loud cheers.)

The leader of a deputation of tissue-paper makers said that nothing but a permanent London circus could put the trade on its legs again. Now that dashing equestriennes had given up bursting through hoops—through want of a ring

to do it in—the demand for tissue-paper was almost negligible. (Sympathetic groans.)

Dean INGE said that he supported the proposal. To his mind, the circus was not only entertaining but ennobling. (Cheers.) It put before the youth of the country high ideals of physical fitness, while the humour of the clowns was as free from every taint of impropriety as his own. (Renewed cheers.) He did not mind confessing to the meeting that he had had thoughts as a boy of joining a circus himself (sensation), but the Fates willed otherwise. He often now wondered whether it might not have been better. (PIMPO: "Indubitably.") But it was too late. His muscles were set. A recent attempt to swarm up the dome of St. Paul's had resulted in great disappointment. All he could now do was to give his blessing to the scheme. (Cheers.)

Sir PERCY SCOTT said that no doubt a circus was an excellent thing, but what was bothering him was the more important question, "What is the use of a battleship?" A midshipman friend of his (Uproar and demonstration, during which Sir PERCY

was removed from the building by two of the trained elephants.)

Order being restored, the Chairman said he would ask the meeting to vote. Should or should there not be a permanent London circus?

A show of hands revealed the gathering to be unanimously in favour of the proposal; and it was then decided that inquiries should be made as to a suitable site, and that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, who was not too busy nowadays, should be asked to officiate as first ring-master. E. V. L.

How we Advertise nowadays.

"George Robey, Monday Night Only.

The Dean of Canterbury (the Very Rev. Henry Wace, D.D.) celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday on Sunday.

George Robey, Monday Night Only."

Local Paper.

"HEAR THE WORLD'S BEST ARTISTS ON THE — PHONOGRAPH.

It is impossible to distinguish the Artist's Voice from the Instruments."

South African Paper.

Should this be described as "Commercial Candour" or "Another Impending Apology"?

THE MUSIC THAT MATTERS.

"VIOLINISTS and 'cellists are being displaced by jazz bands, because the new saxophones can reproduce similar effects. There is a great rush to learn the saxophone." This momentous announcement, made by the management of a prominent musical firm to *The Evening News*, impelled Mr. Punch's representative to ascertain how far our leading musical colleges, academies and schools of music are prepared to encourage and meet the new demands. He regrets to say, as the result of personal interviews with directors and principals, that there seems to be not merely an indisposition to provide increased facilities for the study of jazz music, but a marked hostility to the reorganising of the curriculum on sound and enlightened lines.

His first visit was to the palatial new buildings of the Royal Academy of Music in the Marylebone Road, where we were courteously received by Sir ALEXANDER MACKENZIE. On our way to his sanctum the sounds of stringed instruments and pianofortes reached our ears from the practising rooms, but the peculiar and exhilarating timbre of the saxophone was unhappily conspicuous by its absence. After the exchange of customary salutations we at once invited the Principal's attention to the announcement quoted above, and asked whether it was true or not that a strong reaction against the *régime* of tranquillity was already manifesting itself at our schools of music. Sir ALEXANDER'S reply was characterised by his habitual Caledonian caution. "Vocal and instrumental proficiency," he began, "is the main aim of this establishment; but you must remember that I began my musical career as a violinist and still regard the Stradivarius as the king of instruments."

"But surely," we interposed, "you admit that in the interests of colour and sonority fair play should be given to others?"

"Certainly," he responded, "so long as it is fair. But I am no votary of the dominion of din, and, as for colour, I hold that the negroid variety is best confined to corroborrees, Ju-ju festivities, Voodoo ceremonies and the like."

"Yet," we ventured to remark, "the saxophone was invented by a skilful European musician in 1840, and cannot be regarded as a savage instrument."

"Oh, yes," rejoined the Principal,

"the saxophone is all very well in its place, but not as a predominant partner. *The Wedding Guest*, we know, 'beat his breast, for he heard the loud bassoon.' I wonder to what spasms of suicidal violence he would have been impelled had he heard the stertorous snorts of the jazzing saxophone? Sax's conical bore was a clever invention, but the thing now threatens to become a chronic nuisance."

"Am I to understand, then, that you do not propose to dismiss or, at any rate, to reduce your staff of stringed instrument professors in order to meet the urgent demand for saxophonic instruction?"



Kitten (observing rubber-shod P.C.). "HEAVENS! FANCY HIM MOUSING!"

"The answer is in the affirmative. We have already one Chamber of Horrors in the Marylebone Road, and I do not propose to add indefinitely to the number."

"But did you not yourself admit the suitability of cruelty as a theme for musical illustration in your orchestral ballad, *La Belle Dame sans Merci*?"

"The motive was the sorcery of beauty, not the ferocity of a tarantulated epileptic. In that case I should have scored it for sixteen saxophones and called it *Le Bedlam sans Merci*. I don't want to see England re-named 'The Island of Jazzmania,' and as long as I am in command of the R.A.M. it is not going to be made a nursery for fox-trot composers. Good morning."

Depressed by this explosion of obsecurantism, Mr. Punch's man took his imperial course westward to Kensington

Gore in the hope of discovering evidences of a more humane and tractable mood at the Royal College of Music. Plunging at once in *medias res* on being shown into the presence of the Director, "Are you aware," he asked, "that 'composers are no longer writing the old-fashioned music'? That 'swing' music, such as 'The Kitten on the Keys,' 'My Sweet Hortense,' 'The Sheik,' and 'I want some Money' is what the public wants? And, if so, what are you doing to encourage young students of composition to supply this peremptory demand?"

Sir HUGH ALLEN'S formidable lower jaw shot out at least three inches as he replied in his most truculent tones:

"Swing' music! If I could have my way I'd make these blithering blighters swing for it!"

"That's all very well," mildly rejoined our representative, "but you must remember that 'I want some Money' is what the public wants; and that, to quote from the same high authority, 'many second-rate musicians are earning sixteen to twenty pounds a week as members of jazz bands.' Do you mean to say that there is any prospect of the composers of stodgy symphonies or high-brow quartets earning that sum in a whole year? How many pupils, I should like to know, are learning the saxophone at the Royal College of Music? You have got, I think, some six hundred students. Do not let me depart without the assurance that at least half that number are allowed to cultivate that invaluable and indispensable instrument as their 'first study'?"

"Sir," thundered the infuriated Director, "do you imagine that I am such an unending idiot as to pander to the vitiated

and vulpine appetite of a putrid and Philistine public? Know that there are no kittens on the keys of this college, that no foxes trot in our corridors—in fine that I am not here to turn out dancing dervishes or the composers of saccharine and syncopated slush."

To reason with such a fanatic was useless, for against such reactionaries even archangels argue in vain. Moreover the Director had risen from his chair and was brandishing a full score of BACH'S B minor Mass in a decidedly threatening manner. Mr. Punch does not admit that his representative fled, but he withdrew, more in sorrow than in anger, from this spectacle of tyrannical pedantry. As he passed out a barrel-organ struck up "My Sweet Hortense" in Prince Consort Road, and, cheered by this incontestable



Son. "I SAY, FATHER, HERE'S A CHANCE—AN ADVERTISEMENT OFFERING PERMANENT EMPLOYMENT TO A YOUNG MAN WILLING TO INVEST A HUNDRED POUNDS. I WONDER WHAT THE PERMANENT EMPLOYMENT IS."

Father. "TRYING TO GET THE HUNDRED POUNDS BACK."

proof of the real need of the nation, Mr. Punch's emissary returned home to ponder over the derelictions of directors and the irresistible "urge" of the musical million.

"GAS MAN BEATEN BY THERMS."
Headline in *Daily Paper*.

Even a therm will turn.

From a pantomime advertisement:—

"Chorus, Ballet, and Children of over 100."
Provincial Paper.

We are prepared to believe it of the chorus and ballet.

"Always on Time."

—'s RAILWAY GUIDE FOR DECEMBER.
On Sale everywhere Saturday next,
December 30."

Provincial Paper.

"Always on time" is good.

"What cricketer began to play the game at the youngest age? Harold Hardinge, of Kent, claims the distinction. His justification is this: When he was only eighteen years of age an elder brother wheeled him in a perambulator to a game of cricket in the Greenwich district."

Evening Paper.

The elder brother must have been singularly complacent to tolerate such laziness.

QUEL DOMMAGE!

THERE are sights one shouldn't miss
In the French Metropolis;
So I said one day to—let's see,
Was it Margery? No, Betsy—
"Come and take a stroll with me
Down the Rue de Rivoli."

Paris streets are full of danger
To the unsuspecting stranger.
We, who knew the risks were grave,
meant

Never to desert the pavement;
But we had to cross the street
At a point where several meet,
And, on turning on my tracks, I
Saw the girl beneath a taxi,
Looking—well, I noticed that
Betsy looked a trifle flat.

I was rather vexed, and though
I had sense enough to know
Mere pedestrians are vermin
Something caused me to determine
(Most unwisely, I may state)
Mildly to expostulate.

"If I read your customs rightly,
Monsieur," I remarked politely,
"Streets were made for car and horse;
We are only dogs, of course;

But I also understood
That the taxi-driver would
Even in the heart of France
Give the dog a sporting chance."

Like a Sphinx he sat, his hand
Resting on a lever, and
Neither shook his fist nor cursed,
Made no sign, but just reversed.
Back the taxi shot once more;
Betsy, who was flat before,
Now, if possible, grew flatter—
In itself no laughing matter,
For I shared my Betsy's pain;
But what went against the grain
Was that I should have to pay
Heavy "*dommages-intérêts*. . . ."

Who was he that, being blind
To the Frenchman's gifts of mind,
Spread abroad the lying rumour
That he had no sense of humour?

"THANKS.

Mr. and Mrs. — beg to tender their heartiest thanks to their friends for their assistance and kindness during the illness of both Mr. and Mrs. —. . . The bandsmen of the Municipal Brass Band are also specially thanked for their highly esteemed and respected assistance."

Advt. in South African Paper.

No doubt they went away to play in the next street.

UNCLE JOSEPH ON DOMESTICITIES.

Via Innominata, Borgo Sant' Ignoto,
November 19th, 1922.

MY DEAR ANGELA,—There was a stray Englishman lunching at the *trattoria* yesterday. I don't know what he was doing at Borgo Sant' Ignoto; and what brought him down the Via Innominata I can't think. But there he was, wading gloomily through an excellent luncheon. His Italian was embryonic and he used it with extreme caution. Only two sentences caught my ear. He asked the waiter what "winter" was called in the vernacular and, being told "*inverno*," brightened up considerably.

"Ah, yes," he said, "we use the same word in England; but we spell it with an 'f.'"

He had some official-looking documents with him, which he glanced at rather importantly between the *minestra* and the roast veal. And when he had paid his bill and departed he left a small fragment of red tape behind him, which, with the tacit permission of the *padrone*, I pocketed. It lies on the table as I write—one petal at least of the rose of English justice! And yet you accused me, my dear Angela, with reference to my last letter about the *Fascisti*, of a lack of patriotic sensibility, and told me—little thinking to what a spacious and fertile province you assigned me—to "stick to domesticities." In compliance with which graceful and feminine request I will give you a brief account of the companion who now shares my garret in the Via Innominata.

In future, when mention is made in your presence of DICKENS's raven, or COWPER's hare, or ROSSETTI's wombat, or any other animal associated with an author or painter of distinction, you, my niece, will be able to rise, like *Gigadibs* after the *Blougram* dinner-party when the conversation turned on cardinals, to the vast social implications of a really valuable clue.

"My Uncle Joseph," you will say with the disarming modesty which a charming woman keeps for such pieces of braggadocio—"my Uncle Joseph—you remember those Burne-Jonesey little water-colours of his?—keeps a *grillo*."

As a matter of fact the *grillo* may rather be said to keep me. He was here when I came. No sooner had I lit my first fire than a chirrup from behind the stove heralded his entry into the open; and he took up a defensive position—like that of the English at Crecy—on its red marble top, a handful of small twigs representing the Forest of Wadi-court on his flank, and my coffee-pot in the rear doing duty for EDWARD III.'s windmill.

This was embarrassing. I had heard that we English were not so popular with the upper classes in Italy as we used to be, though we still retained our old glamour for the *contadini*. The difficulty was to know which stratum of society claimed the *grillo*. He looked impressively smart in a tight-fitting putty-coloured suit, spotted on the back and thighs. And his feelers were quite as long as himself. In fact with his tail, which itself forked off into two subordinate *antennæ*, his whole length could not have fallen far short of two-and-a-half inches. He looked aristocratic. But there is nothing like a good peasant costume for inducing an air of nobility. I determined to split the difference and treat him as one of the *intelligenzia*. Letters, not life, should be the bond between us. So, after a few abortive attempts at conversation, I left him—left him making a détour of the Forest of Wadi-court, his *antennæ* swivelling round like searchlights—and went out into the Corso to buy a book to read to him during the quiet winter evenings I propose to spend in his company.

You, my dear Angela, who appreciate a well-turned compliment when you get one, will hazard, and rightly, that I

chose my book with discernment. In half-an-hour I re-ascended the grim stone staircase leading to my attic with the precise volume—pink wrappers, grey Italian type, price one *lira*—*Il Grillo del Focolare*, by CARLO DICKENS.

My *grillo*, of course, is enchanted. He was a little jealous of the kettle at first—"fu il pajuolo che cominciò," you remember. And he didn't quite understand what his English namesake was doing on a hearth, having served the whole of his own apprenticeship to melody in the shadow of an Italian stove. But I think he realises that the *grillo* has the *beau rôle* throughout. And he seems to like *Dot*—whom we call *Piccina*—and *la stolidà Tilde*, whose surname the translator has unblushingly shirked. At any rate he listens night after night, until as often as not I half shut my eyes and dream of J. L. TOOLE shuffling round a London stage in *Caleb Plummer's* sackcloth overcoat. And, when I open them again, *ecco tutto è svanito*—as the book says—even the *grillo*.

Ever, my dear Angela, your devoted UNCLE JOSEPH.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

FOR THE CENTENARY OF HIS BIRTH.

LOVER of Oxford, of her spires and towers,
Her level meads, her rivers and her flowers,
Home of lost causes, following the gleam
That sheds undying magic on her dream.

Lord of the pensive elegiac lay,
Yet as a comrade cheerful, frank and gay;
Toiling at tasks that lesser souls refuse,
You gave your hard-earned leisure to the Muse.

Critic of life, whose most satiric vein
Was yet undeviatingly urbane,
With what grave irony, serene and cool,
You mocked the Philistine and rebuked the fool!

Unerring judge, in these ill-balanced days
We need you, when the foolish pap of praise
Is ladled out by coterie and clique
On some new super-SHELLEY once a week.

In *Thyrsis*, heart-inspired yet passion-freed,
You paid to friendship an immortal meed,
And *Rugby Chapel* lives and shall outlast
The polished sneers of the iconoclast.

With calm regret you watched the shifting scene,
Yet no self-pity shook your steadfast mien;
And even now, unsilenced by Death's sting,
We hear your nightingales divinely sing.

"Much interest was evinced in the nuptials of Capt. — and Miss —, who were untied in matrimony yesterday afternoon."
South African Paper.

Divorce seems to follow marriage more and more rapidly.

"SIR,—Your article on 'The Decay of Punning' reminds me of a pun which I saw many years ago and was described by someone at the time as the most perfect pun on record. It was inscribed on a China tea chest in Latin, 'Tu Docet,' which translated means 'Thou Teachest.'"
Letter in Literary Weekly.

Smith Minor has been caned for less.

From the descriptions of a new golf-course:—

"There is a club house, really a mansion built in 1670. Henry VIII. is said to have stayed here."
Evening Paper.

"The real terrifying part of the hole consists of the three carries from the tee, which cannot be taken in cowardly instalments."
Morning Paper.

We never believe these golf stories.

HOLIDAY PROBLEMS.



TO BOB—



OR NOT TO BOB?



THAT—



IS—



THE—



QUESTION.

LEWIS
BARKER



American Lady (unexpectedly coming upon a hunt). "SAY, DRIVER, WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?"

Chauffeur. "A FOX JUST BEEN KILLED, MISS."

Lady. "MY! HE OUGHT TO BE VERRY FLATTERED AT SUCH A SMART CROWD ATTENDING HIS FUNERAL."

AT THE PLAY.

"THE GREAT WELL" (NEW THEATRE).

THE trouble with Mr. SUTRO's Well was that it hadn't quite enough Truth concealed at the bottom of it. I found most of his hypotheses a little too sketchy to carry the weight of action that he hung upon them.

To begin with, the secret whose betrayal furnishes the pivot of his plot did not seem sufficiently vital for the tremendous issues it was made to involve. When the woman in *La Femme de Claude* gave away to her lover the secret of her husband's invention and was shot for it, she deserved all that she got. But the secret which the Directors of Mr. SUTRO's Oil Company were so anxious to bottle up till the General Meeting took place was really a rather trivial matter. I was never a member of the Stock Exchange, but I should have thought that the bad news of the petering-out of the Great Well might just as well have been made public at once. A sharp fall in the shares was bound to follow in any case as soon as the facts were known. On the other hand, by concealing their news, the Directors ran the risk of the secret leaking out, with the result—which actually happened—that some

outsider would steal a march on the shareholders and bear the market.

Again, if the keeping of the secret was so essential, one asks how *Peter Starling*, the Managing Director, came to let it out to his wife. If they had happened to have two hearts that beat as one, and had been in the habit of confiding everything to each other, this act of faith might have been conceivable. But in point of fact the woman's heart beat quite independently of his, and he had already had reason to doubt her loyalty. Moreover, the man (*Major Darenth*) with whom she had dubious relations was known to be closely associated with a financial scamp who bore a bitter grudge against the husband. One does not quite see *Peter Starling* confiding a purely business secret to the ears, however well-shaped, of such a wife, in such circumstances.

Once again, the service which *Major Darenth* had done during the War to *Peter*, a private in his regiment, did not seem great enough to warrant the vow of gratitude which compelled him to abjure revenge upon the man who had tampered with his wife's affections and wormed his secret from her. *Darenth* had merely omitted to report *Peter* for sleeping on his sentry-post at the end of a very fatiguing day. True, if he had

reported him, *Peter* might have been shot at dawn; but *Darenth* had not risked his life, or even any of his limbs, in the course of an act of simple good-nature, common enough, I imagine, in these conditions. One felt the need of a stronger reason for the struggle that occurred in *Peter's* heart between his anger and his sense of indebtedness—a struggle that gave us the one great scene in the play.

Finally, I was not favourably impressed by the psychological processes that led up to the wife's sudden change from contemptuous indifference to adoring love. She was not of the stuff which lends itself to such conversions. She had married *Peter* for his money, without affection or even respect; and we were asked to believe that these two desirable feelings were for the first time evoked in her by *Peter's* gallant attempt to appropriate the guilt of her offence in betraying the Company's secret. I don't want to grudge *Peter* the credit of this effort, but almost any decent stage-hero would have made it. And, anyhow, even in real life, his wife's shame would have been his own. Besides, it was all his fault that she ever had the secret to give away.

Of course in a play like this, built on rather old-fashioned lines, Mr. SUTRO

was almost bound to put us off with a conventional ending. But he might have made *Peter's* wife something better than just a chunk of mosaic to be fitted into his pattern. He might at least have given her a touch of warm impulsiveness to account for her change of heart. But he denied her this quality, even in her relations with her lover. Restaurants were her limit; she was too cold and cautious to adventure beyond the portals of his flat.

Mr. MATHESON LANG was excellent as the unappreciated husband, a part in which he has before now shown his gifts. He was particularly good in the scene where he could only keep his hands off his wife's lover by steadily reminding himself that if he (*Darenth*) hadn't saved him (*Peter*) from being shot at dawn, he (*Peter*) would not be there to kill him. As the lover, Mr. REGINALD OWEN was perhaps not at his most effective. It was a contemptible type and he seemed a little too ingenuous for it. Miss LAURA COWIE played sincerely, as always, but her subtle intelligence had only a poor chance in a rôle in which her chief business was to keep still and look miserable. Till now I have only seen her in characters drawn from history or placed in some more or less fantastic milieu outside the range of common experience. And her *Camilla Starling* confirmed me in my suspicion that the piquancy of her very individual personality would not do itself full justice in the part of a modern woman in ordinary society.

The dialogue was a disappointment for those who take delight in Mr. SUTRO's scintillations. Epigrams were off. What humour he gave us was largely confined to the garrulous monologues (I say monologues, for nobody else could get a word in when she gave tongue) of *Mrs. Challenor*, an aunt with the vaguest ideas of the technicalities of financial operations, played with great gusto by Miss MARY JERROLD. I gathered from the laughter she commanded that she must have said many good things that escaped me in the last row of the stalls.

Of the rest, Mr. ATHOLE STEWART in his interpretation of the Chairman of the Company was very like the thing itself.

I could have wished that the play had been more after Mr. SUTRO's manner in other features than its artful construction. I had the misfortune to miss his *Laughing Lady*, which I am certain I should have much preferred to his *Serious Gentleman*. I will not rashly speculate on the chances that his "Great Well" will prove a record gusher, for, if we judge it by his own high stan-



OVERCROWDING IN THE PROFESSION.

[Some three hundred parrots are reported to have applied to Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER for the part of *Captain Flint* in *Treasure Island*.]

dard, it is not a very great well; but I can safely and joyously predict that at least enough oil will be got out of it to make his genial face to shine. O. S.

ANTICIPATION.

ERECT he sits upon his wooden stool,
Silent of course, for silence is the rule
"Unless you're spoken to;"
Suppressed excitement lurks beneath
his pose;
He strains his ears to catch the step he
knows,
Doing his best, 'tis true,
To twist his lips and hide that con-
scious smile,
Yet only half succeeds, for all the while
It glistens unrestrained in two blue
eyes—
Expectant, hopeful, full of wild sur-
mise . . .

Her step! He stirs but never makes a
sound
Nor turns—for "Gentlemen do not turn
round"

(At least that's what we're told)—
But rolls his eyes that he may sooner
see
Just what she carries. Oh, what will
it be?

And is it hot or cold? . . .
At last he gets a glimpse! A joyful grin
Breaks forth, no longer can he keep it
in.
It is the pudding he loves best of all.
I guess you felt the same when you
were small.

An official notice:—
"All Income Tax formally (*sic*) paid to the
Customs and Excise Officer should now be paid
to me.—J. —, Collector of Taxes."
What, again?

A SCOTTISH RITUALIST.

In many parts of Scotland people still refuse to recognise Christmas. While all the rest of the Christian world is engaged in appropriate celebrations these hardy Puritans stand aloof, as their forefathers did in the days of the Covenanters. That pathetic fact has just been brought home to me.

On Christmas morning I happened to be in a Scottish industrial township. The factory chimneys poured forth clouds of asphyxiating smoke. The blacksmith's fire roared continuously. The joiner laboured as if he were hammering the head of JOHN GRAHAME OF CLAYHOUSE. Even the plumber was stirred to fanatical activity.

To escape for a little from this atmosphere of dour defiance I went for a short walk into the country. I found myself on a pleasant old road that seemed to ripple over the moor like a little stream. Perhaps at one time it had been a little stream and some ancient member of the Kirk Session had caught it laughing and petrified it with a frown. It was now strangely deserted.

But about a quarter of a mile from the town I was surprised by the apparition of a little girl, who emerged from behind a large rock that stood on the roadside, rushed forward and caught hold of my hand.

"Will ye come and speak to Wully?" she asked, looking up at me eagerly.

"And who are you?" I asked.

"I'm Mary," she said, "an' Wully's spoilin' the picnic."

"A picnic on Christmas Day?"

"Ay, but it's just a wee picnic for me an' Wully. Come on an' speak to him."

Tugging insistently at my hand she drew me to the roadside, and there, on a little pile of stones behind the rock, sat Wully. He had a look of precocious grimness on his little white face and he gave me a scowling glance. Despite Mary's rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes the two children were obviously brother and sister. Wully was probably the elder by about eighteen months.

"Noo, Wully," said Mary warningly, "here's a man comin' to speak to ye for spoilin' the picnic."

Wully was eating a bun. He swallowed a piece and mumbled sullenly, "It's no me that's spoilin' the picnic."

"But it issoyou," expostulated Mary. "Did you no say it wasna a Christmas picnic?"

"Neither it is a Christmas picnic," said Wully.

"But it is so a Christmas picnic," insisted Mary. "Is this no Christmas?"

"But it's no oor Christmas," looking dourer than ever.

looking wistfully at the stern unbending Puritan.

Then I heard a loud voice speaking.

"Come on, weans," it said, "it's time ye were gettin' awa hame."

Looking up, I saw a labouring man gazing at us from the middle of the road.

"It's my faither," cried Mary, running up to him. "Faither," she said,

"I had to get that man to speak to Wully. He's been argy bargyin' again."

"Have you been argy bargyin' wi' her?" the man called sternly to Wully.

I explained the trouble.

The man came forward and spoke to me confidentially.

"We've got to be canny wi' yon lass," he explained. "She was terrible poorly when she was a wee thing. We had to send her awa to a sanatorium in England for a long time, and she came back wi' droll notions aboot religion. Ye see," his voice sinking to a whisper, "she's no just quite richt in the heid yet."

Mary approached and held out her hand to say good-bye.

"Will ye no come an' have a picnic wi' me at the next Christmas?" she asked.

"Ye're a droll wee lass, Mary," said faither.

"I'm no droll, am I?" said Mary, giving me a bright look.

I glanced towards the old town with its overhanging cloud of black smoke.

"Never mind if you are, Mary," I said.

"I'm droll about Christmas too."

Another Impending Apology.

"President Harding has invited a number of the country's leading steal magnates to a dinner at the White House Thursday night." *American Paper.*

"Mr. A. C. Benson . . . may be able, before long, to give us a volume on the same lines as his 'House of Quilt.'"—*Weekly Paper.*

We don't remember this, but presume it is one of his many delightful bedside books.

"Next morning about five o'clock the trawler was struck by a big sea. She took a big list to port and the mater rushed below, pinning him in the cabin."—*Daily Paper.*

If it was her son whom she treated like this, it was an unmotherly thing to do.



THE MAN WITH A PAST: AN ECHO OF CHRISTMAS.

Burglar (during an interval for refreshments). "SH—H, BILL. WHAT'S THAT NOISE?"

His Pal. "ONLY SOME BLINKIN' KIDS SINGIN' CHRISTMAS CAROLS THROUGH THE LETTER-BOX."

Burglar. "PORE LITTLE CHAPS! I USED TO DO IT MESELF WHEN I WAS A NIPPER. GO AN' GIVE 'EM TUPPENCE."

"It's everybody's Christmas," said Mary indignantly.

"Now, Wully," I interposed, "I'm sure you might make it a Christmas picnic just to please Mary. Why won't you say it's a Christmas picnic?"

"Just because," said Wully, scowling at the landscape.

Encouraged by my support, Mary put her arm round his neck and spoke coaxingly.

"Ye hear what the man says, Wully? Go on, say it's a Christmas picnic."

"No, I'll no," said Wully, and he bit savagely at his bun.

"Well, Mary," I said, "you'll just have to say it's your Christmas picnic and not heed Wully."

"But I wanted it to be Wully's Christmas picnic too," sighed Mary,



Social Climber (installed in new mansion). "I SHOULD BE GLAD IF YOU WOULD RAISE THE PIANO A TONE OR TWO HIGHER."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Farington Diary (HUTCHINSON), by JOSEPH FARINGTON, R.A., is the entertaining journal (1793-1802) of an artist who in his day knew and was known by every living celebrity. In these stout four hundred pages they make their casual appearance, bob their farewells and disappear again. At one moment it is TURNER who steps in with a complaint that his present lodgings (in the paternal hair-dressing establishment) are unsuitable to his station; the next it is Lady DERBY, who "is said to be a great though not an improper oeconomist" (*sic*). And there is gossip, not always without a spice of malice, relating to the Royal Family, and to all the great statesmen, writers and artists of the time; besides some historical notes possessing the value which an intelligent and well-informed onlooker's view must always have for later generations. With how great a chagrin must this once proud and power-loving spirit have watched from his ghostly tenement the slow decay of his dear *Diary* in the back attic of an auctioneer's premises, from which it recently emerged as a serial in the columns of *The Morning Post*. However all is well now, and if we are good we are promised further volumes of a record which, though not to be compared with the *Diaries* of PERYS or of EVELYN, is always interesting and vivid.

It is a pity, I think, that that strenuous word "essay" is so fast coming to connote only the less arduous of its traditional forms. Take the case of the one-and-twenty graceful examples brought together by Miss V. H. FRIEDLANDER in *Pied Piper's Street* (ARROWSMITH); how much better they would be for a little more of the "artifice"

recommended by Mrs. Malaprop and practised by such laborious Titans as BACON and Lord MACAULAY. Miss FRIEDLANDER is a thought too apt to be "just herself"—an attitude as dangerous between book-covers as it is unassailable out of them. But her tribute to "Weather" for arousing in English poets that wonder which is the heaven of romance; her appreciation of "Middle Age," when "we are either lovely and pleasant in our lives as the result of our own efforts, or we are not lovely and pleasant at all;" and her analysis of "Afternoon," "a period of the day that can find nothing more to say for itself than that it comes after something else"—all these are excellent. They have a far more intellectually adventurous air than the English and Oriental reminiscences of, say, "Downs" and "The Dew of Youth." The story of the profiteer who, in showing off the magnificence of his bath-room, remarked, "Do you wonder that I look forward to Saturday nights?" is not alone in sustaining the essay's indubitable right to comic relief.

VICENTE BLASCO IBANEZ is already well known as the author of *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*. If I had to judge him solely from *The Mayflower* (FISHER UNWIN) I should award him high distinction as a specialist in storms. This tale of Spanish fisher-folk not only begins with a gale and ends with a hurricane, both at sea and both gloriously pictured, but midway in the book two women of the Fish Market engage in a veritable tempest of abuse (to call it a quarrel would be considerably to underrate it) that might well put to shame the reputed language of Billingsgate. Pascualo was a simple-minded, hard-working fisherman who had saved enough money to build the *Mayflower*, and with justice he was proud of her. But his

good fortune at sea was more than balanced by an ill fate on land. His beautiful wife, *Dolores*, had a preference for his younger brother, *Tonet*, a man completely destitute of moral sense. *Pascualo*, the "pudding-head," was slow to suspect, but when once convinced of the unfaithfulness of his wife he was titanic in his rage. The scene in which he, his treacherous brother and his beloved boat perish in a terrific blizzard is a fine climax to a tale that is vividly told. I ought perhaps to add that it may occasionally be found a little upsetting to delicate palates. The translator, Mr. ARTHUR LIVINGSTONE, has acquitted himself well in a task that could have been none too easy.

Mr. THOMAS BURKE's oddly named *The London Spy* (THORNTON BUTTERWORTH) is not exactly what you would call a "nice" book. It would lose much of its point and interest if it were. It is a running commentary on London life of all sorts. Mr. BURKE prefers East-End pubs to West-End clubs, docks to drawing-rooms, and undisguised thieves, prostitutes, bruisers, opium-sellers and cadgers to the mournfully dull bourgeois—upper, upper-middle and lower-middle—and is all for calling a spade a blinking shovel.

He even professes to believe that there is no feast to be had so fine as fried potatoes eaten out of a newspaper—a faith I am indisposed to share. His sympathies rarely range west of Temple Bar. To him the House of Commons consists only of crass, fat, physically fat, men (like Mr. BONAR LAW and Lord HUGH CECIL?); at the Marlborough are to be seen only bored and titled idlers, exquisitely groomed; while Bond Street is packed with "elegant men and their

groomed trollops." What a lot we miss, we others, whose vision has been unsharpened by Limehouse nights! This violence is a pity, because Mr. BURKE is an honest soul with moving things to say on behalf of under-dogs, as in his passionate philippic against the directors of orphanages and reformatories. But we can't help discounting his versions. However here is life, if not the whole of life, a rare Bohemian commentary to be received with gratitude and a sprinkling of judicious salt.

A thinker who can speak is perhaps only less rare nowadays than a speaker who can think; and whether you share the principles and prejudices of Dean INGE or not you can hardly help admitting that his second series of *Outspoken Essays* (LONGMANS) is a most attractive product of sound scholarship and excellent rhetoric. I share myself its author's misgivings as to the reiterated use of the provocative title of his book. The more so as, with the exception of his last essay, there is very little here that any reasonable person would find inconsistent with "the business of the clergy," which is, as Dean INGE very appositely asserts, "to preach the Gospel and to speak the truth." His first essay, "*Confessio Fidei*," is a noble piece of Christian Platonism; and his five Hibbert Lectures on "The State Visible and Invisible" give a fine bird's-eye view of a spacious and fertile subject. "The Victorian Age" is a masterly pane-

gyric of that slighted era; and "The White Man and His Rivals" a clear-sighted canvassing of the doubtful issues of European-Asiatic competition. As for the final essay, "Eugenics," it is at least more tentative than most such efforts; as though the author had some interior admonition that if he *did* persuade the nation—as her *Ugly Sisters* tried to persuade *Cinderella*—to cut off its toes so as to be able to put on the Galtonian glass slipper, he might not after all succeed in getting it to live happily ever afterwards.

DJEMAL PASHA, one of the notorious triumvirate who brought Turkey into the Great War, completed, in the prevailing fashion and not long before his death, a volume of excuses and explanations more or less disguised as memoirs. His book—*Memories of a Turkish Statesman, 1913-1919* (HUTCHINSON)—contains too much special pleading to be always a source of entertainment, except perhaps as an essay in the gentle official art of passing on the blame, and suffers, moreover, from a dry and disconnected method of narrative. There is something to admire, however, in the novelty of the author's account of various events—notably the sequence of incidents that led up to the Turkish alliance

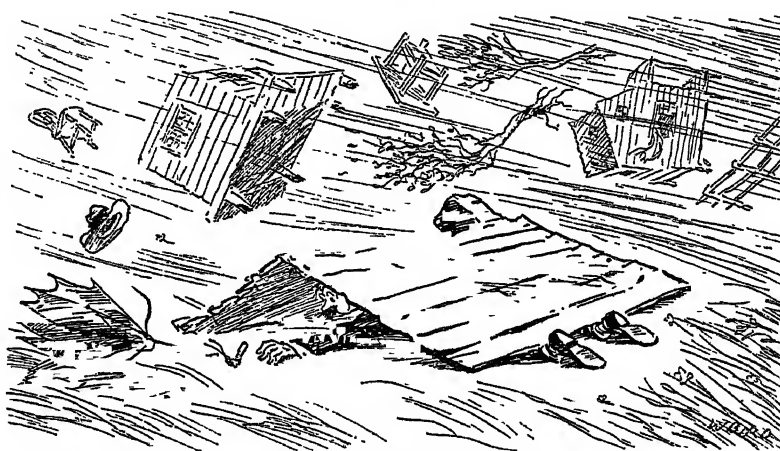
with Germany. Whenever one is in a position to check the writer's statements one experiences a loss of confidence, and the best that can be said for him is that he has realised the necessity of defending himself in the eyes of civilisation, and that, as he saw it, he was a true patriot. To be sure, his patriotism consisted in a belief that all peoples within his reach were morally obliged—and should, if necessary, be compelled—to serve the interests of the patriot.

His account of the Armenian massacres is one of the most damaging defences that can ever have been penned.

Miss PEGGY WEBLING, in spite of a sense of humour which goes curiously astray at times, has an engaging way of telling a story, but in *The Life of Isobel Erne* (HUTCHINSON), she has relied a little too much on it and too little on having a story to tell. The effect upon me was that I read on and on wondering when the story would really begin, only to decide half-way through that in Miss WEBLING's opinion, this had happened on the first page. *Isobel* is a very charming girl, who in her youth meets a famous writer, one *Godfrey Strang*, and finds that afterwards no one comes up to his standard. The affairs of her two sisters, the characters of several of her relations, her escape from a scoundrel and her marriage with honest uninteresting *Joe Hesketh* fill the pages until she finally achieves a comfortable commonplace happiness in the last chapter. This is not Miss WEBLING at her best, but it makes pleasant reading, because of the unflinching gentleness and courage of her sober outlook on life.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"Leaving out of our consideration those who lack the necessities of life, the requirements of the vast majority are equal to their needs."
Monthly Magazine.



IN THE CYCLONE BELT.

"WELL, IT'S SOMETHING TO HAVE A ROOF OVER ONE'S HEAD, ANYWAY."

CHARIVARIA.

UNDER the new grouping scheme, the identity of the S.E. and C. Railway has disappeared. This is a sad blow to the professional humourist, who is, however, grateful for the fact that the Ford car is still outside the scheme.

Apropos, a contemporary advertisement refers to a converted Ford. This is believed to be the first time on record that one of these vehicles has been known to repent.

There is enough silver in the banks to cover Trafalgar Square, we read. We hope nothing of the sort will be attempted in our absence.

Our sympathy goes out to "Taxpayer," who advertises a beautiful Treasury Note wallet for sale, or would exchange for something useful.

Since the recent reduction of railway fares one man is already reported to have travelled three stations beyond his own in order to save more money on his ticket.

According to *The Sunday Express* the official executioner receives double pay for hanging a man in Scotland. Congratulations to our contemporary upon being the first to spread the glad tidings.

Another remarkable case of loss of memory has occurred. We have no wish to cast any reflections upon individuals, but it certainly seems strange that you never hear of an Income-Tax collector suffering from this affection.

The pound is now worth almost a pound in the United States, and quite a number of people wish it was worth as much in this country.

During an examination test for a motorist's licence at Toulon the candidate only knocked down one pedestrian. We expect he was a trifle nervous, and with a little more experience will do better.

According to an evening paper a wireless message can now be sent all round the world in less than a second. It seems rather an expensive method of talking to oneself.

A certain American magazine is

offering three novels to every person who undertakes to read the journal for twelve months. No compensation is offered to the subscriber who undertakes to read the novels.

A "No Accident" week is being promoted in Glasgow. The one essential to complete success is the suspension of newspaper insurance.

Attention is drawn to a slump in the diamond trade, as well as to a big drop in

a harder-working woman than his wife, who weighs about fifteen stone. Perhaps he is fortunate in having one that can be found so easily.

The departure of Lady Timbuctoo is announced in the Press. The January sales, however, are being proceeded with.

At the annual conference of the Educational Association a speaker mentioned that, under the Dalton plan, a helping hand is given to the dull and backward child. This is nothing new; we ourselves have felt it.

Foxes are reported to have appeared at Mill Hill, eight miles from London. It is thought that they have some grievance to lay before the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.

We note that Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, who has been staying with Mr. THOMAS HARDY in Dorset, has arranged to spend the rest of the Parliamentary vacation in his native town of Los-siemouth. No doubt Mr. HARDY has been drawing his attention to *The Return of the Native*.

There is some talk of Adelphi Terrace being pulled down. In view of the fact that Mr. G. B. SHAW lives there it is felt that Mr. BONAR LAW's idea of tranquillity will have to be abandoned after all.

It is stated that there is one telephone for every forty-five persons in this country. We had no idea it was quite so bad as that.

Three South American Governments have postponed a projected discussion on disarmament. Their object was, of course, to enable their medical experts to consider how many revolvers an average South American may safely discard without risk of catching cold.

"Sutton boasts a billy-goat weighing two-and-a-half hundredweight," says a news item. We deplore the boastfulness of the outer suburbs.

"Golden chance for Motor Owners. Situation Wanted for an expert Motor Driver. . . Keeps Motor always unrepairable."—*Indian Paper*.

We are not taking this golden chance. We can always get that kind of chauffeur without leaving England.



Maid (to counter-assistant at laundry). "MISSUS SAYS WILL YOU PLEASE NOT IRON THE COLLARS UP SO SHARP AS MASTER 'AS JUST CUT OFF ANOTHER OF 'IS DOUBLE CHINS WITH THE LAST LOT?'"

the consumption of beer. We can only conclude that the working-man, while occasionally denying himself his modest pint, is also making his last year's diamonds do.

The Mint authorities consider that there are too many coppers about. The criminal classes concur.

A lady lecturing on diet the other day confirmed the allegation that porridge is being less eaten in Scotland than formerly. She threw no light, however, on the mystery of what is being done with it.

A correspondent of *The Daily News* asserts that it would be difficult to find

THE CONFERENCE HABIT.

TO THE EX-PREMIER ON HOLIDAY.

WHERE'ER upon your wanderings you go it,
Whether you pace Alhambra's marble floor,
Or in the ring at Seville—well I know it—
You toss your headgear to the toreador,
Or muse, by Ronda's sheer ravine,
On your own Rhondda Valley's homelier scene;—

Or from an English version of CERVANTES
You catch the spirit of the sporting *Don*,
And ride about on local *Rosinantes*
Taking imaginary windmills on,
Although from this extravaganza
RIDDELL has scratched, that perfect *Sancho Panza*;—

Or cross, by Spanish Fleet, and flog Sabara
(Never your niblick had so brave a chance)—
Still in your cup a touch of bitter (*Marah*)
Tempers its sweetness, dashes its romance.
What is the trouble? Ah, you miss
The usual Conference to crown your bliss!

Yet are you best without those joyous orgies;
For now no enemy Press can vent its bile,
Saying that, with a Premier such as GEORGE is,
Our policy goes crooked all the while;
That, if the Entente splits in two,
You'll be the knave that did it, none but you. O. S.

BABBLE OF BABYLON.

(By our Fleet Street Flâneur.)

For a bride to set off on her honeymoon with one husband and return from it with another is surely unprecedented. Yet this has been the experience of the charming lady (*née* Fox-Trotter) whom Brightest London is now welcoming back as Mrs. Potts-Lyons, having known her by her previous married name just long enough to say good-bye to her by it such a few short weeks ago.

It will be remembered that her marriage as Mrs. Trench-Bootie—she has, of course, the remarkable record of having been four times war-widowed—to the Hon. Gareth Gingham, Lord Holmspundale's second son, at St. Crispin's, Mayfair, was one of the smartest events of last autumn, and that, to the regret of their multitudinous friends, the happy pair decided to make their wedding-trip a rather prolonged one in the wilds of equatorial Africa.

At Golliwogga they joined forces with a party of big-game hunters; but they had not proceeded far up-country before the Hon. Gareth, while drawing water for tea from a creek of the Osousi river, fell a victim to a huge crocodile which he had mistaken for a log. Mrs. Gingham, who was assisting him, was unarmed except for her camera, and though her cries brought Major Potts-Lyons rushing to the spot his well-aimed bullet was too late to save much more than the Hon. Gareth's gold repeater.

It is not surprising that a friendship thus cemented hardened into an attachment, upon which the Bishop of Gagaland shortly set the seal at a quiet ceremony in the little mission church of Golliwogga, or that in their pretty Knightsbridge flat—a perfect museum of trophies, by the way—Major and Mrs. Potts-Lyons have given an honoured place to the skin of the monstrous saurian that played so prominent a part in a drama of three human destinies.

* * * *

The future of the older West-End Clubs is a problem of extreme urgency, and from all quarters come suggestions for enabling them to make both ends—if not all sides—meet.

One of the most attractive of these takes into considera-

tion the recent admission of ladies to membership of Clubs hitherto regarded as exclusively masculine, and advocates the further extension of the privilege to school-children. The underlying idea is, of course, that boys and girls given the run of, say, Tootle's or the Goodminton during their holidays, and empowered to keep the waiters busy with orders for buns and ginger-pop, would become imbued with the Club spirit at an impressionable age, to the mutual benefit of themselves and their elders.

Another notion (already mentioned in *Punch*) is the general adoption of the cabaret system; and I cannot help feeling that the Mausoleum and the Camisis, at any rate, would be more inviting if their portentous recesses echoed the sound of light music and lighter dancing of an evening.

It is be feared, however, that in most cases the obstructionist type of mind will prevail against every intruder but the wolf at the door.

* * * *

Among the many interesting foreigners now in town there is no more intriguing personality than Oosh, the Esquimaux Chief, whom I ran into at Nero's a night or two ago. When talking to this little man, who was in faultless evening dress and speaking English with a fascinating accent and idiom, I found no difficulty in realising that a few years back he was an Oxford undergraduate. His Varsity career, however, was cut short by his attempting, in a moment of exuberance, to harpoon a proctor.

After mentioning that he is here mainly with the dual object of patenting a cure for chilblains and laying in a stock of the latest books on Polar exploration for light reading, Oosh told me that he has found the cookery of Soho, in its oily crudeness, so far superior to that of his native snows that he is hoping to induce an Italian chef to accompany him back to the Arctic Circle.

He further confessed that a taste of the warmth and abandon of London makes a not unwelcome break in his own tedious and severe winter. This should be some consolation to all who, like myself, are restrained by circumstances from rushing to the Riviera.

A FAST FORTY SECONDS.

We drew the old loose-box and found in the rack;

They chopped him in covert as near as could be;
But he circled the wall to a "Tally-ho, back!"

And dashed for the door between Chummy and me.

Twice round the rain-barrel we ran him in view

To the scullery door, where he found not a chink;

Which was jolly good fortune indeed, for I knew

That the earths were unstoppered at the back of the sink.

His point was the wood-heap, but this he forsook—

Some say he was headed just here by a hen—

But, thanks to a heart-stirring holloa from Cook,

They swung like the Pytchley and viewed him again.

He climbed up the corner behind the tool-shed

And was over the rough rubble wall at a bound,

And on through the cans and the crockery led

And into the ashpit went sudden to ground.

I stood by his refuge and roared for a spade

While the Dandies were digging with querulous squeals,

And in less than ten seconds a tunnel we made

Half-way to Australia and hot on his heels.

The next thing I knew was a well-tattered rat

Lying limp at my feet (Ho! my good little lads);

Not a doubt but I'll find him to-night on my mat

And Bonnie presenting the mask and the pads.

W. H. O.



THE ONE THING WANTING.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE (*in Morocco*). "GLORIOUS! IF ONLY THERE WERE A CONFERENCE HERE TO ROUND OFF A PERFECT DAY."



Daughter of the House (returning from early dance). "WHERE ARE MUM AND DAD?"
 Son of the House. "OH, OUT ON THE RAZZLE, AS USUAL. NEVER AT HOME A SINGLE NIGHT. I SHOULD MENTION IT TO THEM, BUT PARENTS ARE SO CONFOUNDEDLY INDEPENDENT NOWADAYS."

THE FOX AS SHE IS HUNTED BY THE ROMANS.

Rome, December.

MANY British exiles in Italy, though they may not want to exchange climatic conditions with British stay-at-homes, nevertheless peruse with interest the accounts of the various hunts in their own country at this season. England, however, is not the only country to hunt, and it is felt that the descriptions of the runs with (say) the Quorn compare unfavourably in interest and variety with those of the Roman hunt in the Italian Press. Here is a contribution by "FOXMAN" to a well-known Roman paper. His counterparts on the London dailies are welcome to any suggestions in the following more or less literal translation which may seem to them likely to brighten their present and contributions to the Press:—

"THE CHASE OF THE FOX AT

"Numerous as it has rarely been given to see on other occasions *il meet* his morning at ! Most elegant! Most animated!

"About 100, amongst which both amazons and cavaliers, took the road at

11.30, following *il master* the Marchese A. Amongst the ladies the unfailing Marchesa di B., astride in a delicious maroon toilet; the Marchesa C., who this year mounts an agile and vivacious grey; the Countess D., whose statuesque beauty is softened by the profound luminosity of her eyes; Miss E., and the Marchesa di F. . . .

"The most ancient and the most young of the cavaliers were present: Marchese G., who still brilliantly attempts hard obstacles, and the little H., whose débuts leave one pretty well to hope It was with legitimate pleasure that the Marchesa his mother could to-day follow his hippic *exploits* for the first part of the chase.

"This developed initially in an open valley where the dogs had hardly obtained *il sent* than they raised a she-fox.*

"The numerous public, amongst whom all the evening *coterie* of the Hotel X. — how many beautiful little female Americans! — could follow *de visu* the flight of the she-fox and the pursuit of the pack and of *il field*.

"The astute fox, however, was very

* N.B. All foxes in Italy are females.

cool with the dogs, and succeeded in hiding herself behind a dense parapet of thorny plants. Thus the chase continued towards another goal. . . .

"A most beautiful day, gladdened by a tepid winter sun. Most beautiful *gallopi* with various obstacles. A few pancakes without consequences."

A Slight Misunderstanding.

Advertisement inserted in daily paper: "Nanny required.—Can a lady kindly recommend a really good Nanny for engagement after the month in January?"

Postcard received in reply:—

"Yes, I can. She is a very good nanny, a year-and-a-half old and has had two kids. She gives four quarts of milk a day. I am only asking £5 for her."

"Tenants in — County Council houses have petitioned for reduced rents."

Sunday Paper.

If successful we presume they will stand at ease.

"Cairo is having a gayer dancing season than it has known since war ended. Lady — and her daughter, usually at St. Moritz, are at the seminaries there."—Sunday Paper. This may account for the foolish rumour that the Hotel Semiramis has been transformed into a dancing-school.

A DEAL IN DOLLARS.

FORTUNE has given me an innocent face, whose candour has been proof against the hardening process of experience. Country clergymen and old ladies who have strayed into London come up to me to ask their way. Point policemen take me under their special protection, and the man who hawks Maps and Complete Street Guides outside the Hotel Magnificent bursts into garrulous optimism whenever I approach. Consequently I was not surprised when the seedy fellow who brushed against me in the street on Christmas morning claimed to renew an acquaintance formed in the Salient. They often do.

"What is it this time?" I inquired cheerfully. "Gold bricks? Or have you found a valuable diamond ring?"

"Dollars," he replied laconically, thrusting a small roll of greenbacks into my hand.

"Any Bureau de Change will cash them," I said.

"All shut," he answered. "To-day and to-morrow. And I haven't a penny to buy a crust of bread, let alone a Christmas dinner."

I fumbled in my pocket for a small coin.

"Been on the road all night," he added wistfully. "Done a steady grind all the way up from Sussex in the hope of changing them in London, and been disappointed."

"Where did you get them?" I asked weakly.

It was a tactical error.

"Two days ago," he began, "I was sitting by the roadside wondering what to do next. Suddenly I heard a furious thudding of hoofs. I looked up and saw a horse galloping madly towards me with a young girl clinging to its neck, her hair waving in the wind. For all the world like one of those cowgirls you see on the Pictures. It flashed into my mind at once that the horse had bolted. As quick as thought I flung myself forward and snatched at the bridle. I was dragged several yards, but I hung on like grim death, and had the satisfaction of bringing the frenzied quadruped to a stop. As I comforted the scared girl her father cantered up. He thanked me in broken words with a strong American accent; and then, noticing that I looked hard-up, brought out his pocket-book and thrust upon me a handful of notes. Before I could say 'Thank you' he rode off, holding his daughter's bridle."

I gave him back his dollars.

"If I may say so," I said, "why don't you tell your story in your own everyday language, not as if you had cribbed



John (who knows that orders must be strictly carried out). "PLEASE, MOTHER, IF HUGH GETS RUN OVER, OR STOLEN OR ANYTHING, SHALL I FINISH MY WALK AND THEN COME AND TELL YOU, OR COME AND TELL YOU FIRST AND THEN FINISH MY WALK?"

it from a threepenny novelette? People would be less unlikely to believe it."

My shabby friend coloured indignantly; I had wounded his vanity. A writer of fiction myself, I should have known better. It is all in the day's work for an author to have his manuscript rejected, but a rejection accompanied by scornful remarks is calculated to hurt.

Perhaps a fellow-feeling drove me to make amends. Perhaps the Christmas spirit was strong upon me. Anyhow, I changed the dollars for a rough approximation in Treasury Notes, and he went on his way rejoicing.

One thing and another kept me from visiting my bank until some time after Christmas, and it was only yesterday that I took the dollar bills round there.

And now, as you justly suspect, I am looking for the fellow who unloaded them on to me.

And, as you fear, I have little hopes of seeing him again.

Which is a pity, for I should like

him to have the extra 15s. 10d. to which he is entitled at the present rate of exchange.

Our Ambiguous Press.

"Contrary to custom, all banks will be open as usual to-morrow."

Sunday Paper, Dec. 31st.

"John S——, widow-cleaner, had his left eye accidentally pierced by a woman's umbrella."

Evening Paper.

That should teach him to "beavare of vidders."

"A Timid Lady (riding side saddle) offers a really good home to a very quiet and confident Hunter (aged or otherwise)."

Advt. in Daily Paper.

For a timid person she seems to possess an excellent nerve.

"Dramatic critics, as a rule, go to amateur performances prepared to forgive much, but in last night's presentation of 'All-of-a-Sudden Peggy' by the — Dramatic Society there was little that one could find to forgive."

South African Paper.

We are sure the critic meant to be kind.

A FEW MORE POPULAR REVIVALS.

Now that *Polly* has repeated the success of the *The Beggar's Opera* we shall perhaps be able to do away with these footling modern plays altogether. I am looking forward happily to a time, say ten years from now, when the catacombs of the Underground Railway will talk to me something like this:—

Don't Miss

CYRIL MAUDE

IN

RALPH ROISTER DOISTER

AT THE

CRITERION THEATRE.

LAUGH! LAUGH! LAUGH!

CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE — BINNIE HALE

"Merriment in every line."—*Evening Standard*."We laughed."—*Daily Mail*."The best thing Mr. Udall has ever done."—*Daily Graphic*.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

GORBODUC

By THOMAS SACKVILLE and TOM NORTON

HENRY AINLEY

AND

IRENE VANBRUGH.

"Irene Vanbrugh as Queen Videna is superb."—*Star*."The authors are to be complimented."—*Daily Graphic*."Our emotions were purified by pity and terror."—*Manchester Guardian*."Very amusing."—Lord Beaverbrook in *The Sunday Express*.

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

! 5,000th PERFORMANCE!

LYRIC THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH.

STILL RUNNING

AT THE

SAVOY.

CHARLES HAWTREY'S GREAT SUCCESS

IN

THE BISHOP OF WELLS' EXTRAVAGANZA

GAMMER GURTON'S NEEDLE

"This coruscating farce."—A. B. W. in *The Times*."This humane comedy."—E. A. B. in *The Daily News*."Dr. Still must write us another play."—*Daily Graphic*."Those who have not heard Sir Charles Hawtreay singing 'Back and side go bare, go bare' should visit the Savoy Theatre at once."—*Evening News*."We give a welcoming hand to this excellent fantasy, by a former Vice-Chancellor of our own university."—*Cambridge Review*."Great fun."—Mr. Shanks in *The Outlook*."A jolly play."—Mr. W. J. Turner in *The London Mercury*.

ST. JAMES'S.

PETER PAN

MARIE VINTEN as PETER.

EMPIRE THEATRE.

DR. FAUSTUS

Libretto by KIT MARLOWE.

Music by HERMAN FINCK.

EVERYMAN THEATRE, HAMPSTEAD.

TUTANKHAMEN

BY

JOHN DRINKWATER.

Adapted from a recently-deciphered papyrus of the poet PTCHAH. (By arrangement with Mr. Howard Carter.)

"Admirably staged."—*Poetry Review*.

DALY'S.

THE NICE WANTON

"... Tripping numbers..."

The Sunday Times.

PAVILION THEATRE.

The Million Pound Film.

SAMSON AGONISTES

FEATURING

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

AND

CONSTANCE TALMADGE

"His acrobatic feats are wonderful and the metrical sub-titles assist the story tremendously."—*Daily Graphic*."Brought the house down."—*Daily Express*.

MONSTER MORALITY PICTURE.

THE FOUR ELEMENTS

AT THE

PALACE THEATRE.

"Mr. Owen Nares in the part of *Studious Desire* is splendid."—Lord Rothermere in *The Sunday Pictorial*.

DRURY LANE.

MATHESON LANG

IN

TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT

By KIT MARLOWE.

"The moment when... driving the two kings, he cries, 'Holla, ye pampered jades of Asia! What! can ye draw but twenty miles a day?' is a veritable histrionic triumph."—*Daily Herald*."We congratulate Mr. Marlowe on having two plays running in West End theatres at once."—*Daily Graphic*.

COLISEUM.

ALFRED LESTER.

IN

AN HUMOUROUS DAY'S MIRTH

Women Beware Women.

WILKIE BARD.

GROCK AND PARTNER IN

Satiromastix.

ADELPHI.

THE

SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON

SHALL WE JOIN THE GOOD-HUMOURED LADIES?

FOLLOWED BY

SUICIDE A LA MODE

AT

ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE.

ARTHUR BOURCHIER

AS

THE GRENDAL

IN

BEOWULF

TWICE DAILY.

STRAND.

NEW.

THE COMICAL REVENGE, OR, LOVE IN A WELL

ADAPTED BY ALFRED SUTRO.

THE GARRICK THEATRE.

ROBERT HALE

PRESENTS

ROBERT HALE AND

TEDDIE GERRARD

IN

UFFY

a dramatised version of John Lyly's epoch-making novel

EUPHUES AND HIS ENGLAND

Adapted for the stage by EDMUND KNOBLOCK and J. B. FAGAN.

"A screaming burlesque."—*North Islington Gazette*."We tittered time after time."—*Daily Mail*."Mr. John Lyly is one of our most prominent mirth-makers."—*Daily Graphic*.

THE GARRICK THEATRE.

I wish I could make the pictures as well. EVOE.

ELEPHANT.

(Thoughts on an Indian Nursery rhyme.)

"HATHI, Hathi, Ganna de!"

"Give me sugar-cane, I pray!"

So the naked child of man

Greets the great Leviathan,

Dancing, prancing at his feet

As he pads the village street.

Does he, when he steals a glimpse

At these dusty little imps,

Ever pause to wonder why

Out of all the passers-by—

Pigs and ponies, dogs and crows,

Donkeys, goats and buffaloes—

Only him they greet and say,

"Give me sugar-cane, I pray!"—

Does he, as the cries grow dim,

Realise they're meant for him?

'Tis the elephant's sweet tooth

Makes a vast appeal to youth,

And I think he smiles when they

Greet him with their "Ganna de!"



MANNERS AND MODES.
THE TRIUMPH OF THE TOQUE.



ECONOMY IN THE THEATRE.

WHEN PLAYS ARE UNABLE TO DRAW FULL HOUSES, WHY NOT SAVE ON THEATRE RENTS BY SIMULTANEOUSLY PRESENTING TWO PIECES ON THE SAME STAGE?

THE SUSPICIOUS PARCEL.

OUR festal season has passed off without any untoward incident and we breathe again. But there was one critical moment when it was like to have been marred by the shadow of tragedy. It crept upon us unawares, out of the mysterious incomprehensible, in fact out of the Post Office. For a little while Althea thought But you shall hear.

It was about Twelfth Night that Althea came to me in my study with a half-opened parcel.

"Hullo," I said, "what have we got here?"

I am always like that when I'm interrupted at my work—never snappy, like some husbands. Besides, the parcel looked inviting. Parcels always look inviting when they are half-opened and you catch a glimpse of shavings and some of that crinkly cardboard.

But Althea was not feeling like that. "It's chocolates," she gasped.

At the moment I attributed the gasp to the flight of stairs outside my study door, although Althea denies that she is gaining weight. But it had a deeper significance.

"How jolly!" I said. "May I have one?"

But Althea was staring at me with great big eyes, like Miss SYBIL THORNDIKE in *What's-her-name?*

"They're poisoned," she said.

"I beg your pardon?"

"I said they were poisoned."

"Dear me," I said—"that's very unfortunate. Have you eaten many of them?"

"Of course not," snapped Althea.

"I knew they were poisoned as soon as I opened them."

It was my turn to look surprised. Normally I do not regard Althea as having the gift of clairvoyance.

"How did you know that?" I asked.

"Because they were sent anonymously. All anonymous chocolates are poisoned."

"Oh! Well, thank you very much for bringing them in, Althea, but I don't think I'll have one at the moment. I'm not so hungry as I was;" and I dipped my fountain-pen unnecessarily into the ink.

The best people always dip their pens into the ink to show that an interview is at an end, and, so far as I know, no special substitute has yet

been devised for fountain-pen users. Perhaps if one took one's fountain-pen from behind one's ear and threw a few drops of ink on to the carpet. . . . But then, of course, if one's wife were the other party to the interview, it wouldn't be at an end. It would just be beginning.

But Althea can't take a hint.

"Who sent them?" she said.

"Mr. BONAR LAW," I said facetiously. "He's heard that you voted for Mr. ASQUITH. He's very touchy about things like that."

Althea snorted.

"Can't you be serious?" she said.

"This will get into the papers."

"Are you sure?" I asked.

"Of course it will."

I laid down my pen.

"In that case," I said, "I can give you my undivided attention. I'm not nearly so certain about *this*;" and I glanced slightly at my half-finished article on "Some Aspects of the Political Situation."

"I shall take them to the police at once," said Althea with relish.

"The police! Althea, do you think we can afford to be mixed up with the police again so soon? There was that

painful affair of Fido's licence only the year before last."

"They've forgotten all about that," said Althea scornfully.

I shook my head sadly.

"The police never forget," I murmured. "A thing like that takes a lot of living down."

"Well, anyhow, they'll find out who sent them. That's what I want to know."

"Do you mean to say you *don't* know?" I asked incredulously. A little thing like lack of evidence has never before prevented Althea from jumping to a conclusion.

"I have an idea," said Althea darkly.

"I thought so," I said, much relieved. "Who is it?"

"Well, I think it's that Mrs. Fenwick. The Charlton Fenwicks, you know. *She* wanted to be Secretary of the Tennis Club for next year."

The Secretary-elect of the Tennis Club paused for breath and looked at me hopefully.

"Oh, I don't know," I said judiciously. "Charlton Fenwick's a good chap."

"I'm not accusing *him*," said Althea. "Or it might be Mrs. Browne-Smythe. She was very cross when they offered me the flower-stall at the St. Thomas's Bazaar."

"Oh, no," I said. "I know Mrs. Browne-Smythe. She'd have used an axe."

"Well, there's Miss Apjohn. When they reduced my handicap and left hers alone, she looked like scratching my eyes out."

"You seem to have a lot of enemies, my dear."

"There are others," said Althea. "Only the week before Christmas, Molly Vaughan."

I felt that I was learning too much. Besides, I had heard the story of the mince-pie recipe before.

"What about the handwriting on the outside?" I said, and I reached for the wrapper. "Why, this isn't addressed to you at all."

"Not addressed to me!" said Althea blankly. "Whom is it addressed to?"

"To me," I said triumphantly.

Althea snatched the paper and her face cleared. She broke into a gurgling laugh.

"Why, what a fuss about nothing! You silly old thing. As though anyone would want to poison *you*!"

And she popped a chocolate into her mouth.

Our Erudite Authors.

From a recent novel:—

"The picture which made me famous—Homer drinking the hemlock."



Villager (to sympathet.c new Curate). "YES, ZUR, IT'S THESE 'ERE LEGS O' MINE. YOU CAN BELIEVE ME OR NOT, ZUR, BUT I'VE 'AD THESE 'ERE LEGS O' MINE ON AN' OFF FUR THE LAST THIRTY-FOUR YEARS."

The Modern Order of Precedence.

"Will gentlepeople living in nice country part receive Young Lady (19) as Paying Guest, together with her mother."—*Daily Paper*.

From an official circular:—

"Licences for Hounds of the present type, i.e. without the advertisement on the back, become obsolete on the 31st instant."

We have not seen the new type of hounds with advertisements on their backs, but infer that our Profiteer Sportsman must have become a M.F.H.

Unrest in India.

"Two lovers of a Gaonihazim fell in tooth & nail on the night of the 6th current near Ishwari Memorial Hospital with the result that a man breathed his ghost."

Indian Paper.

"STOCK EXCHANGE. WAR LOAD STEADIER."

Daily Paper.

It may be steadier, though it is not much lighter. But perhaps the City Editor had a cold in his head.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

IV.—A PLEASANT SUNDAY EVENING.

If any think that George Rowland is entirely devoid of intellect they wrong the boy. Devoted he may be to the material pleasures of the Wicked City, but, like the best of his type, he never forgets that mind and body must be developed together. Few weeks pass without his glancing through a book, and, if it should take his fancy, as like as not he will read through a whole review of the work in question in the pages of some newspaper. That done, no one will more fairly or eloquently appraise the merits of the author at dinner-parties and At Homes; while, if the author should be a friend or acquaintance, he will lose no time in securing the book from a lending library, cost what it may.

Passionately devoted to music, he cherishes most among his possessions the superb Handelian Gramophone, which stands in the lacquer cabinet, ready at any moment to fill his flat with the "Song of a Nightingale in the New Forest," the art of female violinists and comedians, or the Negro Melody* from *What's Yours?* Indeed, with such loyal support from our affluent young men, no artist or author has any longer an excuse for starving.

But perhaps, intellectually, his ruling interest is The Theatre.

He never misses a First Performance, except perhaps those Tragedy matinées which clash with one of the more important speed-tests for horses in the country. And he belongs to the Extinct Play Society, to a performance of which I accompanied him some time ago.

The Society for the Resuscitation of Extinct Plays, to give it its full title, serves an admirable purpose in providing our more intellectual citizens with something to do on Sunday evenings. It produces no plays which have been dead for a shorter period than three hundred years; but every play performed is a masterpiece. Thus, unless the rules are altered, three solid centuries will probably pass before *What's Yours?* is again staged in London. A solemn thought.

* "If you've never been vamped by a brown girl
You've never been vamped at all."

On this particular Sunday the play was Maxter's masterpiece, *Come, Fill the Cup*. A brief note of three thousand words in very small type on the back of the programme explained when it had died, and why. It said:—

"*Come, Fill the Cup* was first acted in the Tithe Barn, Smithfield, in 1621. There were three performances. The October riots of that year deprived the dramatist of the full appreciation that his masterpiece deserved . . . It was revived in 1625, when once again misfortune dogged the piece, the theatre being razed to the ground by an intolerant mob during the second performance. . . . The play has not been staged since the year 1633, when a single performance was given in the Cheeseshill Opera House, at Aldgate. Two days later Samuel Maxter was burned alive. His genius," etc., etc.

The audience filed in modestly, not

The lady in front of me was dressed differently, but in the same style. Her spectacles were easily the largest in the stalls; but then she had very large eyes. With these she studied the faces of all persons to right and left; then, turning slowly till she had a perfect view of George and myself, she carefully examined us through the spectacles; then she took the spectacles off and looked at us naked; then she said with a sigh to her companion, "*What a lot of highbrows!*"

People who were sitting elsewhere have told me since that their neighbours in every case made identically the same remark. I have for some time been seeking to probe the nature and habits of the highbrow, and I felt that at last I had discovered him. But what was George doing there?

George was examining the programme. "That's her," he said; "Rachel Gay—a topping girl. Awfully good actress too," he added (the highbrow influence again).

But even the charms of Rachel Gay seemed to me an insufficient reason for the presence of George in that company.

Before the First Act the Secretary of the Society appeared on the stage and said that the Society was dying; but with the aid of three hundred new members and generous donations of money it could easily be restored.

The play began. A refined hush fell upon the audience. In the dark the ladies secretly removed their spectacles.

The piece was nothing if not robust. The first scene was a tavern—*Stagger, Slutt, Pearl (a Pig-woman), Mistress Slowly, Nose, Prickle and Dogg discovered—all drunk*. They sang a tipsy song, and *Prickle* (a strolling jester) banged *Pearl* on the head with a bladder. Then *Pearl* (a hideous, wrinkled, toothless hag) clapped a colander over *Prickle's* head. And how the audience laughed!

I wish I could reproduce some of the robust seventeenth-century dialogue, but one or two passages alone remain in the memory. For example:—

Pearl. Peace, you foul roaring jade, you—
Slowly. 'Od's foot; thou mountain of grease.
Ha!

Prickle. What, pig-face, thou!
Pearl. Peace, pumpkin. Ha!
Nose. Thou hog of Houndsditch!



Scotsman. "I'M THINKING THERE'LL BE A LOT OF MY COUNTRYMEN IN AUSTRALIA?"

Australian. "THAT'S SO; BUT OUR WORST TROUBLE IS THE RABBITS."

to say furtively—a refined audience, yet an audience English to the core; for nearly all the ladies wore Russian dresses almost entirely concealed by Spanish shawls, with shoes of some quaint Turkish design, and perhaps a simple Chinese ornament hanging from the throat; and they peered at each other in a suspicious manner through large American spectacles of tortoiseshell or (in the Circles) horn.

The men all wore a "To-morrow will be Monday" expression.

The lady who sat down next to me was dressed, roughly, as above; she had a pale but intellectual face, and an atmosphere of intense culture and refinement surrounded her. One felt that her very digestion must be a purely intellectual process. She looked at those about her with some hostility, and said with a sigh to her companion, "*What a lot of highbrows!*"



Jobmaster (to holiday sportsman on hireling). "FOR 'EAVEN'S SAKE, SIR, BE CAREFUL! SHE AIN'T USED TO GAPS."

Pearl. Do you sneer, dog's-head?

Nose. Thou slut!

Pearl. Thou snout!

(*They drink again.*)

This passage, during which a great deal of robust bladder-banging and other horse-play went on, sent the audience into refined screams of laughter, and the lady next to me had a violent fit of coughing. It was really jolly to see all these cultured people entering with such spirit into the simple fun of the thing.

After the First Act the Treasurer of the Society came on and said that the Society was in a bad way; but all that was needed was five or six hundred new members and a substantial sum of money. Next year, if it was still alive, the Society proposed to revive seven more extinct plays, including Sligger's masterpiece, *The Horse-Leech*. Then we all sat back and said what a shame it was the public wouldn't support really *good* stuff in these degenerate days . . .

George enjoyed it too, though the production had one flaw for him. That charming and accomplished Rachel was playing *Pearl, the Pig-woman*. "Rotten shame," said George.

In the next Act the plot was developed, in what direction I forget, if I ever discovered; but it had to do with un-

faithful wives, wife-beating husbands, trollops, pigs, cupboards, mistaken identities, pick-pockets, wenches, sluts and baggages. And there was another arresting piece of dialogue:—

Nose. 'Tis no sweet vapour, Sir; it stinks.

Prickle. Yes, I think it does stink, good snout.

Nose. Nay, Sir, it does not stink neither, by thy leave.

Prickle. Ay, by my leave it may stink.

Again the audience rose to the jolly drunken fellows. With such rich vital stuff we did not ask for plot.

After this Act the President of the Society came on and said that the Society was now dead, but all contributions would be gratefully received.

And in the last Act, when the eagerly-awaited climax came, and *Pearl*, the Pig-woman, fell flat on her face with a pan of hot grease, the enthusiasm knew no bounds; all those pale and wearied people became suddenly alive, stirred to their depths by the wholesome spirit of the seventeenth century. One thought with shame of the vulgar knock-about buffoonery of such productions as *What's Yours?*

"Jolly good show," said George, with approval. "Sort of *revue*, really—wasn't it?"

"George!" I said. "What do you mean?"

A. P. H.

LURES.

A posy on the table,
Apples on the shelf,
Goodies in the cupboard
That you have made yourself—
These are things the fairies love;
And do remember this—
A pot of honey in the porch
Will never come amiss.

A robin in the shrubbery,
Daisies in the grass,
A rainbow-coloured way-of-the-wind
Made of tinkling glass,
A big bush of lavender,
A bed of mignonette,
And a thatched wooden summer-house

For dancing when it's wet;

A fire in the parlour
On chilly summer nights,
A pretty sound of singing
(Not too many lights)—
These will lure the fairies in;
And I would have you know,
So long as fairies visit you
Your luck will never go. R. F.

"The Guardians are to provide at a cost not exceeding £14 a gramophone for use in the women's wards."—*Daily Paper*.

But would they not prefer a baby grand?



Small Page (who is doing himself well at wedding reception, suddenly seized with a qualm). "MOTHER, DO WE HAVE TO PAY FOR WHAT WE EAT?"

FISH: A KERRY MONOLOGUE.

FISH? Is it fish, Sorr? Whin ye have yer breakfast taken
Pat an' I'll meet ye at the ind of the boreen
(Off wid ye, an' ready-her, an' mind she isn't lakin');
Thank ye, Sorr. There's fish beyant the likes ye niver
seen.

Fish? Och, ye're jokin'! Ye'd be sorry for the slaughter
Anny dacent evenin' (isn't that so, Pat?);
If ye dhrift on quiet-like and don't dishturb the wather
'Tisleppin' at the flies they'll bethat's twishted on yer hat.

Sthrike, Sorr! Ye've missed him. Did ye not see the white
of him
Turning up to look at ye, the rascal? Niver mind;
Ye'll want to sthrike, yer honner, whin ye first see a sight
of him
(Aisy, Pat!); we'll dhrift along the shallows here behind.

Sthrange! Only yistherday a gintleman from Mallow
There, by the rock, had a dozen while ye'd wink
(Wasn't it a dozen, Pat?) . . . The wather's gettin'
shallow;
There's an island here adjacent if ye'd care to ate and
dhrink.

Now 'tis afthernoon, Sorr; 'tis thin they do be risin'
Wasn't that a rise? I wondher why he wouldn't take.
Flies med in London, do ye say? They're worse nor pisin;
Not a self-respectin' throuth would touch thim in the lake.

Faix, 'tis a bad day intirely for ye. Sorra
Wan the blessed day; shure the devil's in the fish.
Hould a bit; yer honner. Will ye want a boat to-morra?
Pat an' I'll show ye where there's all that ye could wish.

THE CALLER.

FILLED with an honest wrath I burst open my front door.
"What the deuce" "I began.

A pair of mournful brown eyes, belonging to a well-
dressed stranger, regarded me with a pained surprise.

"Really," I hastened to remark, "I'm most awfully sorry."

"Don't mention it," he conceded handsomely.

"The fact of the matter is," I continued, "that I've been
doling out Christmas-boxes to a continual stream of people
the whole blessed morning. I don't think I'm unduly close-
fisted, but there's a limit to one's powers of largesse."

"Quite," he assented.

"It was carol-singers last week," I told him between set
teeth. "Frankly, my nerves are a bit upset."

He coughed. "I—er—"

"It was unpardonable," I declared. "I do hope you'll
believe"

"Of course," he assured me. "I had"

"It's extraordinarily good of you," I interrupted.

"I had hoped," he continued, "that perhaps you might
remember me."

I stared.

"I'm afraid I don't quite recall your face," I replied.

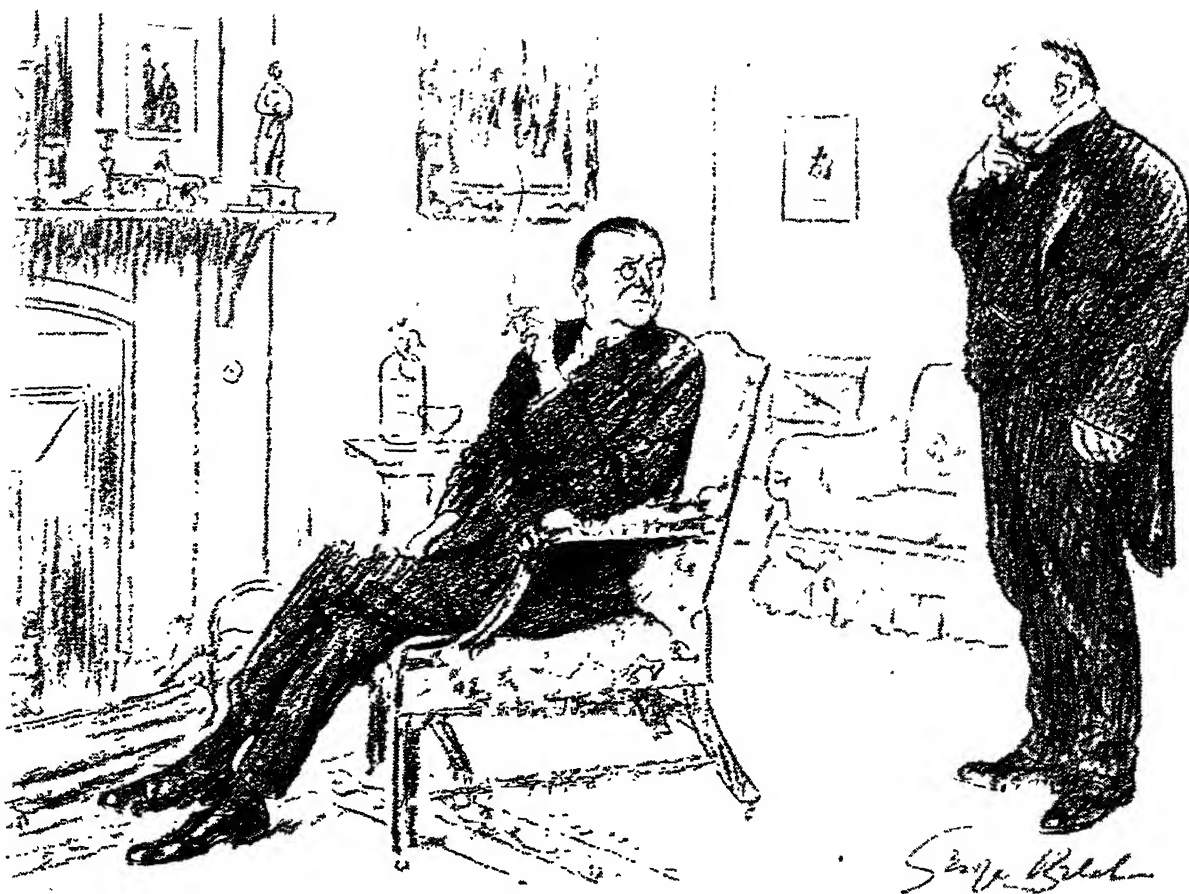
"I am the dustman," he said simply.



THE GOOSE THAT COULDN'T—OR WOULDN'T.

MR. BONAR LAW. "THE WRETCHED BIRD CAN'T LAY GOLDEN EGGS WITHOUT A NICE LONG MORATORIUM."

M. POINCARÉ. "AND I SAY SHE CAN. AND A GOOSE THAT CAN LAY AND WON'T LAY MUST BE MADE TO LAY—EVEN IF I HAVE TO WRING HER NECK!"



Butler. "A BRACE OF BIRDS HAVE COME FROM SIR JOHN. THEY APPEAR TO HAVE BEEN KEPT SOME TIME, SIR."

Master. "WHAT DATE WERE THEY SHOT?"

Butler. "THE LABEL SAYS THE 2ND, SIR, BUT IT OMMITS THE YEAR."

DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENCE.

(Initiated by Hicks secundus.)

I.

Ouncote,

Sunday, November 26th, 1922.

MY DEAR GRANDMAMMA,—Thank you for the hamper. Everything was top-hole, though Aunt Julia's home-made caramels were rather large and very holding. I suppose you have never been put on to decline a Latin noun which you don't know very well with an out-size caramel in your mouth? I can only hope you never will, especially with a form-master like Haggart. So on the whole it would be better if you sent smaller ones next time. By the way, if you are shopping anywhere near Oxford Street will you please call on the Mercury Motor Company and ask them how much their light-weight motor-bicycle is?

Your affectionate Grandson, TIM.

II.

Ouncote,

Sunday, December 3rd, 1922.

MY DEAR GRANDMAMMA,—Thank you for your letter. I am awfully pleased

to find the Mercury light-weight is only twenty-five pounds. Would you be kind enough to ask them to send me a catalogue?

Your affectionate Grandson, TIM.

III.

Ouncote,

Sunday, December 10th, 1922.

MY DEAR GRANDMAMMA,—Yes, thank you, the catalogue came quite safely. I expect you will think I am a lot of trouble, but, as you are going shopping next week, would you call on the Mercury Company and ask them whether they can fit TT handle-bars to their No. 2 Light-weight? I expect they can.

Your loving Grandson, TIM.

IV.

Ouncote,

Sunday, December 17th, 1922.

MY DEAR GRANDMAMMA,—I am very pleased to hear I am to spend a week of the Christmas holidays with you. I always look forward to staying at The Mount. If Aunt Julia is in town during the next few days would she be kind enough to inquire of the Mercury Com-

pany whether they send out machines on appro?

Your loving Grandson, TIM.

P.S.—Wilson III., who is my great chum here, considers that the best time to sample a motor-bicycle is Christmas, because then it is absolutely ready for Easter.

V.

Letter from Mrs. Janet Lanyard to her daughter Phyllis.

The Mount, January 8th, 1923.

MY DEAR PHYLLIS,—I have been trying to think what public character your boy Tim resembles, and have been forced to the conclusion that the celebrated DICK TURPIN is the man. He has got me to present him with one of those detestable motor-bicycles, if not at the pistol's mouth, at least in a manner not dissimilar. Some wretched firm called the Mercury Motor Company sent a machine here last Saturday, with a letter to the effect that, as I had made so many inquiries at their show-rooms, they ventured to send a No. 2 Light-weight, fitted with TT handle-bars, for my inspection. It seemed like an impertinence; but Jenkins says she

thinks Tim was speaking to them on the telephone the day before, so that may explain it. Anyhow, I had, at Tim's request, made the inquiries. (Oh, the guilelessness of age!) Julia and I were out on Saturday when the thing arrived, and on our return we found Tim had not only been for a ride on it, but had slightly damaged it. He was bursting with gratitude at what he called my wonderful surprise. Of course I have had to pay for it. I don't know what will be the end of the boy, but he should do well in some such position as Chancellor of the Exchequer or Official Receiver. Am sending him home tomorrow.

Your affectionate MOTHER.

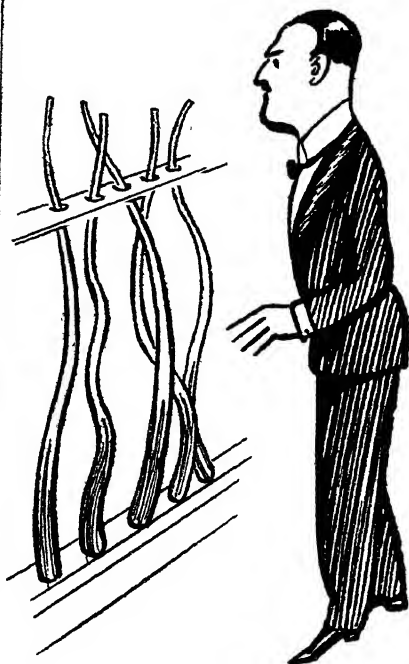
VI.

Postcard from Hicks secundus to Wilson tertius.

DEAR BILL,—Clicked. TIM.

"JAMAIS."

AFTER dinner Thompson led the way down to the basement. He had often spoken to me about his billiard-room, and I could see pride rippling in every muscle of his back. He flung open the door and fumbled with the switch. Three lights sprang into softest radiance over the faded green of a very second-hand three-quarter table. The nearest



JMB.

"I stood undecided."

light repented immediately and went out, leaving baulk in gloom.

"I was afraid of that," said Thomp-

son. "When people in this house want a decent bulb they come down here and get one—new lamps for old, you know. But I expect we can rub along with two. Take your choice," he added, waving to the cue-rack.

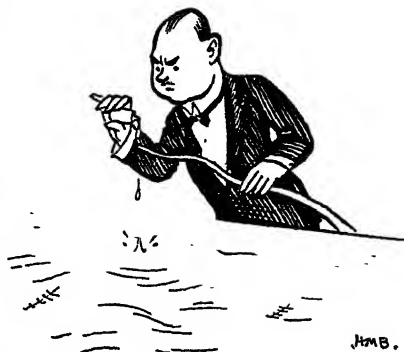
An English bowman of the time of Creçy might have rubbed his hands at this invitation; but I stood undecided.

"That one's got a tip," said Thompson.

"So it has," I said, and I drew it forth.

"You break, then," said Thompson, after the preliminary line-out.

His words were prophetic. From out of the dusk of baulk my ball sped noisily over the undulating central expanse and, with the aid of a dead fly, struck the red in the flank. Without fuss the red parted into hemispheres, and its assailant made a triumphant circuit of the table, ultimately coming to rest by the



"POURING LIQUID FROM A SMALL BOTTLE ON TO THE END OF HIS CUE."

barricade of green stitches in front of one of the middle pockets.

"I was afraid of that," said Thompson. "We'll have to play with one of the pyramid balls now. Blow! the tip's off my cue. Never mind, I've got some new stuff here—'Jamais' Cement; it sticks anything in two minutes. You don't mind waiting? I'm rather attached to this cue."

"We're all like that—even LAUDER," I said.

"I expect so," said Thompson absently. He leant over the table and, pouring liquid from a small bottle on to the end of his cue, adjusted the tip. Then he placed another red ball on the spot. "Now then, try again."

This time I misjudged the country and missed by inches.

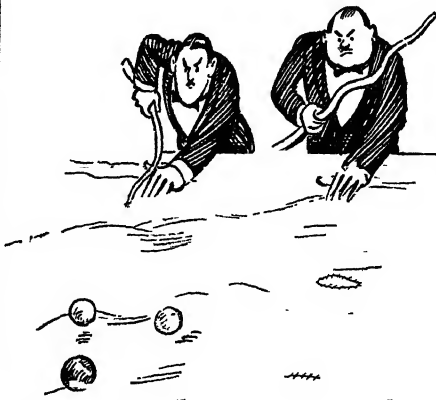
"Haven't got your eye in yet," said Thompson encouragingly.

He now glanced along the curves of his cue and was fortunate enough to get in his stroke just before the middle light flickered and expired. His ball threaded its way unerringly up the

table. Without altering its position the red butted its puny adversary over the nearest cushion.

"You have a go at him," said Thompson.

In turn with him I had several goes. But the red laughed at our efforts to



JMB

"SPOT AND PLAIN HURTLIED DOWN TO THE ASSAULT."

dislodge it. Our backs ached with picking up balls. It reminded me of the old ping-pong days. Suddenly Thompson's cue, falling foul of some loose stitches, slid half its length beneath the cloth.

"I was afraid of that," said Thompson. "We shall get bunkered now if we're not careful."

He was right. The yawning gulf gaped right in front of the red. Three times my ball burrowed mole-like beneath the cloth, and had to be beaten out with the butt-ends of our cues.

Thompson bent his brows after the fashion of the German generals before Verdun. "Let's tackle it together," he suggested.

We did. Discharged from baulk at a preconcerted signal, Spot and Plain hurtled down to the assault, reaching their objective simultaneously. Spot fell writhing back in a litter of white entrails, and Plain, entering the anthracite stove by way of the mica window, caused the room to be filled with a nauseous odour. The third light deemed the moment propitious and went out.

By the light of wax vestas Thompson struck at the red ball with a hammer.

"I was afraid so," he said. "I must have dropped some of that Jamais Cement on spot. Hold the cloth down while I have another smack at it."

"THREE MILD STEEL DIGESTORS."

Adv. in Provincial Paper.

Why didn't some one put one of these in our stocking at Christmas?



I DON'T HOLD WITH THESE ULTRA-MODERN FELLOWS AS A RULE, BUT I SHOULD THINK THEY COULD KNOCK SOMETHING QUITE DECENT OUT OF A RUGGER SCRUM.

THE RULE OF THREE.

LIFE is full of problems and not the least is this: Why is it impossible for prospective tenants to look over a house or flat without making the same remarks at least three times?

Thus:—

I.—THE SINGLE LADY.

Single Lady (having made the tour). Yes, it's charming. But there's only one sitting-room.

Tenant. That's right. Only one.

S. L. But the agent said there were two. Two sitting-rooms and two bedrooms. You see we must have two. I couldn't live with only one.

T. I'm sorry. There is only one. Unless you turned one of the bedrooms into another sitting-room.

S. L. But if I did that there would be only one bedroom. I must have two; it's essential. Otherwise where would the maid sleep?

T. (moving towards door). Exactly—where? I'm sorry. Then it's no use.

S. L. I'm sorry too. I must apologise for taking up your time. But the agent said there were two of each. It's very annoying. Otherwise I like the place so much.

T. (with his hand on the door-handle). The agents were very foolish. I will speak about it.

S. L. Yes, I think you ought to. It wastes everyone's time, doesn't it? I assure you he told me there were two sitting-rooms as well as two bedrooms. But there aren't, are there?

T. Not unless you do as I suggested.

S. L. Oh, I couldn't do that. I must have two bedrooms and two sitting-rooms.

T. (holding door wide open). That settles it, then.

S. L. Yes. Thank you so much. I'm so sorry to have bothered you. But really it wasn't my fault. The agent told me, you know. Two of each, he said.

T. Yes, yes. I'll have that put right. Good morning.

S. L. (retreating with extreme deliberation). I think you ought to. Thank you so much. Good morning.

II. THE BACHELOR.

The Bachelor. Well, it's a jolly good place. I'll take it. Let's see, two hundred a year. Right you are. It's a bet.

T. Then you'll tell the agents. It's nothing to do with me.

B. Yes, at once. By the way I'm not sure I want all these things, you

know. That great escritoire—couldn't that go?

T. Of course it goes. Everything goes. I'm not leaving anything but the ordinary fixtures.

B. What? Isn't the place to let furnished?

T. Certainly not.

B. But I told the agents I wanted a furnished flat.

T. What does it say on your order to view?

B. By Jove, yes. It says unfurnished. What idiots they must be! I assure you I asked for furnished.

T. You don't really think you could get a flat furnished like this one for two hundred a year?

B. I don't know. I'm not up in London rents. All I know is I asked the agents for a furnished flat and they sent me here.

T. (moving to door). I'm sorry, but that's the end of it. You must resume the chase.

B. I'm sorry too. You wouldn't leave the furniture, I suppose, and let me pay more?

T. Impossible. I've taken new rooms and need it.

B. All right. Cheerio! But I swear I told those agents I wanted a furnished



"WELL, WOT I SEZ IS—E'S BUTTERED 'IS OWN BREAD, AN' NOW 'E MUST LIE ON IT."

place. I'll go and have it out with them.

T. I wish you would.

III.—HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Husband. We'll take it. Let's see, two hundred a year and fixtures at a valuation.

T. That's right. Perhaps you'll go over and tell the agents. It's their affair.

Wife. How soon can you be out? Could we get in in a fortnight?

T. A fortnight? Why, it's not to let till Lady Day.

H. Lady Day!

W. Lady Day!

H. But the agent said nothing about Lady Day. We understood possession was practically immediate.

T. No; Lady Day. I couldn't leave before then because it's not till then that the new rooms I've taken are vacant.

H. But I assure you the agent said nothing about Lady Day.

W. Yes, and we said we wanted a place at once; we're so tired of our hotel. Couldn't you meet us half-way?

T. Impossible. The place is to let from Lady Day, and not before.

H. But if the agent misinformed us? Don't you stand by your agent?

W. Aren't you and the agent one?

T. My dear madam, it is impossible. The agent made a mistake, and I shall see him about it. May I see your order to view? Why, it says "Vacant from Lady Day" here.

H. Does it? Extraordinary! But all I can say is the clerk said nothing about it. We said we wanted immediate possession, and he gave us this.

T. I'm sorry. Good morning.

[H. and W. withdraw and descend slowly, a murmur arising in diminishing volume, in which the word "agent" is prominent to the end.]

IV. THE TWO SISTERS.

First Sister. It's quite nice.

Second Sister (hastily). In its way. Not ideal, of course. But then one could hardly hope for that.

T. Surely one always hopes for that?

S. S. Yes, of course. Hopes—but hopes against hope. Still, it might do.

F. S. I think we could be very comfortable here, Annie.

S. S. (hastily). We could make shift, at any rate. There are several rather serious obstacles. The stairs, for instance. And no domestic electricity. And—and, well, I'm not very fond of geysers. And then the outlook. Still, as I say, we could make shift. Now what is the lowest you could take?

T. Isn't it on the order to view?

S. S. Yes, of course. But the agent said you would take less.

T. No. His instructions were that that was the definite price.

S. S. But I assure you he said you were open to offer. Didn't he, Jane?

F. S. Yes, he did. His exact words were two hundred a year or near offer.

T. All I can say is, he exceeded his instructions.

S. S. I doubt if you'll ever get two hundred.

T. Maybe. But if I don't get it I shan't let.

S. S. But the agent said you would take less. It's a great shame when agents make misstatements.

T. I'm sorry. If you care to accept the terms the place is yours. Otherwise there's not much use in prolonging the interview.

S. S. From what the agent said I thought you would take a hundred and seventy-five.

T. No. The rent is two hundred.

S. S. I shall go back to him and

[F. S. draws her aside and whispers intently.]

S. S. Will you give us an option at two hundred till five o'clock?

T. I can't do that. You can have till one o'clock.

F. S. But that's only an hour and

a-half. That would be quite useless to us. And really, I assure you, the agent did say

T. Then I'm afraid I must say "Good morning."

S. S. Good morning. But it's very provoking. Won't you take one-eighty? The agent—

T. (as he closes the door on them). Good morning.

And then there is another problem: Why cannot house-agents stick to the facts? But here we enter the Slough of Despond. E. V. L.

THE OLD SINGER'S PROBLEM.

I CANNOT sing the old songs
That helped me on life's road,
The cheerful, heart-of-gold songs
That lightened many a load;
It is not due to treason,
But for the simple reason
That in this hectic season
They are not *à la mode*.

What singer now proposes,
However brave he be,
"She Wore a Wreath of Roses,"
Or yet "The Sands o' Dee"?
But I, whene'er I "wander
Down mountain sides," grow fonder
Of CLAY, who lures us yonder
To magic "Araby."

These minstrels weren't mephitic
Or cosmic in their croon,
Or psycho-analytic—
They flourished far too soon—
But, whether gay and cheerful
Or woe-begone and tearful,
At least they were not fearful
Of giving us a tune.

But Time, the ever-rolling,
With wreckage in his train,
Has bowled out "Poor Tom Bowling,"
Silenced "My Pretty Jane;"
"The Message" and "Requital,"
Once vigorous and vital,
At concert or recital
May now be sought in vain.

And yet, while fondly grieving
For idols passed away,
Ich grolle nicht, perceiving
How later stars decay—
How STRAUSS, once king of bogeys,
Losing his fearsome vogue, is
Reckoned among the fogeys
By critics of to-day.

Still, hard are the afflictions
Of one who would be true
To his life-long convictions
And generous aims pursue;
He cannot sing the old songs,
The out-of-print, unsold songs,
The cheerful, gay and bold songs;
He will not sing the new.



Small Boy (who has just received the change out of half-a-crown tendered for a penny fare). "COULD YOU PLEASE GIVE ME FOUR SIXPENCES FOR THESE SHILLINGS?" Harassed Conductor. "Ho, yes! ANY PARTICULAR DATES?"

The Whitehall Flapper out-flapped.

"Unfurnished or Furnished Flat required by Civil Servant, little girl 3 years."

Local Paper.

"Mrs. — celebrated her 101st birthday yesterday. Her father, it is said, fought against Napoleon at Waterloo and Balaclava."

Sunday Paper.

For the British, we infer, against NAPOLEON the Great, and for the Russians against NAPOLEON the Little.

"SWISS CAPITAL LEVY.

The Swiss National Bank has been obliged to issue extra 20 ft. notes for circulation to make up for the disappearance of gold coin."

Provincial Paper.

So money is no longer "short."

The Prevalence of Polygamy.

"No married woman should day-dream; her mind should be concentrated on her home, and making life comfortable for herself and her husbands."—*Daily Paper.*

"No matter what kind of pants are put into the garden during autumn and winter, they should be all placed in a thick soup of soil and water for some hours."—*Gardening Paper.*
We prefer our laundry—such as it is.

From the advertisement of an agricultural show:—

"Classes for Gentlemen and Dealers.
Classes for Dairy Farmers.

Classes for Pigs."—*Local Paper.*

We do not care for these invidious distinctions.

THE SAFEGUARDING OF GENIUS.

(By our Medical Correspondent.)

THE value of recreation has always been recognised, but in view of the increasing strain and stress of modern civilization it has come to be increasingly regarded by wise physicians as a paramount necessity in the maintenance of national efficiency. We cannot all find time or money to indulge in golf or squash-rackets or winter sports; but we can all find relaxation in literature, the therapeutic influence of which is only now beginning to be fully appreciated. Within the last few weeks a case has come to my notice of an archdeacon, in the prime of life, who was suddenly struck down by acute atarambamphaxia of the pineal gland complicated with hypercatalectic anacrusis of the metatarsal parallax. Various drastic remedies were tried but without result, until a distinguished psycho-dietist suggested a course of stimulating fiction. The prescription worked like a charm, and the patient, I hear, has already resumed the discharge of his archidiaconal functions.

The moral of this episode is obvious, but, like many things that leap to the eye, it fails to convince the lethargic observer. The purveyors of cheerful and stimulating fiction are benefactors of immense value to the community. But they are a limited class and their preservation is not merely desirable, it ought to be promoted by every means at the disposal of their grateful admirers. And the need is all the greater owing to the strange lack of self-protectiveness shown by these beneficent writers. This is to some extent inevitable, as the composers of adventurous romance naturally go in quest of adventure. But the risks they habitually run are too great to be contemplated with equanimity, as the record of the last week abundantly shows.

I confess to having been profoundly shocked by the alarming account I read on the tape at my Club, on the afternoon of Wednesday the 3rd, of the painful accident which had just befallen Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX. While ski-ing in the neighbourhood of Mürren he became imbedded in a deep drift and was only rescued, after "six shoots," by the opportune arrival on the scene of an Alpine guide. Mr. LE QUEUX, as we know from *Who's Who*, is an expert shot with the revolver, and I naturally interpreted the statement as indicating that he had discharged his favourite weapon as a S.O.S. The later evening papers, however, under the heading, "Novelist's Alps Ordeal," make no mention of these "shoots." The novelist, we read, could not extricate his

boots from his ski, and owed his rescue to his cries for help. Perhaps it should have read "six hoots." This however is a matter of detail. The point I wish to insist on is this: Can we afford to allow our novelists to expose themselves to appalling risks without strenuous and concerted effort to save them from their own self-sacrificing temerity?

This is no isolated instance of the reckless intrepidity of a class whose lives are peculiarly precious to the nation. Within the last week Mr. WELLS, while flying to the Continent, was obliged to make a forced landing; and Mr. VACHELL has met with an accident in the hunting-field. An influenza epidemic is long overdue and may be upon us at any moment; but such a visitation is negligible compared with the moral and intellectual damage inflicted upon the public by the loss or disablement of the choice spirits who minister to our most urgent needs. The least that can be done is to organise without delay a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Novelists by Themselves. Insurance is of little use, as you cannot replace a LE QUEUX. "None but himself can be his parallel." Such a scheme must involve the appointment of a number of able-bodied keepers specially told off to accompany popular novelists at home and abroad, in their down-sitting and up-rising, and at all times prepared to intervene and, if necessary, restrain their charges forcibly from exposing themselves to unnecessary perils.

Our Clerical Sceptics.

From a church notice:—

"In connection with forthcoming Sale of Work a Pie Supper has been arranged for Tuesday next, 8 o'clock. As many friends as can please bring a pie. Tickets 1/- each. As far as the pies will allow it is intended to make this occasion a 'social evening.'"

"The Swiss educational authorities at Basel have been obliged to warn schoolboys against speculation in marks."—*Daily Paper*.

When we were at school it was always a speculation whether we got any.

"You Need no Money to Furnish with ———. Pay out of our earnings."—*Yorkshire Paper*.

It doesn't sound like Yorkshire.

"The judge imposed a somewhat mild penalty, the defendant being sentenced to not less than six nor more than three years in the State prison."—*Evening Paper*.

"Mild" is obviously a misprint for "wild."

"Lost, one small Pig, Sunday morning, from Church; finder please communicate."—*Australian Paper*.

These small pigs get very restless during the sermon.

OUT OF EGYPT.

(To my Cat.)

Cats at kings may look, we own;
Kings have looked on you, one thinks,
Till to lesser folk you've grown
Unexpansive as the Sphinx;
For the very PHARAOH who
Knew not JOSEPH bowed to you.

Strange equivalents of "puss"
Queens in Egypt, jewelled, slim,
Dark-browed and mysterious,
Called you in pavilions dim,
Offering milk or roasted kid
Under CHEOPS' pyramid.

Grave magicians, Coptic kings,
Stooped to stroke you, with a smile,
'Neath the Hawk's eternal wings,
On the rosy lawns of Nile;
Cultivated you in Khem,
Laid you, at the last, near them.

Laid you on the painted shelves
In the warm spice-scented gloom,
Bland companion for themselves
In new Khems beyond the tomb;
Thus your head got turned, I know,
Years and years and years ago.

Thus I find you cool, at ease,
Haughty to the last amount;
After RA or RAMESSES
I could hardly hope to count;
Hardly could I e'er engage
Aught but icy patronage.

Here with us you expiate
Haply some old crime afar
(Ibis murder at your gate
Laid of old?)—yes, here you are,
PHARAOH's favourite cat, who erred,
Mixing with the common herd.

When the wind is in the tree,
When the moon is at the wane,
When the dog snores peacefully,
Do you hear him call again?
With the shadows on the wall
Doth the royal Egypt call?

For, oh, restless, then you rise
Claiming with insistent mew
The old dark, the ancient skies
Where the Past may walk with you;
Think you that beyond my door
Blossoms the Memphian grove once
more?

Shall a Presence tall and thin,
Meeting, greet you in the glade?
Shall you, 'gainst a shadowy shin,
Arching, hail a royal shade,
Great One, whose fine hand shall pat
As of old his favourite cat?

Nay, I know not; this I know—
You remain apart and proud;
Small the wonder that 'tis so,
You that ever shunned the crowd,
While the very PHARAOH who
Knew not JOSEPH bent to you.



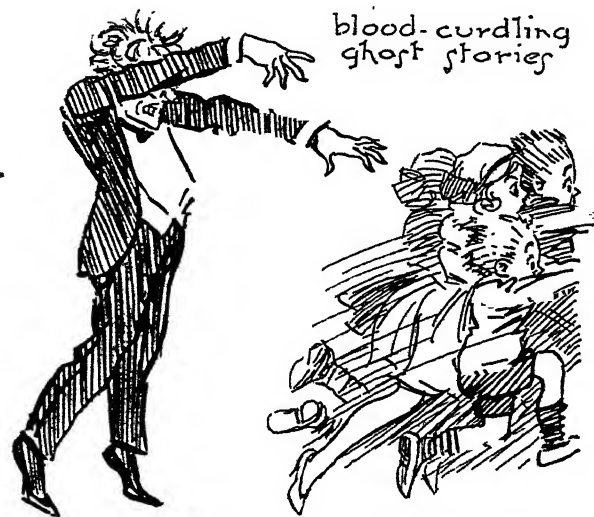
The imaginative guest



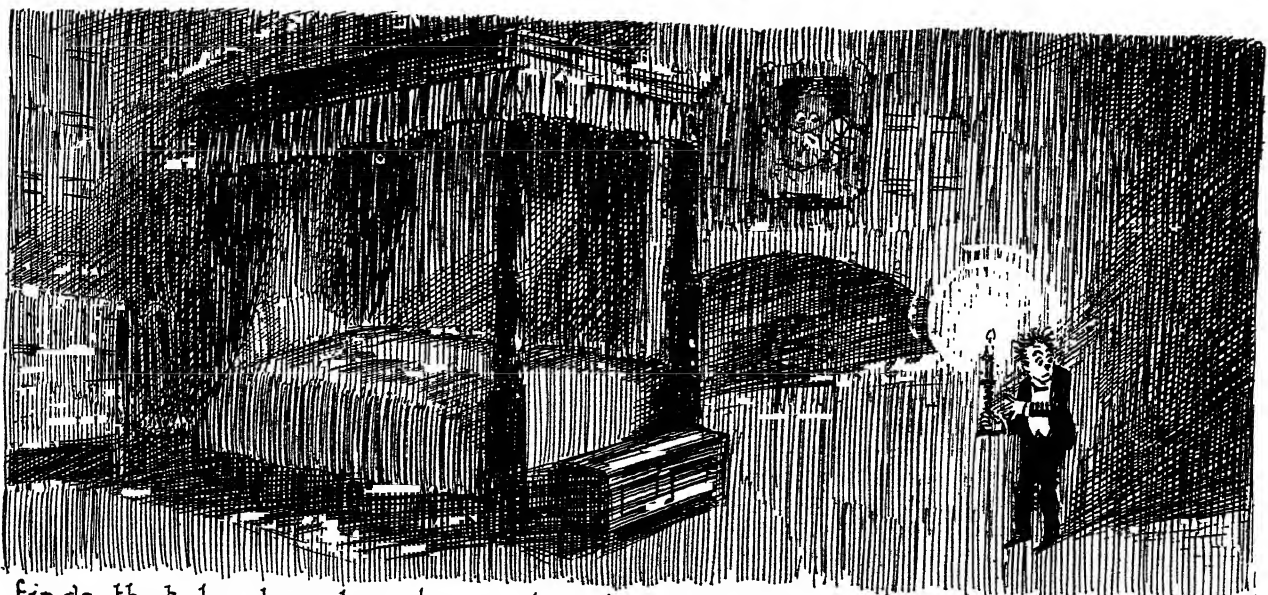
who after



telling the children



blood-curdling
ghost stories



finds that he has to sleep in the haunted bedroom!

THOMAS
HENRY

"TO SUIT PURCHASER."

ONE of the most significant changes in the world of to-day is the partial disappearance of the ready-made house. In the careless old days of 1913 people who were quite fastidious in other ways thought nothing of wandering into an estate-agent's office and accepting any old reach-me-downs in the way of domestic premises. Many a man who would have cut his throat rather than be seen in somebody else's cast-off garments never worried at all about appearing in a second-hand house which anyone with half an eye could see didn't fit him at all.

The new system has done away with the necessity for second-hand, badly-fitting houses. Dwellings are now erected "to suit purchaser" (as the contractor's notice-board says), and all the best people have them made to measure. When you see in the corner of a field certain scratchings which suggest that somebody has been marking out the beginnings of a hop-scotch court you must realise that an architect's cutter has been at work. The hop-scotch court represents the foundations of a "Modern Detached Residence." Let me go back and show you how those foundations are calculated.

Mr. and Mrs. Smythe are being measured for a new house. It will be really and truly their own house, for it will fit them and nobody else. They have turned down the idea of a bungalow—in spite of the architect's assurance that these are much worn nowadays—and have concentrated on a two-storey model. Mr. Smythe is being measured for the "lounge." With a dexterous hand the architect runs the tape-measure here and there about his client's person, pausing now and then to throw off mysterious incantations like "Twelve, fourteen, Mr. Higgins," or "Thirteen, sixteen-and-a-half" to his assistant, who is hastily booking them on a rough draft of the plan of the proposed establishment. A sudden doubt occurs to Mrs. Smythe, who has been gazing with fascinated interest over the shoulder of Mr. Higgins. She ventures to convey her doubt to the principal performer.

"Oh, no, Madam," he replies with professional suavity; "I assure you

Mr. Smythe will find no difficulty at all."

Still dubious, the lady makes her point a little clearer.

"Ah!" says the authority graciously, "now that *does* make a difference, I admit. We had not gathered that you were both intending to wear the lounge at the same time, had we, Mr. Higgins? In that case, Madam, I must, of course, include you in the measurements. It will add—let me see—one hundred and seventeen pounds to the original figure. But I can assure you the two-seater models are quite fashionable, Madam. We are cutting a good many of them this year."

In this manner each corner of the residence is carefully accommodated to

doors to it. A slit with a sliding partition permits of dishes being handed into the dining-room; a similar device in the outer wall enables the butcher, baker and so on, to deliver their household requirements. If, Madam, you have been previously troubled by the unstable character of your domestic assistance, here is an obvious method of anchoring it down. In the completed dwelling the maid is as much one of the permanent fittings as the kitchen mantelpiece. I should add, of course, that she must be handed over to our foreman builder at least a fortnight before the rest of the house is ready for trying on."

It must be owned that the new system has certain disadvantages for out-

siders. Gone for ever, for instance, is the old amusement of poking about somebody else's half-built house just to satisfy one's curiosity. A friend of mine had an awkward proof of this some weeks ago. Having discovered an almost finished example of these modern residences he was foolish enough to squeeze himself into it for a look round. As he is a man of fairly generous build this was not done without difficulty; but he did it, and, having ultimately extricated himself, he resumed his walk.

The next day he was waited on by an angry master builder who insisted that my friend

should at once write out a cheque and take over the premises in question. My friend explained that he had had no intention of acquiring the house.

"Then what do you want to go trying it on for?" demanded the builder indignantly. "Look at the bulges in the bathroom; look at that bagginess round the bay-window. It's perfectly obvious the house has been worn by somebody. How do you expect me to offer that to my client as a new house?"

The upshot was that my friend had to write out a cheque and have the object of his unlucky curiosity transferred bodily to his own ramshackle Victorian residence. He has since removed the interior partitions with a fret-saw and the thing is now doing duty as a wardrobe.

"Send p.c. for patterns of ideal Scotch home puns."—*Advt. in Provincial Paper.*
We don't think.



"HOW IS THAT SON-IN-LAW OF YOURS MANAGING?"

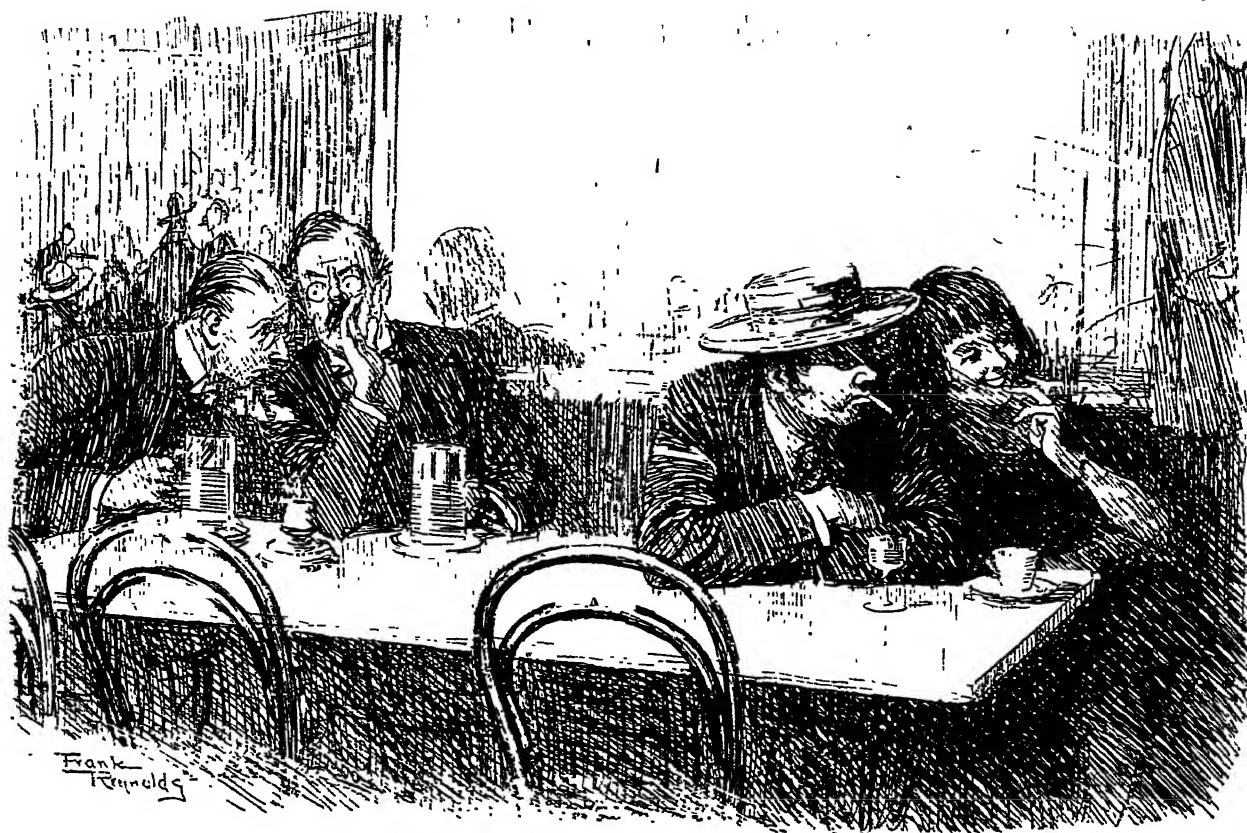
"HE CAN JUST ABOUT KEEP MY DAUGHTER IN GLOVES. I PAY FOR EVERYTHING ELSE."

"I SUPPOSE HE MISLED YOU ABOUT HIS CIRCUMSTANCES?"

"NO. I DISTINCTLY REMEMBER HE MERELY ASKED FOR HER HAND."

the exact requirements of its purchasers. When it comes to the bedroom Mrs. Smythe is requested to remove her furs, for, as the architect truthfully points out, she is not likely to take them to bed with her, and it would be stupid to add to the cost of the apartment by measuring her for it over a bulky garment of that kind.

Kitchens, it is explained, are now being cut in two styles—those that will contain a maid and those that will contain a gas-cooker. The Leviathan Model, which will contain both, costs seventy-five pounds extra. "There is also," continues its proud inventor, "my own refinement, which I have ventured to register as the Amontillado Model, from the story by E. A. Poe which suggested its main feature. In this case it is possible to save a little space and solve the servant problem by building the kitchen round the maid and doing away with



OUR CHELSEA TOREADORS.

Visitor (at famous Bohemian Café). "Now WHAT WOULD THAT CHAP BE?"

Habitué. "PAINTER—STILL LIFE."

Visitor. AH, SPANISH ONIONS, I SUPPOSE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

PRINCESS BIBESCO's sketches, gathered together under the airy title of *Balloons* (HURST AND BLACKETT), are so "smart" in form and intention that I went back often to see whether I had really taken it all in. I found, as far as I could judge, that I had. They don't somehow seem altogether serious work or suggest that the writer is giving of her best, though it is all quite competent and, as I say, smartly clever and in many moods. Very charming is the portrait of a grandmother, though it doesn't make me believe in the dear old lady. A tiny *conte* of two Dalmatians, *Fido* and *Ponto*, just failed to make me certain that it was as sincerely felt as it pretended to be. A good many of the sketches touch, gracefully here, flippantly there, and here again mournfully, and always a little too obscurely, the relations between folk in love—folk of a select and well-dressed world, be it understood. What does please is a happy ease of phrasing, an avoidance of the banal. The longest sketch, "*Villegiatura*," the story of a chance encounter between a novelist in search of health and a dressmaker (who happens to be a Countess) in quest of peace, is also the most satisfactory. I think that is because it is worked out more thoroughly; and I would suggest that the author's matter suffers from over-compression, which is not always the same as subtlety.

As the pivot of a novel, the woman who wants a child and for some reason or other is denied one, always seems to me only a shade less unpromising than the woman who has so many children that she doesn't know what to do. Both themes have been treated over and over again,

with all the apparatus and efficiency of a kindergarten game, by experts of the school of FREUD; and consequently, when so delicate a sentimentalist as Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY gets to work on the first of them—as she does in *Beanstalk* (COLLINS)—her handling leaves you with a perhaps unmerited sense of unreality and vagueness. The problem to which she has here addressed herself has more physical complications than usual. For *Martha Shoosmith*, the childless wife of a strapping Sussex yeoman, owes the frustration of her hopes to an early motoring accident with which the story opens. *Robert*, the yeoman, is admirably drawn; as is every aspect of the unique class into which the suburban *Martha* defiantly marries after a weary spell of semi-dependence on a capricious godmother. But the scheme by which she seeks to supply her deficiencies as a mother, though excellently manipulated as regards its reaction on *Robert*, is of itself unconvincing. And I am afraid I must say the same of the ultimate arrival of the heir of *Beanstalk*, though no one was more pleased to meet him than I was.

The outside wrapper of *An Ordinary Couple* (JENKINS) leaves the prospective buyer in no doubt as to the nature of the story he is handling. Two arm-chairs are drawn up before a glowing fire; the occupants, we are told, are *George Hinton* and *Nellie*, his wife. Nothing is to be seen of *George* but a newspaper and a pair of slippers propped against the mantelpiece. *Nellie*, however, shows a rather woe-begone face and is crumpling a handkerchief in her fingers. Other figures—symbolical—include a dishevelled Cupid, evidently in doubt whether he should not take flight at once, and a stolid black cat that gazes placidly

the fire. We perceive that we are in for the domestic adventures of a young married couple, the usual little misunderstandings and readjustments, perhaps with one or twoerner trials thrown in. They belong to our great middle class, this pair; to judge from our picture they might come out of the second drawer from the bottom. We anticipate comic best-man and a slightly vulgar father-in-law; and that *George* will lose his job somewhere towards the middle of the book, and get it back, with interest, at the end. Out of the amiable lady who, under the name of J. E. Buckle, has written the book, actually contrives to include all these features without making the result entirely banal. He possesses the touch of sympathy which covers a multitude of minor deficiencies. I can forgive her making *confetti* a singular noun, and speaking of someone as being "wrapt to the seventh heaven," for the sake of *George's* job as a window-cleaner. There is a touch of real pathos in this.

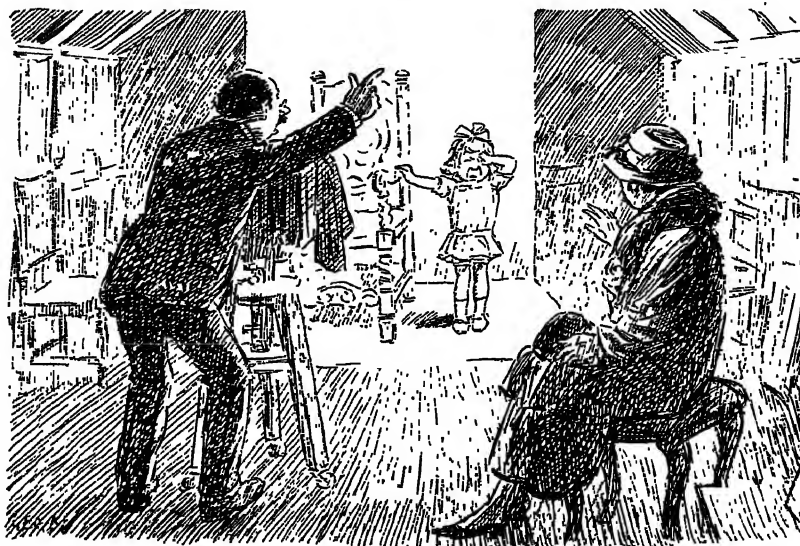
I do not suggest that readers who regard novels only as a pastime should investigate *Hidden Lives* (HEINEMANN). Miss EONORA EYLES is not without humour, but, unless I mistake her completely, her main object is to promote affection rather than amusement. Here she places her scene in a town (with the horrible name of *Shellpit*) that is crying aloud for someone brave enough to tackle its slums. His work was undertaken by *Dr. Helen Levison*, and it is her history, with its failures and triumphs, that furnishes the matter of this book. Of the author's ability there is no manner of doubt, nor can there be any dispute about the loftiness of her aim. But, as in most novels whose object is to adumbrate a new heaven and a new earth, her characters are apt to talk interminably. When *Dr. Clevison* and her friend, *Dr. Louis Farne*, really got going they seemed to me almost incapable of stopping. Set as a study in psychology, and for its frank and courageous presentation of ideas, the book is worthy of the close attention it demands.

I own, myself, to a mid-Victorian tenderness for the novel-with-a-purpose; but the short-story-with-a-purpose is a less congenial form of art. And when it comes to nine short stories with only one purpose (and that the apparently forlorn hope of restoring our pre-war attitude of altruism with regard to the British Empire in the East) I am left with a more benevolent feeling towards the story-teller than I can see my way towards extending to his stories. Yet Mr. MARMADUKE PICKTHALL's Levantine studies are much more attractive than the remaining seven tales of *As Others See Us* (COLLINS), the vivid appreciation of Islam which makes for the success of the first batch having a very dull complement in the ironic handling of Christianity—French and English, Church and Chapel—which disfigures most of the second. And, in spite of the forcible-

feeble effect of their reiterated moral, the bitter comedy of an Englishman and a fox-terrier in Egypt, told in "The Kefr Ammeh Incident"; the bitterer tragedy of an Anglo-phile young Egyptian in London, revealed in "Between Ourselves"; the inglorious careers of two Arab brigands between Jaffa and Gaza, recounted in "Knights Errant," and the deliberate murder (by her more orthodox brother) of a Greek girl married to a Muslim, described in "The Marseilles Tragedy," have, with the remaining five tales on kindred subjects, an appealing quality only to be found in work that is sincere.

So much is there in a name, I could wish that Mr. GEORGE W. GOUGH, in *The Terror by Night* (BLACKWOOD), had called his chivalrous highwayman by his real name in the course of the narrative. For *The Terror* was only a terror to evil-doers. He never stopped a coach or cut a purse save in the cause of the right, as *Mr. Wegg* used to say. On the other hand, *The Terror's* companion-in-arms,

Mr. Compton, is a trifle too insistent upon his name and family and their dispossession from Long Compton. The reader naturally expects *The Terror* to recover his estate for him. Perhaps in another volume he will. For his beneficent occupation was to rescue beauty in distress and to bring malefactors to justice. He is indeed an eighteenth-century *Sherlock Holmes*, and *Mr. Compton* plays *Watson*, but with a difference, for, unlike the conscientious doctor, he seldom fatigued himself to unravel the intrigues of his chief. He simply trotted about and did what he was



Mother. "DON'T CRY, DARLING. YOU MUST TRY TO SMILE."
Photographer (of the new School of Nature). "OH, PLEASE LET HER KEEP LIKE THAT—IT'S PERFECT!"

told, and then related his adventures. And very well he relates them. Mr. GOUGH owns a nice appreciation of England as she was before the great black cities grew and the railways scarred the countryside, and a nervous civilisation posted a policeman at every corner. Rough-handed and jovial, dandified and witty and erudite, it was an age prodigal of adventure, and adventure of a colour and a charm which Mr. GOUGH reproduces excellently well in this entertaining volume.

If you are unacquainted with Mr. J. B. PRIESTLEY's work and want to be introduced to a delightful essayist I suggest that you should spend two or three pleasant hours in reading *Papers from Lilliput* (BOWES and BOWES). His sense of humour marches so closely with mine that modesty compels me to refrain from praising it. But in every respect he seems to me to have a full equipment for his task. The first of the thirty papers, "On a Certain Provincial Player," put me in a good temper at once, so attractive is it in style and subject; and by the time I reluctantly reached the end of the volume I was simmering with satisfaction. Among those who practise this rare art of the light essay Mr. PRIESTLEY unquestionably belongs to the elect.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. G. B. SHAW has suggested that architects might improve the Houses of Parliament by removing the upper part. The architects have quite rightly refused to retaliate by offering to improve Mr. SHAW by the same process.

According to an evening paper Mr. G. F. PRESTON, London's Telephone Controller, who is retiring at the end of this month, has held the post for eleven years. We congratulate him, in spite of our suspicion that this is the wrong number.

A garden-party on a gigantic scale is to be held at Los Angeles. We understand that tickets will be used to admit "bearer and one wife."

England has won a Test Match. What is wrong with South African cricket?

According to Dr. J. H. JEANS, the world is pear-shaped, with the stalk-end in the South Pacific. Our thoughts are with the inhabitants of the Southern Pacific, who are probably still unaware of this.

At one London music-hall the management have placed the orchestra on the stage to play jazz selections. This puts them out of reach of the audience. Safety First.

A large ink factory has been damaged by fire in Glasgow. The fire brigade could not have been more swiftly on the scene if it had been a whisky distillery.

What is described as a mysterious animal that makes strange moans at night is alarming the residents of Coalville. It is possible that it is only a sleepless ratepayer yodelling to his third and last Demand Note.

Mr. Justice BAILEY of Washington has ruled that it is not stealing to drink "bootleg" whisky illegally obtained. Everything seems to point to the fact that such an act comes rather under the category of attempted suicide.

On a coat left behind by burglars at a Hounslow house was a badge depicting Neptune, and clasped hands. Probably a Burglar's Trade Union Badge, adopted because some people positively hate being burgled by non-union labour.

A correspondent writes to *The Daily Express* to say that he has in his possession a three-legged jade toad. We hope this will put a stop to the allegation that he hasn't.

With reference to the rumours that the Ku Klux Klan organisation is spreading in this country, we understand two Boy Scouts have written to say they have the matter well in hand.

SINCO, the leader of the Kurds, is reported to go into battle wearing a

The cost of living is still high in Greece, we are informed, but of course it is worth a lot to be still alive in that country.

Gold coins are in circulation in West London. The public is warned to be careful not to accept a half-sovereign in mistake for a farthing.

Policemen at Commercial Road, E., recently entertained one hundred and fifty children at a party. It is reported that some of the young guests, in grateful return for jam supplied, left their thumb-prints on the cloth before leaving.

Another effort is to be made next autumn to turn Scotland dry. It is expected that by then arrangements will have been completed for the evacuation of the few remaining Scotsmen.

A daily paper has published a photograph of a century-old sundial. It still keeps good time.

"Are parsons' wives happy?" is a question raised in a Sunday paper. We regard this problem as inopportune at a time when the Spring Handicaps are demanding our undivided attention.

A further attempt is being made to introduce trout into Brazil, a previous experiment having failed owing to the inexperience of the recipients. The Brazilians now realise that these fish can't crack nuts.

According to a weekly journal every pound of honey represents 2,500,000 clover tubes

sucked by bees. One cannot help admiring the way these busy little insects manage to keep to round figures.

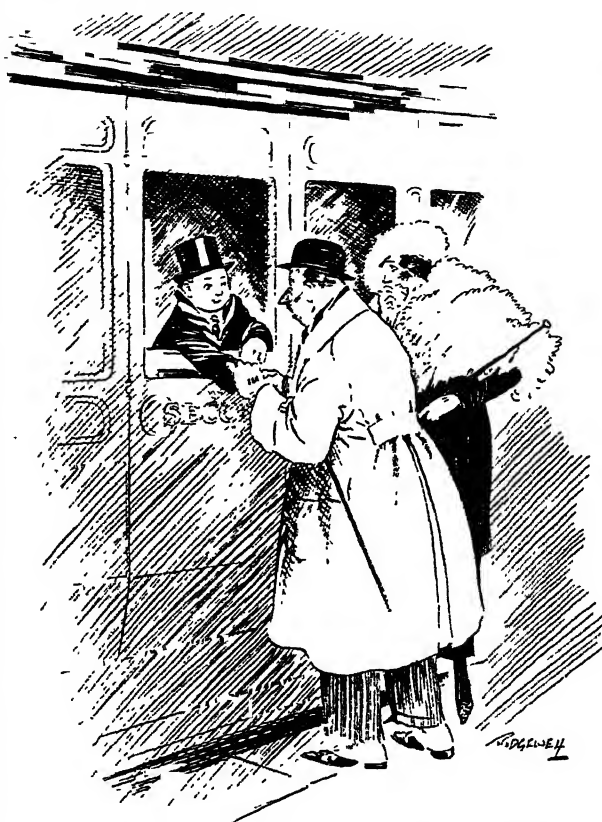
A one-step 'bus is to be put on the London streets. It is felt that the waltzing sort is out of date.

A Brahmini Bull.

"Owing to pressure of work the staff could not enjoy Nagpanchim, Janmashtimi & Moharrum holidays, as the paper appeared all along. Consequently the next issue will not be out."—*Indian Paper*.

"Advertiser Will Exchange good German Concertina for Canary."—*Provincial Paper*.

We doubt if he is wise. You can always shut up a concertina when you have had enough of it.



Reggie (off back to school). "WELL, GOOD-BYE, PATER, AND DON'T GO MUCKING ABOUT WITH THAT WIRELESS SET YOU GAVE ME."

brilliant uniform, top boots, cavalry cloak and white kid gloves and bristling with swords and pistols. The explanation is that he was at one time a cinema door-attendant who retired with permission to wear the uniform.

It will be observed that many women are now wearing their next summer's fur coats.

A Ford car driven into the swollen Thames in Surrey has been recovered little the worse for the experience. You cannot even drown them, it seems.

According to a financier, invisible forces are saving the world. Certainly we haven't seen them.

THE LETTER OF THE LAW.

A TRIBUTE TO THE LABOUR PARTY.

[The No-Rent agitation owed its origin to the neglect of certain landlords to observe a clause in the Rent Restriction Act requiring them to give notice to quit before raising their rents. This clause seems to have been inserted by a technical error. The agitation, which apparently is not discountenanced by Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, is being exploited by the Socialists, who advocate a general refusal to pay rent.]

AND so "To hell with landlords!" is the cry
That thrills the welkin from your lusty throat.
Poor men they may be, with their hard-earned pay
Saved and invested, for a rainy day,
In just a little house, one storey high;
But they are landlords. *Landlords always bloat.*

Your warrant is a statute of the land
(The thing, it seems, contains a trivial flaw);
Others, with looser notions of a pact,
May plead the aims intended by the Act,
But you, with nice punctilio, take your stand
Upon the sacred letter of the Law.

My compliments! And if, when next you're out
To do a noisy Socialist bow-wow,
Your flag, colliding with the Law's police,
Threatens to cause a rupture of the peace,
I will remind you, if you please, about
The strictly legal line you take just now. O. S.

PILMONINE.

WHY are certain firms so unenterprising in their choice of names for the things they manufacture? Where some producers insist on selling "Klipiton" collar-studs or "Kumphy" armchairs—names that are difficult to forget, even with considerable effort—others aim at no such expressive nomenclature. They are content to invent a good sounding title for their goods, and if it happens to be rather like a title invented by someone else—well, it can't be helped. Thermophine, Sanatolene, Phosticine—you know them all, and you know how confusing they are. But if they are confusing to us who usually want only one at a time how much more confusing they must be to the men in the shops who have to stock a whole lot of them at once and remember all the differences.

When you go into a shop and ask suddenly for a tin of Sincarnite, haven't you noticed a worried look on the face of the dealer? He is probably trying to remember whether you are asking for bath-salts or cough-cure or weed-killer.

If the truth were known the shop-people *don't* remember the differences. I discovered that this morning. And this is how I did it.

I invented the word "Pilmonine" and tried it on my chemist.

"I should be glad," I said, "if you will send me up a bottle of Pilmonine."

His eyelid never quivered. "Certainly, Sir," he said, and booked the order.

No difficulty, you see. So I went on to the grocer.

I asked him for two packets of Pilmonine.

"I don't think we have any in stock," he said, peering and bending about underneath the counter. But he promised to order some for me; and, not to be outdone in politeness, I promised to call for it in a few days' time.

The man at the Italian warehouse, after considerable search, announced that he had "run out." But when I looked he was still there, and so I could only conclude that he was as great a liar as I was. He took my order, being, I think, under the impression that Pilmonine was a species of distemper.

So I went from shop to shop, ordering my Pilmonine. Four pounds here, two canisters there, a dozen yards from the draper, eight drums from the fruiterer (who thought it was the correct name for preserved figs in the land where figs come from).

In a final burst of bravado I visited the coal merchants. "Will you deliver six tons of Pilmonine to this address?" I asked modestly, handing them my card.

"Pilmonine, Sir?"

It was my first check. But I was firm.

"Yes, Pilmonine," I said irritably, with the air of one whose time is money.

The clerk turned and fiddled about with a lot of catalogue things.

"What exactly is Pilmonine?" he asked at last.

"Oh, it's a kind of anthracite," I explained condescendingly, and added, "I want it delivered as soon as possible."

"Very good, Sir," said the man meekly.

Then I went home to lunch. It had been a good morning. I was particularly glad I had scored off the coal merchants, because they always overcharge so disgracefully.

* * * * *
All that happened this morning. This evening I have received the following letter from the coal people:—

"DEAR SIR,—*Re* your order of even date, we beg to state that a slight error was made. On inquiry we find that the fuel you require is not 'Pilmonine,' but 'Pilmomite.'

The six tons will be delivered to-morrow afternoon.

Yours faithfully, KING COAL COMPANY."

RHYMES OF ANGLO-IND.

SISTER THÉRÈSE.

THOUGH your name be French and those radiant eyes
Bring me a vision of Southern skies,
Yet the "sorra a bit" and the "if ye plaze"
Tell me your fatherland, Sister Thérèse.

You sit in the shade of a convent wall,
Where the big white lilies bloom shoulder-tall,
A picture of purity, love and light,
A work of the Master in black and white.

And round you the little brown orphans run,
Bare-legged, bob-curved sprites of fun,
Who reck not of tragedy, fear no fear,
So long as they know you are somewhere near.

Though gate-ways threaten and walls divide,
The things we do in the world outside,
The latest fashion; the newest craze,
Are all of them known to you, Sister Thérèse.

And to hear you talk one would never guess
That your life was a battle of saintly stress,
For, whatever the topic, you flavour it
With the spice of your humour, the salt of your wit.

Nowhere do flowers seem quite so sweet
As they do in this quaint old-world retreat,
Where the trees rain gold on an emerald sward,
And a little white statue keeps watch and ward.

But I, who have felt the power of your spell,
And learned the grace of you, know full well
That it isn't a flower or a carved device
Which makes of your garden this Paradise. J. M. S.

Commercial Candour.

"Don't hesitate to come to us for expert advice. It will cost you pounds and save you nothing."—*New Zealand Paper.*



THE YOUNG MASTER.

CHORUS OF OLD ONES (to Mr. J. S. SARGENT, R.A., at the National Gallery). "WELL DONE. YOU'RE THE FIRST MASTER TO BREAK THE RULE AND GET IN HERE ALIVE."



WE SUGGEST TO THE MANAGERS OF OUR LARGE EMPORIUMS THAT THEY SHOULD PROVIDE REFEREES AT SALES TO DETERMINE THE DISPUTED OWNERSHIP OF PURCHASES.

SEEING AN EDITOR.

WITH pride in my heart and a letter of introduction in my pocket I turned riverwards from Fleet Street. I was going to see Spencer Thurlow, the editor of *The Dictator*, a man whose whim might shake Downing Street or send Conference delegates hurrying home from Copenhagen or Capri.

The *Dictator* building was surrounded by motors, carts and bicycles waiting for the evening edition, and by crowds of men whose one object in life seemed to be to know the result of the 2.30. At 2.40 the news appeared in the 8.30 edition, and the sudden awakening to activity of all these vehicles and loungers nearly led to the news of my death appearing in the Stop Press column. By dodging and wheeling as I had not done since I played Rugby ten years before, I contrived to save *The Dictator* a considerable sum in death benefit under their insurance scheme, and so entered their doorway under the happiest auspices.

My reception was unfriendly. Files of men bearing heavy loads of *Evening Dictators* swept me aside in their passage and flung me against the wall.

"What might you want, Sir?" said a man in uniform leaning against the doorway.

"I want to see the Editor, please," I said.

"This is the Publishing Department," he replied severely.

"I thought it might be something of the sort," I said, and then I tried next door.

There were rows of polished desks. From the nearest a young man with glossy hair welcomed me politely.

"What can I do for you, Sir?"

"I want to see the Editor, please."

His face clouded over.


"I am afraid this is only the Advertising Department."

I expressed my regret.

"But perhaps, since you are here, Sir," he added with a winning smile, "you might care to try a small ad. in our evening edition. This week we are giving to every one who inserts a small ad. two jars of the best marmalade."

"So sorry," I said, "but I never touch the stuff."

At the next doorway I was luckier. A notice on the wall said distinctly:—

" Editorial Department," and I began to climb the stairs.

"Hi! you there, what do you want?"

The voice came from a man leaning out of a sort of sentry-box I had not noticed by the door.

"I want to see the Editor," I said meekly.

"Yes, Sir," he replied. "Come here, Sir, please."

I obediently came down the stairs.

"Are you the Editor?" I asked doubtfully.

He pushed a piece of paper and a stubby pencil towards me.

"Fill up that form, please," he said.

I filled up the form as follows:—

Name: William Parkinson.

To See: The Editor.

Business: See line two.

He looked at it and scratched his head with the pencil.

"Which Editor do you want to see?" he asked. "The News Editor, the Sporting Editor, the Literary Editor, the Woman's Page Editor."

"I want to see the Editor," I replied.

"Oh, you want to see the Editor," he said, enlightened. "Have you an appointment?"

"That's my reason for coming," I said, combining truth with ambiguity.

"Take a seat, please."

"Oh, I'll wait here," said I politely.
 "I think I should take a seat if I were you, Sir."

He showed me into a little den behind his sentry-box. It was furnished with a table, three chairs and a file of *The Evening Dictator* for the previous two months. After some time I realised that I might have a lengthy wait in store for me. To beguile the passing hours I took the December file and a pencil and proceeded to back all Galloping Dick's "selections" for a pound a head. I soon lost all my capital, but the insidious sport held me so fast in its lure that I continued on the downward path until I was heavily in debt. With one last desperate throw I was staking the final five pounds I could hope to borrow, when a small boy entered.

He led me to the first floor, where a man of stern countenance was sitting at a table in the corridor itself.

"You want to see the Editor? Room 44, facing you, at the top of the stairs."

In Room 44 I found, not the Editor, but a lady secretary.

"You want to see the Editor? Please take a seat. Can I give you a paper to read?"

"Have you *The Evening Dictator* for January 1, please?" I asked.

She handed me the current file.

I turned feverishly to the sporting page and groaned aloud.

"There is no cause for alarm," I said hastily, for she showed signs of fright. "It's this betting mania, but retrospective—merely retrospective."

She probably thought I was the harmless type of lunatic. At any rate she went on bravely with her type-writing.

With all the resolution at my command I solemnly gave up betting. Then a wire tray on a shelf caught and held my attention. It was full of manuscripts and bore the label "Accepted." I was wondering how I could slip a manuscript from my pocket and insert it half-way down the pile without being detected, when the telephone bell rang.

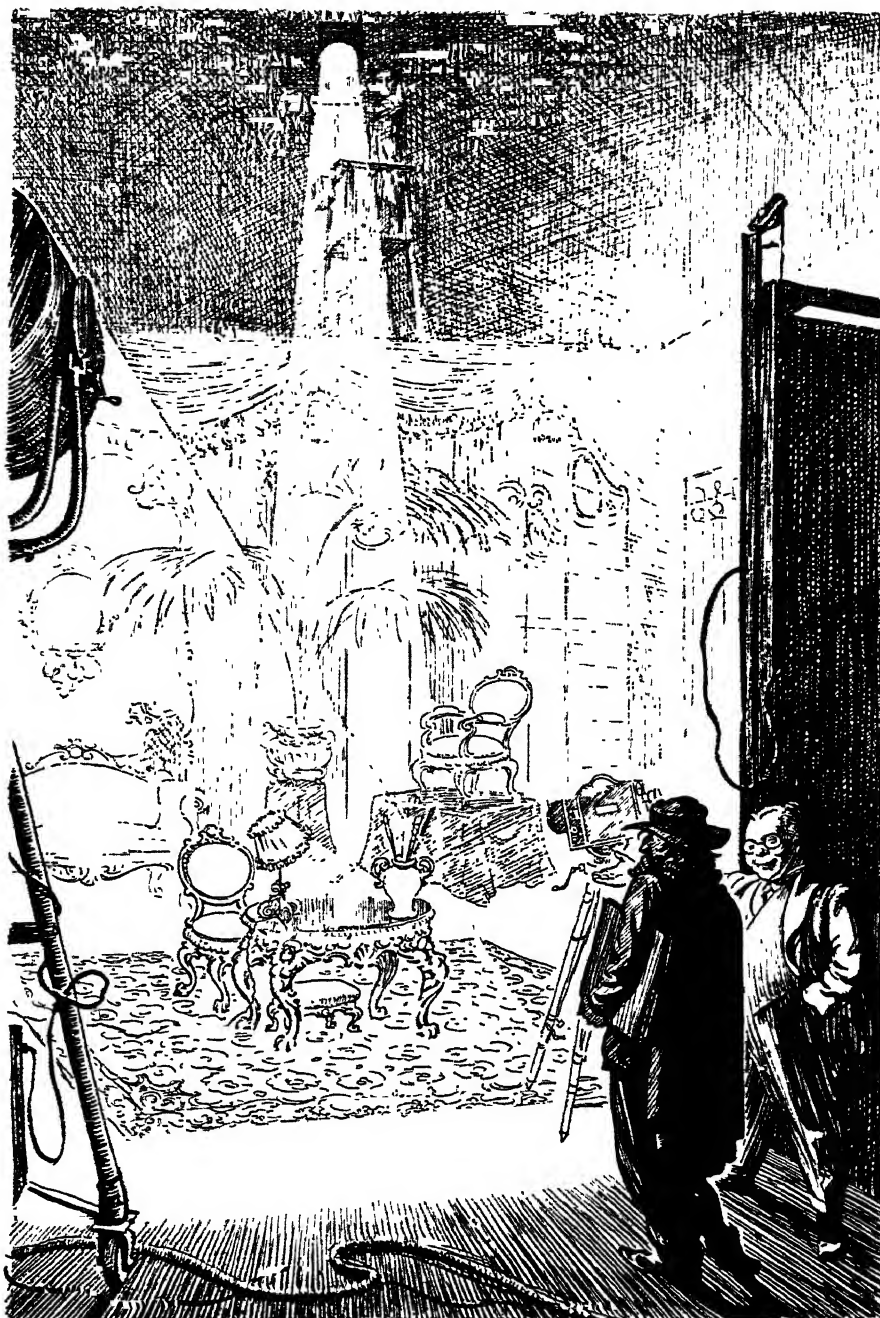
"Yes, Sir," said the secretary into the telephone, and then to me, "Please come this way."

In the corridor she obligingly held open the door of Room 49 for me and then disappeared. I found myself in a room furnished with two chairs, no table and not even a file of *The Evening Dictator*.

At about five o'clock I was roused from my sleep by the opening of the inner door.

"Come along in," said a voice.

I went along in and found myself shaking hands with a quite young man, clean-shaven, wearing a rough tweed suit, a knitted tie and a soft collar.



J.H. DOWD-23

ATMOSPHERE.

Film Producer (to very Bohemian Artist, who has consented to be taken for the *Celebrities-at-work* series). "YOU SEE I'VE RIGGED UP A STUDIO. NOW WILL YOU SIT AT THAT TABLE AND WORK AWAY AS IF YOU WAS IN YER OWN PLACE?"

"Mr. Thurlow?" I said interrogatively.

"No," he said. "I am the assistant to Mr. Thurlow's private secretary."

I made a rapid attempt to calculate the time that still probably separated me from the Great Man himself.

The young man in the tweed suit seemed to notice that I looked a little disappointed.

"Oh, I see," he said in a tone of surprise. "You want to see the Editor?"

"No," I answered bitterly; "I just called to inquire the winner of the 2.30."

Turning on my heel I made my way out of the building, with (I trust) a certain dignity. On the way home I called at my newsagent's and instructed him to deliver *The Daily Courier* in future.

More Matters of Moment.

"If the Londoners would put the salt into their porridge, instead of leaving the consumer to do so at his own choice, I would go to London oftener than I do."

Letter in *Glasgow Paper*.

This would surely tend towards a Brighter London.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

V.—CHARITY.

FAR-OFF in Wapping, Joe Bundle stood moodily at the tiller of a coal-barge and, spitting into the Pool of London, emphatically reviled the order of society.

Ungrateful dog! For at that very moment some thirty of the best and noblest and richest in the land were labouring stealthily in Belgravia for the Wapping Mission to Bargees and Watermen.

But I anticipate. Life had been a whirl that week. Jaded with pleasure I was seriously proposing to dine quietly in my own house when George rang up. "Come and sing," he said. "Belgravia Glee-Singers. Five o'clock."

"What for?"

"Charity. I dunno. Barges or something. Jolly good thing."

"Where do we sing?"

"In the streets. Come at five. Half-an-hour's practice first."

I felt that a little chastening, unselfish work for others would be good for me. I went.

The Belgravia Glee-Singers gathered unobtrusively in a drawing-room a quarter-of-a-mile long. The proportions of the choir were startling. There seemed to be two Basses, one Tenor, twelve Altos, and seventeen Sopranos. At the first, and only, practice it appeared that George had been the only Bass, and the Basses had been voted a little weak. However, the choir was now complete. "Do good by stealth" is its motto, and everyone was provided with a mask to avoid attracting attention and prevent recognitions, also a dainty little electric torch; while many carried actual copies of the songs which it was proposed to perform.

Tea was served.

Lady Taffeta Blood was the best-dressed Soprano there. "Let's go," she said at last, eager for the good work.

"Oh, but we must put on our masks!" said Lady Miranda Tulle, who was easily the best-dressed Alto.

People who write books and ballets about masks imagine that these disguises are clapped on and off by ladies in the twinkling of an eye. In real life this is not so. The Sopranos and Altos trooped out of the room to adjust their masks. The Tenors and Basses adjusted their masks where they were, and sat down quietly for a long time.

Champagne was served.

When the ladies at length returned a striking transformation was visible. It is astonishing how much difference a tiny mask will make. Lady Taffeta Blood was, if anything, better dressed than before. She wore a simple but

provocative mask of black satin, an intriguing Spanish comb seven inches high, a challenging veil of black lace which entirely covered her forehead, a defiant dress of black velvet, and a maddening black cloak. The disguise was complete.

The other ladies were similarly disguised. Some of them inquired with apprehension if they were likely to be recognised, but it was clear that their anxiety was assumed.

"Hadh't we better practise a little?" said someone.

"No time now," said everyone sadly.

"My mask tickles," said Lady Blain.

We trooped out into the cold wet night.

"Jolly plucky of all these women to go tramping round the streets for the poor," said George.

"Isn't it?" I said.

We entered seven high-powered motor-cars and were rapidly driven to Lady Lowbrow's. Here our hardships began. Huddled in the vast cold hall we sang "Blow away the Morning Dew," in four parts and three keys. Four parts? Nay, there were more than that. The six principal Sopranos had powerful and beautiful voices, and these, led by Lady Taffeta, burst into song immediately they entered the house. The other Sopranos, crowding in after them, began unfortunately a bar behind, but by the end of the first verse had all but caught them up. A similar competition was to be observed among the Altos, where none sang faster than Lady Blain. The Tenor, unhappily, was never able to enter the house at all for the crowd of Press-men and photographers. As for the Basses, George and I were penned in a dark corner behind a Greek statue, where it was impossible to see music or expand lungs. But we did what we could.

George sang:—

"Upon the sweetest summer-time,

Ah-wa-wa-wa-wa-wa,

Ah-la-la-la! my eyelashes

Keep catching in my mask—

And sing, BLOW away the morning dew!

Ah-wa! Wa-wa-wa!

Haven't you got an electric torch?

Ah, wa-wa-wa-la-la!"

I sang (but more beautifully):—

"Upon the sweetest—la-la-la!

This is a jolly house.

A something, something I espied—

I wish I knew the words.

And sing. BLOW away the morning dew!

I know, so do mine—

La-la-la-la-la-la-la—

The blasted thing is broke!"

It had been agreed that we should sing four verses only, but it had never been finally decided which. The Altos therefore finished off with the seventh

verse, and the bulk of the Sopranos with the fourth, while the Basses carried on as before. All Lady Lowbrow's footmen, butlers and domestic staff were clustered at the other end of the hall, and I looked at them with some nervousness. Surely we should now be forcibly ejected!

The footmen clapped with dignity. Lady Lowbrow came forth and presented us with a cheque for twenty pounds.

"Charity covers a multitude of sins," said Lady Taffeta daringly.

Two Press-men then took flashlight photographs of the assembled choir. To avoid publicity we retained our masks; and but for the list of names which was printed under the picture in the illustrated papers the identities of the singers would have remained an absolute mystery.

Champagne was served.

Tired but dauntless we resumed the quest. Outside it was raining hard, but we did not hesitate to enter the waiting cars and drive off to Lady Highbrow's. There are those who complain that it is difficult to extract money from the rich. This is base. All that is needed is to approach them *in the right way*.

And one such way is Music.

Lady Highbrow's butler met us at the door with a cheque for twenty-five pounds.

"How sweet!" said Lady Crêpe de Chine. "But doesn't she want us to sing?"

"No, milady," said the man, and shut the door.

Forty-five pounds already! The gay girls danced for joy. Wapping was in all our minds. The future of Wapping was already golden.

"Where shall we go now?" cried Lady Miranda. "Who's *really* rich?"

"I know one," said a slim girl, whose simple furs and old-fashioned pearl necklace scarcely suggested a large acquaintance with the wealthy. "Let's go to Berkeley Street."

We drove to Berkeley Street. The rain had stopped, and there in the open street, on the damp pavement, the ladies sang "The Lass of Richmond Hill." The Basses, by a misunderstanding, sang, "Oh, don't deceive Me!" but were not detected. A crowd gathered. The sweet old folk-music of the people charmed all hearts. Lord Shrike sent out his little girl with a cheque for forty pounds. For this princely contribution we offered to sing again. "Name your song!" we cried. "No, no, you mustn't waste your time on me," said the courtly man. "Go on with the good work—go and sing to somebody else."

We walked on to Lady Canute's, and



New Resident (after glancing at a publication to which he has just been persuaded to subscribe). "‘ERE, I SAY, THIS IS THE PARISH MAGAZINE; I THOUGHT YOU SAID PARIS MAGAZINE."

sang "The Wraggle-Taggle Gipsies" in the porch. She flung us a cheque from the drawing-room. Her husband flung us five-pound notes from the billiard-room. Her daughters tore off their jewels and rings and cast them out of an upper window. Lady Taffeta gathered the lot.

We shouted our gratitude; they waved it aside. But we insisted on entering the house to render our thanks with due ceremony.

Cocktails and sandwiches were served.

And now we were keyed up to any sacrifice. Another effort or two, and Wapping should never know want again. We attacked the hotels.

First snatching a hasty snack—nothing more than oysters, soup, entrée, sweet and savoury, washed down with a light champagne,—we rose up in the great Blue Room of the "Fitz" and sang "Drink to me only with thine Eyes." Then we sang "Mowing the Barley," "Hares on the Mountains," "Creeping Jane" and "The Merry Hay-makers." The diners loved it. They sat spell-bound, drinking only with their eyes and not asking for wine, partly because the choir cut off half the room from all communication with the waiters. For five minutes no food or drink came near those particular tables.

Then a man more sensitive than the others stood up and offered us five pounds. The others quickly followed his example. Lady Taffeta took round the hat. It overflowed.

Only one slight cloud darkened our joy. It was here that Lady Taffeta was recognised. A man had seen through her disguise.

"The shame of it!" the poor girl whimpered.

* * * * *
Two hundred pounds in one evening—by the mere power of Song! Song and Unselfishness!

Yet far off in Wapping Joe Bundle stood moodily at the tiller of a barge and, spitting into the Pool of London, emphatically reviled the order of society.

Ungrateful dog! A. P. H.

Clerical Candour.

From a Parish Magazine:—

"I have been asked from time to time to place on record in our Magazine the deaths of parishioners. I should be only too happy to do so."

"Against the horse-power tax it is often pointed out that the man who drives only a few hundred miles an hour is badly treated in being called on to pay as much as a man whose mileage runs into thousands."—*Scots Paper*.
We don't care how badly he's treated.

NOD'S SHEEP.

WHEN but a bairn owre tired wi' play
Wakefu' upon my bed I'd lay,
I mind how wiselike folk wad say,

"My bonnie mannie,
Think tae count sheep upon a brae
That come sae canny;

"The sheep o' Nod that near an' plain
Gang through a yett, each yin his lane,
An' as yon silent black-face train

Ye name an' num'er,
He'll smoor yir eyelids an' yir brain
Wi' stour o' slum'er."

An' sae 'twad be; for a' at ease
Nod's bogle sheep, as thrang as bees,
Ga'ed linkin' down the bogle scree;

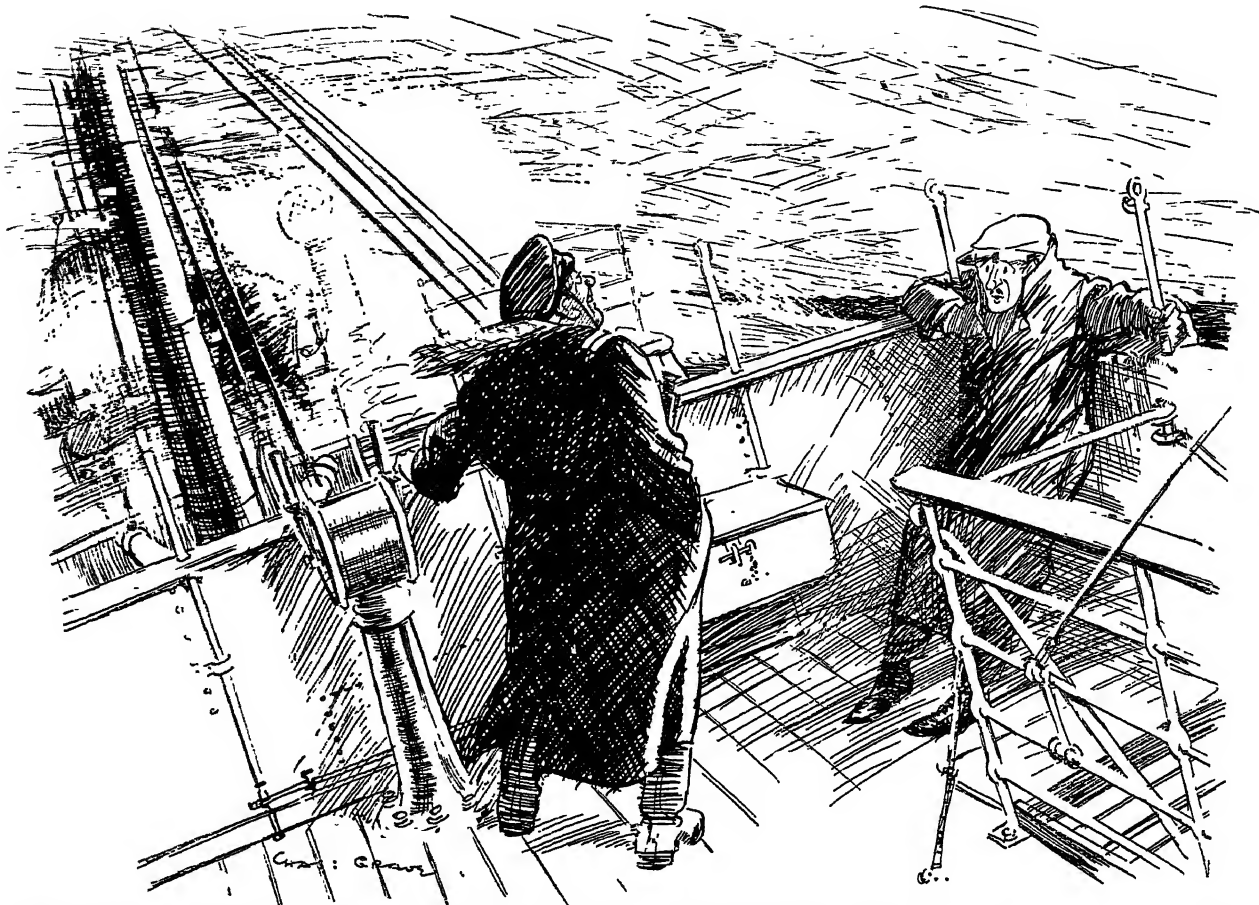
Then, late or airly,
The while ye counted, fine's ye please,
Nod nabbed ye fairly.

I'm wakin' yet, an' whiles I see
The years, Nod's sheep, as like's can
be;

"They come, they gang," says I tae me,
"Seed-time an' reapin',
An', when ye've counted them a wee,
They set ye sleepin'."

More Commercial Candour.

"You will agree that the price, 10 guineas, is out of all proportion to the value received."
Advt. in South African Paper.



Skipper of Tramp Steamer (to victim of dissipation taking a voyage for his health). "AH, MY BOY, YOU DON'T SEE WAVES LIKE THIS IN PICCADILLY CIRCUS."
Young Man. "OH, BUT I DO. THAT'S WHY I'M HERE."

PATRICIA'S PIPE.

"I THINK," I said as I surveyed my battered briar, "I want a new pipe."

"You must have a birthday," said my niece Patricia briskly.

"I don't know how to," I protested; "I'm past the age."

"But you must. All the best people have them."

"What are they like?"

"Oh, you come downstairs and find the table groaning under heaps of parcels, and you cut yards of string and unwrap roods of brown paper, hoping against hope; then you have a good cry and go and change the button-hooks and silver thimbles for a top-hole cigarette case, and there you are!"

"Just like Christmas?"

"Only it's all to yourself. Do have a birthday."

"My dear Patricia, I can't take a birthday like a slice of toast. I was born in June."

"Have one on account. I do. I had five last year."

"Does Mother know?"

"Yes, but she doesn't split, and Father never was good at dates. I think a

girl ought to have as many birthdays as her relations can afford. So ought a really nice uncle. Now if you were married you could celebrate your golden wedding. Oh, why not celebrate your real first-time wedding?"

"Patricia," I said with finality, "I will have a birthday."

That was how I came to celebrate the official anniversary of my birth.

Patricia said I managed the publicity business disgracefully, that I ought to have made a much bigger noise. As it was I received one present—from Patricia. She declared it was a pipe, the dinkiest ever, with all the latest gadgets.

"This is a little screen to keep the wind off. There's a patent valve so that you can clean the—the

"Carburettor," I suggested.

"Yes, that's it. And this is—yes—this does something frightfully clever. The shopman told me. He's a very nice man. You'd like him. He wouldn't sell this pipe to just *anyone*, he said."

"I suppose not. It's not everybody's pipe."

"That's what he said."

"It's too clever for me," I protested.

Patricia's eyelid quivered.

"I thought you'd like it."

"It's a nice pipe," I sighed. "Thank you so much."

"Aren't you going to open it?" asked Patricia, brightening up.

"Open it?"

"Yes. Lay its foundation stone, you know. Make a silly speech and then declare the pipe open; and I'll sit round and cheer while you puff."

"Hadn't we better wait a bit?" I said dubiously.

"Wait! Why?"

"I shall want time to think out my impromptu speech. Just a turn or two in the garden without interruption."

* * * * *
 Ten minutes later I walked in smoking a glorious new briar with a cavernous bowl—the pipe of a man who makes smoking his serious business in life.

"Where's my birthday pipe?" demanded Patricia.

I puffed in silence.

"Uncle, you've never—"

"Yes," I said, "I've had a good cry and then I took your advice. You know, my dear, this pipe of yours is just what I wanted. I now declare it open."

SHOCKING TRAVESTIES.

VII.

I THINK it is quite time that we had a story in the overwhelmingly intellectual style. The fun about these stories is that they keep jumping about from the mind of one character to the mind of another without giving any warning. Also that they put in a lot of details which seem to have some significance, only you are not quite sure what. Out of mercy to the reader I have not written an original story, but selected the simple tale of

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD,

with the plot of which we are most of us fairly familiar. Even so I flatter myself that we shall be badly snagged at times.

Up and down danced the butterflies, yellow-winged with pale blue borders. Now the one was higher than the other, and now the other was higher than the one. Now the one jumped right over the other one's back. If you had lain down upon the grass you would have had a better view of their legs. If you had climbed up to the top of a tree you would have seen more of the eyes and antennæ. But it would have been very fatiguing. Head-high they came exactly, if you were just a little dot of a thing, dressed in a red cape too, trudging and carrying a basket. Over the mound that made a desert island in the bluebells they danced continuously in and out, as though unseen wires prevented them from coming together. One would not call it loitering to sit down there for a minute, only of course one must be careful of ants. The forest was very thick on each side of the pathway. It was so thick that, peering through rough red stems, one could not see the wood for the trees. One had felt like that sometimes when one was reading books.

The two butterflies circled higher and higher; perpetual elusion, perpetual chase. They were like two stars now against the thick night of the fir-trees, but Mrs. Hood, a wisp of hair over her eyes, still standing in the kitchen, and plump—she was a widow—wondered if it were perhaps not sending

that child too far. The cake was heavy too; Mrs. Hood's cakes were always heavy, but Grandmamma liked them so, swampy, and the raisins foundered, only the top part plain. Leaning right back on the mound you couldn't see the butterflies at all now, the sky dazzled so: then when you brought your eyes back to the tree-trunks again there was nothing but black spots dancing in front of them. One had better go on perhaps. Mr. Hood had been a waggoner.

Grass and leaves spill the sunlight,

"Do wolves eat eggs?" helps one along tremendously.

The wood-cutter spat on his hands, whistled and took up his axe again. Not a jay was stirring now. Crash! Crash! All the wood re-echoed it. When he rested the silence ran back dazzling like quicksilver. The two butterflies poised, petals, as it were, close-winged on a single flower. Only one waved slightly its antennæ.

Walking on one's hands down the pathway, feet in air, one would have seen nothing but the grass and the bottoms of the trees, not a patch of scarlet anywhere. But the blood would have run to the head.

Bobbin and latch, latch and bobbin. You pull down the one, and the other immediately goes up. Eternal collocation, ebb and flow. Does the carpenter then, whittling simply and piecemeal (there's a trickle of sweat on his forehead, he puckers it a little), see himself so, controller of exits and entrances, master of all these destinies? It was a white bobbin, unpainted. Click click, and there surprisingly you are. NAPOLEON at Jena, mind and matter. But Mrs. Hood, for after all a daughter is not a granddaughter, would have wondered at the voice a little.

Tough on the whole, but nutritive. What one wanted now was the *entremets*.

It was very dark in the little room, but that's because the honeysuckle grows so thick round Granny's win-

dows; it would curl inside if she opened them; but that she never *will* do, disliking the damp air with her rheumatism. Still, you can see the dimity curtains, and there's a bright star on the blue china jug in the wash-basin. A piece of the lip is broken out, so that it pours very suddenly and some splashes over on to the floor. How stuffy it is! That must be her white cap glimmering on the bed. Queer of Grandmamma to wear a lace cap in bed. But then grown-ups are queer.

Kork, kork, kork!

How tiresome to be asleep! One



"CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE."

G. B. S. CONTEMPLATES THE MODEST VIOLET.

green eyes hold it, even in the shadows where your paws come through softly, couching and not disturbing the underwrack. Bristling, you sway the head.

Mrs. Hood put the kettle on the hob.

One talks, of course—even to wolves—as bravely as one can. "Butter and cake and eggs." Or, "Yes, Sir, right down there in the forest, Sir." And that squeezes him back into the twilight again suddenly, as if he had been just a part of it that had bulged unpleasantly out for a moment. And the basket was safe too. Saying over and over again to oneself as one walks,



Lady. "I FINISHED ONE JUMPER LAST WEEK. I'M MAKING ANOTHER NOW, AND I SHALL START A NEW ONE TO-MORROW."
Nervous Youth. "DID YOU?—I MEAN, ARE YOU?—I SHOULD SAY, WILL YOU?"

must go nearer now to wake her up; but the basket, anyhow, will do on the floor. Not whistling, the woodcutter came along the soundless path with his billy-can. It was high noon. A yaffle flew across the clearing from tree to tree. The sunlight caught his feather tips and made them seem like bright gold. One needed new boots.

Mrs. Hood took the kettle off the hob.

There's a philosophy in it, of course. Ears *are* made to hear with and eyes to see, and the better they do it the better; but all the same there's a limit. Granny, that's a concept, a knitting-up, as it were, of so many syllogisms. But if she has ears so tremendously pointed, such bright eyes, teeth too so amazingly big, don't the premisses change? Is it in that case Granny after all? Foam at the mouth, too, and gnashing.

Ow! ow! ow! One is frightened—horribly frightened. One shrieks.

Swung sideways it gashes the trunk of the fir-trees, notching it again and again. Chips lie round about. Swung straight over the head and brought down it will crash through bone,

through gristle and sinew as well. One cannot fight well when one is full of grandmother. The light flickers and glances up and down, circling continuously in and out. That stops the snarling, but the counterpane must be ruined for good. It doesn't show on a cape. Mrs. Hood, munching slowly, looked at the wedding photograph of the waggoner. It was on the mantel-piece, next to the eight-day clock. He wore a large white tie and tufted hair. Most certainly she ought to be back by now. One would have done better to marry a wood-cutter perhaps.

"Granny is eaten and all the eggs got broke." She was breathless, excited. Mrs. Hood steadied herself, one hand on the mantel-piece.

Pausing, he wiped his axe on the grass mound in the pathway. They gave you something for the tail if you took it to the Town Hall. The butterflies were no longer there. They had moved on.

"You can hear five distinct and different notes, if you should chance to pass that way—and not even Shelly's Shylock could equal them!"—*Evening Paper.*

Evidently SHELLEY knew what he was about when he wrote: "Bird thou never wast."

CURIOS.

"I've 'ad," said Dan, "a sight o' curios, But where they've gone, Lord knows! The junk I've packed around, alive an' dead,

The parrots green an' red,
Models o' ships whittled in bone or wood,
An' sperm-whales' teeth tattooed;

"An' walkin'-sticks cut out o' sharks' backbones,
An' beads an' coloured stones,
An' 'bacca-pouches made of seabirds' feet

You catch with bits o' meat,
An' sennet mats (I'll learn you, son, the way
To make them mats one day);

"Coral, an' bottled flowers, an' singin' shells,
An'—ah, Lord knows what else!
But there, I've give 'em all to fancy gals

Or sold 'em to my pals;
There ain't no sense in keepin' curios, see,

For ramblin' blokes like me." C. F. S.

"Wanted, Unfurnished Flat, by permanent lady."—*Local Paper.*

No connection of the "temporary gentleman."



SCENE.—A Thé-Dansant at which a few children are present.

Small Boy. "RIPPING, ISN'T IT? YOU KNOW, I THINK HAVING SOME OF YOU ELDERLIES ABOUT DOES HELP A DANCE."

THE TELEPHONE VICE.

[In a lecture dealing with the vicious pleasures of the modern Society girl an eminent doctor includes "telephoning" in the list.]

Lady Muriel Merrythought was *dis-traite*. Not even the scandalous conversation of that dearest of all her dearest friends, the Hon. Pamela Paradise, could drive away the preoccupied look from her inscrutable pea-green eyes. For nearly an hour now they had been sitting in Lady Muriel's boudoir smoking scented cigarette after scented cigarette, inhaling immoderate quantities of cocaine and drinking draught upon draught of sweet champagne. Neither of them cared very much either for cocaine or sweet champagne, but these things were expected of the fashionable Society beauty, and Lady Muriel was nothing if not fashionable.

Yet, pleasant enough in its way as the hour had been, Lady Muriel was longing for her companion to go—to leave her alone. Alone! Her eyes gleamed, flashing forth sparks of inscrutable pea-green fire as her mind dwelt upon the prospect. Then at last she would be free to

drinking, doping—there was nothing to be ashamed of in these, of course. But that other! No, not even Pamela must learn that secret, that inmost part of her life which Lady Muriel, fully conscious of its degrading viciousness, kept hidden so carefully from the prying eyes of the world. She moved restlessly among the cloth-of-gold cushions on the huge divan and thrust the jewelled canister across the little table towards Pamela.

"Have some more dope, dear?" she said abruptly, unable quite to keep the irritation out of her voice.

Pamela rose to her feet. "No, darling; I don't think I will now, thanks. I've got to go on to a dope party at Mrs. Pogsby's. I can't stand the woman—horrid vulgar little cat!—but the stuff she gets hold of is pretty good, so we all go there. Well, good-bye, dearest. See you at the Wortleham's cocktail bout to-night, I suppose?"

She was gone. At last! Feverishly Lady Muriel sprang from the divan and hurried to lock the door; and then with delicate mincing tread, savouring anticipation to the full, she approached a cupboard cunningly concealed in the wall by the head of the divan. Her

fingers trembled as she unfastened the lock and drew forth its precious contents. Oh, the smooth, delicious, wicked feel of them! Oh, the long, snaky, ominous green coil that trailed from them into the recesses of the cupboard! In a delirium of excitement she stretched herself once more upon the divan and lifted the receiver to her throbbing ear. The mystery was revealed. Lady Muriel was a Secret Telephonist!

"Number, please."

Number? Fool! What did it matter what the number was so long as it *was* a number? She gave one at random, and then—"Hullo, is that you? This is me. Isn't it a gorgeous day? Do you admire OWEN NARES? I do, tremendously. What are the chief capes of South America? I bought seventeen new hats yesterday. Where are the pens of the gardener's aunt?" The words poured from her lips in a never-pausing torrent.

* * * * *
It was two hours later. Exactly one hour and fifty-eight minutes ago the bewildered solicitor's clerk at the other end of the line had hung up the receiver in despair. What did it matter? A



Bernard Partridge.

THE LITTLE ADVENTURE.

JOHN BULL (to Madame la France, as cordially as ever). "AU REVOIR, MADAME; YOU'LL ALWAYS KNOW WHERE TO FIND ME."



EXPERT OPINION.

"YER KNOW, THE TROUBLE WITH 'ER IS SHE WANTS TER BE A LIDY, AN' SHE DUNNO 'OW TER SET ABAHT IT."

telephone was still a telephone. So she babbled on.

Lady Muriel's case was a painful one. Rich enough as her parents were to gratify her every insensate pleasure, her evil proclivities had manifested themselves early in life, and, though she was still but twenty years of age, the horrible vice in which she was now indulging had marked her down as one of its chief victims. Not altogether bad, she had made spasmodic efforts from time to time to shake off her terrible obsession; but all in vain. Self-indulgence carried to this extent can have but one result; and had she but known it the climax was even now at hand. The low clear tones in which she had begun to speak had already become hoarse and muffled; and then, suddenly and without warning, the end came. Her voice broke!

With a dumb shriek of despair Lady Muriel unlocked the door and called mutely for her maid; but before the latter could arrive her brain, maddened with the potent spell of the telephone, gave way at last and she collapsed upon the floor, leaving the tell-tale instrument still upon the divan to reveal to

those who found her the depths of her shame.

The grey-haired old doctor, hurriedly summoned, shook his head sadly as he examined his patient. Wide though his experience was among the Secret Telephonists of modern Society, he did not remember ever having seen a worse case than this. Lady Muriel's voice seemed broken beyond repair. At first he considered that it would be expedient to have it amputated at once, but fortunately this was found to be unnecessary, though for many weary months Lady Muriel had to wear it in a splint.

Then, as time went on, her voice began gradually to join together again, and it was not long before hopes were entertained that by careful treatment it would be possible eventually to wean her away altogether from the evil courses into which she had fallen. A distinguished anti-telephonist took up her case, and he is already stating quite openly that, provided that for a whole year she does not set eyes upon anything coloured red or blue (the hues in which the half-yearly telephone directories appear), or, of course, green or

black (the colours of the fatal instrument itself), there is now every expectation that she will one day be able even to enter a public call office without having to be watched. But he admits that it was a very close thing.

"You take the advice of an old man, my dear," he tells her often in his kindly way. "Stick to drugs and drink if you must, but leave the telephone alone."

The Morning after the Night Before.

"Early risers or, at least, those who have been astir by 7 a.m. or so have had the opportunity lately of witnessing some beautifully clear and charmingly illuminated skies. With the declining moon in the north-west, the rosy dawn in the south-west, and the string of brilliant planets between, the scene has been very picturesque."—*Provincial Paper*.

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves."

From the report of a R.D.C. discussion regarding the improvement of a dangerous corner:—

"As the County Council belong to the road, it was decided to write to that body on the matter."—*Yorkshire Paper*.

We have often wondered what possessed the County Councils.

MAGNETISM FOR THE MILLION.

How often in his laborious progress through life the ordinary industrious plain man is exasperated by the unfair competition of people endowed with personal magnetism. History is, of course, full of examples of these favoured mortals: NAPOLEON, who was "not a gentleman"; WILKES, whose personal appearance was repellent; LISZT, who was after all only a pianist. But, setting aside such "dæmonic" personages, very few of us have failed to come across in less exalted walks instances of men and women whose success is to be attributed to magnetism rather than merit. They are neither industrious nor conscientious, but their failures are almost invariably converted into jumping-off places for fresh successes. They are granted an unlimited number of nice new starts. You and I stay at home and pay our bills, while they go through the Bankruptcy Court and then run off to Monte Carlo. The only explanation of this resiliency is that they are "magnetic"; but where does their magnetism reside? I remember years ago reading a poem which contained this memorable stanza:—

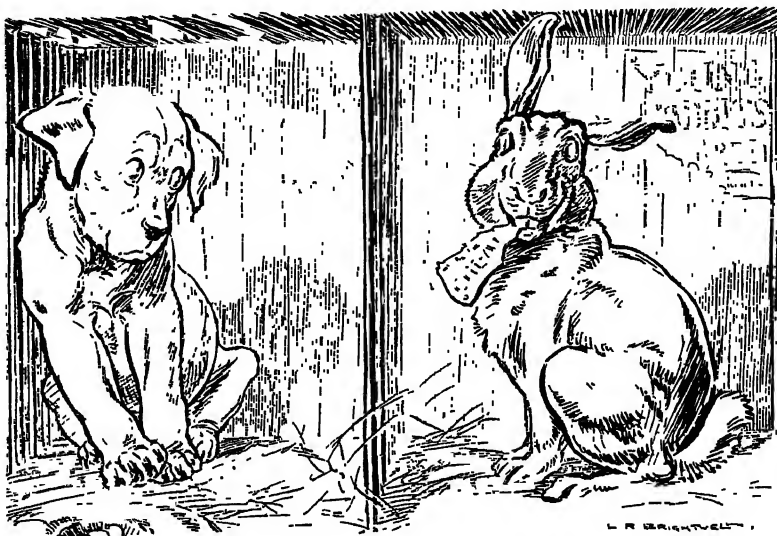
"Though you're sound in
wind and stout in leg
You'll never get to the top
If you've got an eye like
a bad poached egg
And a hand like a cold
pork chop."

Perhaps the poet laid too much stress on the physical side of our equipment, but his diagnosis is largely confirmed by the distinguished author of *The Philosophy of Nature Cure*, Mr. CLEMENT JEFFERY, who has recently been lecturing on "Aids to Personal Magnetism" at the Æolian Hall. I had not the good fortune to be present at the lecture, but the summary which appeared in an evening paper has given me indescribable encouragement.

I have long wished to be a magnet, but hitherto suffered from the depressing conviction that magnets, like poets, were born not made. Out of this slough of despond I have now been lifted by Mr. JEFFERY's comforting assurance that every one has a certain amount of magnetism in him, and that it can and should be developed. Above and beyond all we should each and all of us "mind our eye." Not in a spirit of timid self-

protectiveness, but in the larger sense of cultivating the flashing glance, which has helped MUSSOLINI to remake Italy. "The magnetic eye should be cultivated by exercise and opening the eye in cold water." The method is simple and within the reach of all. The languorous glance of the sheep, the dull and glassy stare of the cod-fish must no longer be allowed to infect us by their example. Rather let us take for our model the optic of the golden eagle. Cold water is happily plentiful, especially in the Thames Valley.

But, though the eye is paramount as a means of exerting magnetism, the magnetic voice, as Mr. JEFFERY reminds us, is also essential; and this can be acquired by the simple process of



AT THE LIVE STOCK FANCIER'S.

The Pup. "PRETTY THIN, THIS, WAITING FOR CUSTOMERS."

The Rabbit (late property of Conjurer). "OH, I DON'T KNOW. IT'S BETTER THAN BEING TURNED INTO A BOWL OF GOLD-FISH OR THE FLAGS OF ALL NATIONS TWICE NIGHTLY."

reading aloud. Here, however, certain prejudices have to be overcome, and I regret to say that my indulgence in the process at my Club has led to a remonstrance from several members and an intimation from the Committee that the practice is not conducive to the reposeful amenities of the library.

Lastly, Mr. JEFFERY bids us eat vegetables containing iron and other magnetic minerals, and be optimistic. This, I confess, is a hard saying; and my dentist, whom I have consulted, tells me that if I want to eat rusty nails I must have a new set of specially-constructed teeth. For the moment, therefore, I am concentrating on my eye, while prepared to admit that *il faut souffrir pour être magnétique*.

Our Murderous Motorists.

"Butcher wanted, to go with motor and kill."—*Advt. in Scots Paper.*

THE UNHAPPY BISHOP.

ONCE upon a time in the city of Siena lived a good Bishop, who when he died was buried with great pomp and ceremony in the cathedral. His tomb was built into a recess in the wall of one of the aisles, and beneath it was a little grotto with a skeleton in it, such as you often find in English cathedrals—there are, I think, two at Winchester, and there is certainly one at Westminster, if not more—the purpose of which is to remind the rest of us still living that some day we shall be called away too, and therefore we had better behave ourselves while there is time.

And in this little grotto an oil lamp was placed, the good Bishop having bequeathed to the cathedral a sum of money for its maintenance; for it was never to go out day or night, but to burn on and on for the well-being of his soul.

That was three or four centuries ago, but the trust was respected with such zeal that the lamp was always alight, throwing its little beams on the sinister bones of the *memento mori* and striking a chill of fear into the hearts—at any rate, for a moment—even of the most frivolous of the tourists who are always crowding into this famous building to see the pavement-pictures in coloured marble which the great artists

of Siena designed.

Meanwhile the good Bishop was happy in heaven, singing praise and communing in affection and ecstasy with the Blest. You will know what he looked like if you recall to mind FRA ANGELICO's painting, all blue and gold, of Paradise, at S. Marco's in Florence. And so passed year after year, until their number ran into hundreds, as one serene and joyous day.

It was, I believe, somewhere in the eighteen-nineties that a break occurred in this blissful existence, for suddenly one afternoon the good Bishop felt a dart of pain pierce his soul—a kind of spiritual toothache, as he himself expressed it to a cardinal friend. The first acute agony was not repeated, but was replaced by a steady discomfort and depression, under which the good Bishop lost his bright looks; and those who sang near him detected a flatness in



(a) THE WRONG AND (b) THE RIGHT WAY TO SIT WHEN WEARING THOSE LONG-POINTED SHOES IN THE TUBE.

certain of his notes that had never been there before. As no improvement occurred it was decided to make inquiries on earth as to what could be the cause, and one of the swiftest and most capable of the Angel Messengers Corps was despatched to Siena to see if anything was wrong.

He was gone but a brief space and returned with his news. A progressive cleric, he reported, had recently taken over the control of the cathedral, and among his changes was the installation of electric light. That the building itself should be provided with the new illuminant was probably an advantage and a saving of labour and therefore of expense; but unfortunately the wires had been extended to include the good Bishop's tomb, the lamp under which was no longer the simple little affair of oil and wick, requiring pious and punctual solicitude, but an ordinary glass bulb, with a filament of carbon in the middle, that was never switched off. And he had ascertained, the Messenger's report concluded, that it was at the very moment that the oil had given way to electricity that the decline in the good Bishop's health, happiness and vocal accomplishment set in.

"Can nothing be done?" the good Bishop inquired. "It is all very unsatisfactory, and I wonder what has become of my bequest, a large part of the idea of which was that some poor fellow—or rather a long line of poor fellows—would benefit as tenders of the lamp."

But nothing at all could be done. The spirit of materialism and efficiency had come to stay, with its substitution of mechanism for human agency; and so the good Bishop has never recovered either his old fitness or his *timbre*.

That, as I have said, was in the eighteen-nineties, and the good Bishop gradually and mournfully resigned himself to the new conditions. But worse was to come, as I am one of the few persons to be able to relate. Last October—1922—I chanced to be in Siena, at a time when the power-station of the city was in a very disorganised and disconcerting state. At all kinds of odd and inconvenient times—in the middle of dinner, during the play, as one walked at night in the narrow streets (which were being repaired just then)—the lights would go out, leaving everyone in total darkness; and then again, and perhaps again. This went on with

maddening caprice for several days. Sometimes the dark interval lasted only a minute; sometimes much longer; and people got into the way of keeping candles handy.

Well, for the most part both the Sienese and visitors took it cheerfully, even laughingly. But not I. Knowing what I did about the good Bishop how could I do anything but grieve? "There," I said to myself as the light gave out again—"what a twinge that must have given him! Not even an electric glimmer under his tomb now. The poor old soul! The poor old soul!"—and I groaned in sympathy.

E. V. L.

Perils of the Dance.

"Fairly short skirts were worn by the younger dangers."—*Yorkshire Paper*.

"Vacant, modern Bungalow, near station; lovely garden; sewer gas."—*Liverpool Paper*. So far as we are concerned it will remain vacant.

"It is comparatively little known that among our Allies in the recent war were officially numbered those contemporaries of the lately disturbed Tut-ankh Amen, the Assyro-Chaldeans."—*Daily Paper*. Dug-outs!



MR. BROWN, OF GOSSAMER AVENUE, SLAMS HIS FRONT-DOOR.



MISS BRIDGET.

THERE 's a pleasant situation on the road beyond the station
(And they had a fine disturbance there last week;
It was three of Rooney's pullets that were plucked by
straying bullets.

And a boat was riddled lying in the creek);
Close to there it is Macarty has his mansion—
The Macarty of the Glen, before the Flood—
And his horses and his daughters, though he's never had
'em taught Erse,
Are as Irish as the shamrock, *and they've blood.*

She was pretty was his lady and, I mind me, an O'Grady,
With the mists of County Galway in her eyes;
They were grey with starlight in 'em, and 'twas not a boy
could win 'em,

For they only shone on men of fighting size—
Great big bucks of men that hunted like Macarty,
With his knees that lifted horses over stone;
And her daughters, with her beauty, had their father's
sense of duty—

To be there whenever arguing is done.

Miss Mary and Miss Bridget—faith! and any man might
fidget

'Twixt the charms of two such lovely ones as they—
They had skins of may and clover, and their least loquacious
lover

Would declare their eyes were brighter than the day;
Miss Mary had the softness of her mother,
But Miss Bridget mourned her father had no son,
And she spoke for old Macarty—he no longer hale and
hearty—

In the way a boy of spirit would have done.

To Macarty's whitewashed stable came as soft as they
were able

Half-a-dozen of the bold Republic boys
For to lift Miss Bridget's filly, that was called Killarney
Lily,
But the puppy barked his head off at their noise;

And Miss Bridget heard the footsteps on the cobbles,
So she seized her father's whip, as he'd have done,
And she reached the yard as Dwyer cursed the pup and
loosed his fire,
And her arm was cut with pellets from his gun.

Oh, her slippered feet were muddy and the arm of her was
bloody,

But she raised her head and gave it to 'em sweet;
And the corner boys she rated, while they frowned and
hesitated,

Dropped their eyes, and spat, and shifted on their feet;
"Come along now," said Mick Dwyer, and he stopped her,
And he held her with her face against the wall;
"To the devil wid the gentry!" while the others forced an
entry

And led out Killarney Lily from her stall.

To the strangers on her bridle she was all curvet and sidle,
And she snorted at the potheen on their breath.

When Miss Bridget called her sweetly—sure, she waltzed
around completely,

And Tim Sullivan by inches missed his death;
The Killarney Lily's dancing with her partners
Made an elegant commotion in the night,
Till a good lick stunned Mick Dwyer, and Miss Bridget
opened fire

With the gun he'd dropped and put the boys to flight.

And Miss Mary, with a candle, found her hanging on the
handle

Of the stable door, with Lily by her side,
And Mick Dwyer, with a sore head from the crack upon
his forehead,

Calling out on all the saints as if he'd died;
They propped him up and filled his skin with whiskey,
And the Regulars collected him next day,
When Miss Bridget and the filly, that was called Killarney
Lily,

Were polite enough to put him on his way.



Father. "PERHAPS WHEN YOU 'VE HAD THIS WHIPPING YOU 'LL BE REPENTANT."

Son. "IF IT WOULD BE ANY CONVENIENCE TO YOU, FATHER, I 'LL REPENT NOW."

A CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR SIR,—What terrible gales we are experiencing in all parts of England! Do you think TUTANKHAMEN is annoyed at the discovery of his tomb and the disturbance of all his possessions for the gratification of a miserable set of beings who have only cumbered the earth for a short time, while he has slept in his glory for several thousand years? Yours faithfully,

BELINDA GODOLPHIN.

P.S.—As I wrote the above, hail fell down the chimney and battered against the windows, and a loud peal of thunder rolled round the room. You see what comes of even *writing* about such things!

DEAR SIR,—Cyclones are formed when two great atmospheric currents, called polar and equatorial, flow side by side, storms being the eddies, as it were, formed along the line of junction. They have nothing whatever to do with KING TUTANKHAMEN.

Yours, etc., COMMONSENSE.

DEAR SIR,—I for one cannot accept the explanation given by "Commonsense." Surely he must have read of the terrible storm that raged over England when OLIVER CROMWELL died? I take the liberty to assert that the disinterment of a great Egyptian monarch is far worthier of commemoration in the atmospheric regions than the death of an Impostor (or Protector, as he preferred to style himself)?

Yours faithfully, MONARCHIST.

DEAR SIR,—Let me inform "Monarchist" that the fearful hurricane that wrecked the Spanish Armada in 1588 could not have been provoked solely by a sense of loyalty to the monarchical idea, as PHILIP of Spain was every bit as much a monarch as ELIZABETH of England.

Yours, Sir, HISTORIAN.

DEAR SIR,—Surely it would be fairer if the storms were *local*. They should, rightly speaking, centre round Lord CARNARVON, who is responsible for the Egyptian desecrations. My pear-tree

has been blown down and five panes of glass in my greenhouse are broken.

Yours, etc., LOVER OF FAIR PLAY.

DEAR SIR,—The suggestion made by a "Lover of Fair Play" that the storms should "centre round Lord CARNARVON" is a little unfortunate in view of the fact that as the wind nears the centre of a storm it gradually abates till, on its reaching the centre, a lull or calm takes place.

Your obedient Servant,

METEOROLOGIST.

This correspondence must now cease.—ED.

Good News for the Nursery.

From a dairyman's advertisement:—"Special Cows kept for Infants and Invalids, and delivered in Bottles."—*Local Paper*.

Extract from an Education Committee's regulations:—

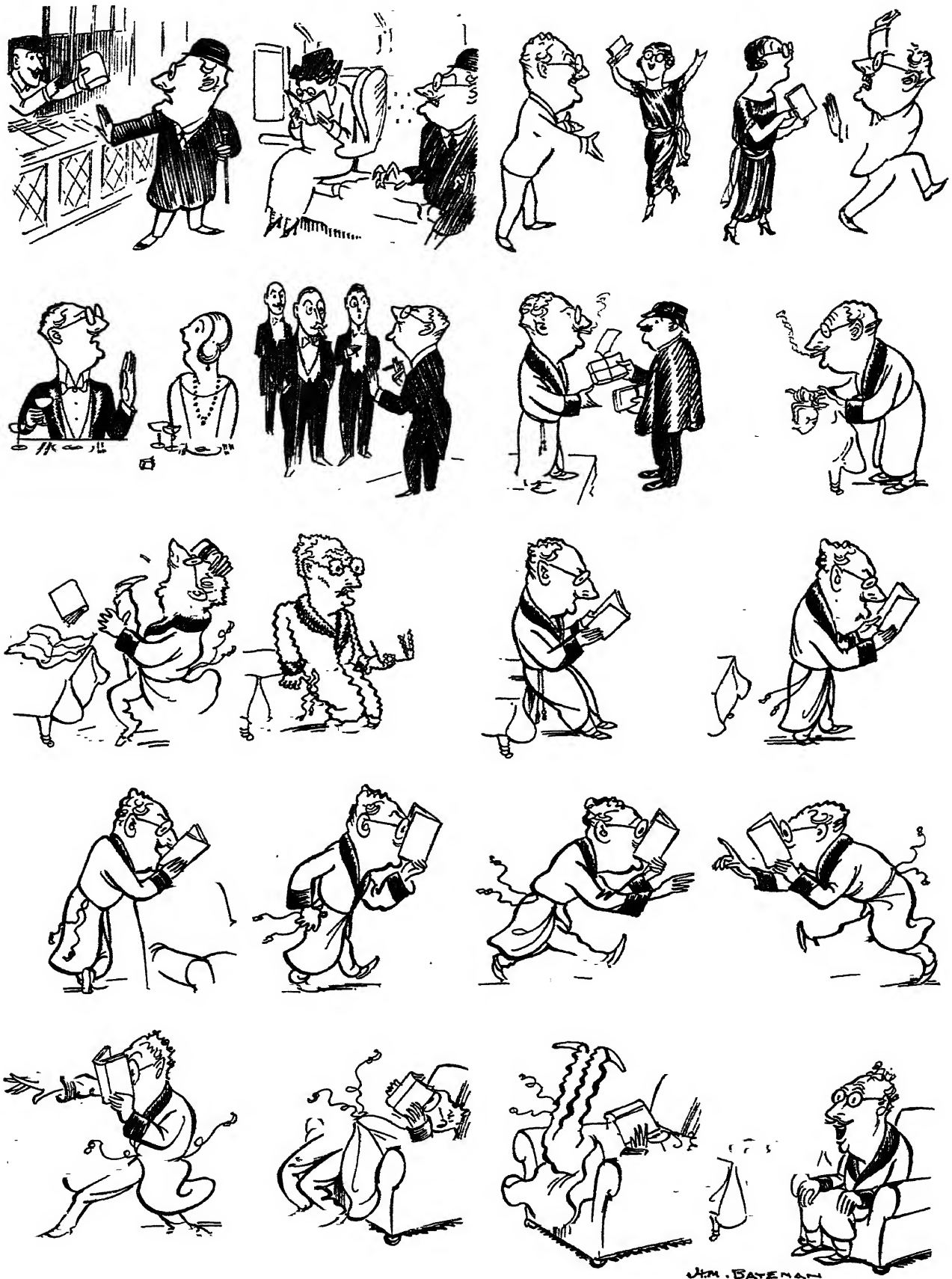
"The more thoroughly a teacher is qualified for his position by skill, character and personal influence, the less necessary it is for him to resort to capital punishment."

We agree.

Welsh Paper.



AN ATTEMPT TO EVADE THE BEST SELLER.



AN ATTEMPT TO EVADE THE BEST SELLER.

AGLAIA: A PORTRAIT.

Aglaia is a modern girl,
 Heiress and flower of all the ages,
 Yet not engulfed in fashion's whirl
 Nor flouting ancient seers and sages;
 Still young, but sobered by the War,
 And ever humbly recognising
 Her debt to those now "gone before,"
 Who died to make her life worth
 prizing.

Contemptuous of the social code
 And cameras of the picture-papers;
 Neither the slave nor foe of Mode
 As made by milliners and drapers;
 She loves to gallop on the downs,
 Or go boat-sailing with her brothers,
 Far from the flattery and frowns
 Of amorous sons and worldly mothers.

She does not spend her leisure time
 In photographing elves and fairies;
 She sees no special vice in rhyme,
 No virtue in *vers libre* vagaries;
 She differs often from her sire,
 But holds him in sincere affection;
 She has no need and no desire
 For titivating her complexion.

She's deeply versed in household lore;
 Devoted to her ducks and chickens;
 She doesn't love D'ANNUNZIO more
 Than "JANE" or THACKERAY or
 DICKENS;

Things "far away and long ago"
 Delight her by their restful glamour
 More than the restless raree-show
 Of modern journalistic clamour.

Frank, unaffected in her mien,
 Yet not aggressive or Alsatian,
 She minds me, regally serene,
 Of the adorable Phæacian,
 Nausicaa, the loveliest
 Of heroines in fact or fiction,
 From her first meeting with her guest
 On to her noble valediction.

Immune from all dogmatic taint
 She tends perhaps to be Erastian,
 And if she has a special saint
 His name, I think, is JOHN SEBASTIAN;
 She charms all little folk, who run
 To greet her, friends from the begin-
 ning—

Easy to love, as yet unwon,
 But oh, how nobly worth the winning!

Regarding with a steadfast gaze
 The antics of the freaks and fribbles,
 And moving in the modern maze
 Less with the Mænads than the Sibyls;
 Supported by the saving grace
 Of humour that is clean and kindly,
 She presses onward in the race
 Intrepidly but never blindly.

"Women when bad are very bad,
 And when they're good they're only
 middling;"

That bitter saying, sour and mad,
 The facts of life have long been
 riddling;

The maidens of Aglaia's breed
 Are benefactresses, not bogeys,
 And earn an unaffected meed
 Of homage from Victorian fogeys.

THE MAN WHO LOST HIS PASS.

By the courtesy of a War Office charlady we are enabled to print the following human document, being extracts from a diary swept up amongst the rubbish—we should say, the records—in the vaults of that establishment, where it had apparently been lying for years:—

January 2nd.—Visited War Office to-day to see Bob Stammers. On point of leaving, discovered had lost entrance Pass. Explanations vain; constable on duty quite sure could not let me out without it. Trekking back through miles of passages to Bob, who said, being only Staff-Captain, could not over-rule Regulations, but promised to write note on my case to D.A.Q.M.G. at other end of room. Spent afternoon searching for Pass and being rebuffed by adamant constables at side-entrances. Bob says no chance of decision to-day. Am making best of it in messenger's lobby for the night.

January 3rd.—Tried several doors during the night; all locked. D.A.Q.M.G. has opened file and passed it to A.Q.M.G. Bob says will only take a week to reach A.Q.M.G., as his room is next door. Attempted to escape during general exodus at lunch-hour to-day. Spotted every time.

January 20th.—Still here. Case held up through inadvertence of D.A.Q.M.G., who omitted to attach plan of locality where Pass thought to have been lost. Luckily no Pass required for feeding at War Office restaurant. Have persuaded friendly charlady to get cheque cashed outside. Scheme to get out camouflaged in her cloak and bonnet miscarried.

February 22nd.—A.Q.M.G. has written able minute to someone, who in due course will put it up to Quarter-master-General. File now in transit; self almost in *extremis*.

March 4th.—Brain-wave this afternoon. Discovered very expensive marble staircase. Walked down it majestically and approached exit with studied nonchalance. When stopped, explained I was the Secretary of State for Colonies (Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL) and had been to see Ditto of War. Ruse failed. Constable said my hat gave me away, being unlike any of the COLONIAL Sec.'s.

April 29th.—Minute has reached Q.M.G., who has passed it to Adjutant-General's branch, as being rather a question of discipline than of quartering.

May 10th.—A.A.G. has written away for my Medical History Sheet, on receipt of which will submit case to A.G.

May 27th.—Learn, on inquiry, file mislaid. Have asked to be treated as a casualty and next-of-kin notified. Informed that, not being wounded or missing in official sense, impossible, though apparently point might be stretched if I die.

June 15th.—Messenger in whose lobby I sleep very sympathetic to-day. Said he once had a dog which got locked in empty barn for forty-eight hours. Suggests should go direct to Secretary Finance branch. Says case is bound to go to him sooner or later, as, whatever anybody else may say or write, Sec.F is supreme and final arbiter on every question. Shall follow his advice.

August 20th.—Have spent last two months in Sec.F's waiting-room. Saw subordinate, who said case might be favourably considered provided it involved no charge on Army Funds; but no action could be taken till file was found.

November 2nd.—File found! A.G., through force of habit, has referred it to Sec.F. Understand this may cause some delay.

December 2nd.—Awaiting attachment of Birth Certificate.

December 20th.—Case referred to Treasury. This is final straw. Shall certainly end days here.

December 21st.—Made will. Left overdraft at Army Agent's to Sec.F.

December 25th.—Christmas Day in the War House! Have given up hope and hidden in vaults, having got wind of intention to charge me Income Tax on occupation of Public Quarters for past year. No flowers by request.

Here the entries end, and it is feared a tragedy ensued. All this happened, however, many years ago. Such a state of things is now impossible, and we are assured that any visitor to the War Office who might lose his Pass to-day would only suffer detention for little more than half the period covered by this pathetic journal.

Our Cinemautocrats.

"Mr. Will —, the film tsar."—*Daily Paper*.

"S. HYDROPATHETIC.—Healthiest and Most Bracing Situation. Extensive Grounds." *Advt. in Provincial Paper*.

Still, it's the bath-chairs that make a hydro pathetic, we always think.

From a cinema advertisement:—

"Last day and night of 'SCRATCH MY BACK.' 'SCRATCH MY BACK.' The Most Amusing and Refined Comedy Feature Presented."—*New Zealand Paper*.

We dare not think what the others were like.



Son of the Sea. "WELL, I S'POSE IT'S ALL RIGHT; BUT WOT I SEZ IS—WOT'S THE GOOD OF 'AVIN' A OCEAN IF YER FLIES OVER IT?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is an early-morning charm about *The Misty Valley* (FISHER UNWIN) which would induce me, apart from the publisher's assurance, to view it as JOANNA CANNAN's first novel. Like most promising young efforts its artistic faith is much less nebulous than its domestic morals, and the twice-told tale of a war-marriage, capriciously enterprised, capriciously abandoned and capriciously resumed, has seldom been told with more vivacity and grace. *Claire Waynesflete* is the daughter of two artists, the depths of whose artistic life may be gauged from the fact that, when they "played a game or did anything sensible" in their old Oxford house, they propped up one leg of the table with the "Odes of Keats" and the other with the "Concise Oxford Dictionary." In their new house on Boar's Hill *Claire* gets to know the *Latimer* boys, and both *Amyas* and *Hugh* fall in love with her. But the War intervenes, kills *Hugh*, shows *Amyas* up for the mere poet he is, and flings *Claire* into the heroic arms of *Roy Williams*, in civilian life a stock-broker with a mother and two sisters at Ealing. Throughout *Claire's* married misadventures neither the author nor her heroine ever envisages any of the essential motives for wedded fidelity; but perhaps for that very reason they are all the more to be commended for putting in so many pretty pleas for an increasingly obscure and difficult virtue.

The Bridge Dividing (HEINEMANN) is evidently the Clifton

suspension bridge (how oddly and unjustly the naming of it seems to discount the romance of that most beautiful of river prospects!), and Miss E. H. Young makes it divide two lovers, *Francis Sales*, a rather unsatisfactory gentleman-farmer, and the lovely, fastidious, exquisitely-dressed and well-mounted *Rose Mallett*, who does not realise her true feelings till *Francis* returns from a visit to Canada with a pretty, empty-headed and malicious girl for wife. Follow revelations, and a hunting accident to the young wife. It is rather *Rose's* temperament than virtue (or the bridge) which keeps the lovers apart. Meanwhile *Francis*, who is not a good stayer, makes love to *Rose's* pretty niece, who is in her turn wooed by an ungainly young man passionately addicted to music and *farax pas*. 'Tis a not altogether likely tale of folk who are apt to act in rather unplausible ways, and is rounded off by the union of *Francis* with *Rose* after the death of his wife (Miss Young likes deaths—there are no fewer than four of them in rapid succession), and of *Rose's* niece with the eccentric musician; but there are very pleasant things in it: a nice observation of the outward manifestations of character, two very entertaining old maiden ladies and considerable skill in putting before the reader a scene in the woods or a low-ceilinged room in an old house. And some sense of humour.

The Flight (LANE) strikes me as having been made up (and very competently made up too) from a tried and trustworthy prescription. I don't think Miss MURIEL HINE has left out a single ingredient likely to induce the average

novel-reader to swallow the matrimonial misadventures of *Clodagh Strangway* with that combined sense of pleasure and profit which is itself (as they say on the bottles) "cordial and restorative." Yet when you come to analyse *Clodagh's* troubles their appeal is considerably less than it seems. Granted that she lost her exquisite voice in a French hospital, and that her *Aunt Helen* and *Cousin Margot* grudged her the not unlavish share of war-time gaieties that fell to her lot, still there does not seem to have been any particular reason why she should have married "*Strangway's Sweets*"—that plucky but distinctly coarse-grained young officer—unless she was prepared to yield indefinitely to the blend of tenacity and tenderness which was his greatest asset as a wooer. However, she did, and in three years' time had had enough of both allurements. Her husband transferred his affections to her cousin; and *Clodagh* fled to an idyllic island somewhere south of Capri, to give him time to weary of his infidelity. The island was most enjoyable; and my regret at leaving it was hardly tempered by having to escort a pitying *Clodagh* back to a broken and repentant *Strangway*.

The biography of a successful business man is admittedly apt to make rather dull reading, and *The Life of Sir Arthur Pearson* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) might have been perhaps no exception to this rule if Mr. SIDNEY DARR'S hero had been known only, and to the end of his days, as the champion newspaper-hustler. Even as it is, the author's first few chapters are saved from commonplace only by the shadow of the approaching calamity; but in the telling of it the book takes new values, as did Sir ARTHUR'S personality in its endurance. Remembered not at all for his ineffective Tariff Reform campaign, but universally and immortally as the "blind leader of the blind," he is to be counted one of the great figures of his generation. The writer repeatedly emphasises that that leader's prime object was to establish the independence of the blind, since he had no patience at all with the old idea that the fitting occupation for a sightless man was to beg for alms at a street corner. Here is told how, through his work at St. Dunstan's, he sent war-blinded men back to resume control in their offices or to compete in the open market in a host of trades and professions once hopelessly barred against those who had lost their sight. There will be many readers for this biography, and above all it should be available—in that library of Braille type which Sir ARTHUR did so much to enlarge and humanise—for the men to whom he opened the door of a new life of usefulness and courage.

Mr. BERNARD GILBERT, in the preface to his *Tyler of Barnet* (COLLINS), elaborately expounds the plan upon which the book, together with its predecessors, *Old England* and *King Lear at Hordle*, was constructed. His idea is so to

present an English rural district as to place the reader in the position of one of its inhabitants, acquainted with most of the other inhabitants and familiar with the countryside. Mr. GILBERT considers the market-town, with its surrounding parishes, to be the real "political unit" of England and the "nearest approach to the Greek ideal that present conditions permit." He thinks that in the kind of story in which the interest is focussed on a central figure "the artist has pandered to the egoist." In his view all the inhabitants of a given district are of equal interest and importance. But are they? Mr. GILBERT certainly achieves a most interesting picture of the people of a village in the Fen country; but among them the figures of *Watson Tyler*, *Challand* and the girl *Hephzibah* stand out predominant. Once again the artist is stronger than his theory. It is fair, I think, not only to applaud Mr. GILBERT for having told a good story

when he was trying to do something else, but to protest against the insensate violence of its close, due to the frantic conduct of the said *Tyler*. I doubt if that grim personage would so have belied his particularly cautious character. A good book, charged with knowledge and observation.

I cannot help feeling that Mrs. HORACE TREMLETT ought to have called her new novel "Anybody's Wife" rather than *Anybody's Husband* (HUTCHINSON), for it is the fact that *Floris Hersey* is married, in the nicest and most innocent fashion, to two men at once that provides all its interest. Her first husband, young *Dick Allison*, goes out to Africa to make his fortune and meets with one of the usual accidents which lie in wait for travelling heroes. His uncle, *Sir Rupert*, with a fine disregard, on Mrs. TREMLETT'S part, for the Table of Kindred and Affinity, becomes *Floris's* second husband. He cares for her tenderly until *Dick's* child is born, and then, just as they are about

to start on their deferred honeymoon, the younger man—perhaps, all things considered, fortunately—comes to life again. Mrs. TREMLETT has not been able to resist the temptation to kill the unlucky *Sir Rupert* in the last half-page; but, in spite of this flaw and of the rapidity with which her style veers to and fro between the flippant and the sincere, she has made a quite readable book. Some of her dialogues, notably the remarks of *Floris's* terrible old mother, *Lady Mora*, are distinctly clever. The subsidiary love-story of *Susan Briggs* is rather slenderly attached to the main theme, but serves to fill up the due number of pages very pleasantly.

"Though the huts that once blocked the view were cleared away some months ago, the lake bed has remained an arid stretch of broken and mouldering concrete, a sort of devastated area *in petto*."—*Sunday Paper*. The authorities may have wished to keep the secret within their own bosoms, but they did not reckon with our learned contemporary.



Plumber. "IT'S A BIT 'ARD ON ME, PERCY. I DREAMT ALL THE BLOOMIN' NIGHT ABART THIS 'ERE JOB, AN' YET, IF I WAS TO ASK 'EM TO PAY ME FER OVERTIME, THEY'D LAUGH AT ME."

CHARIVARIA.

THE War was admittedly expensive, but it paved the way for a Peace which has greatly reduced the high cost of the German mark. * *

An indignant householder writing to the Press complains that his gas-pipe has been blocked up four times during the last week. It looks as if a pair of therms had started to build in it. * *

A *Daily News* reader points out that no total abstainer has yet been hanged. We assume that our contemporary does not advocate the obvious remedy—namely, to make total abstinence a capital offence. * *

At a meeting of the Medical Society of London, Lord DAWSON OF PENN protested against futile extraction of teeth. The worst offender is the absent-minded dentist who murmurs as he plucks them out, "She loves me, she loves me not" * *

The Ku Klux Klan, we read, is not a law-abiding organisation. The many murders committed in America by members of this Order were bound to lead to accusations of this sort. * *

"Would it not be possible to broadcast the Parliamentary debates?" asks a *Daily Express* correspondent. It is hoped however that the wireless authorities will take a merciful view when considering the matter. * *

A Scottish boy who left his home in Edinburgh has been traced to London. Naturally. * *

Mr. J. L. NORTH, of the Royal Botanic Gardens, predicts heavy frosts and snow in February. An early summer like that would certainly help us through the winter. * *

The Ministry of Agriculture is considering new methods of treating wireworm. The old custom of chasing them off the allotment with a golf-club is certainly very tiresome. * *

After falling through a trap-door into a cellar, a Dundee man was robbed of a one pound Treasury note and some

silver. This just shows the danger of falling through trap-doors into cellars in Scotland. * *

Major HOWARD WEHRIE, of the American Aeronautic Association, has succeeded in making a Ford fly. We fear it will be some time before he can teach it to take bird-seed instead of petrol. * *

A "Complete Pocket Guide" has just been placed on the market. This should prove a great boon to pick-pockets. * *

Lecturing at King's College, Professor NORRIS warned people not to run away if a "ball of fire" entered their room. It is also advisable, when being blown up in a T.N.T. explosion, to wear a tight-fitting cap, as not very long ago

to purchase mounts on the instalment system, a gossip-writer remarks that one is not accustomed to associate this sort of thing with Hussars or "top-booted Lancers." The addition of tops to the Lancers' boots is another innovation that had escaped general notice. * *

After a recent Cup-tie, which ended in a goal-less draw, the members of one team are reported to have laughed and sung like schoolboys. These fellows seem to have been insensible to the gravity of their calling. * *

Signor MUSSOLINI has decided against the isolation of Great Britain. Great Britain will therefore carry on. * *

A crisis in the Jaffa orange market is announced. So long as Seville remains tranquil the season's marmalade is not imperilled. * *

Attention is drawn to a decline in the number of breach-of-promise actions. It is thought that men are finding it simpler just to go through with the marriage-and-divorce. * *

An international roller-skating fifteen-miles relay race was won by England, with Belgium second and France third. Our roller-skating seems to be all right. * *

It is proposed to hold a demonstration in the Autumn to show what the present-day motor-car is capable of accomplishing. Each car, we understand, is to supply its own pedestrians. * *

A Public Schools motor cycling competition has been held. Our only fear is that these boys may be neglecting their ping-pong. * *

The New Poor.

"WANT PLACES.

Odd Man, county family, fires, steam boiler apparatus, peat; highest ref." *Advt. in Provincial Paper.*

"Lady — who has lost a dressing case containing historic letters between King's Cross Station and Chelsea."—*Daily Paper.* We had no idea that these two corresponded.

"Wanted, Putter, one accustomed to surface work."—*Advt. in Provincial Paper.*

We can recommend ours. Though it rarely holes the ball, it never takes a divot on the greens.



WE UNDERSTAND THAT, "PLUS FOURS" HAVING BECOME SO COMMON, THE REALLY SMART PEOPLE ARE WEARING "MINUS TWENTY-FOURS."

one man caught a severe cold through having his hat blown off in a gunpowder explosion. * *

It is stated that there is one telephone for every forty-five persons in this country. The worst of it is that they all seem to talk on it at the same time. * *

An M.P., who is stated to have been one of the first people in England to recognise the value of the Soya bean, has invited all his constituents to tea on the Terrace, and thirteen thousand of them have accepted. The occasion, of course, will constitute a Soya beano. * *

Mr. HENRY FORD, who is to run for the U.S. Presidency, is estimated to have a poor chance. But perhaps he may elect to run in one of somebody else's cars. * *

With reference to the arrangement by which cavalry officers are enabled

THE STRAIN OF BEING NATURAL.

"DARLING, I'm so rattled!"

Enid came into my room, pulled off her pull-on hat and flung it into the corner.

I am old enough to be her father and young enough to take her to dances; also she finds my car useful. A beautiful friendship entirely free from romance.

"By that I gather that you are engaged," I said. "Have some tea and tell me all about it."

I handed her one of my best Dresden cups.

"Stinking," she said, as she threw it and its contents into the fire.

"Then have a cigarette," I said amiably as I offered her a box containing all kinds. She looked longingly at the Turkish, lingered fondly over the Egyptian and finally picked out a Virginian.

"Gaspers for this chile," she said bravely.

"Put your feet on the chimneypiece, old dear, and tell me all about it," I said affectionately.

The chimneypiece is Georgian and very tall, but Enid somehow achieved it. Out of her bag she produced a looking-glass, and with a stick of red stuff she made two oblique strokes at the corner of her lips.

"How do you like my mouth?" she said. "It turns up at the corners. Just wait while I put on the blue powder."

She seized her puff and spread a layer of blue-white powder over her face.

"Rather subtle, isn't it? The blue powder shows I've had a shock to my system, and the turned-up mouth shows I'm bearing up well."

"A little obvious I should have thought, but in the right Polynesian manner," I replied. "Now perhaps you will tell me about the engagement."

"I've clicked with Reginald—Sniffy, I mean—and we're going to be married next month."

"Splendid," I said.

She shook her bobbed hair out of her eyes. ("Stinking hair," she remarked in parenthesis.)

"Sniffy—I call him Sniffy because he had 'flu when we first met. Not bad, was it?"

"Brilliant," I agreed; "and from all I hear of Reginald—I mean Sniffy—he sounds a man any girl might be proud to exhibit. What is the crab?"

"Oh, lumme," cried Enid as her feet dropped with a crash on the brass fire-irons, "it's such a strain!"

"What is a strain?" I inquired.

"The awful, awful strain of being so natural," she sobbed; "I can't stand it any longer."

She rose disconsolately and wandered about the room absent-mindedly kicking chips off a Sheraton bureau. I dared not check her in the face of such unhappiness.

"I did so hope," she said, "that when I got married I could leave it off, but Reginald—I mean Sniffy—seems to expect it and I have to go on at the same old variety performance."

"My dear Enid," I replied, "I am very sorry for you, of course, but, if Sniffy got engaged to you under the impression that you were a mixture between a cow-girl and an apache, I don't think it would be fair to him to behave as a lady."

"I know," sighed Enid; "but you don't know how I long to behave like a civilized creature occasionally."

"You can't do it," I said firmly. "What would all your friends say?"

"I know it's an impossible dream," she said; and the misery in her young face stabbed my battered old heart.

"Enid," I cried, "why not give up all this pose of avagery, these wild-woodland stunts, these child-of-nature apers? Why not go to the Far West and be your own

true sophisticated self? Out there alone on the illimitable prairie you could cultivate the graces that are out of fashion here. The wives men want on those rough outposts of empire are the women who bring with them a breath of the Mayfair drawing-rooms of last century and the old-time enclosure at Ascot. Leave London and Sniffy behind you, mate with some broncho-buster and learn to lead the life of refinement for which your soul craves."

Enid fell sobbing on my neck. "I'll do it!" she cried. "Oh, my precious old tin-of-fruit, I needn't be natural any more."

Her sobs gradually ceased and a light came into her eyes and flickered feebly.

"For years," she said wistfully—"for years I have longed to faint."

"Do so now by all means, little woman," I said, promptly picking up the call.

Blissfully she fainted dead away in a strong man's arms (mine).

This Freedom

THE EIGHTH SLEEPER.

"Seven sleepers there be—

The bat, the bee, the butterfly,

The dormouse and the swallow,

The kittiwake and the corncrake;

All sleep in a little hollow."

Old Rustic Rhyme.

TIME was when Winter's summons found me eager,

When, spurning coats and decent fires of coal,

Attired in garb inadequate and meagre

I did surrender body, mind and soul

In the impassioned effort to beleaguer

Opposing twenty-five or hostile goal,

And, voting tennis, golf and cricket slow,

Cried, "Winter, hail!" . . . Time was; but long ago.

For years those most insidious of creepers

That sap robustness from the parent stem

Enfold me fast. To sowers all and reapers

Time brings his harvests, but the vanished gem

Of youth returns not. To the Seven Sleepers

I raise mine eyes and am advised of them.

"You age, my son," I murmur; "wherefore yield,

And for the fireside now forsake the field."

Now at the portal of that "sere and yellow,"

Wherein all winters shall be merged in mine,

I may be well content to seek a fellow

In bat or bee or bird; or take a line

From Roman CÆSAR (*vide his De Bello*

Gallico, passim), who did not repine

When days grew short and nights began to freeze,

But *in hiberna duxit milites*.

If joint grow stiff and muscle sadly slacken,

If the good game be now no more for me,

Let me not fidget on the touch and blacken

My soul the while with evil jealousy;

Nay, like wood creatures in the withered bracken,

Better to hibernate complacently

Till Summer's season brings us once again

Less strenuous games more meet for ageing men.

How wise the Seven Sleepers—bat and swallow,

Dormouse and kittiwake and all their crew!

How sound a lead for such as I to follow

When Winter swoops; how sensible a cue!

I will away and seek some "little hollow,"

Some lone retreat that may be made to do—

A pipe, a book, a fiddle and a flask

And faith in Summer's coming all I ask.

H. B.



SOUNDS ACROSS THE SEA.

JONATHAN (on the new wireless telephone). "THANKS, JOHN. SOME EARFUL."



Mother. "I'M AFRAID SOME OF MY DARLING'S CURLS WILL HAVE TO BE CUT OFF AT THE BACK, AS THEY KEEP GETTING TANGLED."
Peggy. "BUT OF COURSE I CAN HAVE THEM MADE INTO A SWITCH, CAN'T I, MUMMY?"

"SANCTIONS."

As I write these lines Angela is sitting on a chair just inside my study door, watching me. She isn't even knitting. To the eye of the average observer she would appear to be doing nothing at all. But as a matter of fact she is occupying territory. She is an Army of Occupation.

There is, as usual, what the Press would call a sordid story behind it. I hate to let you into these domestic details, but it has to do with coal, and the whole thing really hinges upon the vexed question of whether coal should be considered as a legitimate charge upon the housekeeping expenses (which is Angela's department), or as an extra (which is mine). Usually I have paid for the coal before the question comes up for discussion, which materially weakens my case; but this time I am in a much stronger position.

Angela has a private fund which she calls "Saved-out-of-the-Housekeeping." I do not know how much it amounts to, but I should think it must run into hundreds of pounds by this time. After all, we have been married eighteen months, and any banker will tell you

how money accumulates. And yet, to hear Angela talk, you would think that "Saved-out-of-the-Housekeeping" amounted to about five and sevenpence.

Well, this time "Saved-out-of-the-Housekeeping" has paid for the coal. A mere flea-bite to it, of course, but Angela resolutely refuses to look at it in that light. "Saved-out-of-the-Housekeeping" must have its money back, otherwise disaster stares the whole household in the face. Indeed, Angela solemnly promised "Saved-out-of-the-Housekeeping" at the time that it should have its money back, and a promise is a promise. Moreover, "Saved-out-of-the-Housekeeping" has, according to Angela, a moral right to its money back, and even if it hasn't she is going to see that it gets it.

And so she is occupying territory in a corner of my study—a "sanction" I think she calls it.

I have been trying to reason with Angela. You may say that that is a foolish thing to attempt, but then *active* resistance is denied me. I was disarmed by the treaty into which we both entered some eighteen months ago.

"What is coal for?" I asked very smoothly.

International diplomatists always begin fearfully tricky bits of work by asking simple questions like that.

"To burn, of course," said Angela scornfully.

I nodded—the famous WILSON nod.

"Quite," I said. "And who burns it?"

My whimsical smile, a little tired, was strongly reminiscent of Lord BALFOUR.

"You burn most of it," said Angela brutally.

I threw myself back in my chair, like Lord CURZON when he gains a subtle point.

"Then let us have a fair division of labour," I said. "You cannot expect me both to burn it and to pay for it."

I frowned and shook my head solemnly, looking rather like Lord DERBY.

"That's ridiculous," said Angela.

I sat up sharply, looking exactly like myself.

"My dear Angela," I said.

But Angela was not listening. She rose solemnly from her chair by the door and moved portentously across to the arm-chair by the fire-place. She plumped herself down and looked at me defiantly.

"I am extending my area of occupation," she said.

"In that case," I replied, "I shall, of course, be obliged to take the usual precautions," and, rising from my desk, I closed the safe, now within Angela's reach, in which I keep my valuable papers—my birth certificate, nine pennyworth of three-halfpenny stamps, two postal order counterfoils, and a hundred-mark note.

Angela nodded her head slowly.

"I think that constitutes wilful obstruction or default or something," she said. "I'm afraid I shall have to put the sanctions into operation. After all, I've got about *half* the room."

"And what do you propose to do with it?"

Angela put her head on one side and looked critically about her.

"Yes, it is the nicer half," she said.

"I think perhaps I might let it. There must be lots of people in London who would be glad to get even *half* a room, nicely furnished, at a fair rent."

"And supposing I contest the occupation?"

"In that case," said Angela sweetly, "I should have to occupy the whole room, and turn you out altogether. But there are other ways," she added. "For instance——"

A moment later she was sitting on the arm of my chair.

"Now you work, and I sit and watch you," she said. "And when you've finished working I take the profits. That's fair, isn't it?" She leaned over and looked critically at what I had been writing. "If there are any profits," she added dubiously.

I threw down my pen.

"What if I go on strike?"

Angela slipped one arm round my neck and put her head close to mine.

"Then there's only this left," she said. "It's called the 'Strangle-hold on Industry.' Finish your article, there's a dear."

* * * * *

So I have finished it—here it is, Mr. Punch—and Angela has withdrawn her forces. It is a little lonely without the Army of Occupation.

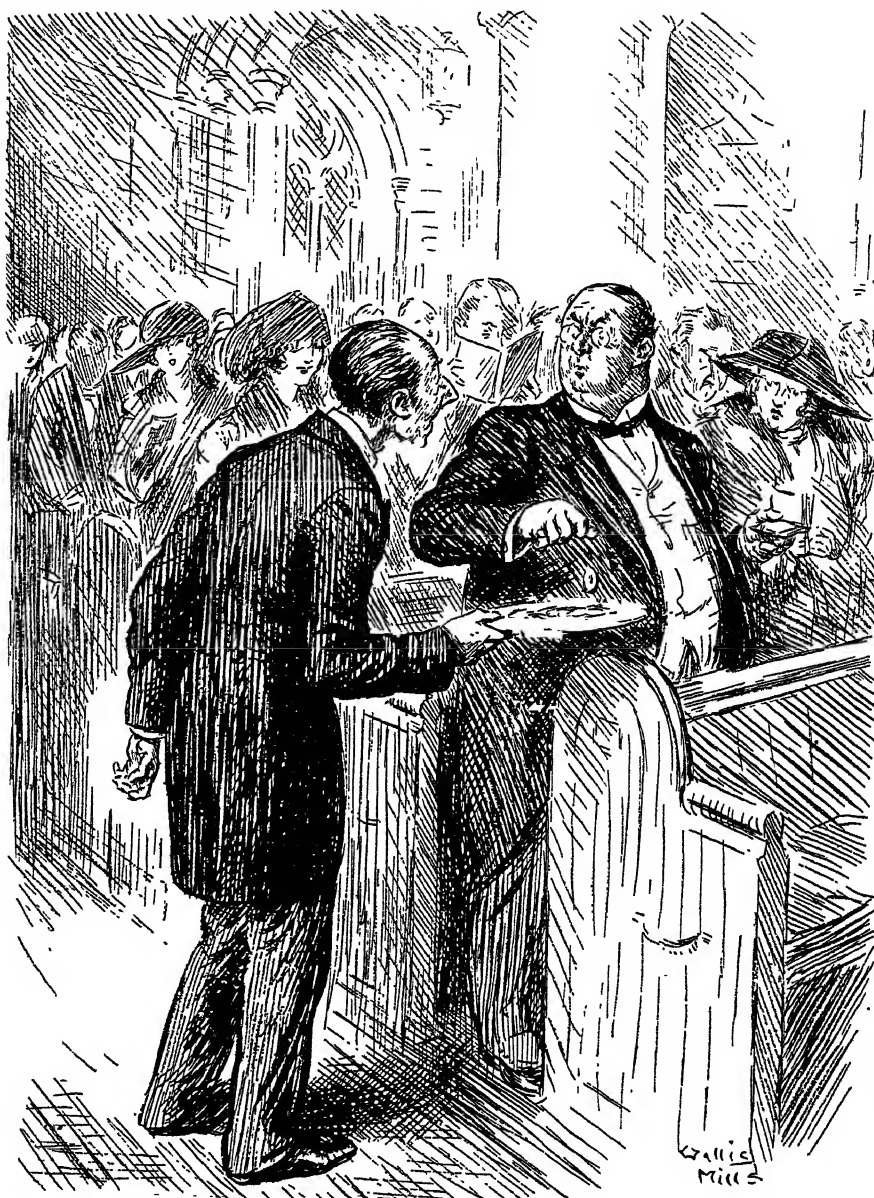
Conditions in India are evidently improving. The following is a Christmas card received by an Anglo-Indian judge from his native Head Clerk:—

"With fondest wishes here I send
A little wish from friend to friend,
'A Merry Christmas!' and with this
I also send a little kiss."

Notice in a Swiss hotel:—

"REPARATIONS.—The Lift is out of work."

Another instance of the connection between unemployment and the German default.



Sidesman (who is also a public waiter, absent-mindedly). "I 'OPE EVERYTHING'S BEEN TO YOUR LIKIN', SIR."

NEWSPAPER INSURANCE FOR NURSERIES.

SOME TESTIMONIALS.

"I AM writing to express my thanks for your promptness in settling my claim for a broken crown. Jill, who has damaged both her knees, wishes now that she too had signed the coupon.—JACK."

"Your insurance scheme works out splendidly. Although my fall from the wall has left me in a sadly shattered condition, it is a consolation to know that I shall be drawing two pounds a week till I am put together again—a contingency which I understand to be very remote.—H. DUMPTY."

"I greatly appreciate the generous way in which you have dealt with my claim, in spite of the fact that there

was considerable contributory negligence on the part of my parents in placing my cradle on the tree-top. Personally, I think it was asking for trouble.—BABY."

"The payment you have awarded me under your comprehensive insurance scheme ('Frights from Insects' Section) has enabled me to enjoy a lingering recovery from the attack of nervous prostration into which I was plunged through my late unfortunate encounter with an extremely large spider.—MISS MUFFET."

"I am so thankful I registered with the Court newsagent. The artificial nose which you provided fits beautifully, and I do not anticipate any further trouble with blackbirds on washing-days.—THE KING'S MAID."

ERNEST'S EVENING OUT.

IF Ernest's recent misadventure should serve as a warning to other middle-aged men, he will not have suffered altogether in vain.

The tragedy arose from the fact that Ernest is not a dancer. He was, in his day, a fairly useful Rugby player, but he never seems to have trained on into a competent dancer. He simply hates the whole atmosphere of jazzery.

Perhaps there is some small excuse for him. Ernest spent nearly three years in the neighbourhood of the Ypres salient, where he heard all the noises a man can possibly wish for. Now, when the drum-merchant of a Jazz band really gets down to it, Ernest's instinct is to rush to the telephone, ring up the gunners and ask for retaliation. He feels unutterably miserable and looks years older the moment he enters a ball-room, and yet he went voluntarily to a dance only a week or so ago.

The fact is, love had come to Ernest yet once again. Her name—so I gathered from his meagre and disjointed accounts—was Amaryllis. That alone should have been a warning to a man of Ernest's age, but love is oft-times deaf as well as blind.

She was very young and very modern, and her chief passion in life was dancing. Ernest, I fancy, had hopes of converting her from this craze; and if he had only insisted on dancing with her for a whole evening I think he would have done it. At any rate she would not have been able to dance for some days afterwards, and during her convalescence he might have turned her mind to more serious subjects.

But all he did was to take her to a dance as a sort of neutral escort, and accept the privilege of taking her home again at the end. What he was to do in between these two acts does not seem to have been laid down at all clearly in the operation orders. What he *did* do was to stick it out in utter misery for an hour and forty-five minutes and then take a taxi to the club.

Amaryllis had exchanged a passing word with him once or twice, and had told him that her partner danced divinely, and that the programme was such a lovely one that she was going to dance right through it. Ernest was genuinely glad that he had brought her to such a nice dance, and was looking forward eagerly to taking her away from it. He was telling her this when the band struck up a tremendous tune and she floated away from him. With a venomous glance at the musicians Ernest left the room and summoned a taxi.

Arrived at the club, he rushed to the silence-room and sank into a chair. But he breathed so deeply in his new-found content that an old gentleman who was doing a little silent contemplation over a glass of port glared at him, and Ernest crept out and came and joined us in the smoking-room.

He told us that he had thoroughly enjoyed his evening and that it was a mistake for a man always to go to his club, instead of mingling occasionally in the social life of the town.

He was almost patronising to us, but he assented readily when a rubber of bridge was suggested.

Ernest was my partner, and we won the first rubber in spite of his erratic calling. The second rubber was a very long and interesting one, and a foolish double by Ernest made it rather an expensive one for us. He must have known from the calling that I was short of spades, and we were arguing over this when the clock boomed out midnight. Ernest started, turned pale and left us hurriedly. I remembered then that he had said the dance was to finish a little after twelve.

A minute later we heard a taxi driving furiously away.

I saw him next day, but he hardly spoke at all. He looked haggard and spent much time at the writing-table without appearing to write anything.

The day after that he came over and confided in me. On his return journey that night he had had a puncture in one of the wildest and loneliest parts of West Kensington. He was compelled to run the last quarter of a mile in the rain, and when he got there all was quiet and peaceful. The dancers had gone home.

Next morning Ernest got a letter saying that this could never be overlooked, and hinting plainly that, knowing men as she did, she, the writer, was convinced that his failure to appear was due to drink. She signed herself "Yours sincerely," which plainly implied that she was nothing of the sort.

From my own knowledge of Ernest I think it is probable that love will again come to him some day, but not in the mazes of the dance, for Ernest's jazzing days are done.

"Professor — has specialised in the field of pneumismatics."—*Indian Paper*.
The art, we take it, of inflating the currency.

"Very Serviceable Tweed Trousers. All sizes from 32 to 42 inch chest. Sale Price, 10/6."—*Yorkshire Paper*.

The largest size might suit the gentleman who complained that his last pair were a little tight under the armpits.

SHOCKING TRAVESTIES.

VIII.

THE following set of verses is understood to be an exact copy of one sent recently by M. POINCARÉ to Mr. A. E. HOUSMAN, whose *Last Poems* the French statesman evidently admires as much as we do here.

One cannot help feeling both gratified and surprised at the mastery that M. POINCARÉ has obtained over a metre and idiom so unlike those of his native tongue. It is doubtful, perhaps, whether Mr. HOUSMAN would have permitted himself the liberty of rhyming "Ruhr" with "poor" in stanza 1; and the possibility of obtaining golden guineas (stanza 3) from Essen may be considered a little remote even for poetical licence. Otherwise one has nothing but praise for the fidelity of the imitation.

The lines are entitled:—

WHO CAN TELL?

When treaty-time was over
At Essen on the Ruhr,
The Boche remained in clover
But vowed that he was poor;
So, where our longing glances
In peace and war were laid,
There with our lances
We went to do some trade.

They may be idle measures,
Yet oh, content we are
To hunt about for treasures
In Ruhr as well as Saar,
And lift at least, while praying,
From off his bended knees
The Hun delaying
And hoof him where we please.

Good store of golden guineas
There may be or there mayn't,
But KRUPPS, no doubt, and STINNES
Will both feel somewhat faint;
And we shall find some chances
To make those steel-lords grunt;
Well go advances
When no one stands in front.

The streets were cleared at Essen;
The Ruhr lay calm and still;
The dogs had learnt their lesson,
They bowed them to our will;
A girl would call her neighbour
And both come out to view
The upshot sabre,
The boys in sky-line blue.

The sabre shines and glances,
The Ruhr is ours to-day;
We'll make some more advances
And shout while still we may;
To-morrow—more's the trouble—
The rosiest dreams must die;
All life's a bubble,
A bubble I.

EVOE.

THE ART OF LUBRICATION.



BEFORE THE COCKTAILS—



—AND AFTER.

FISH



Maid. "WELL, MUM, I SUPPOSE BURGLARS MUST LIVE."

A NICHT WI' BURNS.

"GIE's a gless o' yer best whisky," said Peter, "an' wring the watter oot o' it afore ye measure it; Ah want tae drink confusion tae America."

"Whit wey?" asked MacCallum. "Is the gold-miner no' payin' ony dividends?"

"It's a' this Prohibition nonsense. Instead o' cairrying coal doon tae the Plate, whaur a man can keep warm without ony exertion, here Ah'm ship-mates wi' a cargo o' corkscrews across the Western Ocean in the month o' January."

MacCallum knew Peter too well to show any surprise at the astounding nature of the steamer's cargo. He merely acknowledged the statement with a non-committal "Jist that?"

"Ay, corkscrews," resumed Peter. "Afore they invented this Eighteenth Amendment, as they ca' it, a single corkscrew in the capable hauns o' yin o' your profession wis able tae cope wi' the modest needs o' a few hunner American citizens. Noo everybody his tae cairry yin o' his ain, an' till mass production gets a fair start they'll hae tae import them."

"Ah expect ye're richt. But speakin' o' corkscrews, when dae ye sail? If it's no' till efter the twenty-fifth Ah presume ye'll be gaun tae a BURNS Dinner?"

"In Glesca? Ah wunner at ye! The last yin Ah went tae here knocked ony sich daft notions oot o' ma heid for the rest o' ma life. It wisnae yin o' thae b'iled shirt affairs, wi' Professors o' Literature frae the University up by proposin' the Immortal Memory. Naw, there wis nae swank about it—jist a quiet gatherin' o' BURNS lovers, except for a wheen o' ootsiders like me that kent naething aboot him or his poetry but were ready for ony kind o' diversion. Ah wis younger then—an' mair reckless."

"Three o' us went up frae the ship, the carpenter, a wee Irish fireman an' masel'. It wis a simple sort o' programme; jist the kind o' thing a few simple-minded enthusiasts wid get up. We started aff wi' a feed, an' efter that there wis speeches an' recitations. The price o' the ticket included everything except the liquor, but in thae days the Government wisnae tryin' tae pay for a war aff every bottle o' whisky ye drank. Ay, thae were the days, MacCallum! For wan-an'-tenpence a man possessin' the necessary skill could arrive at ony desired state o' intoxication by careful attention tae his choice o' stimulants."

"By the time the feed wis ower seven weaklin's were laid oot in a side room; they hadnae stood the acid test. Anither yin, a daft-lookin' wee lad, wis greetin'—fou an' singin' 'Ma Nannie's Awa', but

they hove him oot on tae the landin' and proceeded wi' the second pairt o' the programme."

"The Chairman, a Mr. Robertson, got up tae speak, an' Ah noticed he didnae need tae haud on tae onything. Suspicious, ye'll admit, considerin' the occasion; but at the time Ah didnae think o' that. He had only made a few remarks aboot the genius o' RABBIT BURNS when the wee Irish fireman up an' telt him he wis a liar—that BURNS' first name wis TOMMY, and that he had a punch that wis a fair wunner. He swung back tae illustrate the punch an' knocked the man beside him clean oot o' his chair."

"It wis hard lines on the Irishman; he wis a bonny wee scrapper, but the man he had clouted wis a big Hielan' polisman haein' a quiet evenin' aff duty—a man wha had spent his Setturday nights for years back subduin' exiled sons o' the distressful country."

"Efter order wis restored an' ma wee shipmate ta'en tae hospital, the Chairman went on wi' his speech. Ah forget whit he said, but it disnae matter; the only oreiginal things ye hear aboot BURNS are no' them that are said in public. Next cam' the recitations, an' speeches san'wiched in atween them frae twa ithers that were doon on the programme as croupeers—equivalent, as ye might say, tae corner-men at a min-

strel show. Yin wis ca'ed Macgregor, an' the ither Campbell. Them an' the Chairman seemed tae be the high heid-yins."

"An' hoo did it a' end?" MacCallum asked.

"The last thing Ah minded the barometer wis gey low an' droppin' steadily, wi' frequent squalls an' every promise o' dirty weather. An' when Ah woke up aboard ma ship next mornin' there wis signs o' the storm richt enough. Gosh! Ah wis a fair wreck. There wis nae skin on ma knuckles; Ah had a dent in ma heid that wid hae held a gill, an' ma new overcoat wis missin'; Ah'd bought it jist the day afore frae the tailor that had cashed ma advance note. It wis evident that ma youth an' inexperience had been nae match for thae BURNS lovers when roused tae a state o' poetic frenzy. The wee Irishman was still in hospital, an' the carpenter ought tae hae been there.

"Ma pockets were empty except for twa business cairds. Yin had printed on it 'The Equitable Loan Company, Isaac Robertson, Proprietor,' an' on the back wis a pencil note sayin' Ah could redeem ma overcoat ony time for fifteen shillin's. The ither caird assured me that loans frae £5 to £5,000 could be arranged in an oor withoot security, an' advised me tae deal wi' a real Scotch firm if in financial difficulties. The partners in this philanthropic concern were ma auld freens Mr. Abraham Macgregor an' Mr. Cohen Campbell. Ah began tae fear the worst.

"Sure enough there wis a note on the back o' it. It said that Mr. Campbell wid look me up that evenin' an' collect the poun' he had lent me, or else Ah could sign a paper an' he'd let me hae the rest o' the five poun's Ah'd asked him for."

"Jings! Whit did ye dae?"

"Wrote aff the overcoat as a total loss an' went tae sea at noon withoot yin, like mony a better man afore me. But Ah swore tae attend nae mair BURNS Dinners in Glesca. Tak' it frae me, MacCallum, the city is fu' o' Scotchmen that'll never read BURNS till somebody translates him intae Yiddish. An' there ye are; ye couldnae gie me a ticket, let alane sell me yin."

"Me? Ah've nae tickets tae sell. But whauraboots in Glesca did ye say this dinner wis held?"

"Ah didnae say. As a matter o' fact Ah had an idea ye were trying tae work aff a ticket on me, an' Ah invented the dinner in self-defence."

"Gentleman's first-class Fur Coat, with minx lining, otter collar; new; leaving for India."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

Couldn't stand the minx any longer.



Fare. "REALLY WINTRY WEATHER THIS, ISN'T IT?"

Driver (grimly). "I'LL GIVE YER MY WORD, SIR, I AIN'T SEEN A BUTTERFLY ALL DAY."

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

From an article on the Egyptian Antiquities at the British Museum:—

"It has to be explained to many visitors that the Rossetti stone—which gave us the key to the hieroglyphics—has nothing to do with a distinguished artist-poet."

Evening Paper.

"Youth.—Wash with soap and water twice weekly. It is quite harmless."

Provincial Paper.

In fact once a day is not dangerous.

"Invariably the practices of the robber react injuriously upon him. The predaceous life is never conducive to a well-regulated metabolism."—*Scientific Monthly.*

Next time we find a burglar among the family plate we shall know what to tell him.

"Than Senator Borah, who is to visit this country, nobody in America speaks with so much authority for the Western States."

Provincial Paper.

Our visitor mustn't think that we can't do better than this.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

VI.—FOREIGN RELATIONS.

THE passion for things Russian had always something spiritual in it, and that was why it spread rapidly through all grades of society. It was only in 1913 that CHALIAPIN'S apotheosis was complete among the upper classes, but, by 1918, so quick to absorb a new idea, the Labour Party had followed suit with the apotheosis of LENIN. And now it has reached George.

George has skipped over the artistic and political phases, and gone straight to the purely spiritual side of the Russian genius. In fact, the psychic.

Perhaps it was my fault, for introducing George to Baranoff. Personally, though I know that this is a bourgeois taste, I like the Russians for themselves. All Russians seem to me to be charming (except, of course, the hell-hounds who have remained in Russia), and my old friend Baranoff is a dear. Baranoff had often spoken to me of Balalaikin, "the great spirit," with whom from time to time he had communication; but I had never paid much attention. Then George began to talk about Balalaikin.

One day I found him deep in a book on Ancient Egypt. "Balalaikin says I'm mixed up with AMENHOTEP," he said casually. "Eighteenth Dynasty."

A few days later he was studying a History of Ancient Greece. "Balalaikin," he explained. "I asked him why it was I so often get depressed. He said I had a great trouble in Greece, third century B.C. Previous incarnation, you understand." "Of course," I said. "I should like to meet this man."

Baranoff lives with Petroff. We met in Baranoff's bedroom. A planchette-board stood on the table. Before the general company arrived they explained about Balalaikin. George was rather apologetic about me, and feared that my frivolity might frighten the spirit away.

"No matter," said Baranoff; "Balalaikin very jokey man. True. Look at roof."

We looked at the ceiling, which was flaked and crumbling in a manner quite remarkable for a suburban lodging-house.

"Balalaikin do all that," said Baranoff. "In one night. True.

"He very great spirit," he went on.

"Very talented man. Eight years I was speaking with him with my friend Petroff. He was officer in Russian Navy, but killed first year of war. He live by Volga."

"Did you know him?" I asked.

"No. Neither of us know him alive."

"Have you looked him up in the Russian Navy List—to see if he really existed?"

"In 1723," said Baranoff sadly, "there was Naval officer that name. In 1914 other incarnation—other name. Understand?"

"Of course," I said.

Just then several Russian ladies and gentlemen came in, and for some

"I see," I said.

"Here is volume," said Baranoff, producing a large note-book and opening it at a page of, presumably, *vers libre* in Russian manuscript. "Very beautiful Hindu poem," he said. "Time third century before Christ."

"But I thought it was Balalaikin's?"

"Balalaikin dictate, but Hindu in spirit. He great specialist of India that time. Petroff will read."

Petroff read out the Hindu poem in Russian, and I drank it in. George was sitting on the bed with a pretty girl called Olga Popova, talking volubly. She talked broken English and he replied in broken French. They seemed

to understand each other perfectly. Meanwhile we all drank Russian *tchai* and ate chocolate and acid-drops.

Paper was placed under the planchette-board; there was a stir of excitement, and we all rose and changed our seats—except Olga and George.

Baranoff and Petroff placed their hands on the board. The spirit of Balalaikin was then asked to state the previous incarnations of the stranger—me.

Balalaikin hesitated, then made a little dash across the paper, and wrote rather doubtfully:—

Nitchevo,

"*Nitchevo*," said Petroff, and they removed their hands.

"He not ready yet," Baranoff explained. We drank more *tchai*. Petroff took one of the volumes over to Olga,

but she was deep in conversation. "Ah, oui!" said George volubly, and Olga laughed her jolly Russian laugh.

Meanwhile Baranoff showed me the music which Balalaikin had dictated for the Hindu love-song.

They put the question again. Balalaikin remained mute for several moments. A flake fell from the ceiling as if in protest. Then he wrote, more decidedly:—

Nitchevo,

"*Nitchevo*," said Petroff, desisting.

Baranoff showed me photographs of some pieces of sculpture which had been sculpted according to the instructions of Balalaikin.

"Very versatile man," I said.

"Great specialist of Art," said Baranoff solemnly.



Man at table (aggressively). "LEAVE THAT ALONE—THAT'S MY COAT."

The other man. "I'M SO GLAD. I WAS AFRAID IT WAS MINE."

minutes they all talked at once with considerable animation. It has long been a theory of mine that there are very few Russians (in London) who really know the Russian language. At any rate they can seldom make each other understand what it is they mean. Sure enough in this case a deadlock was reached at last, and Petroff made a long explanation in French.

Baranoff translated the French for me. He said, "One day we put hands on table *à trois pieds* and it commence *à taper*. Balalaikin say he have very important information for us and he will dictate *hundred* volumes."

"What number are you at now?" I inquired.

"Fifty-seven. But he not go in order. One day he say, 'This is thirty-three.' Other day he say, 'This is seventeen.' He begin at sixty-five."



Patrol-Leader. "WHEN I SAYS 'ONE,' RISE ON YER TOES. WHEN I SAYS 'TWO,' BEND YER KNEES. WHEN I SAYS 'THREE,' JUMP IN THE AIR. AND WHEN I SAYS 'FOUR,' YER COMES DOWN AGAIN."

They tried again. Balalaikin, in a fury, ran right off the paper—into the *tchai-tray*. They turned the paper upside down and brought him back.

Pleased by this attention the spirit wrote rapidly a number of Russian words. We watched him, breathless.

He wrote:—"Egypt time of SET-NEKHT."

This gave general satisfaction. It was agreed that I had an unusually Egyptian cast of countenance, and many looked at me with a new respect.

But Balalaikin had not finished. He went on:—"Greece, third century B.C.; Assyria twelfth century."

"Yes, I see what he means," said Lydia Puzanova thoughtfully.

Then Balalaikin wrote:—

1 9 - 11 0 2 2 2

Baranoff gasped. "That mean you have great mediumistic power," he said. "True."

I drained my *tchai* to the dregs.

After that Balalaikin expanded. Olga asked him:—

"Why can I not sleep in London?"

Balalaikin pondered this some time. Then he wrote in Russian:—

"1631 in Venice you lose your lover."

We all sighed in sympathy with Olga, and Petroff threw her an affectionate glance. So did George.

Olga herself was visibly impressed, and became very thoughtful.

Many other questions were put and answered, mostly with satisfaction, and all with a convincing grasp of the subject.

Lydia Puzanova asked, "Where is my friend Boris Malinin, whom I have not seen for seven years?"

Balalaikin made a series of excited rushes across the table, then, steadying himself, answered:—

"Seek in Caucasus."

"So that's where he is," said Lydia thoughtfully.

"Is he always right?" I asked.

"Eighteen per cent.," she answered sadly.

And now Balalaikin was tiring. George had arranged to see Olga home,

and we prepared to go. But Baranoff asked me if I had no question to put.

"Don't think so," I said idly, but my eye fell on George. "Yes, ask him how soon George will be married, and how many children he'll have?"

Baranoff wrote down the question and handed it to Petroff.

Balalaikin wrote at a great pace, in good round English:—

"Very soon. Twenty-seven."

Olga Popova went home alone.

A. P. H.

In Praise of the Artificial.

Whenas in silk my Julia goes
That nothing to the silkworm owes,
But is compact of cellulose;
Then when I note the moderate fee
Charged for the same by Jules et Cie.
Oh, how that cheapness taketh me!

"Great works all over the world belong not to the originator but to the one who has left the genius of his mind upon them—'The Odyssey,' 'The Illiad,' 'The Aneid,' and how many more examples can one quote?"

Theatrical Magazine.

Well, the erudite author might have quoted, for one, "The Dunciad."



Mother. "GOOD GRACIOUS ME! WHAT ON EARTH'S THE MATTER?"

Maid. "IT'S ALL BECAUSE SHE DON'T LIKE HER NEW GLOVES, 'M."

Mother. "WHY? THEY LOOK VERY NICE,"

Small Child (between sobs). "THEY MAY—LOOK NICE—BUT THEY TASTE—SIMPLY HORRID!"

THOUGHTS ON PRINCELINESS.

THE other day I joined a party of smaller boys at the Hippodrome, and once again, and with many of the old emotions, followed the fortunes of *Cinderella*. But at one point I received something of a shock.

It was at the beginning of the Second Act. Act I. had ended in the most perfect way possible. First the Ugly Sisters and their father were properly mortified at the discovery that what they had taken for the master was only the man. Then *Cinderella*, after suitable delays designed to increase our suspense and excitement, at last arrived, a winsome little figure, arrayed as the favourite god-children of fairy god-mothers ought to be, and wearing slippers, not of mere glass, but of dazzling crystal. The Prince, in the most exquisite black Court suit, fell instantly in love, and a minuet was danced.

Meanwhile observant eyes noticed that the hands of the clock were moving inexorably towards midnight. They reached it. The hour began to strike; *Cinderella* heard it and, tearing herself away from the Prince, hurried up the

stairs—half-way up miraculously turning back into the little kitchen drudge—and was gone, leaving behind her no trace but a solitary glittering slipper, which the Prince picked up and caressed. Then followed the proclamation, and we returned to earth once more, the fall being mitigated by tea and chocolates.

Very well. Then came Act II., and the Prince entered, still handsome and distinguished, but sad at heart for the loss of the mysterious lady. In the hope of easing his sorrow he had dressed himself sumptuously in yellow, and we saw him pacing the magnificent grounds of his palace, with the forlorn slipper in his hands. Nothing could make up for *Cinderella's* absence, neither lake nor formal gardens, soldiers nor lackeys. She and she alone could bring him happiness, and very soon (as I had guessed he would) he began to sing a song about it. Still fondling the gleaming moiety of his darling's footwear he told us of his passion and devotion. To him *Cinderella* was all in all and her shoe was her symbol.

As the song ended the Prince was standing on the steps above the lake; and at this moment a figure—vowed to

frustration, dressed all in sinister green, who spoke in rhymed couplets with a tendency to *vers libre*—suddenly appeared and, snatching the slipper from the Prince, flung it into the lake with horrid "Ha, Ha's!"

It was then that I had my shock. Consider the situation. Here we have a young and comely and presumably vigorous Prince, who has just dedicated his life to a lady. He has sung a song expressing his love, his loneliness and his service, with her slipper in his hand—the slipper which is the only means of identifying her again, the only tangible token of her that he possesses. And this slipper a rude stranger has flung into the lake! Now what would any ordinary man in such a position—after professing so much, and with all of us looking at him—do? He would go in after it. Surely that is what any ordinary lover would do; while, as for a Prince, he would go in even quicker. I am certain the Duke of York would.

But what did *Cinderella's* Prince do? Nothing at all. He merely stood still and waited for assistance, which came from the Fairy Godmother, who—with far too much leniency, I thought—



NEMESIS.

LENS, 1915: ESSEN, 1923.



Applicant for situation as general. "I'LL DO THE COOKING, MISS, AND WELCOME, BUT I CAN'T UNDERTAKE TO CAPER FOR YOU."

provided an army of girls to walk very slowly down the steps and disappear under the water and, as far as any of us or the Prince knew, drown. For, with the exception of the solitary one who retrieved the slipper, we never saw them again!

Did you ever hear of such an un-princelike thing?

But whether I am in a position to cast stones at him I am not sure, for a day or so later I was at a ticket agency to buy seats for another entertainment, and just in front of me was a girl engaged on the same task. This being holiday-time it was not easy. Ordinarily one hates few persons so much as those who are just before one at a theatre ticket office and can't make up their minds; but for this girl I had, after a moment or so, no such feeling. Rather was I sorry for her.

Her object was to buy two seats at not more than six-and-ninepence each, and she had a list of plays, in their order of favouritism, to be tried. One after the other the attendant tried them, and each time he had to disappoint her, and, as I saw her list drawing to its end and her excited little face losing its flush, I grew more sorry still.

For she was very like a Cinderella herself, and she had been saving up for this rare treat and counting on it.

And here let me say that I consider these theatre-agency attendants to be among the wonders of civilisation. With a telephone at his ear this youth carried on a conversation in low but adequate tones with box-office after box-office: Gaiety, Winter Garden, Adelphi, Lyric, Daly's—the whole lot; he never lost his temper; he was almost as much interested in the success of the girl's evening as she was herself. But his efforts were in vain. This was one of the three or four weeks in the year when no play is too bad to be crowded, and there wasn't a seat under ten shillings; and so she had sadly to go away, empty.

Well, here was the chance of one who, though not a Prince, would be Princely if he could, and one also only too ready to criticise the lapses of others. My hand was in my pocket and the words were on my tongue. "Do let me make up the money for the ten-shilling seats," I longed to say. But I did not say them. This is a censorious and suspicious world, and the place was full of people, and the girl might have misunderstood.

Caution is the foe of chivalry, and I have a feeling that in very much the same way the Prince at the Hippodrome was thinking about his beautiful yellow suit.

E. V. L.

"Walking seems to run in the Haldane family."—*Evening Paper*.

But is this "fair heel-and-toe?"

"METEOR SHOWER.

At — the display was carefully watched by Miss Grace — and Mr. J. —, independently."—*Daily Paper*.

We are glad to see that the *conveniences* were preserved.

"BILLIARDS.

Tranmere Rovers have signed Geo. Crowther, centre forward, of Hartlepool United, late West Ham and Bradford. Playing today."—*Provincial Paper*.

Did he kick off with spot or plain?

"The battle of the Budget has now begun in earnest. All the spending Departments have submitted their draft Estimates for the coming financial year to the Treasury."

Daily Paper.

We feel sure that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER would not approve this language. He would have said "dratted."

AN EMPTY TRIUMPH.

WE were in the West End, my wife and I, with the special object of buying my birthday present. As we entered one of the most exclusive and expensive shopping thoroughfares in the world, I was visited with the idea for a novel out-door game.

"Each player begins with half-a-crown," I explained, "and proceeds from establishment to establishment in strict rotation, making a purchase in each until the half-a-crown is exhausted or until his modest patronage is refused. The one who buys at the greatest number of shops is the winner. If you'll play up the right side I'll take the left."

I may say that on my birthday any suggestions of mine are received with unusual tolerance, and after I had given my wife her counters—as she termed the two-and-six in small change—the game started.

I commenced well with a high-class tobacconist's. The shop offered nothing for sale except the most impressive varieties of cigars, but I forced the connoisseur inside to sell me a box of safety matches, and I sealed the bargain by re-lighting the stump of my popular cigarette at his elegant silver lamp while he was giving me change.

The next was a sort of toy-shop, where, I imagine, financiers' children buy model nursing-homes and miniature railway systems after investing the bulk of their week's pocket-money in First Mortgage Debentures. With less difficulty than I had anticipated I purchased a tuppenny piece of india-rubber; but I fancied I could detect a note of sarcasm in the assistant's hearty "Good day, Sir. Thank you, Sir."

In winning vein, I came to number three. In the spacious window there were two grand pianos flanking some super records which reposed on purple silk. In the ethereal atmosphere within, a sombre artiste, who made me think of a BACH fugue, winced at my request, first for an ocarina, and then for a string for a Japanese fiddle. Finally, by sheer will-power I compelled him to sell me a reel of transparent tape which by chance was lying near the bust of SCHUBERT.

So far, then, my score was three shops and one-and-tenpence to play with as I gaily approached the fourth establishment. Here, behind a long screen of plate-glass the costliest furs

and silks and laces were displayed. It was the sort of place where they think in guineas instead of nineteen-and-elevenpences. Worst of all, a wax-work tableau, which I took to be a representation of cinema stars competing for a Mannequin Championship, flanked the portal through which I must enter.

I felt myself walking on a thick carpet, and through a mist I saw a diplomat with *matinée-idol* hair approaching me. I was conscious that my mouth was parched.

"Some pins," I said huskily.

"Pins!" he replied, turning pale with indignation; "we don't sell pins."



"PINS! . . . WE DON'T SELL PINS."

It was then I had an inspiration. "Not sell pins, is it?" I shouted in a rich brogue and with such command as I had of the language. "Is it too proud you are, I'm asking, and you wid a power of silks and laces and the furs of the four-footed beasts of the field?"

The effect was instantaneous. He smiled. The customers—or should I say clients?—smiled, and the assistants smiled, and all paused in their business to listen with the indulgence one extends to a precocious child. I pressed my advantage.

"And 'tis myself will be travelling the length of the road from this to Balham with the gossoons calling after me in the street the way I'm troubled with my buttons, and you not obliging me with a pin at all at all."

"Here are some pins," he said with a chuckle. "We'll make you a present of them."

"'Tis not myself will be accepting charity," I protested fiercely. "'Tis not Barney O'Brien, I'm thinking, would be taking pins from anyone at all, and he with great people in his family and a wide house of his own. And that's a thrue word."

"Since you insist, Sir," he replied with perfect good-humour, accepting twopence. "Good day, Sir, and—er—more power to your elbow."

Outside my wife was waiting. She seemed to be a little crestfallen. I told her my score.

"You've won easily," she said. "I had to retire at the very first shop."

I commiserated magnanimously.

"As a matter of fact," she continued, "I couldn't help buying a lovely little evening frock I saw there."

I started to count up to twenty.

"And I've been wondering," she murmured with averted gaze, "whether you have enough money on you to buy your birthday present."

THE HERO.

Irene came to my bedside with something in a cup. "You are to drink this," she said.

"Who said so?" I asked.

"The doctor."

"Pooh," I said; "doctors will have their little joke. What is it?"

"Tea."

"And what," I asked, taking the cup, "are those oleaginous globules floating about in it?"

"Oh, those," replied Irene. "They are castor oil."

"Then I must decline to drink it," I said. "I have never in all my life beheld a more repellent mixture. I can see at a glance it is one of those liquids which have only to obtain admission to the human mouth to"

"And it was only last week," interrupted Irene, "that you gave the children a lecture for fussing over their medicine."

"I am sorry for it now," I answered bitterly.

"You wouldn't like them to know about this, I suppose?"

"Do I understand," I asked, "that now I am down and unable to defend myself you actually threaten me with my own children?"



Youthful Gym Instructor. "I HEAR THAT THE NEW GAMES MISTRESS IS QUITE YOUNG. HOW TOPPING! PERHAPS SHE 'LL BE YOUNGER THAN I AM."

Senior Mathematical Mistress. "MY DEAR CHILD, WE DON'T WANT ANYONE HERE IN SOCKS."

"Certainly," replied Irene.

I gulped down the nauseous draught. "Please take away the cup," I said coldly, "and as you go out hand me the morocco case from the top shelf of my wardrobe."

"What do you want your war medals for?" asked Irene.

"I propose to wear them for an hour or so on my dressing-gown," I answered.

THE VOICE OF CULTURE.

[Being a forecast of what may possibly happen when the inserter of the following *Agony Column* advertisement has had time to get to work:—

"TO FILM PRODUCERS.—Why spoil your Film through inadequate attention to the letterpress? Experienced Journalist is prepared to supervise and edit."]

THE cowboys in curious trousers
Still "canter and canter away;"
The "comics," the crooks, the carousers
Are still on their usual lay;
The dude with a tile that is glossy,
The maid who is "surely some kid,"
The sheriff, his daughter, his *posse*,
Look much as they did.

But oh, what a change in their diction!
The face is of CHAPLIN or GISH,
But the voice might be drawn from the fiction

Of any old master you wish;
The tale that the pictures are telling
Is maybe a matter for scorn,
But cultured, correct and compelling
The text they adorn.

Los Angeles finds us the story,
But FIELDING has furnished the style;
To the prose that is THACKERAY's glory
Miss PICKFORD has harnessed her smile;

NAZIMOVA, the soulful or tragic,
Owes DICKENS the deuce of a lot,
And the art that is coy and Talmadgie
Brings echoes of SCOTT.

And, as with the stars, so before us
The lesser lights posture and pose,
But nothing breaks in on the chorus
Of elegant forcible prose;
Through murders or man-hunts or wooings,

By sob-stuff or horse-play beguiled,
The English that tells of their doings
Is still undefiled.

Down tracks that are dusty they scurry,
O'er heights that are dizzy they hang,
But they never forget LINDLEY MURRAY,
They never relapse into slang;
The villain may revel in slaughter
But his converse is certain to please,
And the sheriff addresses his daughter
In pure Johnsonese.

The doom of the text-book is sounded;
The drudging in class disappears;
By every attraction surrounded
Our tongue will be taught without tears;
For those whose ambition is rightly
To handle that tongue will repair
For a term to a picture-house nightly
And pick it up there.

Thé Musical.

From the report of a wedding:—
"The tea service was fully choral."
Canadian Paper.

From an Indian cricket-score:—
"P. —, hot wicket, 75."—*Calcutta Paper.*
Not a bad score on a pitch which we
gather to have been fiery.



First Farmer. "WELL, GEORGE, HOW D'YE LIKE THE NEW MASTER?"

Second Farmer. "OH, HE 'LL DU. SEEMS A PLEASANT SORT OF GENTLEMAN. THE VERY FIRST TIME WE WAS OUT HE SWORE AT ME SO SOCIABLE AS IF HE'D KNOWN ME ALL HIS DAYS."

THE DIVERSIONS OF A COLLECTOR OF PLACE-NAMES.

THE unceasing deluge that pours from the printing-press, the ever-increasing industry of the novel manufacturer, and the growth of free libraries, make it hard to escape from the tyranny of the printed word. Yet most of us know what it is to be confined by stress of weather to the house, at an hotel or in country lodgings, when, after exhausting the daily paper, there is no intellectual pabulum to fall back upon but railway guides and directories. Bishop STUBBS, who was a great humourist besides being a most learned historian, is credited, in one of his moments of irresponsible expansion, with having placed *Bradshaw*, after *The Bible*, as the most indispensable of books; and to a certain class of people blessed or cursed with the statistical mind the study of *Bradshaw* affords an unfailing mental exercise.

I have an idea that *Punch* was the first to recognise the elements of romance and refreshment that underlie the superficial severity of time-tables. The pen of BURNAND and the pencil of C. H. BENNETT first brought home to my boyish mind the essential humours of *Bradshaw*. Later on I began to study his advertisements, and in them

was introduced to the once familiar but now discarded description of a famous hotel as the "grandest and most luxurious in Europe." There too I made the acquaintance, in a list of the amenities of another hostelry, of the Holophote, that mysterious invention of which I have so often forgotten the explanation, though the name still abides as a permanent joy.

Punch's Comic Guide to Bradshaw is only a partial revelation of the romance of its theme. That is chiefly to be found in the index, and especially in the names of the small wayside stations. Of course *Bradshaw* is not by any means the best treasure-house of the magic of English place-names. The *Gazetteer* goes further, the Ordnance map further still, while there still remains the wealth of purely local nomenclature, in which are enshrined the oddest and most suggestive names of all—for example, "Mr. Bruin's Purlieu" in the New Forest, at which, in the words of the old hymn, "imagination's widest stretch in wonder dies away." Still, *Bradshaw* makes a brave show with such delights as Ardsollus and Quin, Belcoco and Bilbster, Cambus O'May, Delabole and Drem and Dogdyke, Edrom and Fangfoss, Glogue and Goxhill, Heck and Inchtire, Kingskettle and Knockando, Lindores and

Luxulyan, Manuel and Meols and Moira, Nobber and Occumster, Plashetts and Plodder Lane, Pluck and Praze, Quakers Yard, Quilty and Quay, Racks and Rumbling Bridge, Scrooby and Spooner Row, Thatto Heath and Trodighal Halt, Udney and Ullock, Velvet Hall and Vulcan Halt, Wheldrake, Wrabness and Wryde, Yarm and Yoker.

Yes, *Bradshaw* is good, but he has his limitations, and a new and in every sense a formidable rival has entered the field in "T.B.R."—the motor omnibus guide and char-à-banc directory of England and Wales. Lovers of rural England who desire to maintain its sequestered calm may resent the invasion of the malodorous motor and the crashing char-à-banc. But by virtue of their ubiquitousness they provide in their directory a rich and wonderful catalogue of curios for the collector of place-names. To deal with them exhaustively is impossible; one can only group them in classes, and I propose to begin with a selection of those names which might be profitably adopted by persons in search of euphonious titles when (if ever) they are elevated to the peerage.

I.—*Names for the Honour List*:—Ankerdine, Bredwardine, Cheswardine, Clent, Croyde, Falmer, Froyle, Groby, Ivinghoe, Laira, Micheldever, Mount-

sorrel, Ombersley, Risca, Rivelin, Sacriston, Velindre, Vernigo, Wivenhoe. Personally, I wish to earmark Mountsorrel—with a marquise; but failing that would be content with the earldom of Wivenhoe.

II.—*Romantic, suggestive or mysterious names.* Under this head I would include: Arclid, Beckermest, Canon Pyon, Dial Post, Durkar (which has an Oriental flavour), Gnosall, Great Meols, Illogan, Laity, Mary Tavy, Middlezoy, Nunnery, Nursling, Peacehaven, Ponders End, Quadring, Radipole, Vange, Weston-in-Gordano, Wrangle.

III.—*Grotesque, comic or cacophonous names.* Here my selection comprises: Ashbocking, Baclaw, Cross Flatts, Bromsash, Bugbrooke, Bunny, Canklow, Carkeel, Copdock, Crawlerook, Crimp, Dickleburgh, Dry Drayton, Dumpton, Esh Winning, Exceat, Eyke, Faddiley, Farcet, Follifoot, Foolow, Goosnargh, Hopwas, Ingrow, Inkberrow, Keekle, Keevil, Kimble, Kippax, Loggerheads, Much Birch and Much Marcle, Muggerhanger, Offley, Par, Plaxtol, Sketty, Stuntney, Swadlincote, Swinefleet, Tarpots, Tinhead, Tittensor, Tow Law, Tumble, Turvey, Ubley, Ugley, Weeley, Wem, Wergs, Wormelow Tump, Yelling. In order of merit I give the palm to Esh Winning, with Wormelow Tump as runner-up and Stuntney a good third.

IV.—*Names useful to versifiers addicted to rhyme:* Amble and Mamble, Bix and Wix, Bamber and Bramber, Crick and Wick, Cromer and Gomer, Diss and Liss; Dordon, Flordon and Invergordon; Dore and Flore and Ore; Endon, Frendon, Grendon and Hendon; Frant and Lelant and Pant; Fratton, Spratton, Stratton and Yatton; Friston and Briston, Goole and Poole; Halling, Dalling and Malling; Horley and Cherley, Ogmore and Frogmore, Par and Sarre, Porth and Borth.

V.—*Names purely melodious:* Apple-dore, Henley-in Arden, Marazion, Ripplside, St. Mellion, St. Just in Rose-land. The first prize goes to the last-named.

VI.—*Impossible names:* Transporter and New Invention.

These six classes might easily be reduced to four, and then, by the selection of thirteen under each head, material is available for a variant on the game of Photographic Whist, which I helped to invent many years ago. My host had a great collection of photographs—celebrities, friends and relations—out of which we chose fifty-two, arranging them in four suits—Beauties, Uglies, Celebrities and Nonentities. The pack was then shuffled, dealt, and the card turned up indicated trumps. The rules of whist were followed, but the de-



New Sportsman. "DO YOU THINK THESE WILL BE A LITTLE TOO NOTICEABLE ON THE HILL, DONALD?"

Stalker. "NA, NA, SIR. THEY'RE OF SMA' CONSEQUENCE. IF THE HIND GETS A GLINT OF A MAN'S FACE SHE'LL NO STAY TO LOOK AT HIS BREEKS."

cision of values had to be made by mutual consent, with the result that the game generally ended in chaotic disorder. None the less it was an hilarious entertainment.

THE PLAINT OF THE THIRD-CLASS PASSENGER.

THE Pullman cars on the Brighton line are fair and stately, sedate and fine; Each "First" bears proudly a lady's name, But the "Thirds" have none, which I call a shame.

Well suited to fur-clad super-men are "Beatrice," "Myrtle" and "Vivienne"; But I entrain for the Southern shore In "Third-class Pullman-car, No. 4," Which gives me rather a nasty jar, For I hate to ride in a nameless car.

Not that I sigh for the gracious names Of high-born damsels and noble dames, But names like "Susan" or "Nell" or "Kate"

Would well accord with my humble state, And "Nancy," "Polly" and "Mary Ann"

Ring sweet in the ear of a third-class man; And I'd take my seat with a modest pride In a car with a humble name outside.

The Riddle of the Phoenix Park.

"Does De Valera hope to raze Ireland to the ground and build a Republic, Sphinxlike from the ashes?"—*Scots Paper.*

"There was a tired twinkle in her eye as she uttered the monosyllable: 'Rubbish!'"

Scots Paper. The less economical Englishwoman would probably have used the disyllable "Rot!"

AT THE PLAY.

"A ROOF AND FOUR WALLS" (APOLLO).

THERE were novel features in the pleasant concert which Miss PHYLIS NEILSON-TERRY gave us, in conjunction with Mr. TEMPLE THURSTON (lyrics, etc.). For one thing, the intervals, eked out with dialogue and silences, were longer than usual. Then we had the curious experience of hearing a singer deliberately sing less well than she could. This must have been very difficult for her. She had to charm us, and yet keep something in reserve, so as to be able to show how much better she could sing later on, after undergoing professional treatment. Then again we had the rare privilege of seeing a composer at the piano in the actual throes of composition.

There was, as I have hinted, a play thrown in. *Peter Stenning*, a struggling young composer, with a soul above the popular taste, is one of a devoted couple in a Bucks cottage. To them comes a man who holds the fortunes of musicians in his hands—a great *metteur-en-scène*, representative of Garrett's Music Publishing House. His name is *Moody*, though you would expect it to be *Sankey*. He is to hear *Peter's* latest song and see if anything can be done about it. *Peter's* wife (very nervous) sings it with the one idea of bringing out the merits of her husband's work. *Moody*, left cold by the composition itself, is all ear for the lady's voice; and, at the end, offers confidently to make a great singer of her. A course of Continental training at his expense, and in two years' time and under an Italian name (for no British audience, we are told, would look at a native) she will have punctually "arrived."

What follows is the most human and moving thing in the play; for they are true lovers, and *Peter* must merge his own sense of failure in the joy of his wife's success; and her triumph must be tempered for her by the thought that he only shares it indirectly.

The two years—and one more—have elapsed and we find them installed in extreme luxury. You expect everything to be changed. The lady, you say, will have been spoilt by success; have discarded all memories of the old love-in-a-cottage. Not at all; Mr. THURSTON can do better than that. He just takes his chisel and makes a little rift within the lute. It does not make the music mute—indeed the concert keeps on;

but it modifies the domestic harmony. It is the wife's fault. She has no actual vices, but—which is almost as bad—she thinks, with the exasperating confidence of virtuous women, that she can touch pitch without soiling herself.

Peter, who is still too true a lover to object to the humiliation of living at his wife's costs, resents her acquaintance with a certain notorious *roué*, *Lord Quihampton*, who admires her singing and pursues her beauty. *Peter* claims a husband's right to protect her against herself; or, failing that, at least his right as a man to protect himself against

and has no doubt whatever that *Peter's* wife, in due course, will fall to his deadly fascination. She tolerates his advances out of mere bravado, resenting her husband's resentment. It is true that she wears a gorgeous scintillating tea-gown for his benefit, and admits him to a private item of the concert; but she does not, as he stupidly imagines, encourage him. That is the worst of having a *flair* for the sex at large; it leads you, in individual cases, into such gross errors of judgment. This indeed was what presently occurred to *Lord Quihampton*, with the easy result that *Peter*, on the point of retiring to America, was recalled to his wife's arms.

The play was well acted. One's views are liable to be prejudiced by Miss NEILSON-TERRY's charm of voice and colouring; but I am sure that she has grown in human qualities. Mr. NICHOLAS HANNEN, as *Peter*, gave a real impression of sincerity. In the part of *Lord Quihampton*, Mr. ALLAN JEAYES wore the right air of quiet self-assurance, and did all that he was asked to do. I may not have been quite convinced of his devastating attractions, but then I am no woman. The audience seemed to find him very true to life; yet I have my doubts as to the existence of this type of nobleman outside the theatre.

To Mr. O. B. CLARENCE, as a tax-collector, was allotted a little scene of his own, a grateful, if rather gratuitous, interpolation. I happened to have an appointment for the next day with a representative of the Commissioners of Income-Tax, and his forbidding account of the atmosphere of these séances filled me with the gloomiest apprehensions.

The artists who designed the imposing interior of Act. II.—the *Stenning's* musicroom—had done all possible justice to the title of the play, *A Roof and Four Walls*. I forget what the roof, if any, was like; but they had more than made up for the unavoidable absence of the fourth wall by the stupendous altitude of the remaining three.

O. S.

"PLUS FOURS" (HAYMARKET).

An ultra-benevolent audience appeared to welcome with every sign of favour this extraordinarily ingenuous comedy, attributed, on the programme, to Mr. HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL and Mr. HAROLD SIMPSON. Let me, as a veracious chronicler, record this odd



Son. "I SAY, MOTHER, I DON'T BELIEVE THOSE TWO WILSON BOYS ARE TWINS, AFTER ALL."

Mother. "WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT, DEAR?"

Son. "BECAUSE ONE WAS ILL IN SCHOOL THIS MORNING, AND THE OTHER ONE WASN'T, AND THEY'D BOTH HAD THE SAME FOR BREAKFAST."

having the fellow in his house. This raises the question of her general independence as a woman with a vote, and the more delicate question of her particular independence as the bread-winner—or perhaps one should say, the winner of *côtelettes Réforme* and *poulet milanaise*; for *Peter* himself is earning enough to pay the baker.

As soon as you see *Lord Quihampton's* idea of evening-dress—white waistcoat, tail-coat and black tie—you know he is no ordinary lord. He has sinister and subversive views, expressed epigrammatically in a low voice, on many subjects—Cubists and hedonism and the anarchical condition of modern society. He has killed many ladies in his time

LYRICAL INEXACTITUDE.



WE CANNOT HELP THINKING THAT IF ALL THE PEOPLE WE HAVE HEARD YEARNING TO RETURN TO THEIR COAL-BLACK MAMMY WERE SUDDENLY TO DO SO—



—SHE WOULD NOT BE QUITE SO PLEASED AS THEY MAKE OUT!

fact without pretending to understand it. I can only wonder what Mr. FREDERICK HARRISON thought about it when he got home, and I hope, in frank malice, that he saw ghosts of departed plays and players, not a little reproachful.

Wilbur and *Jody* (short for *Josephine*) *Nuthall*, brother and sister, youthful citizens of U.S.A., are up against it in the wilds of Bloomsbury. *Mark Maturin*, the well-known novelist of Woking, advertises for a secretary who can play golf. *Wilbur* puts in for the job and gets it. He is, however, temporarily crippled by an accident. The novelist is evidently in a hurry, and therefore *Jody*, instead of writing a reasonable letter of explanation or going down personally to explain, elects to borrow her brother's "plus fours," his clubs and his typewriter, and presents herself to *Maturin* in his stead, hoping to keep the job warm for him.

With *Mark Maturin*, a guileless man, to speak no plainer, all things are possible of that sort. He is completely taken in; and so are the servants and a *Mrs. Carmichael*, a widow who very definitely intends to be *Mrs. Mark*. *Mark's* expansive publisher, on the other hand, surprises the maiden's secret, extorts full confession and, thinking that it will be good for *Mark's* work—perhaps even enable him to modify the rotten ending of his new novel and make a best-seller of it—aids the fond deception. All goes well for a whole week of mixed golf and novel-making. I gathered that if *Mark* was (according to *Jody's* estimate) twenty-two at golf he must have been about ninety-four at novel-writing, to judge by his methods, which were of the most odd. *Jody* of course, who had always loved *Mark's* work, proves herself invaluable as a critic; in particular—though so young and apparently so innocent—as an expert in the ways of women. Ignorance of these is *Mark's* weak spot—one of his weak spots.

And suddenly *Mark's* soldier-nephew, *Richard*, runs over from Aldershot, and "of course you two boys won't mind sharing a room for the night, will you?" Horrific situation! *Jody* modestly steals down to sleep, still in her "plus fours," *bien entendu*, upon the library couch. *Richard* slinks in for another whisky-and-soda. The great secret is again discovered; again pathetic confession is made, and the much-intrigued *Richard* agrees to keep mum, to trot back to Aldershot first thing in the morning, and meanwhile of course insists on occupying the uncomfortable library couch. Unfortunately *Mark*, bent, he says, on writing something for the good of humanity outside the run of his ordinary work, enters the library at midnight and expects to be at it till dawn—that's the kind of

fellow *Mark* is. The awful problem of who is to sleep where is renewed in all its horror. *Jody*, thus foiled by fate, impulsively bursts into the housemaid's room, and her abrupt gambit, "Ellen, dear, I want to ask you a favour," is horribly misunderstood by that respectable virgin—a diverting jest which I gladly acknowledge. *Mark*, hearing *Ellen's* passionate plaint, reluctantly but inevitably believes the worst of *Jody*, who disappears into the night, to appear next morning as her bewitching self, and cut out *Mark* from under the guns of the *Carmichael*.

Clearly the matter of this is the matter of frank farce. Unhappily the manner of the treatment chosen was the manner of sentimental comedy—for which you really do need some sort of plausibility of character and situation. Possibly a very light hand and a rippling flow of witty dialogue might have helped to conceal this radical defect, but the hand was heavy and the wit was not sustained. The amusing lines were, as the plums in "shouting cake," good in themselves but rather lonely.

Mark Maturin was frankly a bore, and his author's "shop" more tedious than one would have thought credible. The whole of the first scene in the Bloomsbury lodging-house was entirely unnecessary, the gist of it being quite adequately set before us in about a dozen words of the second. The truth is that the whole business was merely a "turn" of the kind specially favoured of late years by pretty young American actresses.

Miss PEGGY O'NEILL (*Jody*) apparently got away with it, and clearly, if she can find a manager and a public, cannot be blamed. But Mr. HARRISON! But the Haymarket! Well, well, well. Of course it must be great fun for leading ladies of this school, who play so frankly to the camp-stool brigade in a sort of prolonged wink, but it can't be very amusing for others of the cast who have any sense of technique. Naturally Miss ATHENE SEYLER was cast for the foolish widow, and Mr. DEVERELL for the foolish young man *Richard*. Mr. AUBREY SMITH was the foolish novelist, and Mr. ROBERT HORTON the foolish publisher—foolish enough to believe in *Mark*. Miss CLARE GREET was the unnecessary landlady. But it was obviously not their show, and it seems hardly worth the management's while to go to all that expense or to put trained actors to all that trouble. Surely anybody would have done. T.

"For Sale, Hopper Bale Breaker, Lords, 1916."—*Provincial Paper*.

It sounds like a cricket souvenir.

THE ROAD TO UNANIMITY.

[As a development of the theory that certain colours suit certain temperaments, it is now suggested that colours can even produce the particular temperament they suit.]

WHEN first I met you, O my Anne,
Bedecked in navy blue—
A sober-minded colour plan
I'm also partial to—
We talked at large about the arts
And proved, as I surmised,
Two souls that thought alike, two
hearts
Completely synchronised.

Nor did flamboyant colours trick
You out when I was led
With all my wonted rhetoric
To ask of you to wed;
Of your demure apparel's hues
My tie took up the strain,
And I rejoiced to find our views
Coincident again.

Judge then, last eve, of my surprise
When every point I urged
Invariably emphasised
The way that we diverged;
You brought, my dear, to bear on me,
Whilst dancing yesternight,
A gift of crushing repartee
And backchat full of bite.

Too well such conduct seemed to show
The truth to my poor heart—
How on the light fantastic toe
We'd drifted miles apart;
Diaphonous, your gala dress
Served sadly to convey
An instance of "the little less"
And oh! "what worlds away."

This difference kept me on the rack;
I could not sleep a wink,
Till I recalled my sombre black
And your resplendent pink,
And from the thought obtained a clue
Explaining our dissents:
'Twas lack of any common hue
Estranged our temperaments.

Since thus the cause I understand,
I'll match your each array
Alike in festal moments and
The hours of workaday;
Though I must keep my sable coat
For wear at evening's close,
At least your garb's prevailing note
Shall tinge my demi-hose.

"Mrs. Crofts, *née* Miss Maud Ingram, took out a certificate as a practising solicitor."
Daily Paper.

The first woman to do this, but not the first child to be named before birth.

"Prof. —, by his expletive talks on Rome given in the evening at hotels, etc., has set up a good example."—*Italian Paper*.
You should hear him on the local golf-course.

JANUARY 24, 1923.]

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.



Imperfect Performer. "THERE GOES ANOTHER OF MY NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

If you were lucky enough to encounter *The Decadence of Europe* (FISHER UNWIN) in *The Manchester Guardian's* admirable forestalments, you have probably got your copy of Signor NITTI's momentous book by now. If not, let me urge you to look through the friendly and critical eyes of the ex-PREMIER of Italy at the part we and our allies have played in that post-war cataclysm he so aptly terms the "Balkanisation" of Europe. Europe, he says, is a continent where "civilization takes a step backwards every day;" where men would rather live on other men's earnings than their own; where the worst debtors are the fiercest creditors; where the most ignorant rule the most cultured, and where the lives and deaths of nations are discussed by plutocrats and militarists with "levity, fatuity and scepticism." These, of course, are outlines. But Signor NITTI does not shirk filling them in. Our own achievements are described in detail, their high-water mark being Lord BALFOUR's letter on debts and reparations, "the noblest manifesto since the War." Signor NITTI bases his constructive hopes on the concerted action of England and America, the latter to begin by refusing further loans to wantonly bellicose States. The most amazing piece of retrospective irony in the book is the contrast drawn between the mild policy of CASTLEREAGH and the Holy Alliance towards defeated Imperial France in 1815, and CLEMENCEAU's "war by treaty" attitude towards defeated Imperial Germany in 1919—and their results.

Major HARDING COX is surely the pluperfect Englishman of Continental tradition. "It's a fine day; let's kill something" is in his case varied by "It's a wet day; let's

kill something else." A Sportsman at Large (HUTCHINSON), complement of his *Chasing and Racing*, is a record of achievements with rod and gun and hounds; also of a bloodless triumph with the rudder-lines in First Trinity V. Not less triumph with the gallant Major fish with resource and courage, but he can reel off fishermen's yarns which call upon the same qualities. From snipe to pelican, no bird comes amiss to his gun. If he is out of range with shot-gun he will take his rifle to a sitter; he will blaze into the brown if the detail is indistinguishable and he feels like it. He is an unabashed and candid defender of trap-shooting, "as a pastime, not as a sport"—"because I like it, so there!" And no one could be a more devoted lover of horses and dogs. Of dogs he tells many good stories, particularly of *Sweep*, the retriever puppy who made a Bishop of Sodor and Man fall from grace. With a pleasing modesty Major Cox will tell of his failures as cheerfully as of his successes, and all with enormous gusto and good-humour, in a racy idiom whose natural vigour is a little discounted by the horrific periphrases of a quite shameless journealese, and some unattractive Americanisms.

I was a trifle disappointed in *Madame Valcour's Lodger* (HURST AND BLACKETT), having been encouraged by its quaint and sensitive opening to pitch my hopes somewhat higher than the conventional key of American fiction into which the book subsides. Miss FLORENCE OLMSTEAD had such excellent cards in *Monsieur Valcour*, the French consul, cultivator of hyacinths and the graces; in *Madame* his wife, whose devoted slavery in an American schoolroom made the hyacinths and graces possible; and in *Jeremiah*, "a small person of colour," who wore a blue jacket when he "split the kindling" and a white one when he waited at table—that I could not forgive her for believing that the

fortunes of *Luke Hampton* and his ladylove, *Georgina Burke*, were in reality her strongest suit. *Madame* had intelligence, and *Monsieur* imagination, and *Jeremiah's* character was (like most children's) a glorious battle-ground of both forces. But *Luke*, to whom *Mudame* so hospitably rented her spare attic, had only three ideas in his head—to make synthetic rubber, to marry *Georgina* (who was socially above him) and to deal loyally and yet tactfully with his underbred mother and the *habitués* of her boarding-house. The rubber was an asset in the eyes of *Georgina*, and the boarding-house was the reverse. And that rubber and romance prevailed was largely owing to the sympathetic *Valcours* and their attractive friend, *Philippe Trudeau*, who should, I think, have been cast for leading parts instead of constituting the chorus.

Ermytage and the Curate (ARNOLD) is a book about the War; not a very pleasant book, but the sort of book that

must be written and read if the world is not to fall back into the old easy conception of war as a rather brave and splendid business on the whole. Mr. A. M. COGSWELL is obviously the master of his subject, and his novel is extraordinarily vivid and convincing. It carries its two heroes, if they can be called that, through the whole gamut of the War behind the Line. It is a gloomy picture, not, however, because the author revels in gloom—the book, indeed, is full of humour—but because he is bent on depicting the tyranny and beastliness and hardships of war as it impressed itself on two sick and shell-shocked gentlemen. Human suffering, physical or

spiritual, is a matter of temperament, and Mr. COGSWELL nowhere presses us to believe that the conditions described affected all as they affected *Ermytage* and *The Curate*. In a sense the book is an indictment, but it is against war that it must be so read, rather than against the preposterous officers and bullying N.C.O.'s who are drawn as their comrades in misfortune see them. For *Ermytage*—the very average young man—the whole of his two years of agony at the worst, and hateful discomfort at the best, are thrown into their true perspective by the discovery that the girl whose supposed affection had kept him going when things were at their worst has married somebody else. The little *Curate*, the real hero, is more fortunate.

The name of Miss MAY WYNNE upon the outside of a novel called *A Trap for Navarre* (HOLDEN) may well encourage the lover of historical fiction to expect a thrilling entertainment. For if she doesn't aspire to greatness she does keep things moving, and no one is more deft at weaving a love-story into an intrigue of state. Kingdoms may totter, but her young men, superbly dressed, and her young

women of entrancing beauty and sprightly wit are not to be put off from philandering. Here the scene is for the most part laid in "the old château where the young King of Navarre was holding his Court during the spring-tide of the year 1579." *Gilles de Fleurent*, a seriously-minded young Huguenot, makes his way to the château to put his services at the disposal of the King, and receives the shock of his life when he finds an atmosphere of frivolity where he looked for the militant spirit. But he bears up well enough to fall soundly in love. Possibly because his tastes were mediæval and mine are prosaically modern, I am of the opinion that, in choosing *Ninon* instead of *Jeanne*, he chose the wrong girl. But that was his affair. Of his taste for fighting—and he has his fill of this distraction before we are done with him—I have no complaints to make.

The claim that *Memories of a Hostess* (FISHER UNWIN) is "not only a chronicle of notable friendships but a life

story of one of the most distinguished and charming hostesses of the day" is a just one. For scores of years during last century the FIELDS' house at Boston was a centre of hospitality and social activity, and it is from the diaries of Mrs. JAMES T. FIELDS that Mr. M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE has drawn the material for this volume. The work of selection has been done with an excellent discretion and an unusual economy in the admission of trivial gossip. Men of mark—HAWTHORNE, EMERSON, LONGFELLOW, OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, LOWELL and CHARLES DICKENS, among others—move intimately through these pages as honoured guests and

friends of Mr. and Mrs. JAMES FIELDS. Dignity is the note of these "Memories," which are concerned with real friends and not with casual acquaintances. Of the house in Charles Street, Boston, Mme. BLANC wrote in 1894, "Je voudrais essayer de peindre celui qui se rapproche le plus, par beaucoup de côtés, les salons de France de la meilleure époque, le salon de Mrs. J. T. Fields." A graceful compliment to a lady who was at once an accomplished hostess and a woman of noble character.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"The brilliant sunshine permits visitors to enjoy *al fresco* lunch in the open-air."—*Evening Paper*.

The very place we always choose for our *al fresco* meals.

"'Annie Laurie,' Robert Burns's ballad, had one of the biggest receptions in its career last night."—*Daily Paper*.

"Burns exclaims: 'Who can minister to a mind diseased?'"

Weekly Paper.

Both WILLIAM DOUGLAS and WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE will, we are sure, allow a little latitude to the admirers of BURNS so near his anniversary.



Successful Applicant for post of Swineherd (to Overseer of Royal Piggeries). "OF COURSE I KNOW IT'S THE USUAL THING FOR THE SWINEHERD TO MARRY THE KING'S DAUGHTER, SO PERHAPS YOU MIGHT LET IT BE KNOWN UP AT THE PALACE THAT MY AFFECTIONS ARE ALREADY ENGAGED."

CHARIVARIA.

A SCIENTIFIC expedition hopes shortly to locate the Garden of Eden. The consensus of opinion amongst married men is that it is now too late to do anything about it.

According to a French newspaper professionalism is creeping into duelling. We prefer the old arrangement by which spectators and seconds were wounded free of charge.

Monaco is to have a Motoring Week in March. An effort is to be made to procure the use of clay pedestrians.

What is believed to be the oldest meat in the world has been brought to light during the excavations in the Valley of the Kings. We are sure, however, that Soho will take the loss of its record in a sporting spirit.

STEFANSSON, the explorer, is of the opinion that in a decade or two the Arctic regions will be a thriving commercial centre. We have already heard that several Eskimos speak with a noticeable Scottish accent.

Mr. BOYD ANDERSON, of Calgary, claims that there is a great deal of attraction in ears. It is doubtful, however, whether ears that flap in the wind can ever become really popular.

Interpreters are shortly to be placed on certain French railways to call out the names of the stations in English. Later on, the interesting experiment might be tried in this country.

The Glasgow Daily Record states that Mr. CHURCHILL may decide to join the Conservative Party. We understand that the news has been broken to Sir GEORGE YOUNGER.

Mr. R. I. POCOCK, F.R.S., has retired from the post of Superintendent of the London Zoological Gardens. The request of the lions that they might be permitted to have a day out to celebrate the mournful occasion was refused.

A two-hundred-and-thirty ton gun, capable of firing a shell more than sixty miles, has been constructed in France. But even a gun of that calibre will find

it difficult to make itself heard with all this peace going on.

In the town of Middleton, County Cork, it was recently found that there were 2,500 dogs to a human population of 3,500. As there is only one postman our thoughts are with him.

A twenty-six-year-old salesman of Los Angeles has married his fifth wife. But of course even in Los Angeles they all have to start in a small way.

"I have never seen a man with murder flashing in his eye before," said a witness in a London police-court. Then it is fairly evident he has not mingled with a domino fan on the eve of combat.

Some thieves, after tunnelling for

paper. But even these figures do not account for the astonishing circulation enjoyed by many American periodicals.

A lady living in Finsbury Park has complained to the London Magistrate that her husband did not recognise her in the street. Well, if ladies will go to these sales

An envelope addressed to the Secretary and left at the Nottingham General Hospital was found to contain an anonymous gift of twenty five-pound notes. There is no foundation for the rumour that they contained arsenic.

We read of the formation of the Khak-Campbell Duck Club. It will be a grand moment when the members march on to a poultry show-ground with the pipes skirling.

A recent fire in Northumberland destroyed several shops, but the Baptist Chapel was saved by a change of wind. Somebody had the presence of mind to turn the weathercock.

According to a dramatic note Mr. A. S. M. HUTCHINSON is writing a play for Mr. OWEN NARES entitled *Some Talk of Alexander*. Not, as had been rumoured, *Some Talk of Tree*.

The newly-appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Cantonese army is General WEI PONG-PING. He bears a name long associated with the Service.

At Cowdenbeath last week Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD spoke warmly in favour of the return of the Jews to Palestine. He said nothing, however, as to the question of the repatriation of the Scots.

Workmen employed on a new road in the north of London have found what is believed to be a German air-bomb. This supports the tradition that at one time there were air-raids over London.

A Marylebone dog, we read, fetches his master's papers daily from the newsagent's. The dog that wanted really to impress us would fetch them from the butcher's.

Another Impending Apology.

"Coal Merchants and Gentlemen desirous acquiring sound business."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.



"HE TWEAKED MY NOSE. HE WAS AN ENTIRE STRANGER TO ME. HE ESCAPED, AND I WANT YOU TO TAKE A PHOTO OF HIS FINGER-PRINTS. HE WAS CONNECTED WITH THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPING BUSINESS, I BELIEVE."

three thousand feet into a theatre at Taranto, only discovered the equivalent of three pounds. It is possible that the Burglars' Defence League will have a word or two to say about this.

Since the French journals reported the theft of a mile of railway near Albert, it is said that the police are keeping a sharp look-out for a man who was seen loitering suspiciously near the late South-Eastern and Chatham Railway.

A Scarborough correspondent writes telling *The Daily Mail* that he has cut a box of roses from trees growing in the open. We do hope this will not divert our contemporary's readers from saying what they think about the occupation of the Ruhr.

"Forty-five per cent. of the population of the United States are illiterate," states the editor of a New York news-

RIVIERA POLITICS.

No doubt they're right (or else they're wrong),
 Our friends of France, that lively nation,
 To go, disguised in arms, along
 Their course of peaceful penetration;
 'Tis sound (or imbecile) to run
 A cordon round the Ruhr and block it;
 'Twas ill (or admirably) done
 To help themselves from THYSEN'S pocket.

We too our native arts would use
 To extricate the shekels owed us,
 But differ widely in our views
 As to the *extricandi modus*;
 Endorse with high judicial air
 The *Times's* gentle anti-Gallics,
 Or take the obvious line and swear
 By LOVAT FRASER'S loud italics.

For me, who with the Lenten prime
 Shall make pretence of feeling weedy,
 And move from London's fog and slime
 To where the blue seas wash the Midi—
 My heart must yield to those French skies
 The love that I from ancient use owe;
 And, anyhow, in France 'twere wise
 To think as France thinks. I shall do so. O. S.

BABBLE OF BABYLON.

(By our Fleet Street Flâneur.)

For a learned counsel to be engaged in two courts simultaneously has come to be accepted as a privilege of professional eminence; but the private individual in a similar predicament through no miscalculation of his own is apt to be regarded unsympathetically by judicial eyes.

I have in mind the case—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say cases—of the young Earl of Stranglehold, whose coming-of-age celebrations, following so soon after his succession to the title only a few months ago, were responsible for one of the brightest nights London has known for many a year.

It was over a couple of cocktails at the Riparian Club the other evening that the widely-popular "Strangles," as all his intimates call him, expressed to me very forcibly his opinion of the gross mismanagement through which his examination in bankruptcy would clash with his appearance as one of the co-respondents in the Fitzjudah divorce case. And he complained that, further to embarrass him, the very same day had been appointed for the hearing of summonses against him in Sussex and Bedfordshire in respect of alleged contraventions of our ridiculously antiquated motoring laws.

The ubiquitous "Strangles" protested that even he found it impossible to be in four places at once, and declared his readiness to go to prison for contempt, in the hope that his experience would bring the legal authorities to realise that their utter lack of consideration only defeats the ends of justice.

* * * *

Everybody is talking with admiration of the pluck and independence of Prince Serge Obolitch in taking a position as mannequin in Messrs. Harridge's cloithery department. And I feel that a word of commendation is also due to the management for their enterprise in breaking with the tradition that the display of garments on anything more animated than wax figures in the window is necessarily the prerogative of the fair sex.

Prince Serge, as I ascertained in the course of a chat with him yesterday, is under no illusions as to the arduous

nature of his duties. In addition to occasional demonstrations of new designs or developments of fashion, his work will consist for the most part of being ready to slip on any apparel at a moment's notice for the guidance of intending customers, the idea, of course, being to prove to them how largely the attractiveness of attire depends upon the way it is worn.

It is obvious that a long day of continuously changing from, say, wedding kit to evening dress, or from a sports suit to the latest thing in pyjamas, must severely tax the powers of endurance; but, though Messrs. Harridge's hours are from nine to six, Prince Serge is resolved that his much-sought services as a dancing partner shall still be available for evening functions.

The departure is more than likely to spread, for other firms can hardly fail to recognise that this method of utilising young men of fine physique and noble birth is the surest way to combat a certain prejudice against ready-made clothes which undoubtedly still exists.

* * * *

The problem, which has been exercising so many minds lately, of choosing between Switzerland and the Riviera, seems in a fair way to be satisfactorily solved by Sir Merlin and Lady Buzzard-Kyte by means of the powerful aeroplane they have just had specially constructed for this purpose.

Lady Buzzard-Kyte explains that she and her husband have calculated that it ought to be easily possible to set out in the morning from San Romulo, on the Côte d'Azur, and fly to Yodelwald in time to dine and sleep at the hotel there, if not to see something of the winter sports. In the same way an early start from the Swiss resort next day should enable them to make the return flight in time to dress for the Southern casino that evening.

Accordingly they have engaged accommodation at both places, and their daily passage between the snow-clad mountains and the sub-tropical coast is certain to be not the least of the season's excitements for others besides themselves.

* * * *

The latest outbreak of the Whaddon Chase trouble threatens to assume dimensions that may make it difficult to confine it to the locality. I am told that already the City has been startled in the luncheon-hour by the rival slogans of "Bonnie Dalmeny!" and "We Want Bill!" And in hunting circles fears are entertained that this infectious partisanship may result in the Balkanisation of the Shires.

Even abroad the desirability of separating the protagonists as widely as possible is evidently appreciated. I hear that Colonel SELBY LOWNDES has received a tempting cabled offer to take control of the Wopperjaw Hunt Club, in New York State; and it is rumoured that an effort is to be made to induce Lord DALMENY to accept the vacant Mastership of the Ahuabaha Hounds in New Zealand.

But the most attractive solution I have heard suggested is that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, being at the moment officially free from international problems, should be asked to exercise his genius for mediation in a district where the Vale of Aylesbury, with its facilities for golf, is admirably suitable for a Peace Conference. The air too of Beechy Bucks is the same that he used to find so invigorating during his tenancy of Chequers.

"If Germany cannot balance her budget struct devastated France, why has she been allowed struct devastated France, why has she been allowed to reconstruct so splendidly her own northern towns damaged by the Russians; why is she allowed to squander money damaged by the Russians? Why shipping tonnage is so terribly too big for the weight of cargo there is to carry?"—*Colonial Paper*.

It "devasts" us to admit it, but candidly we don't know.



TUTANKH-AMEN IN DOWNING STREET.

HARASSED PHANTOM (*outside No. 10*). "THIS IS THE PLACE FOR ME. VERY PEACEFUL AFTER MY TOMB."



FORCE OF HABIT.

HANDS OFF THE SCHOOLROOM!

AMONG the most abominable proposals ever laid before a public assembly I rank very high the suggestion thrown out by a witness before the Board of Trade, in the course of an inquiry into the therm as a basis for reckoning up a gas bill. This would-be perverter of youth calmly proposed that "calculations involving the use of therms should be set in all elementary schools." I think not. As the poet WORDSWORTH has rightly observed:

A simple child,
That shyly stands and squirms,
And hangs its bashful little head,
What should it know of therms?

What indeed?

It is, of course, quite easy to see why the gas companies should want to remodel the school-child's curriculum. Obviously they have in mind the proposition enunciated by that gloomy but discerning gentleman, SCHOPENHAUER, when he remarked that there is hardly any absurdity so palpable that it cannot be impressed on the human understanding, provided the job is taken in hand before the owner of the understanding is more than six years old.

The gas companies' nefarious plan is to have an advocate in every household, and privily to train up little Lucy and Albert for the part. This is the sort of domestic situation which they seek to establish:—

Little Lucy, her father's pride, comes running in from school gaily swinging her satchel.

"Now don't go worrying your father, dear," says Mamma. "He's trying to check the gas bill."

"Oh, I know all about that, Ma," squeaks little Lucy. "A kind gentleman from the gas-works explained it all to us this morning."

So away she runs to work it out with Father; which she does so successfully that at the end of half-an-hour she has demonstrated to him that there is nothing at all peculiar about the fact that this quarter's gas bill is £8 4s. 3d., whereas the bill for the corresponding quarter of last year was £3 2s. 7d. In fact she ties her incensed parent up in such a maze of thermal units and pressures per square inch at the generating station that the poor man ultimately concludes that he ought to be thankful that he hasn't had the whole capital value of the gas-works added to his de-

mand note. I suppose the official idea is that the fond parent then says, "Bless you, my child; you have taken a great load off my mind! I will write out a cheque this very minute and send it off to this generous and enlightened company."

My own unofficial picture includes a strong probability that he will first smack little Lucy's head and then rush off to stick his own in the gas-oven, thereby consuming still more British Thermal Units, which will have to be paid for at exorbitant rates by his unhappy relict.

Even if tragedy is avoided, strife and dissension are inevitable. The Englishman's home will be less of a castle than ever when the gas company has managed to instal its permanent representative and devil's advocate in the nursery. Moreover—and here the real alarm is sounded—if the gas companies could do this, why not other people? Many fathers of families who are also season-ticket holders cherish a considerable grievance against the railway companies. Why not let the railway companies set one or two problems in the elementary schools and train up the child to convince its parent that it is

perfectly equitable to make the season-ticket holder pay the full fare if he happens to leave his ticket at home? And if gas and railway companies were allowed to begin their propaganda in the schoolroom, why not the tinker, the tailor, the candle-stick maker and every other tradesman whose charges are open to suspicion in these post-war days?

A pleasant prospect for a father of a family! Shattered for ever the innocent and admiring confidence that has hitherto existed (let us hope) between parent and child. Vanished the filial piety; obliterated the paternal pride. And when on Sundays Papa, from the head of the table, glances down the family board and surveys his quiverful, what sort of a picture will he see? The joy and promise of his maturity, the prop and comfort of his old age? No, Sir; he will see a brood of vipers, ready at every turn to sting the hand that feeds them. And his private reflections, as he hacks the roast, will run something like this:—

"That's for that argumentative minx, Amelia Maud—a nice sort of a child, backing up an income-tax assessment against her own father. And that's for Willie—knows all about therms, he does, and told the gasman that the meter wasn't registering all it ought to! There's Adalbert's—the little brute who demonstrated to me the other day that, with cattle food at its present price, it was absurd to talk about the milkman profiteering! And that'll do for Gladys Muriel, who spoiled my Christmas dinner by trying to prove that three-and-six a pound was quite a reasonable price for turkey! Ugh—how I hate the sight of them all!"

That picture, gentlemen, must never be realised. Down, I say, with this talk about therm problems in the schoolroom; back, I say, to the old teasers about the rod, pole or perch, the drachm and the pennyweight, and other non-controversial units of measurement that are never likely to be needed in an average household! As we used to demand in the brave old Education Bill days, "Hands off our Schools!"

THE ROLLING STONE.

I MUSTN'T boast, but all the same
You see in me the type
That's tackled every sort of game
From elephants to snipe.

I've often been in peril on
The ocean and the land;
I've lifted cups at Wimbledon
And cattle on the Rand.

I've played my salmon in the Tees,
My bull in fair Madrid;



Secretary of Golf Club (referring to portrait of himself lately subscribed for). "I THINK HE'S CAUGHT MY EXPRESSION. WHAT DO YOU THINK, MAJOR?"

Major Pepperwell. "I THINK WE COULD HAVE GOT A TON OF WORM-KILLER FOR WHAT THAT THING COST."

I've heard the wounded wombat's
wheeze
And the sob of the scuppered squid.

The quagga—this is hard to get—
Much pretty sport affords;
I saw a gaggle in Tibet
And bagged a brace—at Lord's.

I've killed the cobra and the cat,
A Lama and a lamb;
I've skewered scorpions in Surat
And shrimps at Sheringham.

I've caught a Tartar off Port Said
And crocodiles at Kut,
A clinking catch at Adelaide
And measles at Meerut.

I've cracked my joke with Foch at Spa,
My nut in mid-Brazil,
My cranium at Ranelagh,
My crib in Notting Hill.

I seem to boast? But all the same
I have the tallest tales
Concerning every sort of game
From spillikins to whales.

The Thirsty East.

"Ideal Bachelor flat near Brewery."
Advt. in Egyptian Paper.

From a Publisher's announcement:—

"DESSERT LOVERS."

A story of forbidden fruit, we infer.

SHOCKING TRAVESTIES.

IX.—MORE CULTURE FOR ZENITH.

I AM not much of a translator, but I have been led to try my hand at this difficult art by reading Mr. SINCLAIR LEWIS's last novel, *Babbitt*, which is a pretty strong satire on the imaginary town of Zenith, U.S.A., and other American towns of the Middle West. Amongst other peculiarities the inhabitants of those towns seem to be wholly lacking in a proper taste for literature and the fine arts. I have thought, therefore, that, if one or two famous English poems could be rendered into the language used by Mr. *Babbitt* and his friends, they might be led insensibly to take an interest in poetry at least. A translation, of course, can never convey the full beauty of the original, and it may be that here and there I have failed. I may also have made occasional mistakes in the use of the Middle Western vernacular. I can only say that I have done my best.

In conclusion I would warn the English reader that the words, "Oh boy!" with which my rendering starts, are a mere exclamation, and have no reference to the person addressed in this poem, who as a matter of fact is not a person at all, but, as you will perhaps remember, a bird.

Oh boy! Some head! I have a right smart pain
As though of neutral spirits I had drunk,
Or mixed the eats with hashish and cocaine
And turned the old grey tissue into punk.
'Tis not because I rubber at thy lot,
But, being too happy in thy happiness,
That thou, light-wingéd spieler of the trees
In some commodious plot
Of high-toned beeches, far as I can guess,
Boostest the summer with no extra fees.

Gosh for a dry Martini that hath been
Cooled for a long while on a chunk of ice,
Tasting of ante-Prohibition gin,
Dances and mirth, whate'er the dog-gone price!
Gee for a whisky or a brandy sour,
Full of the right, the undiluted hooch,
With bubbles winking at the shaker's whim
And full of pep and power;
That I might drink and, having drunk it, mooch
Away with thee into the forest dim;

Mooch, beat it, cut from under, and forget
What thou in the out-doors hast never known,
The weary blow-hards and the tight-wad set
That spend their days in adding bone to bone,*
Where he-men with red-blooded thoughts are not,
But simps and pikers, roustabouts and guys;
Where too much thinking makes the bean grow
woolly
And pine for heck knows what;
Where maidens cannot keep their goo-goo eyes
Nor new love feel next morning braced and bully.

Away! away! for I will stunt with thee,
Not toted by a highball nor a Bronx
But on the wings of old scout Poesy,
Though the dull brain keeps missing it and plonks.
Already with thee! Nifty is the night,
And haply on her throne is H.M. Moon,
Clustered about by all her one-spot dubs;
But here there is no light
Save what across the verdurous paths is strewn
Amongst the dandy shade-trees and the shrubs.

* A bone is a dollar.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
But I can sense 'most all of them are nice;
This is the place that puts the s in sweet,
The o's in odor and the i in spice.
The hawthorn hustles and the fruit-tree wild
Has passed the word for pushfulness and go
To violets underneath their leafy rugs,
And mid-May's hairiest child,
The coming musk-rose, brimmed with H₂O,
Is boomed about by merchandising bugs.

Darkling I listen; and I'll tell the town
I've often ripped a swear, and said "This bard
Would thank Professor Death to tootle down
And put the kybosh on him good and hard."
And now I have a hunch that more than ever
To pass with no fool fuss nor friends-along
At midnight for the New Jerusalem
Would be right clever—
Midnight, with thee still pumping out thy song,
The sole ský-pilot of my requiem.

There! I've not done the last two stanzas, but if the Middle-West would like to have them it has only got to write and say so. I can do any other masterpieces of English poetry to this sample, and shall be only too happy to receive orders by mail. EVEN.

HAVING SEEN INMAN.

Now that I have at last seen INMAN, I know exactly where I have been going wrong.

Instead of slamming away and waiting patiently for the upshot of my stroke, I ought to tap the ball gently so that it goes in off the red and propels that ball against the cushions with enough force to cause it to return to the same position. Or I should cannon in such a manner as to bring the red and the opponent's ball together conveniently for another cannon, and so on. Either stroke, I noticed, can be repeated almost indefinitely. I have been making billiards far too complicated. INMAN proved conclusively the sheer simplicity of the game.

I shall adopt INMAN's style in future. I shall keep my chalk in my trousers pocket, as INMAN does, where it will be so much more easily accessible than when kept in a drawer somewhere downstairs. I shall cultivate his general bearing, for I have a face which I think can be made, without difficulty, to assume that expression which seems to say when he is knocking the balls about, "This pains me a great deal more than it hurts you, you know."

If you have watched INMAN play you may have remarked that he does not lose his head with delight when his break reaches fifteen. That is another respect in which I must alter my style. And as for bad language, I did not hear him swear once; so far as I could judge, he had little cause.

I wish that the ceiling of my attic, where I keep my small table, were high enough to permit of a graceful upward flourish of the cue after each stroke, like INMAN's, and that I could afford a carpet like the one he walks about on when playing. These, however, are minor disadvantages, and need not interfere with an immediate improvement of my game. I feel confident. . . .

I was interrupted by my neighbour, who came in for a game. He offered to give me thirty as usual, but I felt that under the circumstances it would not be right of me to accept.

* * * * *

Later.—I think there must be something wrong with my table.



Lady. "THE MEAT YOU BROUGHT LAST WEEK WAS SO TOUGH THAT YOU-TOU WOULDN'T LOOK AT IT."

Cat's-meat Vendor. "I DO ME BEST, LADY, BUT IT AIN'T EASY TO PICK UP A TENDER YOUNG DERBY WINNER THIS TIME O' YEAR."

SAY IT WITH HEADGEAR.

I HAVE been glad to observe, on recent visits to the theatre, that the use of the soft felt hat as an aid to expressing one's emotions in moments of crisis is being recognised.

I heard a young man singing about his mammy or his babbie or his gal (I forget which and it didn't much matter), and as he did so he gently stroked his soft felt hat, smiling blissfully the while. Another young man was confronted by proof of a crime which he had committed long ago, and while his nostrils dilated and contracted suitably he gripped his soft felt hat until his knuckles showed white and the hat showed even greater signs of distress.

Perhaps I ought to explain that neither of these young men was wearing his hat during these operations, so that the spectacle was not so funny as you might think.

Why should not the soft felt hat be used in this way in real life? Take one with you the next time you are invited to tread the carpet in the managing director's room. If you are guilty of his accusation you can stand before him not only with your knees shaking but

with both hands wringing the hat like a newly-rinsed duster—a distinct advantage. If, however, you are innocent, you can punch the crown outwards from within and inwards from without to express your indignation; then, to show your indifference and contempt, you can jam it, shapeless and at a jaunty angle, on to your head and march back to your own room.

At a ball the soft felt hat is invaluable. Accompanied by a sweeping gesture it assists noticeably in the effect of one's greeting to one's acquaintances. But chiefly will it be of service in the conservatory, where the whole gamut of requisite emotions may be illustrated according to the way you pull it about. And if the lady should keep you kneeling over-long, it can be used as a sort of hassock to ease your devotions.

A velours is the best. It bends without difficulty. You can run your fingers meditatively through its locks, you can ruffle them violently, you can smooth them gently, you can pull them savagely. Whether you have a shot-silk lining to it is a matter of taste. Care should be taken, however, not to divert attention from what you are doing with the hat to the hat itself.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"There are the famous 'Letters of Juniors,' the author of which is not known."

Provincial Paper.

Although Smith Minor is strongly suspected.

"From what people behind the scenes are saying, the amateur 'combine' is more than a remote possibility."—*Sunday Paper.*

This must be what DISRAELI meant by "coffee-house babble."

"Complaints were made to the Bray Urban Council last night that donkeys were found trespassing on the Esplanade. The Council was urged to enforce the bye-law."—*Irish Paper.*

We foresee difficulties. When bray joins Bray then is the tug of war.

"When his Royal Highness entered his car he was surrounded by some 500 girls, who cheered and waved their hands to him as he took his seat."—*Evening Paper.*

We are all for enthusiasm, but wasn't she going a little too far?

Beneath a picture:—

"THE ROYAL ROMANCE.

The Duke of York and his fiancée, photographed at Waterloo Station just before they left for Sandringham."—*Daily Paper.*

This particular "romance" belongs entirely to our contemporaries.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

VII.—BOHEMIA.

George Rowland and I, incorrigible butterflies that we are, have yet our serious moments. We weary suddenly of rich hotels and rich food and the artificial gaiety of millionaires, and we long for some sweeter, simpler grade of life, where men and women who have not lost touch with primitive Nature genuinely enjoy themselves.

In such a mood George took me to the Café Splendide. "Great place for artists," he said. "Regular Bohemians, you know. See every sort of artist there—painters and—artists and—and painters—and so on. I saw Frome there once," he added modestly.

"By Jove!" I said; for Frome in those days was a name to conjure with in artistic circles; I speak of several weeks ago.

"Does you good," said George, "to see a different kind of feller now and then—artists and painters—and poets, and so forth. Keeps you in touch."

"Right," I said. "Let's go."

George made it pretty plain that in Bohemia they were poor men and concentrated on realities, so we were careful not to overdress. George wore an ordinary black dinner-jacket and a frilled soft shirt, with a sober black tie. I discarded my opera-hat for the occasion and wore an unobtrusive Stetson of grey velours.

We had a cocktail at Boom's, a gin-and-bitters at the "Hell and Tommy," and strolled round to Spider's for an appetiser. Then we dined quite simply at the Stukeley and took a taxi to the Café about ten.

The place fascinated me at once. I am one of those unfortunate people who always arrive everywhere at the wrong time. If I go to the House of Commons there is an unusually dull debate; if I go to the theatre the leading lady is ill; if I go away to the country the primroses are just over, the bluebells are not out and the weather has just broken. I dare not go to the Zoo for fear the elephants will die.

But here I saw that for once fortune was with me. The Café was full of chattering, gay Bohemian people—simple unaffected creatures, exchanging busily, after a day's work in studio

or study, the latest gossip of their craft. Their clothes, their faces, betrayed their character; and, had they not, the Café exhaled a sufficiently revealing Bohemian atmosphere of its own.

On one of the walls I saw in large letters the word

PILSEN.

On another

BIÈRE.

Somehow these homely legends sent a thrill through me. Here was real life at last. And then—the whole ensemble! One felt that all true followers

A harassed waiter flashed across the foreground. "One *bière*, one Pilsen," said George, who knew the ways of the place.

"*Si*," said the waiter in Spanish, and disappeared.

But all was not gay. Next to me sat a man in a black slouch hat, snuffling rhythmically and gazing with dejection at a glass of some pale-green liquid before him. One scented tragedy.

George nudged me. "Always here," he whispered. "Drinking himself to death. *Absinthe*."

"Good heavens!" I said.

"Artist, I suppose?"

George nodded meaningly. Art—Ambition—Failure—Degradation—a whole life was in that nod.

While we spoke a waiter brought the man yet another of the wicked-looking glasses.

We ordered two absinthes.

I looked round me, trying to extract from the multitude of hoarse voices, pale cheeks and weary eyes the secret, the essential spirit of the place. Was this little man the key—Disillusion—Decay?

It baffled me.

"Which is Frome?" I asked.

"Frome's not here to-night," said George apologetically. "And Daub's not here. And I don't see John Easel. Trigg's here very often—so is Waddle—but they're not here to-night. There's Badger, though."

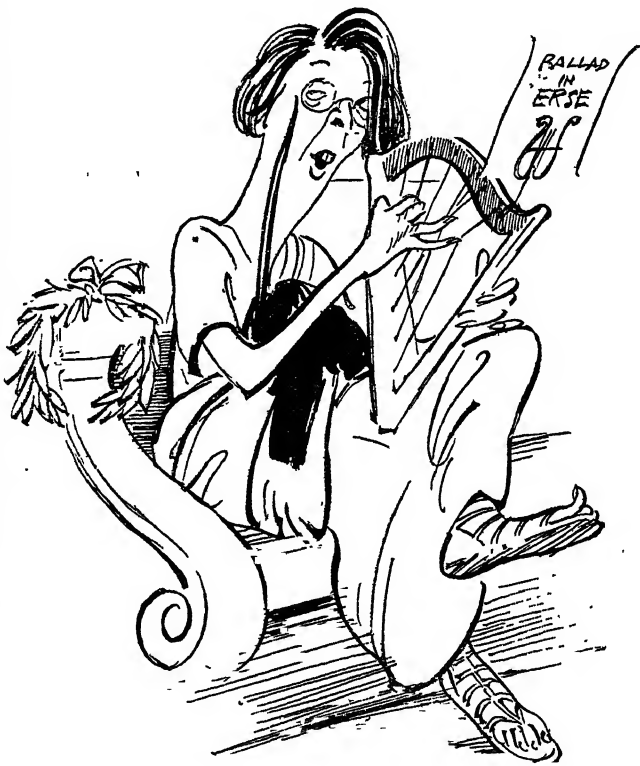
"What—the sculptor?"

"Yes, the sculptor. No, it isn't Badger. It's somebody else. Stark's not here either. In fact it's rather a dull night. Pity. Most nights you see all sorts of int'r'sting people—artists—and painters and—and so forth."

"Never mind," I said. And indeed the strange exotic life I saw about me had an interest sufficient in itself without the false glamour of great names.

The Art students across the room sprang to their feet and drank a noisy toast, clinking their glasses and shouting excitedly. Two men with keen and lively faces sat down opposite to us and talked earnestly in low tones. Here and there one caught an Italian word.

And still beneath the gaiety and laughter, the clink of glasses and the eager talk, one seemed to hear that undertone of tragedy. Everywhere, I saw now, scattered among the chattering throng, there were lonely figures



"CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE."

MR. W. B. YEATS BEGUILLES THE FREE STATE SENATE.

of Art and Beauty must inevitably be drawn to this lively centre—to the cheap and misty looking-glasses which covered every wall, the hideous pilasters in coffee-coloured plaster, the unlovely marble tables, and the tawdry sofas of red plush.

We sat down and I ordered two beers. "*Si*," said the waiter in Italian, and disappeared.

Then we surveyed the gay scene. Some way off, dimly discernible through the smoke, a large party of young men were making merry, and every now and then they rose and sang some jolly tipsy chorus in a foreign language.

"Art students," said George. "French, I fancy."

like the man beside me, with weary eyes and haggard faces, and those wicked little glasses before them . . .

This sense of misfortune oppressed me, and I strolled over and sat down near the Art students, who were singing the "Marseillaise." They at least were happy.

One of them rose as I arrived and made a little speech. He said:—

"Well, boys, we've 'ad a 'ard tussle of it, an' no mistake, but we've put two fences be'ind us, an' I say there's nothin' to prevent us goin' the 'ole way! 'Ere's to the old Rovers!"

They leapt to their feet and drank the toast with a Continental fire quite foreign to the phlegmatic Englishman.

"Who are they?" I asked a foreign-looking waiter, who looked his contempt at the question.

"Regent Rovers," he said. "Got through second round of the Cup to-day."

I stole back to George, and had to push past the two animated Italians.

"Guano!" one of them was saying, with a terrible fury in his eyes. "Guano! Why, there's not another guano on the market to touch it! I tell—you—Steve, that ton for ton."

The waiter had brought our absinthes, and I looked with some misgiving at the sinister drink.

A lump of sugar was poised upon a fretted spoon above each glass, and George was reverently dissolving the lumps with water. This, then, was the poison which had ruined so many lives—was even now ruining the life beside me. . . .

I turned impulsively to the little man. Now he held a handkerchief to his eyes, and when he turned his face I saw that they were wet.

"Tell me," I said gently, "what is your trouble? I have many friends who are interested in Art, and if I can help in any way?"

"Help?" he answered miserably. "If you can tell me who'll win the Three-o'clock to-morrow you can help. As for trouble, I've backed seven losers since Monday, and if that isn't enough." His voice trailed sadly into nothing, and I sipped my absinthe in confusion.

One sip was enough. I thrust the hateful stuff away. "George," I cried, "it's cough mixture!"

"It is rather like it," he admitted.

"That's right," said the little man. "Finest thing in the world for a cold. Always take it myself."

I looked again at the lonely tragic figures, with their weary eyes and wicked little glasses, and suddenly I knew their secret. They all had very bad colds.

A. P. H.



THE CARNARVON TOUCH.

FOLLOWING THE EXCAVATION OF TUTANKH-AMEN'S TOMB, THE LONG-BURIED TREASURES OF THE ROUND POND AT KENSINGTON, WHICH HAS NOT BEEN CLEANED OUT FOR ABOUT A CENTURY, ARE BEING BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

A FATAL DRAWBACK.

(Wireless alarm clocks are now spoken of as practicable.)

ALMOST I'd yielded to the fascination,
Almost had I decided to begin
To build a simple wireless installation
And taste the luxury of listening-in;
Fondly I thought how life would go
more gaily

If to my house, an unaccustomed
treat,
Supplies of music were delivered daily
Just like the milk and meat.

My lazynature found the thing alluring;
No need to dine too soon or not
at all

By way of hurried prelude to enduring
A draughty journey to the concert-
hall;

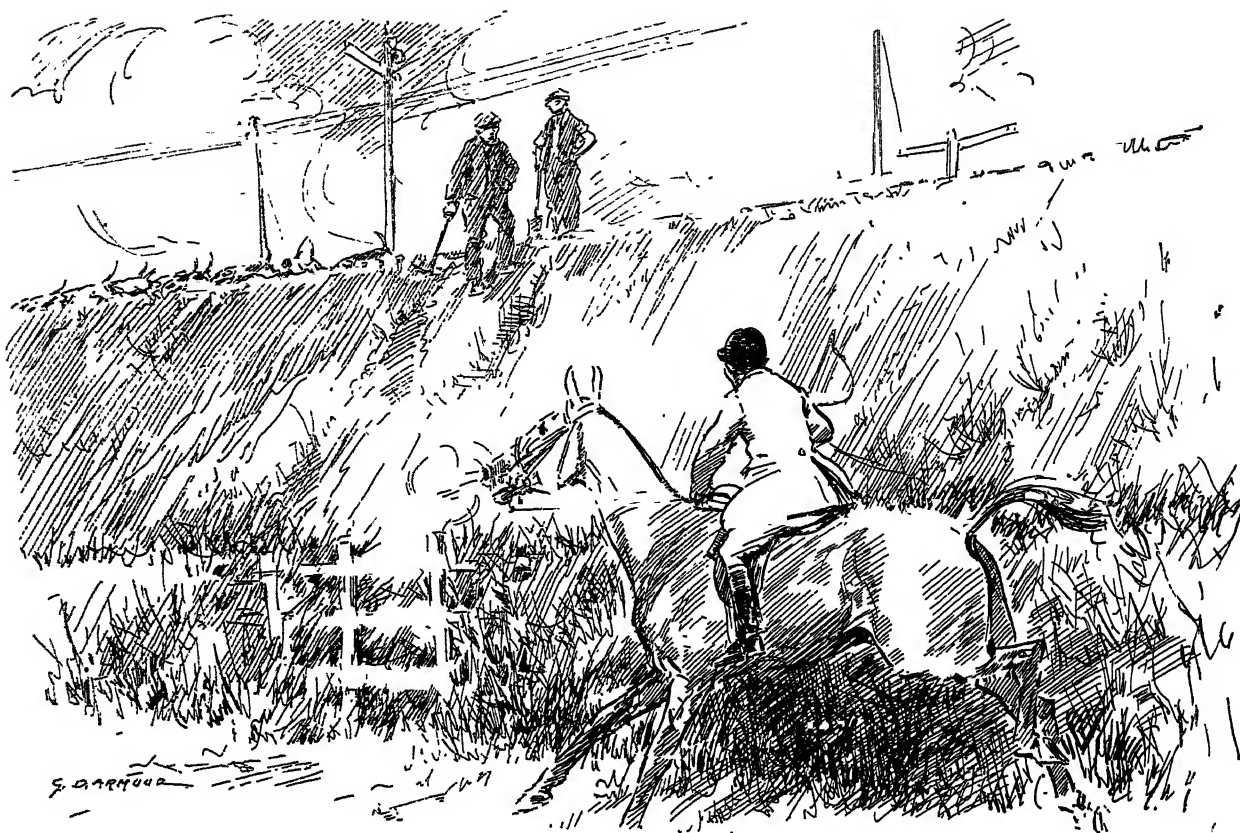
Snug in my homestead's comfortable
closeness

I'd take my melody unblent with
pain,
Nor, further, find the tenor's adipose-
ness
Clash with his heavenly strain.

But second thoughts to-day appear the
wisest,
And *sine die* I've adjourned the start;
This last development has banished my
zest,

Wireless and I are better far apart;
No more could I indulge in sloth (my
stock sin),
If with my dreams a hideous din
should mix,

What time my wave-length picked up
Timson's tocsin
That calls him sharp at six.



Huntsman (vainly trying to get to hounds on railway). "HAVE YOU SEEN THE FOX?"

Surfaceman. "NO, THERE AIN'T BEEN NO FOX 'ERE. THE FISH TRAIN'S JUST GONE 'BY. THAT'S WHAT YOUR DOGS BE BUNNIN' AFTER."

THE DAILY RUHR AND THE EVENING RHINE.

(Being a further selection of illuminating letters on the question of the hour.)

DEAR SIR,—Hats off to France!

Ever since the Armistice there has been a huge deposit of gold lying in the Ruhr Valley, which the Germans should have paid on account of reparations, but with characteristic Hun treachery have withheld. Now M. POINCARÉ has decided to march into the Ruhr and remove this gold by force if necessary; and it passes my comprehension that there should be found in England a man or a woman willing to object to so simple a measure of justice, expediency and truth. More shame, say I, that the British army is not found standing shoulder to shoulder with our gallant Allies in removing this gold.

Hats off, once more, to France!

Yours, etc. MARTHA BROWN.

Bideford.

DEAR SIR,—As soon as I learnt that the French occupation of the Ruhr Valley had begun, I went round quietly to the French Embassy and stood in front of it on the pavement for several

hours reverently, with my head bared and my hat in my hand, though not as young as I was and particularly susceptible to colds in the scalp. Many and many a one of those who passed by and saw me standing thus gave vent to a sympathetic cheer.

A straw will show which way the wind blows, and there is little doubt after my experience that the whole country supports France in her brave and righteous endeavour. The Hun may whine and snivel, but Truth will out, and conscience makes cowards of us all.

Reparations are there in the Ruhr, and M. POINCARÉ has gone the right way to get them, Yours faithfully,

H. PUDDIFOOT, Colonel R.M.A. (ret.).
Ealing.

DEER MR. EDITOR.—Lord Rathermere ought to receive an earldom, and wear a small but costly crown, for the splendid stand which his papers are making.

Yours affly, YOUNG VISITER.
Littlehampton.

SIR,—Let not the outcry of a few high-browed and Radical weeklies, such as *The Nation* and *The Sunday Express*, throw dust in the eyes of the English

people on this matter of the Ruhr Valley.

LORD BEAVERBROOK and Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS may be semi-German in their sympathy, but the bulk of England stands four-square for justice and making the Hun pay to the last farthing, whimper and equivocate though he may, and will.

Yours ever, CONSTANT READER.
Cowes.

DEAR SIR,—Every morning since November, 1918, I have said to my wife at breakfast, "The Hun must pay!"

And now M. POINCARÉ is making him do it! Yours truly, VERITAS.
Woking.

SIR,—Is the manhood of England entirely decadent? Everything seems to point to it. First we have this puling outburst of so-called sympathy for the *soi-disant* bankruptcy of the German steel magnates, and on the top of that comes the abolition of the left-hand salute in the Navy; and now this entirely un-British and regrettable dispute over the Whaddon Chase Hunt.

In writing to my own M.F.H. a week ago, I said

[We really do not think we can enter into this controversy.—Ed.]

DEAR SIR,—I went to a cinema the other night and a photograph of the GERMAN EMPEROR was flashed upon the screen. The whole audience rose from their seats and shouted in varying accents of contempt and disgust the single word, "Beaver!"

Immediately afterwards a photograph was shown of Lord ROTHERMERE and M. POINCARÉ shaking hands on the steps of the Athenæum Club. With one consent the audience broke into the "Marseillaise," followed by "Rule, Britannia," "The British Grenadiers," and "Auld Lang Syne." VERB. SAP.

Sapleigh Manor, Berks.

SIR,—My proposal is that Lord ROTHERMERE should be appointed Tetrarch of the occupied parts of Germany, under the title of "Lord Ruhrmehr of Rheingeld."

Why not?

Yours, POLITICUS.
Peckham.

THE WASH OF THE NILE.

TUTANKH-AMEN! whose wealthy tomb
Starts from its millenary gloom

To journalistic glory,
Whose gilded chairs and painted beds
Have set a hundred learned heads
Deciphering your story;

You may be he who dared to fix
The crushing tale of strawless bricks
The Sacred Book discloses,
Until the burdened Hebrew clan
Escaped in endless caravan
With AARON and with MOSES.

But, though you were extremely kind
In leaving such a store behind
(As we acknowledge gladly),
One item of your rich bequest,
Exciting special interest,
Has let us down quite badly.

Your splendid household goods are sure
To start a style in furniture,
So greatly they inspire us;
But, PHARAOH, it was hardly fair
To set us guessing with a square
Of your inscribed papyrus.

The record of each written leaf
Is tedious, however brief;
The learned tell us clearly
That your papyri are but sets
Of what the maid calls "serviettes,"
Her mistress, "napkins" merely.

And yet we feel, although the case
Appears extremely commonplace,
Its pathos deep and inner;
For even Egypt's wealthy lord
Could not, as it appears, afford
Clean napkins for his dinner.

Perhaps at first the monarch tried
Egyptian laundries far and wide
(Blue Lotus or White Lily),



"MY DEAR, JUST LOOK AT YOUR HUSBAND FLIRTING WITH THAT ASSISTANT."
"AH, WELL, I'LL JUST TAKE THE MORE EXPENSIVE OF THESE TWO HATS."

And had his costly linen back
In rags and tatters, blurred with
black,
With edges frayed and frilly.

And so the thrifty PHARAOH said,
Paper would serve his turn instead,
And hence the sheets that we see
Folded in dozens, soft or stiff,
Marked with the royal hieroglyph
In Thirteen Something B.C.

O PHARAOH! you have known the ills
Of laundries and of washing bills,
That drive us all demented;
Our brotherhood with you we claim,
TUTANKH-AMEN! (I hope the name
Is properly accented.)

"Scotland for Ever."

From a Scots schoolboy's essay:—

"Wordsworth's outlook on nature was less gloomy than that of Byron. In fact he would have been glad to exclaim with Robbie Burns, 'God's in his Heaven, a's richt wi' the world!'"

Well, well, as ROBBIE BROWNING remarked, "To step aside is human."

From "Situations Vacant":—

"AFABLE young lady required as Nurse-help."

"URSE - COMPANION. — Bright, domesticated."

"COMPANION-HELP required; quiet tastes; all duties."—*Advs. in Daily Paper.*

They all promise well, provided the initial difficulties can be overcome.



Nurse (recounting the tale of "Treasure Island"). "YES, AND THE WICKED PIRATE KEEPS ON SINGING 'YO! HO! HO! AND A BOTTLE OF—ER—LEMONADE.'"

An Urgent Appeal.

It is imperative that the English public, never slow to help where the need is understood, should have a fuller knowledge of the unspeakable sufferings of the Greek refugees, numbering at least a million, mainly women and children, who have been driven out from Smyrna, or have fled from Constantinople and Eastern Thrace, and are now on the mainland or the islands of Greece, homeless and destitute and dying. Many thousands have already died; and for the living, to the pains of hunger and exposure—most of them have only the summer clothing in which they escaped—are now added the horrors of epidemic disease. In consequence of this outbreak and because any additional demand for food and shelter is beyond its power to satisfy, the Greek Government has forbidden the landing of further refugees unless some foreign organisation will agree to assume the responsibility of caring for them.

The Imperial War Relief Fund, in conjunction with the Save the Children Fund and the Friends' Relief Committee, is making an "All-British Appeal for the Near East." These Associations are at present feeding twenty thousand children and fifteen thousand adults in Athens, the Piræus, Salonika and elsewhere, under a staff of Englishmen. But they are in desperate need of more money for dealing with these appalling conditions.

It ought to be impossible that any blame which may be

laid upon the fatal ambitions of a former Greek Government should be allowed to weaken the force of this appeal. Indeed, if it is true that our late Ministry encouraged these ambitions, then, however little approval of such a policy may have been shown by the public, this constitutes a moral claim upon us for the relief of these innocent victims. For the rest, it is a pure matter of humanity, into which no question of politics or the ascription of blame should be suffered to enter. To quote the words of Lord ROBERT CECIL, President of the Executive Council of the Imperial War Relief Fund, "It is the stark appeal, from a depth of hopelessness and suffering well-nigh impossible to envisage, of one fellow-being to another."

Our susceptibilities, as the appeal points out, may have been blunted by the mass-figures of the Great War, and we need to use a little imagination if we would picture individual distress; the misery of little children searching for the mothers they have lost; the desolation of mothers who have to watch their little children die.

The tragedy grows swiftly, and our help, if it is not also swift, will for many thousands come too late. We place full confidence in the sympathy and understanding of our readers.

Gifts of money should be addressed to the Hon. Treasurer of the All-British Appeal for the Near East, General Buildings, Aldwych, W.C.2., and gifts of clothes to c/o Pickfords and Hay's Wharf Shipping and Forwarding Co., New Hibernia Wharf, London Bridge, S.E.1.

PUNCH.



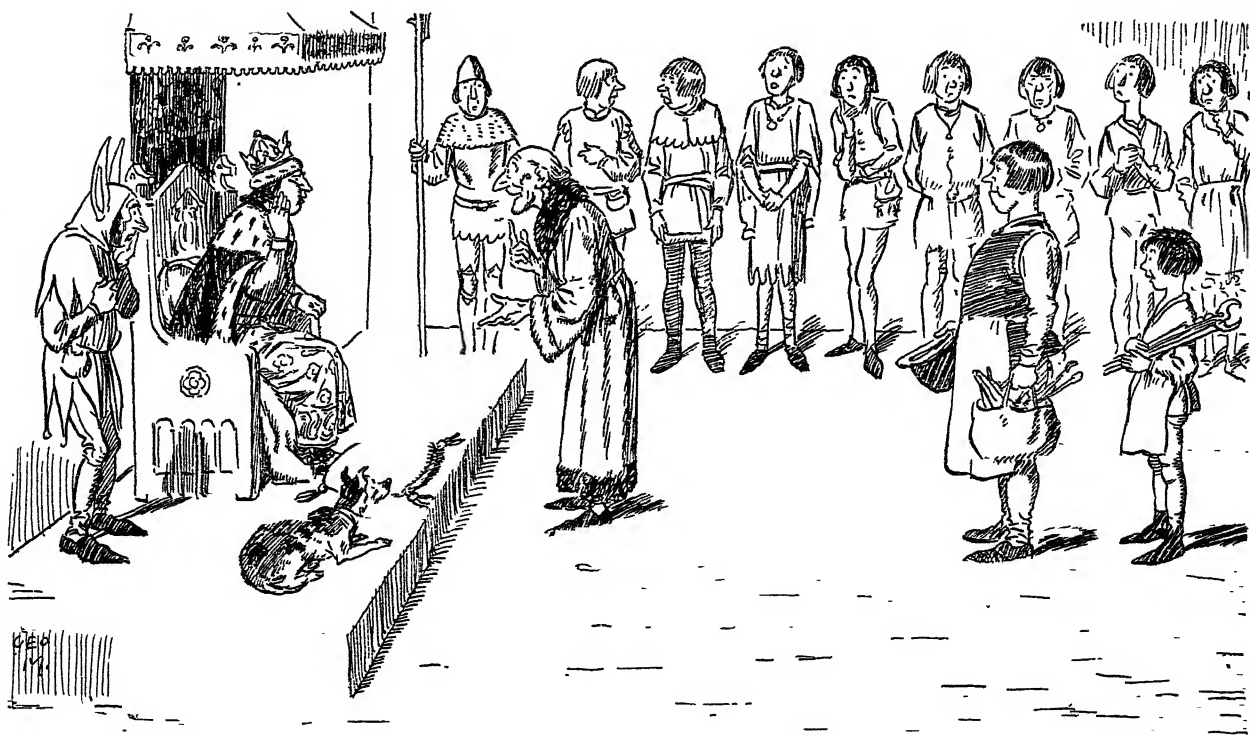
THE TRAGEDY OF GREECE.

HUMANITY. "WHO WILL HELP ME TO SAVE THESE?"

[Mr. Punch very earnestly entreats his readers, whose generosity he has so often tested, to send help, at the earliest possible moment, to the Greek refugees from Smyrna, Constantinople and Thrace, whose sufferings from hunger, exposure and disease are almost beyond telling. He begs to draw attention to the statement of facts furnished by the Imperial War Relief Fund and set out on the opposite page, where addresses are given to which help may be sent.]

—

—



The King (about to have a tooth extracted). "HATH THE DENTIST MUCH SKILL?"

Lord Chancellor. "HE HATH, YOUR MAJESTY; AND, AS IT IS A POINT OF COURT ETIQUETTE THAT EVERY COURTIER MUST HAVE A TOOTH PULLED FIRST, HE SHOULD BE AT THE TOP OF HIS FORM BY THE TIME HE COMES TO YOU, SIRE. I ONLY REGRET THAT MY TOOTHLESS CONDITION DENIETH ME THE HAPPINESS OF SERVING YOUR MAJESTY IN THIS MATTER."

WALKING HOME.

(Pheasant and Partridge shooting ends.)

THE last drive's done, the final salvo's sped,
The tossed shells lie still warm upon the loam;
Afar a pheasant clatters up to bed,
Partridges answer on the ploughland's head,
And beaters scatter on the road for home,
Calling Good-nights along the darkling lane,
And we have seen a season through again.

Just wait a second till my pipe is lit . . .

And now, my Nell dog, we'll be homewards too;
It *has* been fun, I've loved it, every bit—
The sport, the smiling hours that sponsored it;
Clover and stubble and September blue;
Then fiery forests where the outraged jay
Challenged aloud the stick-taps far away.

Even those wild mornings when the West's dark gale
Hurled dead leaves flying from his pipes and drums
Had fierce delights and maybe some proud tale
Of difficulty dealt with on the nail;

Yes, *one* cock pheasant, crumpled as he comes
High in the tempest's heart, is more by far
Than half a hundred semi-sitters are.

And incident: 'tis jolly to look back

On one or other small triumphant thing—
Some right and left, picked with a neater knack
Than's most days mine, from out the whizzing pack;
That woodcock twisting on a warm brown wing.

I got him like an artist through the firs,
'Neath the shrewd eyes of artist onlookers.

I loved those rambles too, *sans* circumstance,
When one strolled out to study more than shoot,

To learn the "fly" of coveys, frame the plans
And crafts of drives to be, and take one's chance
Of hedgerow pheasants flushing at one's boot,
And missed on that account. O golden ways,
O rich October's blazoned pomp of days!

But where, my Nell, do you come in? You say
I stage the sport, the weather, my own skill
From mellow opening hours until to-day.
Rang down the curtain on the finished play,
Yet feature not your wisdom and goodwill;
Is there to be, in short, no epilogue,
No mention of a little spaniel dog?

You dear old fool, do you indeed suppose
That I'm a so unmitigated churl
That, when my Muse attempts the season's close,
Your kind companionship, your steady nose
Shall go unhonoured? Never fear, old girl;
Your work, your silken wit, when all is done
Have been to me the full half of the fun.

And proud I've felt when'er the Labrador,
Flashing, flung up beyond a runner's "fall,"
Missed the first priceless minute, wasted more
In fast but futile swings and casts, before
"Just try old Nell here!" down the drills they'd call;
And you would get a line no longer warm
And pull it off in full Field Trial form!

Well, till the Autumn; but regret I've none,
For the dark shortens and the days wax long,
And somehow, yes, *indecent* seems a gun
These virginal morns; why, in the chilly sun
Of yesterday the thrushes were in song;
And partridges are pairing, and there are
Lambs (hear 'em?) in the fold. The Spring's not far.

THE MATING OF PETE BLAIR.

A STRONG FILM STORY OF THE SILENT YUKON.

HE was an enigma. No one knew who he was or whence he came or what his work might be. Some said that he was a tramcar conductor; others, that he was connected with shipping; still others, that he was advertising something. But Pete was so strong and so silent that few cared to ask, and none was told, what his occupation really was.

For the rest, Pete seemed quite a normal man. He worked steadily, though secretly; shot at his neighbours occasionally when under the influence of *muk*, the native drink, and altogether lived a decent Yukon life. And year by year he grew stronger and more silent.

One evening behind the icy steppes of Alaska the sun was setting. Little incidents like this, meaningless to the town-dweller, were charged with significance for Pete Blair. He had lived alone with nature for many years and to him she was an open book in which he read with an unerring instinct.

Glancing up from his work he noticed the dull red ball which hung low in the sky, and, after observing it for a moment, he rightly guessed that it was the sun. Drawing a rough-hewn prismatic compass from his pocket he quickly took the bearings of the heavenly orb, and then with his jack-knife scratched some hasty calculations on a piece of bark. The compass-reading, after the necessary allowances had been made for magnetic variation, fair wear and tear, three years' average and two-and-a-half per cent. discount for cash, showed him that the sun was in the west.

A thought struck him. Yes, perhaps that was it. He sat down on a log and waited. Half-an-hour later the sun had gone. Gradually the suspicion in his mind became a certainty. An hour later it was quite dark. He rose and a smile spread over his rugged features. He had been right. It was sunset.

Silently he gathered his tools and started on

the fifteen-mile tramp back to his cabin. He thought of the time, years before, when he had begun his life-work just outside his cabin-door. It had been easy to get to and from his task in those days, but month by month he



"— ALTOGETHER LIVED A DECENT YUKON LIFE."

had been obliged to go farther afield. Then he thought of the time when, in years to come, his work would be so far away that he would never get more than half-way back before it would be time to start out again.

He grew a little sad thinking of this. Then he shrugged his shoulders. What mattered it? It was life, anyway. The thought gave him new vigour as he began to look for the tools which had been on his shoulder and which he had shrugged down an adjacent cañon.

When he reached his cabin he saw with surprise that there was a light in the window. The door was locked, but he burst it open. He had a key, but he always burst it open. He liked the noise.

Within the cabin was a woman, young and beautiful. As he entered she came towards him and spoke:—

"Wall, friend, I was passing by yer shack an' I felt rather lonely—I mean kinder lonesome—so I just came in. Say that you're glad to see me."

In reply Pete took the poker and twined it carefully round his near calf. Strong silent men often do expressive things like that.

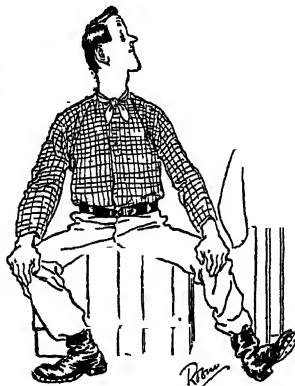
"Tell me I can—or, rather, kin—stop," persisted the lady.

Pete threw her tenderly under the bed and sat down by the fire to think. He pulled a rude pipe from his pocket, filled it silently and then drew a match from a box and held it in his fingers for a moment. In the red light of the fire the match seemed such a slender fragile thing beside his burly figure, but he struck it. He was like that—ruthless.

Three years later the girl rose from the packing-case on which she had been sitting. Things had changed since the night of her arrival. Pete was now working forty miles away and walking home every other day. He was, if possible, stronger and more silent than ever.

Little things about the hut gave evidence of her attention. There was a table-cloth on the table where Pete had been wont to keep his spare boots; his spare boots were in front of the fire where the hearth-rug had once been; the hearth-rug was on the bed where formerly the table-cloth had been spread. It is by such signs as these that a woman makes her presence felt.

It was evening and Pete had just returned



"THE WORDS STRUCK HIM LIKE A THUNDERBOLT."

from work. As he sat down on the packing-case the girl said:—

"Say, friend, guess my folks'll be wonderin' what's keepin' me, and I'm gonter get back home. I wouldn't hustle away like this, but you've never spoken to me since I came, an' I've got a hunch—at least I think it's a hunch—that you don't want me here."

The words struck him like a thunder-bolt. He got up, bit a piece out of the clock and sat down again. She was going—she who had brought flowers into his home and taught the parrot to speak. No, it must not be. He would explain to her.

He leaned back, his lips moved and for the first time she heard his voice. Love and wonder were in her eyes as she listened—or, to be precise, love was in one eye and wonder in the other. She was like that—complex.

The hours passed and still he went on. Dawn had broken before he ended. And what he said was this:—

"S-s-s-say, g-girl, if I st-t-t-arted ch-ch-chattin' w-with f-f-f-folks, h-how in d-d-d-darnation d-do you th-th-think I'd f-f-f-find t-t-t-time t-t-to g-g-get m-m-m-my w-work d-d-d-done?"

* * * * *

The girl is still in the cabin on the hillside. Pete now works eight hundred and thirty miles away and gets home only for Easter. No one knows yet what his work is, but everybody agrees that he is a remarkably fine fellow—the strongest and most silent man on all the Yukon.

MÉNAGE À TROIS.

"THE price seems moderate for a house with four bedrooms," said I, "and from your description I imagine my wife would approve of the neighbourhood."

"Can I make you out an order to view?" said the house-agent.

"Well, I think I should like a few more details first," I replied. "You see we share our home with a friend and—"

"A gentleman?"

"In every sense of the word," I replied.

"If he golfs—"

"He hates it. But what he would like to know is"—here I referred to a small scrap of paper—

"(1) Is there a French-window leading to the garden?"

"(2) Is the house draughty?"

"(3) Are the window-sills fairly wide and not too high from the ground?"

"(4) What is the height of the garden fence?"

"(5) Have any rats been seen lately?"

The house-agent gazed at me apprehensively and was beginning to edge



INVITATION DE LUXE.

Messenger from another ship (all in one breath). "MR. WILKINSON'S COMPLIMENTS, SIR, AN' 'E SEZ 'E'S FED UP WITH THIS ONE-EYED 'OLE AN' SO 'E SEZ WILL YOU DINE WITH 'IM TO-NIGHT, SIR, AN' GENERALLY ASSIST 'IM TO RAISE A PRIVATE MERRY LITTLE 'ELL?"

towards the telephone in the inner sanctum when the outer door of the office opened and my friend walked in. As he did so his eye rested on the Estate Agency's black cat curled up on the counter.

Luckily I seized him by the collar just in time.

Our Optimistic Advertisers.

"Shorthand - Typist (Youth) (Noiseless) wanted."—*Daily Paper*.

"On Monday morning 50 people in London listened to the voices, and even the coughing, of men in New York."—*Irish Paper*.

These Yankees, it would appear, even sleep through their noses.

Erratum.

It has been pointed out to Mr. Punch that Mr. SARGENT, R.A., is not the first Master to get into the National Gallery alive, as alleged, by a chorus of Old Masters, in a recent Cartoon. For their error Mr. Punch apologises to all concerned. He thinks, however, that it would be safe to say that Mr. SARGENT is the first Master to have had as much as half a room given him there to live in.

"Mr. and Mrs. — wish to communicate to the public that the falsehoods concerning them are entirely without foundation."

Scots Paper.

We thought so from the first.

ARNOLD BRAX.

A STUDY BY EVAN EDWINS.

THE annals of modern music contain few more surprising or exhilarating episodes than the rapid emergence into celebrity of Arnold Brax. In 1919 he was not even an *enfant terrible*; at the opening of 1923 he is generally acclaimed as combining rhythmic dynamism, endogamic Narcissism, Gongorism and instinctual metabolism to a greater extent than any other living composer, not even excepting Botulinsky or Pimpolini. Various conjectures have been put forward to motivate this exorbitant efflorescence. Some critics have attributed it to the extraordinarily protrusive personality of the man, to his jutting and craggy chin, his beetling brows and the uncanny fluorescence which exudes from his myopic but coruscating eyes. Others again, obsessed by their studies in nomenclature, hold that he was predestined to greatness by his surname, which foreshadowed the "braxy" flavour of all his compositions. Others again—but enough of otiose ætiology.

The simplest explanation of this portent is the truest. It was not Brax's chin or his cranium or his name that suddenly boosted him on to the pinnacle on which he now is securely perched. It was the musical public, which from the first hearing of his first work hurled him *holus-bolus* into the limelight. When *Tosh* was first performed it was, in deference to a strepitous demand, given four times, being repeated in its place in the programme and given twice at the end of the concert. It would have been given five times, only that unluckily the first contra-zoedone player split his lip in the *Coda*. The *Nupiter Piffkin* variations have to be repeated every time they are done. Children cry for them and octogenarians when they have heard them are ready to die. When an audience gives such unmistakable signs of its pleasure it is needless to seek for other clues.

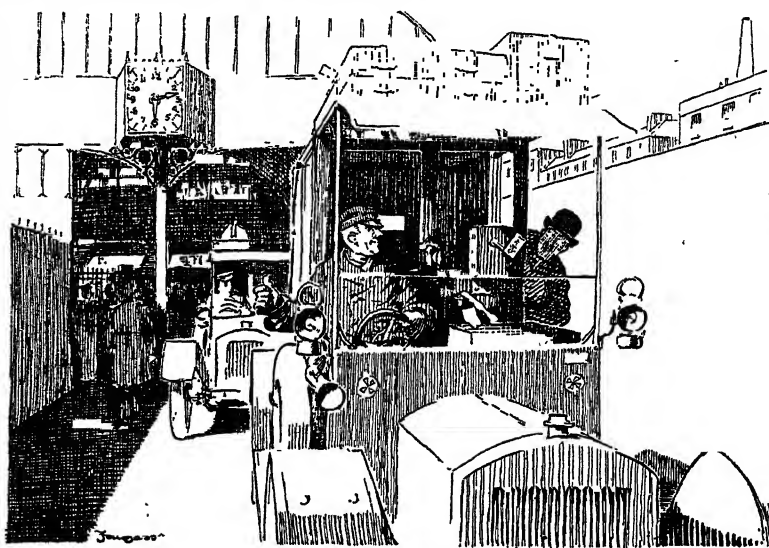
The connection between the music of *Tosh* and its subject is very close. The exhilaration engendered by audition makes us desire to take part at all hazards. When we hear *Tosh* we have to control an impulse to pick up any-

thing handy and translate into violent physical action the "Braxity" of our own esoteric toshitude.

The greater part of Brax's music undoubtedly expresses the exuberant energy of an abnormally resilient personality intoxicated, or perhaps I should say confuscated, with the exuberance of its own poluphloisboisterosity. This is not to say that he is incapable of expressing the gentler emotions—witness the passage in the second of the *Sternutations*, in which he has conveyed with wonderful delicacy the stertorous breathing of a duck-billed platypus. But if Brax owes much to his wonderful "urge" towards dæmonic ebullience it also tends to revenge itself upon him; for by a strange and paradoxical antinomy it is responsible for the view

In his preoccupation with tone-colour and sound Brax is essentially an ultra-Modernist. His originality is beyond question, yet he has not been immune to the teaching of his contemporaries. Foremost among these dominant influences I would place Galgalit, the French Paulo-Postalist; Pobol, the toeless Finn, and the late CINQUEVALLI. With regard to the last-named, one should always remember that two jugglers may use the same oranges or billiard-balls, *but it is the juggling that counts*. To vary the metaphor—an inevitable result of the limitations of musical terminology—Brax's brushwork is always his own, and in its superlatively detergent quality it furnishes in music a complete parallel to the vacuum-cleaner in the domain of domestic economy. As a

young man hesatdown, not to reform the world, but to write music that would make it sit up. Yet, by another of the strange paradoxes which beset his progress, the repercussion of his efforts has not been insular or parochial, but world-wide. I need not dwell on the *brochure* of Mr. A. B. CHALKLEY, in which that learned critic hails in Brax the musical reincarnation of the Piffulence (φλυπία) of ARISTOPHANES. More germane to my purpose are the treatise of Professor Pogo, of the University of Hokipoki, and the tribute paid to Brax



METRICAL LANGUAGE.

"DRIVER, DO YOU KNOW THE RIGHT TIME?"

"YESSIR; JUST HALF-A-CROWN ON THE CLOCK, SIR."

taken in some quarters that he is not a serious musician, but, in the deplorable jargon of to-day, that he is a mere stunt-merchant! Philosophically viewed, this contention admits of support. But philosophy is powerless to cope with the synthesis of incompatibles presented by the myriad-minded Brax.

Minds incrustated with pretentious pomposity are unable to recognise that an earnestness far transcending their own can underlie the most feverish frivolity. Thus while in a conventional sense a work like the *Grillo Misto* may not appear to be as serious as a symphony by BRAHMS it is intrinsically and subliminally replete with a multicellular and metapsychological earnestness. Indeed I dare affirm that Brax is even more in earnest than most composers, but his earnestness expresses itself differently and in a manner which was not encouraged by the late Dr. GAUL or by Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON.

by Dr. Emil Busch, of Frankfurt, in his recent lecture at Oxford.

Busch points out that in his architectonic handling of chunks of space-time happenings, Brax is the only composer who can be truthfully regarded as four-dimensional. Pogo goes even further and claims him as the greatest of polyphonic Pragmatists, uniting free resort to a voluptuous vernacularism with the austere pungency of an astigmatic amblyopia. It is a noble act of homage nobly expressed, and more than justified by Brax's latest work, *Phuphluns*, an Etruscan Rhapsody for solo voice and small orchestra consisting of four piccolos, four trumpets, two Burmese gongs, three electric kettle-drums in C, E and G-sharp, and a new instrument called the Brockenspiel. *Phuphluns*, it will be remembered, was the Etruscan Bacchus, and the title is used in its significance of unbridled revelry, with the subsequent and



She. "LOOK! THERE'S THAT WONDERFUL BULASH. SOMEONE DESCRIBED HIM AS 'THE WICK BURNING IN THE LAMP OF GENIUS.'"
He. "WISH I'D GOT THE JOB OF TURNING HIM DOWN."

inevitable reaction to profound depression. The solo-singer is given a series of words from an Etruscan inscription chosen solely for their phonetic effect, as the meaning has hitherto defied the industry and skill of all decipherers. They run as follows:—

"Ulat tanalareezul, amavachrlautun, veltheinasse sthlafunas slelethcarriu."

Brax has never had a finer theme for the display of his unique tragi-comic genius; and he has risen to, nay, transcended, the occasion in a work whose delirious gaiety and inspissated gloom form the finest musical microcosm ever moulded by the brain of man.

In a Good Cause.

Mr. Punch recently appealed for one of his favourite causes, the Surgical Supply Depot, Kensington. He now begs to announce that, for the benefit of this exceptionally good work, a Bridge Party is to be held at the Hyde Park Hotel, on Wednesday, February 7th, from 3 o'clock. Many handsome prizes are offered. Application for tickets (7s. 6d., including tea) should be addressed, with remittance, to the Hon. Secretaries, Surgical Supply Depot, 23, Upper Phillimore Place, Kensington, W.8.

A SECRET GARDEN.

(Discovered by chance in Indian Jungle).

BUTTERFLIES of blue and green
Make a living dancing screen;
Sunlight shed upon the grass
Swordlike would forbid me pass;
Yet a peacock took this way
With his wives, and yesterday
I could hear a strange bird sing
Just beyond the opening—
Such a bird as can be found
Only on enchanted ground,
Or in dreams; and I must go
Softly.

See! The Sal trunks grow
Sombre now, and in the leaves
A black-and-yellow spider weaves
Webs that brush the face like lips.
Now the dwindling deer-path dips
To a stream unseen, unlit;
Crocodiles abound in it,
And a million million flies,
Startled, dance to daunt my eyes.
These I pass and stoop to take
A grassy tunnel where a snake
Has cast his dappled tawny skin
And lain awhile asleep.

I'm in!

No wonder sentinels were placed—
Butterflies and light and laced

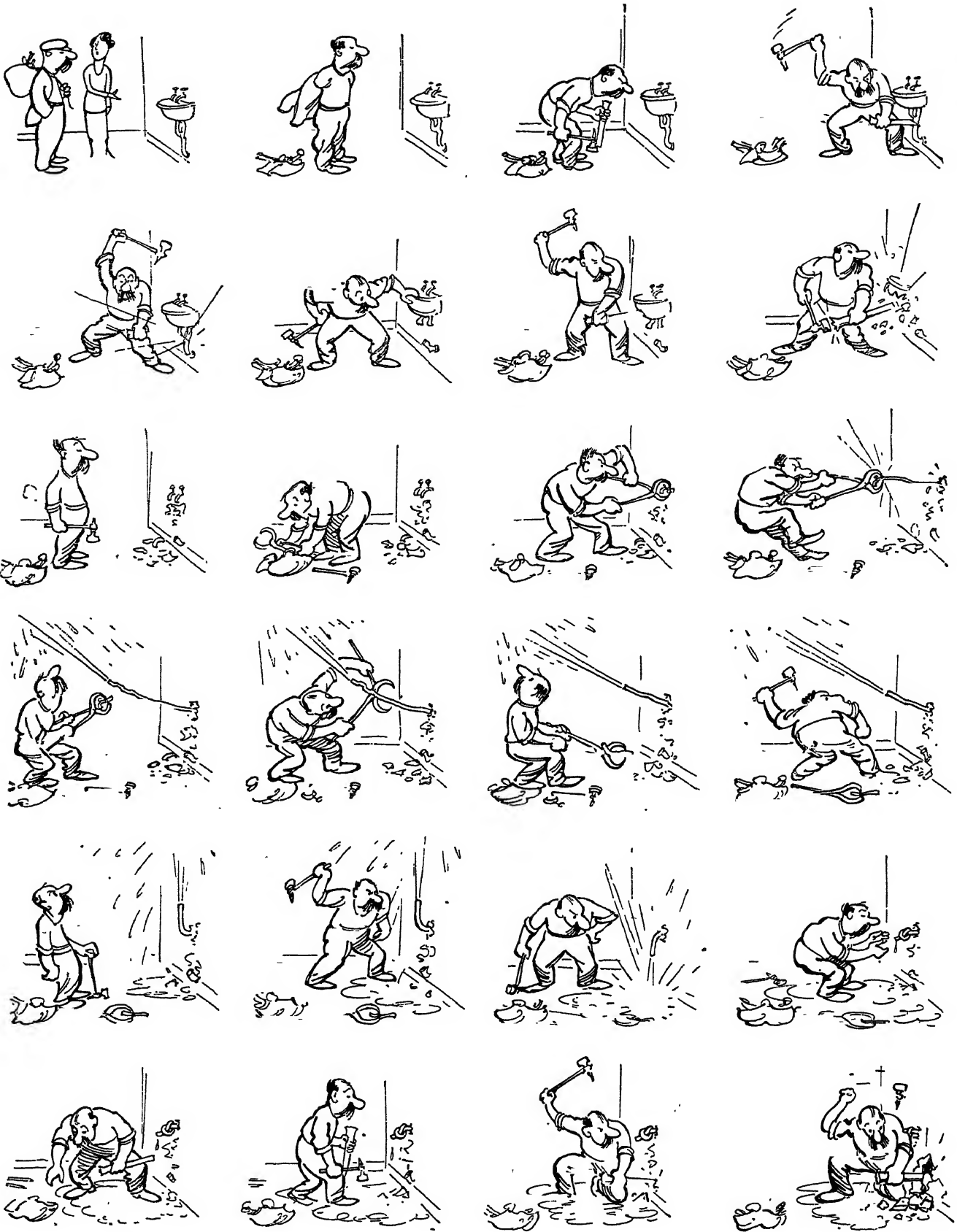
Spiders' webs and gloomy aisles,
Water, flies and crocodiles—
To guard the gate; for here is spread
All that bird had heralded.

A little garden, where the trees
Bear milky blossoms for the bees,
And, in a tangle, tiny grapes
(Here sit the greyshock-headed apes)
And oranges and purple plums
(So I know why the peacock comes)
And scarlet berries (so I know
Where the emerald parrots go
When they spurn the common wood
And wheel and stoop.)

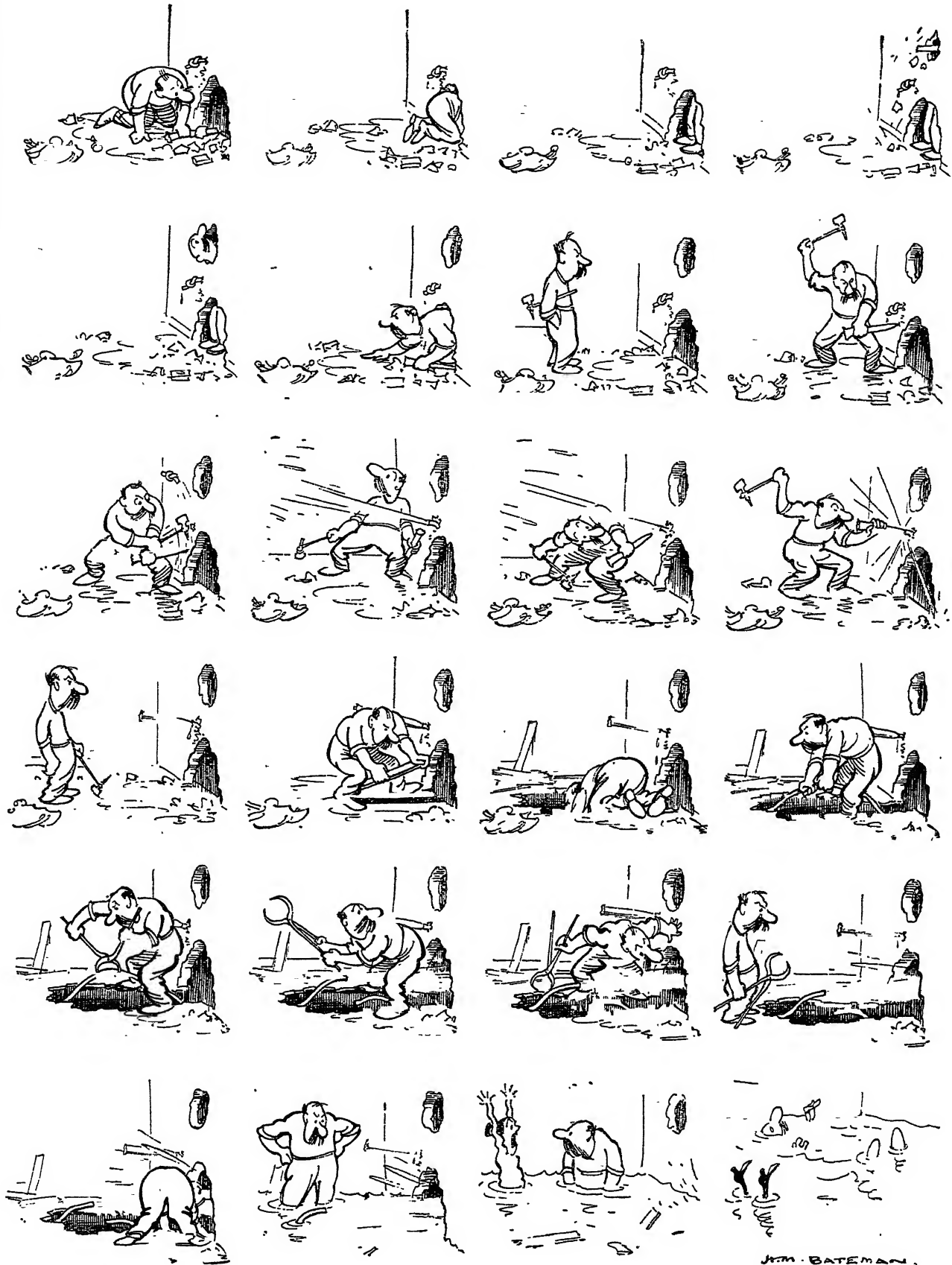
But ah, it's good
To light upon a garden thus
Planted once by one of us,
Planned and planted by a man
Who is dead (and yet the plan
Lives and gives delight to these,
To wizened apes and birds and bees),
And good that, knowing every glade,
They choose the place that man has
made.

In Memoriam.

We regret to learn of the death of Mr. J. PRIESTMAN ATKINSON, who was a frequent contributor of sketches to *Punch* during the seventies and eighties, under the name "Dumb Crambo, Junior."



SOMETHING WRONG: THE PLUMBER DEALS WITH IT.



JIM BATEMAN.

SOMETHING WRONG: THE PLUMBER DEALS WITH IT.

INGREDIENCY.

My old friend Little Claus (as we called him: he was eminently English really), having moved into a new abode, sent round an invitation to a house-warming. "Only a cold supper," he wrote; "but come early. I have set up an American bar and we will cock our tails first."

Good.

Supper was fixed for midnight and we were to assemble at twenty-past eleven, or as soon after as plays and other diversions would permit.

Little Claus, full of benevolent importance, welcomed us and drew attention to a side table, on which was an array of bottles, ice, sugar, lemons, oranges and the shining implements of conviviality, the most conspicuous being a dazzling shaker of the very latest kind.

"Now," he said, "you're each going to choose a drink and I'll make it for you. There's a book here that's just been published—*Harry of Ciro's A B C of Mixing Cocktails*. We'll do it alphabetically. "Mrs. Arthur," he continued, "you come first. What would you like? Anything you say. Choose one beginning with A."

Mrs. Arthur, with a deprecatory little laugh, took the book and looked down the page. "I always find cocktails so strong," she said. "But, if I must, may I have an 'Adonis'? But very weak, please."

"How does it go?" Little Claus asked, seizing the shaker.

"One dash orange bitter, one-third sherry and two-thirds Italian vermouth," she read.

"That's awkward," said Little Claus, "I haven't got any sherry."

"Well, then," said Mrs. Arthur, much too cheerfully, "that settles it. Please ask someone else."

"Arthur?" said Little Claus.

"I always like an 'Apple Jack,'" said the Captain. "We used to have them in France. Jolly good."

"Ah!" said Little Claus, beaming, "I've got some Apple Jack—Calvados, you know." He grasped the bottle.

"Two-thirds Apple Jack," the Captain read, "one-sixth grenadine, one-sixth lemon-juice."

"Hang it!" said Little Claus. "There's no grenadine."

A sound as of a tongue clicking in the last stages of thirst seemed to come from somewhere as Little Claus called on Miss Cutler.

"I should like," said Miss Cutler, "a 'Club Cocktail.' It's 'one-third Italian vermouth, one-third gin, two dashes orange bitter, one teaspoonful Gomme syrup, one-sixth yellow Chartreuse.'"

"No luck!" said Little Claus. "I haven't any Gomme or any Chartreuse. Mrs. Fraser?"

"I rather like the sound of the 'Fourth Degree,'" said Mrs. Fraser. "'One-third gin, one-third French vermouth, one-third Italian vermouth, four dashes of absinthe.' It suggests Paris."

"You should have it," said Little Claus, "if I had any absinthe."

"I always admire these well-stocked bars," someone was heard to murmur.

"Nothing like Little Claus for thoroughness," another gentle voice declared.

"Fraser?" said Little Claus, disregarding this dialogue.

"A 'Futurity,'" said Fraser promptly. "It's one of the simplest: 'Two dashes Angostura bitters, one-third Italian vermouth, two-thirds sloe gin.'"

"Confound it!" said Little Claus. "There's no sloe gin."

"Marvellous invention, cocktails," whispered someone, far too loud. "I wonder what they taste like."

"So do I," said another hoarse voice. "I've never been able to get one."

"Now you," said Little Claus to me—rather brusquely, I thought, considering I was a guest.

"I count on you for a 'Locomotive,'" I replied. "'One tea-spoonful of honey, one tea-spoonful of curaçao, one yolk of a fresh egg and a glass of port. Shake well,'" I added, still reading, "'and strain into a medium-sized wine-glass.'"

Little Claus fixed me with the kind of look that no nice host employs towards his carefully picked friends.

"You must have seen I have no honey and no port," he said. "And no eggs."

"I'm sorry," I replied.

"We'll go through with it," said Little Claus grimly. "Peterson, you're last. What's yours?"

"I was thinking of a 'Planter's Cocktail,'" said Peterson. "We have them in Jamaica. They're great. 'One-third rum, one-third orange-juice, one-third lemon-juice.'"

"I haven't any rum," said Little Claus.

The silence that fell on the room was broken only by the repeated sound of a throat in the desert relinquishing all hope.

"Isn't it the limit?" exclaimed Little Claus. "Here I go to the expense of buying all the machinery and nine different kinds of ingredients, and there's always something missing. And I've got what the wine merchant recommended too: ordinary brandy, Calvados brandy, Fernet Branca, whisky, gin, both vermouths, Angostura and orange bitters. Also cherries. Why didn't any of you want cherries? Anyway," he went on, "as it's too late to get any of

the other essentials, we must do the best we can with what is here. I will mix a cocktail of my own—the 'Little Claus'—and very likely it will be better than anything in the book."

He proceeded to pour a little from every bottle into the shaker and after an impressive interval filled with ritual he poured it out and handed the first glass to Mrs. Arthur.

She just tasted it and handed it back. "I'm awfully sorry," she said, "but if I drank that I should be, oh, so ill. It's terribly strong."

"It says here," Captain Arthur remarked genially, reading from the book: "Do not invent new drinks unless you really have discovered something of intrinsic merit. In this age of great progress and many kinds of drinks it seems to have become the mission of every *dilletante* to provide a new drink for every other *dilletante*, and the result is"—here he looked round the company searchingly—"that we literally are entangled in the meshes of inextricable complications. What about it?"

"Try it," said Little Claus, proffering a glass to Peterson. "You've lived in Jamaica."

"A shade too potent, I should say," said Peterson with a shudder.

"I surrender," said Little Claus. "Forgive me."

* * * * *

But there was nothing wrong with the supper. E. V. L.

Our Cynical Constables.

From a police-report:—

"— had not missed a day's work in 28 years, except for seven months' service in the Army."

"Red nose cured; sent in plain cover." *Advertisement in Weekly Paper.*

With stamped and addressed envelope for return, we presume.

"She was taken to the infirmary, where, it was stated, she was not seriously injured." *Daily Paper.*

In view of the many attacks upon our Poor Law authorities we are glad to have this made clear.

From an advertisement of a shampoo:

"Work is hard to get now. Competition is keen. The girl with *pretty, well-kept hair* has a pull every time."

Possibly; but not every girl likes such rough attentions.

"When the list of New Year Honours are published, it is expected that Sir George Younger, Bart., will have been made a gunncock in the county of Stirling."—*Scots Paper.*

We have not the faintest notion what a "gunncock" may be. Is it the Stirling equivalent for a cabin-boy?



Week-end Caddie (to player on the green in three who is about to putt). "It's 'ER TURN, MISS; SHE'S ONLY 'AD TWO 'ITS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN her attitude towards life Lady BUTLER reminds me of the German admirer of her girlhood, who on saying good-bye in the station at Boppard "took a long sniff at my bouquet . . . quickly blocking his nose hard to keep the scent in." Many joys and sorrows—"both sweet things"—have gone to the making of *An Autobiography* (CONSTABLE). The book, like the career it enshrines, is noticeably cleft in two by the social and artistic *furor* created by the exhibition of its author's great picture, "The Roll Call," at the Royal Academy of 1874; and I am not belittling the grace and modesty with which her subsequent achievements are related when I own to a prior and irreplaceable attachment to the little Miss ELIZABETH THOMPSON of the first hundred pages. There is a youthful diary, faithfully quoted, which recalls her return and that of her sister (not Mrs. MEYNELL in those days, but only "ALICE") from the Italy of their admirably boyish education to the London of Lord Dundreary. "Saw no end of red whiskers," it chronicles on arrival; and later, "Mamma and I paid calls, one on Dickens—out, thank goodness." This spirit of blithe irreverence does not survive Lady BUTLER's entry into the military and diplomatic world of her ideally happy marriage. But the artistic outlook does, and is responsible for many unforgettable pictures in prose, besides the vivacious pen-drawings with which the book is interleaved.

Mr. FRANK SWINNERTON, I must suppose, cannot possibly know as much as he triumphantly succeeds in making you think he knows of what goes on behind the bright eyes of *Patricia Quin* in her encounters with *The Three Lovers* (METHUEN). *Harry Greenlees*, frank and casual sensualist, makes the first essay, till *Patricia's* innocence is shocked

by the discovery that the last thing on earth he proposes is marriage. *Monty Rosenberg*, a more calculating and dangerous type, has his chances of success, as he reckons success, increased by the mood of depression and recklessness which follows her first disillusionment. Something radically wholesome in *Patricia*, assisted by a *dea ex machina* in the person of *Monty's* mistress (about to be discarded) in a brilliantly dramatic scene, drives her into the arms of the patient loyal *Edgar Mayne*, whose imperturbable and skilful wooing includes such speeches as "What makes you think yourself so jolly wonderful?" and such thoughts as "She is the most preposterous creature that ever lived, the most conceited, blind, ridiculous little fathead!" A just estimate. Yet Mr. SWINNERTON's conscientiously detailed art makes of *Patricia* not only a lifelike but a genuinely lovable creature. He makes you believe in the actuality of her singular beauty and charm, through their reactions on the people round her. Subsidiary characters—including *Percy*, the grey Persian—are sketched in with equal skill and economy of words. A very sound piece of work and a likely picture of contemporary Bohemian manners.

If, like me, you were prevented from reading *The Head of the House of Coombe* by a poster portraying a frantic female clasping the knees of an astonished elderly gentleman, you still need not be afraid to embark on the reading of *Robin* (HEINEMANN), its sequel, for the publishers have kindly bound up with it quite a nice synopsis of the former story. Mrs. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT never writes without charm, if sometimes without proportion, and here she has made the young love of *Robin Gareth-Lawless* and *Donal Muir*, Lord Coombe's heir, a very beautiful thing. When *Donal* goes to the war and is reported killed, and *Robin* cannot prove their marriage (which did not surprise me, for I don't believe that anything so vague ever constituted a

legal ceremony since Gretna Green), *Lord Coombe*, like the fine old fellow he really is, gives *Robin* the shelter of his name, that *Donal's* child may come into his father's inheritance in spite of everything, and "the House of Coombe" still have a "Head" after his own decease. And so the tale moves on to *Donal's* return from a German prison, and general rejoicings. Mrs. HODGSON BURNETT does not bother herself very much about making her material events probable, but she has some lovely and hopeful things to say about happenings on "other planes" which perhaps make up for that. If not very original, *Robin* is certainly very pretty, and, since the clutching lady of the poster is disposed of by a bomb in the last chapter but one, I feel that I can recommend this book with a clear conscience.

Major-General NIGEL WOODYATT has not been long in redeeming his promise to add an account of his doings as an Indian *shikari* to his recent volume, *Under Ten Viceroy's*.

In the new book, *My Sporting Memories* (JENKINS), he gives, as before, the impression that he is writing mainly for his own amusement, mixing with much that is uncommonly good not a little that is distinctly less fascinating to anyone but himself, and obviously enjoying it all alike. The different parts of his subject have a great way of intruding on one another, in spite of attempts at military discipline. The whole book, all the same, has caught, and is able to pass on, something of the writer's pleasure in his work. One cannot read it without being reminded of KIPLING's *Jungle Books*; it is the white sahib's common-sense commentary on the *Mowgli* stories. He tells, for instance, how he once really and truly stumbled on a forest dance of wild elephants, and he has been on delightfully intimate terms with man-eating tigers. He has known of a horse that climbed a tree, and he has cheerful things to say about scores of different kinds of shooting and the considerable dangers and discomforts attached. But most of all he banks on his tiger stories, which he is fortunately able to reinforce with some quite wonderful photographs. Altogether this is a book that many beside subalterns of the Indian army, his natural audience, will want to read and return to.

If you can resist the lure of the picture-cover adorning *The Island God Forgot* (FISHER UNWIN) you will scarcely be able to hold out against the title. And, if you share my tastes and are ready to meet stories of adventure and hidden treasure more than half-way, you will fall an easy victim to the tale itself. *Captain Ross* and *Matthew Cuttle*, first mate in *Ross's* schooner, with their wives and the cabin-boy, found themselves stranded, after astounding experiences, upon an island in "South-Pacific waters." Soon afterwards *Mrs. Ross* presented her husband with a daughter, and

Mrs. Cuttle, a terrible woman, who had no intention of being defeated by *Mrs. Ross* or anyone else, promptly replied by giving birth to a son. Years passed without improving the venomous nature of *Mrs. Cuttle*, who, as the villainess, is undoubtedly overdrawn. At last she determined that her son, a youth with a hideous face and mind, should marry the charming *Memory Ross* (see picture-cover). But a flying-man arrived just in time to stop this crime, and all was well. I have not mentioned the hidden treasure, being content to assure you that it is the motive of the tale, and to leave you to reach for it yourself. Messrs. STILSON and BEAHAN seem to have worked smoothly together in the making of their yarn. I place their book high in the list of best-shockers.

The sub-title of *The Untamed* (FISHER UNWIN) is "Horses of the Wild;" and here we have the story of *Queen Dora* from the day when as a foal, she escaped from a corral, until the

happy moment when she crossed the frozen Saskatchewan and so gained complete freedom. Her fight was against the usurpation of men, and, Mr. DAVID GREW tells us, "it was long after her generation that man ventured into that desolate region." No one who reads this captivating story can doubt Mr. GREW's love for horses; but he has not allowed his feelings to run away with him, and so has avoided the snares that lie in the way of writers who choose animals for their heroes or heroines. *Dora* was endowed with a splendid intelligence, but it is the intelligence of a horse and not of a human being. Her history should be a de-



Parishioner (discussing son's future). "'E WANTS TO BE A MUSICIAN, SIR, BUT 'IS MA AN' ME WANT 'IM TO GO INTO THE CARPENTERIN' TRADE. THERE AIN'T NO REASON WHY 'E SHOULDN'T DO BOTH. AFTER ALL, SIR, WHAT COULD BE NICER THAN A LITTLE BIT O' MUSIC TO GO WITH 'IS CABINET-MAKIN'?"

light even to those who are not confessed animal-lovers, for it is nobly planned and excellently written.

I am so tired of the heroes and heroines who lose their memories at the most inconvenient moments and regularly get them back in the nick of time to avoid catastrophe that I should have been quite unkind to Miss RACHEL SWETE MACNAMARA because she had let *Lovers' Battle* (HUTCHINSON) hang on that well-worn peg, if she hadn't contrived to hang it in a slightly original fashion. *Roger Carew's* lost memory provides his cousin *Zan*, who loves him, and *Bell Amory*, the girl who has just promised to marry him, with their battlefield at his bed-side; but it is the battle itself, and not his condition, which is the theme of the book. Miss MACNAMARA has made an interesting story out of her material, with some clear-cut characters and plenty of suspense for tender-hearted readers before *Bell's* victory comes with *Roger's* recovery. *Bell* is a very nice young woman, and *Zan* isn't a very nice one; but all the same I found myself wishing that her creator had arranged some sort of consolation prize for her. It is usually done in all but the very best fiction, and here one rather expected it.

CHARIVARIA.

"EIGHT Months for Bogus Burglar" was a recent newspaper heading. Householders cannot be too careful to ascertain that persons representing themselves to be burglars are duly accredited.

Much satisfaction is expressed at the action of a loyal reader of *The Daily Mail* who has decided to take a day off next week in order to raise his hat to France.

The latest report from the Valley of the Ruhr is that the French are making arrangements for a two years' stay. Or for the duration of the Peace, whichever is the longer.

The Italian Government has refused to legalise games of chance. In Soho, however, the public will continue to risk its shillings at the table (*d'hôte*).

With reference to the projected revision of the Ten Commandments we understand that there is widespread disappointment that they are merely to be reduced in size, not in number.

We gather from a Press report that there is no truth in the rumour that the Conservative Party had decided to affiliate with Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Sam, one of the Polar bears at the Zoo, is said to be broken-hearted at the death of his companion, Barbara. What makes it worse is that he hadn't insured her.

A photograph measuring ninety-five feet by ten feet has just been completed in New York. It is said to be the largest American miniature in existence.

Several residents of Holbeach, Lincolnshire, have volunteered as organ-blowers for the parish church. Mr. BONAR LAW may have been right to say that we cannot always police the world, but here is evidence of the dare-devil spirit still existing.

According to a high authority there is enough rum stored at the West India Dock to make everyone in England drunk. It is an uplifting thought.

A famous American film tragédienne has announced that her third marriage

was a failure. On the other hand some film actresses find consolation in the fact that the first three husbands are always the worst to get on with.

Colonel PLASTYRAS, the Greek revolutionary chief, is reported to have visited Lausanne. There is some talk of his trying to buy a half-share in some nice steady-going little war.

The Ministry of Agriculture has warned hop-growers to limit their production. The superstition that hops are used in the brewing of beer seems to die hard.

Professor BRAMER announces the discovery of a new microbe which can contract or expand at will. Can it be

acoustic properties of the prairies will be tested by expert yodellers.

Attention is drawn to the feat of an actor who apparently drinks seventeen glasses of wine on the stage nightly. It seems almost reckless at present prices.

A snow-white robin has been seen in Buckinghamshire. It is believed to have been of normal colour before overhearing something of the local hunting dispute.

According to Mr. C. J. CUTLIFFE HYNE, *Captain Kettle* was a Welshman. We had suspected as much.

Southwark Borough Council proposes to dispense with the services of its inspector of rats. It should now be a point of honour with local rat-fanciers to keep their pets in good condition.

There are five hundred and fifty-six thousand seeds in a bushel of wheat, we are informed. People in a hurry are advised to take the salesman's word for it.

From "Mr. Gossip" in an erudite contemporary:—

"WHOSE PHRASE?—From Bertie Meyer, who, with Owen Nares, is producing 'If Winter Comes,' I have received the information that 'the phrase has become incorporated into the language.' . . . Yes, quite so.

But I'm sure A.S.M.H. would be the first to admit that it was one Robert Browning who coined the phrase, and might have just a wee bit of credit for it."—*Daily Paper*.

"Mr. Gossip" might surely have awarded a wee bit of condemnation to SHELLEY, who shamelessly appropriated the phrase when BROWNING was only seven years old.

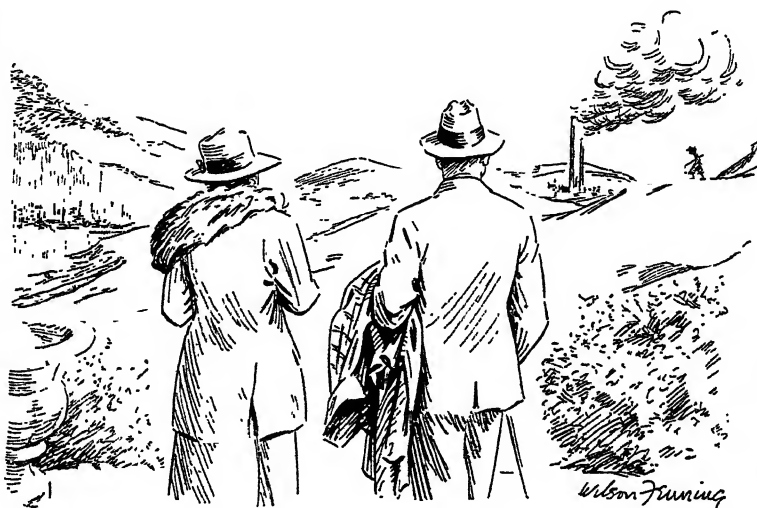
"THE 'NOTHING-ON' HOUR. SIR ALFRED BUTT'S 5.30 P.M. ENTERTAINMENT." *Daily Paper*.

Can the LORD CHAMBERLAIN know?

"BANK NAME SHORTENED.

The advantages of this simplification of an ugly and cumbersome title are obvious, and the 'Westminster Bank' is to be heartily congratulated upon an example in verbal economy which invites emulation by other banks and by railway companies, by other banks and by railway companies."—*Provincial Paper*.

And by the compositor, by the compositor, of this paragraph, of this paragraph.



Visitor. "LOVELY OPEN VIEW YOU HAVE HERE, BUT (noticing chimneys belching smoke) WHAT IS THAT AWFUL BLOT ON THE LANDSCAPE?"

Hostess. "OH, THAT'S ONLY MY HUSBAND PRACTISING APPROACH-SHOTS."

that the gas-therm has been isolated at last.

"HOW IS STANISLAUS WOJECIHOWSKI pronounced?" asks a correspondent in a daily paper. With difficulty.

"Motor-cars of to-day are as perfect as they can be," writes the motoring correspondent of a leading daily. Certainly it is seldom the driver that one finds underneath in these days.

"It is marvellous," declares a leader in a French paper, "how business men in England, in spite of the prevailing state of trade, still manage to look contented and happy." The writer has no doubt overlooked the fact that "Pip, Squeak and Wilfred" are still with us.

The Swiss Federal Council has sent a Special Commission to Canada to examine the possibilities for settlers. The

ON THE EXPLOITATION OF TOMBS.

TO LORD CARNARVON.

WHEN under earth I too am laid,
I hope they'll let my body be;
I hope no person with a spade
Comes excavating after me,
To pinch my treasure—just a ring—
As if I were an ancient King.

What close-time do you fellows fix
Ere on the dead you peg your claim?
How long's allowed before the picks
Are free to start your gruesome game?
Or does the question (this sounds odd)
Turn on the dead man's view of God?

Must only Pagans yield their clay
For only Christian hands to reave?
And mayn't a Polynesian (say)
Come here and ask the DEAN for leave
To penetrate our Abbey's gloom
And hoick QUEEN ANNE from out her tomb?

To all the dead their equal due!
You'll die yourself one day, and then
What if some Gypsie does to you
The thing you've done to T.-AMEN,
And makes (if I may be so blunt)
Out of your corpse a paper stunt?
O. S.

HER LADYSHIP KICKS OFF.

I stood in Lady Wrackenhams imposing hall (where the butler, after a rather penetrating glance, had left me) surrounded by antlers and barometers and assegais and umbrellas and stuffed pike and goloshes and other trophies of the chase. From within some noble apartment I could hear Lady Wrackenhams (pronounced "Ram," you remember?) cry, "Who? Who?" with well-bred petulance in response to the announcement of my modest name. Then a door was wrenched open and Lady Wrackenhams was surging towards me.

"Oh, it's you," she said, masking her enthusiasm. "Well, what is it?"

I cleared my throat. Lady Wrackenhams has that effect upon me; she is, if I may say so without discourtesy, a little overwhelming; very large and blonde and with a figure which is far-flung in both directions.

"I—I come straight from the Cottage Hospital, Lady Wrackenhams," I said huskily, for my throat was not yet absolutely clear.

Her ladyship, like *Herminius* in the *Lay*, started back. For one of her massive proportions she displayed surprising agility.

"As a delegate—a delegate from the Committee," I hastened to assure her. "In no sense of the word as a patient. Nothing contagious or infectious."

Her ladyship breathed her relief. These old families have good lungs.

Her ladyship's relief gently ruffled my hair.

"Oh," she said. "Well, what can I do for you?"

I fumbled for words. All the way down to the Grange I had kept telling myself that simple faith was infinitely preferable to Norman blood and that rank was but the guinea's stamp and that we were all equal in the sight of Heaven; but in the presence of Lady Wrackenhams doubts crowded in upon me. I am no snob, but

"Bless the man!" cried her ladyship with bluff heartiness. "Can't he speak?"

"We—we want you to—to kick off," I blurted.

"Kick off?" she echoed, glaring about her as though in search of a victim and finally allowing her eyes to rest upon me. "Kick who off?"

I laughed a little convulsively at her quaint misconception and then in a sudden rush of words explained matters. The Hospital Committee, desirous this year of making the annual football match between the Reds and the Stripes an outstanding success (for the gate-money went to the Hospital) had conceived the bold project of asking Lady Wrackenhams to open the match with a magnificent Society gesture.

"Just a tap with your foot on the ball—that's all," I pleaded.

Lady Wrackenhams laughed sturdily. Delicately nurtured though she was, and wholly unused to the mimic warfare of the football field, she laughed sturdily. Clearly the idea had made a favourable impression upon her aristocratic mind. To my slight embarrassment she straightway shot forth her right leg—a noble limb indeed, and probably inherited from a long line of Viking ancestors.

"When I kick," she said, "I kick hard. All right. Tell 'em I'll do it."

I made her a little grateful—and, I fancy, graceful—speech of thanks. Or, rather, I started to make it, but, finding myself alone, I retired in some confusion.

It was regrettable that through the error of a careless printer the poster should have announced that "LADY WRACKENHAM WILL KICK OFF AT 2.30 PRECISELY," implying that her ladyship's name was pronounced "Rum" (which is unthinkable); but this did not seem to affect the gate, which was a record one. The field was packed with supporters of Red and Stripes. There was a band and a referee and an ambulance with stretchers, for such things, you know, must be after a famous victory, even in the cause of charity.

I am anything but a snob, but I confess that it was the proudest moment of my life when, amidst the ringing cheers of the populace, I escorted Lady Wrackenhams on to the field of play at

the advertised time. She wore a superb full-length sable coat, a bowler hat with a black elastic attachment beneath her subsidiary chin, and serviceable—indeed almost formidable—boots. For myself, I was dressed without ostentation in my ordinary blue serge—quiet but good.

We reached mid-field. Her ladyship, with an absence of affectation which only the bluest of blood can impart, frankly hitched up her garments so as to give her lower extremities full freedom. Thus girt about, flanked by the Reds and faced by the Stripes, she regarded the ball intently from her vantage ground some few yards away. The referee (a good fellow, but not, I think, quite a gentleman, or he would not have been staring so markedly at her ladyship's contours) popped the whistle into his smirking mouth.

"Ready?" he asked. "Directly I whistle you kick."

Her ladyship nodded grimly: there was purpose in her eye. I simply bowed: there was reproof (to the referee) in mine.

And then, just as he released a shrill blast, the stupid egg-shaped football must needs roll over. Ever ready in an emergency I sprang forward and, instantly assuming a frog-like squatting posture with my back to her ladyship, I made to restore the leather to its correct position. But Lady Wrackenhams was already in punctual motion and either could not check her impetus or imagined up to the last moment that I would evade it. . . .

I have hinted that her boots were formidable; one of them—the right one, I assumed—struck my neat blue serge where my crouching posture made it tightest. The pain was intense. But I am happy to say that before losing consciousness I was able to mumble my hope that her ladyship had not permanently injured her foot.

When, a few days later, I was allowed to leave the Cottage Hospital in a bath-chair, my sole anxiety naturally was to know whether Lady Wrackenhams was offended with me. I chanced to meet her on the road. She was limping slightly. Would she recognise me, or had I affronted her irretrievably? I felt myself paling with suspense.

She stopped. My bath-chair paused tentatively. For a pregnant minute she stared at me. Then well, if she were in a lower walk of life I should say she guffawed. I felt myself slowly unpaling. She was a greater lady than even I had deemed. She was big enough to forgive.

"I warned you I should kick hard," she laughed infectiously; "and I can never be too thankful that I wasn't wearing tennis shoes."



THE BEST OF FRIENDS MUST "PART."

JONATHAN. "STOUT FELLOW! WISH THERE WERE MORE LIKE YOU."
JOHN BULL. "SO DO I."



"WHAT I SAY, GENERAL, IS THIS. THE FRENCH HAVE EVERY RIGHT TO BE ANNOYED WITH THE GERMANS. THEY HAVEN'T PAID WHAT THEY OWE, AND THEN THEY GO AND PICK UP ALL THIS TREASURE AT LUXOR, OR LAUSANNE, OR WHEREVER IT IS."

SHOCKING TRAVESTIES.

X.—INTERNATIONAL INTRIGUE.

IN writing a novel of this kind there are several points to consider. There must be a restaurant scene for one thing, and there must also be a scene in which the hero is exposed to imminent danger of death. It is well also to make the subject topical. A novel, for instance, dealing with the designs of Tsarist Russia in this country, or with the succession to the Austrian Crown, would raise no kind of thrill. But the most important point to remember is that the author must be continually asking questions. It is not, for instance, enough to say, "Two men of sinister appearance stood talking together by a pillar." One must go on also to inquire, "Who were these two men of sinister appearance who stood talking together, and of what were they speaking?" Why this is necessary I cannot say.

Chapter I.—PLOT AND COUNTER-PLOT.

A band blared; lights reflected from the gilded ceiling shone down on men in evening dress, on the bare arms and shoulders of women exquisitely gowned, on glass and silver, and on spotless napery; silent-footed waiters moved

ceaselessly to and fro; every now and then, amidst the monotonous murmur of conversation and the reboant music, came the sudden popping of a champagne cork. Would the reader have been right in supposing that here was the resplendent dining-room of a fashionable London restaurant of cosmopolitan fame? The reader would.

Seated beside one of the fluted pillars, Harcourt Copplestone was dining alone. He had the O.B.E. with two bars, but he still hoped, even in peace time, to be of further service to England; and as he listened unavoidably to the conversation at the next table a sudden suspicion darted into his mind that some intrigue was afoot that called at that instant for an Englishman's cool courage and brain. Who was the square-shouldered, square-headed man with the blonde hair cropped close who talked so earnestly to the beautiful woman garbed in an exquisite Paquin creation, her cheeks rouged and the bistres showing beneath her fine lustrous eyes? Could he possibly be of Teutonic extraction? There seemed to be a sporting chance.

"You, my dear Vampa," he was saying in thick guttural accents—"you are the only person who could do it."

"I do not think the circulating libraries will understand what is happening unless we explain more clearly," she answered nonchalantly. "Pray be more precise."

"Well, you must know that when the War was over we industrialists saw that the only way to save the Fatherland" (here he reverently lifted his champagne glass) "was to print paper marks as fast as possible and concentrate our wealth in some solid security. We chose diamonds."

"Diamonds!" exclaimed the woman, arching her delicate brows in surprise.

"Yes," he resumed, "diamonds. We hoarded diamonds in the Ruhr. Not bad, was it? White diamonds in a district of black. Most unfortunately, owing to the suddenness of the French advance and our hasty evacuation of the Ruhr, these diamonds were left behind. They are concealed in the tunnels of a certain mine, and we are now apprehensive lest the French may discover them. I have here a chart" (he tapped his pocket significantly); "and it is these diamonds, Vampa, that I wish you to obtain."

"And why, if I may ask, Siegfried, have you fixed on me?"

"A beautiful woman, Vampa, can

twist any French General round her little finger. We rely on your resourcefulness and your well-known charm."

"And what if I refuse?" she said haughtily, as she laid her jewelled cigarette-holder down beside her plate, containing a portion of *bombe à la belle surprise*.

"In that case, Madame, I shall be compelled to make known the little incident in which you figured, perhaps not altogether too reputably."

The woman Vampa turned pale beneath her rouge.

"You mean that you would tell the world of the occasion when you villainously forced me to remain in your flat the whole night long?"

"Just so," replied her companion laconically.

"*Sacré vilain!*" said the woman, and then suddenly, "Give me the chart."

He handed her a small packet, and she thrust it nervously into her corsage. The rest of their conversation was drowned by the blare of the band.

Removing his hand from his ear, Harcourt Copplestone thought deeply. What was the secret of the mysterious conversation which he had just overheard? Did it mean that an attempt was to be made to rob France of the fruits of her labour in the Ruhr? Reading between the lines, he fancied that it must be so, and he resolved to act at once. He was annoyed to find that, in leaning forward to listen, he had upset his glass of Chambertin 1901 and placed his elbow in the *caneton de Rouen à la presse*.

Chapter II.—THE INTRIGUER FOILED.

A tall dark figure in an ulster came and stood beside the woman who was clinging to the rail of the Channel boat.

"Madam is unwell."

She looked up gratefully at the owner of the calm, strong, authoritative English voice.

"I am, very."

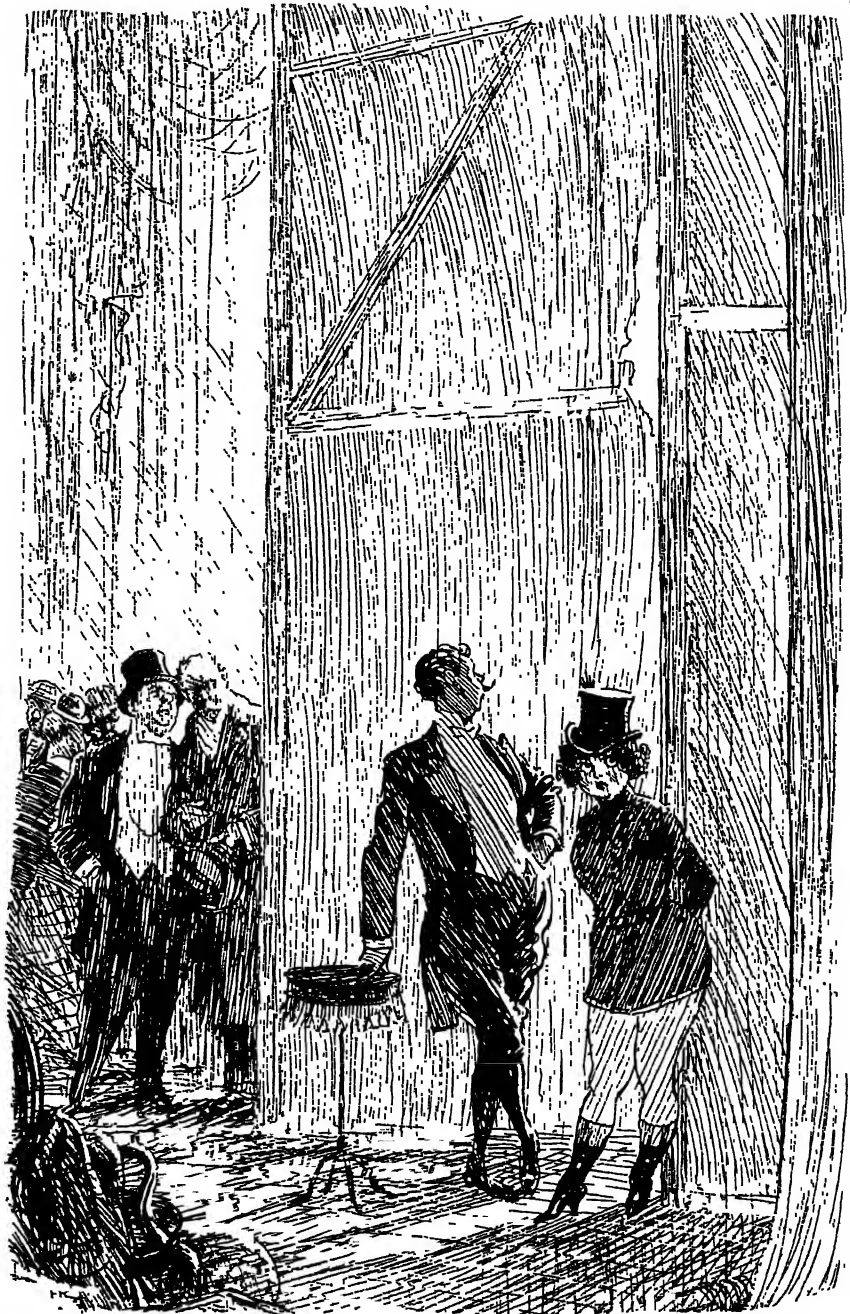
"Permit me to assist you to your cabin."

As she took his arm a packet dropped from her corsage. Unnoticed, Harcourt Copplestone picked it up and with a deft movement transferred it to the pocket of his coat.

Chapter III.—IN SEARCH OF THE TREASURE.

"Monsieur, you have my thanks. You have saved France," said the white-haired General. "Now we know at length where the concealed hoard of these accursed blusterers is concealed. Is there anything I can do to show you my gratitude?"

"Only permit me, *mon Général*," said the young man, "to make certain of the whereabouts of the diamonds and fetch



DRESSING THE PART.

Visitor (behind the scenes). "AND WHAT IS THE LADY? AN EQUESTRIAN?"
Manager. "Oh, no; SHE JUST BRINGS ON A RABBIT FOR THE CONJURER."

them to you myself. I am familiar with underground labyrinths. It is I who have designed the new extensions of the London Tube."

"Go then, my friend," cried the General. "I will await your return. I have much to do here. I am working out a new system of computing the comparative values of the franc and the mark."

Chapter IV.—CAUGHT IN A TRAP.

"Rifled!"

The exclamation was wrung perforce

from the young man's lips as he stood, three hours later, gazing at an empty recess hewn in the rocky wall of a subterranean gallery. A notice bearing the words "SECRET DIAMOND CACHE" still remained, but the hoard had been removed. He felt baffled and bewildered. What mysterious agency had been at work? Was it possible that someone had come before him and taken the treasures away? Could it be the unknown woman from whom by a clever ruse he had obtained the chart? Had

she possibly a duplicate in her possession? These and a thousand other questions rushed madly through his brain. As he tried to stop them and supply the requisite answers in the proper order, his nostrils caught the scent of a perfume that seemed somehow vaguely familiar. When had he smelt it before? Somewhere where there were lights and a loud noise. Somewhere, again, where there was darkness and the lapping of waves. It was the strange subtle scent of opopanax. Ah! he knew now. It was the scent worn by Vampa.

And then suddenly, turning round his electric torch, he saw her. She was carrying a large leather bag with the word "Diamonds" stamped upon it in letters of gold. At the same instant there came a loud crash.

"What has happened?" he cried.

"It is the miners," answered the woman Vampa in a toneless voice. "They are destroying the workings of the mine. We are shut in."

She had hardly spoken when, looking down, he saw water oozing through a crevice of the rock. The galleries were flooding. The pumps had been stopped.

Chapter V.—VICTORY AT LAST.

For two hours now Harcourt Copplestone had been expecting instant doom. The water was near the top of the working; the woman Vampa could not swim. Supporting her with the right hand whilst he held the bag of diamonds in his left, he trod water continuously. A practised swimmer from his youth, never had he trod it so well or so hard. But all his muscles ached, and in another minute he must have collapsed, when the sound of metal striking rock came to his ears.

"It is the French bayonets!" gasped Vampa. "They are digging us out!"

"*Courage, mes enfants!*" came a voice through a fissure of the rock. Soon strong arms clad in horizon-blue lifted the exhausted pair to safety, and a moment later the French General's delighted gaze rested upon the glittering wealth of the Ruhr.

"How can I possibly reward you, *mon enfant!*" he exclaimed.

"By pardoning this woman," said Copplestone, taking Vampa by the hand. He was only just in time. She had snatched a bottle of strychnine from her corsage and was about to drain it at a gulp.

"Does this mean forgiveness?" she said, turning her lustrous eyes towards her rescuer.

"It means more than forgiveness, Vampa," said the young man. "It means love."

EVON.

A FIRST BOOK.

A FIRST book of outstanding merit comes from the pen of Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN. Under the prosaic title of *Post Office Guide*, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has strung together a series of elaborate essays, each dealing with some aspect of the relentlessness and precision of a mammoth organisation; and he is to be congratulated that his prentice pen has succeeded in imparting a very pleasant freshness to a somewhat hackneyed theme.

If Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has a fault it is only the common failing of a young writer—a didactic style. He is out to inform, not to argue; and even when he is on notoriously debatable ground, as in his all too brief digression on Telephones, he studiously evades the burning controversial issues. But his pedagogic manner is excused by his versatility and erudition. Equally he can bring to our imagination the romance of Radio-telegrams for transmission to ships, or the delight of the Welsh peasant in the Savings Bank facilities at Llanfair Dyffryn Glwyd. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has a mind which can revel in the pulsating postal ties which link us to Foreign Countries (excluding the United States of America, Egypt and Tangier), and yet has a thought for Auchenmaig, where no kind of Post Office business is transacted.

The pages are enlivened here and there by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's fine wit. Occasionally we are arrested by an ironic aphorism, such as:—

"Telegrams in plain language are those composed of words... which form an intelligible meaning."

At times, we think, his humour is misplaced, notably in his prefatory remarks on Printed Papers:—

"A packet is not necessarily admissible at Printed Papers rate because it contains nothing but printed matter."

There is in this a veiled flippancy foreign to the extreme gravity of the subject, and it appears to us to be a blemish on a piece of work which for remorseless logic must stand as the finest exposition on the Printed Papers rate in our English tongue.

One cannot but admire the author's restraint. Even when he has to tell us that the Friendly Islands withhold their support from the Postal Union he is not to be drawn from his theme into a justly satirical outburst.

We may perhaps mention an irritating mannerism to which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is addicted. He is as extravagant with heavy type as some of our Sunday jour-

nalists are with italics. Perhaps we are old-fashioned, but we strongly resent an author tweaking, as it were, our ear, like this:—

"such Orders should be taken out a day (or in remote places two days) before the dates fixed for the despatch of the mails."

Of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's mastery of lucid English, however, there can be no divergence of opinion. When he warms to the subject in hand, when he is unravelling the tangled skein of abstruse Post Office lore, his sentences move forward irresistibly and sonorously until one can almost hear the hum of a myriad telegraph wires, the throb of massed squadrons of motor delivery vans, and the measured tramping of the express messengers. Many passages in his inspired moments fall naturally, with but a slight re-arrangement, into *vers libre*:—

"If it be desired to secure

Compensation in the event of damage

To a packet not sent as a parcel

The packet must bear the words

'Fragile with care.'

It is always impossible, definitely to place contemporary literature. There is much in the *Post Office Guide* which will date it, and it is doubtful therefore whether posterity will revere it as a classic. Nevertheless, for our day, it is indisputably a book which is entitled to an accessible place on our shelves as a monumental work to which we must return again and again.

AT FAULT.

(A straight Point for a famous Hunt.)

WHADDON Chasers, cease, I pray,
Sirs,

Your unseemly quarrels;
Wrangling shocks a decent fox,
Ruins puppies' morals.

Riding jealous (sportsmen tell us)
Often spells disaster;
Is to hunt for votes a stunt
Worthy of a Master?

Yours to hustle old Dan Russell,
Into shape the cub lick;
Not expose your dirty clo's
At the wash, in public.

Such division sure derision
In the field arouses;
Play the game, lest all exclaim,
"Plague on both your houses!"

In the crisis our advice is—

Toss a sporting penny;
Heads—the hounds to SELBY-
LOWNDES;
Tails—to Lord DALMENY.



THE GUARDIAN HOUND.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

VIII.—THE ANNUAL DINNER.

CLUBS are of two kinds—(1) the ordinary Social Club, which is designed to discourage human intercourse and as far as possible exempt a man from the use of speech; and (2) the Dining Club, which deliberately encourages both. At the former, one is conscious always of the intense loathing men have for each other. But a Dining Club is obviously quite different.

Of this latter class perhaps the brightest is the Society of Beetles, to which George is this year secretary.

George has been a Beetle for two or three years, and for two or three years I have successfully refused to attend a dinner of the Society as his guest. But when a man becomes secretary to anything, if it is only a Society of Beetles, you may as well do what he wants at once to avoid further trouble. I went to the Annual Dinner.

The Beetles dine at seven o'clock at the Café Splendide on the third Friday in the month, unless it is Good Friday, Christmas Day or the Birthday of the Founder, when Rule 27 applies. The third Friday in the month appears to be a popular day for private dinners, and I found a crowd of men studying a list that hung in the hall of the café:—

JAPANESE GOLFING SOCIETY . . .	Blenheim Room
VERMIN REPRESSION LEAGUE . . .	Versailles Room
OLD POMPEIANS F.C.	Morelli Room
BEETLES	Santiago Room

A waiter, with uncanny instinct, segregated the anti-rat experts from the Japanese golfers, and herded the Beetles towards the Santiago vestibule, from which a roar of happy conversation emerged—a very frightening sound.

A huge flunkey, with a suspicious eye, stooped from an immense height and growled, "What is your name, Sir?"

"Oh, don't bother," said I, terrified. "Just say 'Haddock'—or anything like that."

"MISTER HADDUK!" bawled the man, and fifty chattering Beetles stopped chattering together and fixed their terrible eyes upon me.

Mr. Rogers, the Grand Beetle, stepped forward—a fine old man, with an ebony staff and wearing a magenta tie. On his breast, suspended by a chain of gold

(or some similar metal), the Gold Beetle blazed.

"We are so pleased that you could come," said this terrific figure.

"So are we," I said stupidly, and we stared at each other in a friendly way, wondering what to say next.

For such moments I have only one remark, which, as a rule, gloriously fills the breach.

"Let me see," I said respectfully.

"Where did I meet you before, Sir?"

"We have never met before," said the Grand Beetle without hesitation.

"No," I said, "we haven't," and kind of melted into the crowd.

George appeared in a proper state of secretarial dither and importance, and introduced me to Brother Beetle Scragg, a Past-Grand-Beetle, who wore

George; "I thought you were at school together."

"So we were," snapped Jubb.

At dinner I sat between George and Brother Streak, with Brother Scragg close by. Brother Streak was expansive.

"Ha!" he said, with a genial look round the room. "Ought to be a jolly evening. There's nothing like a Dining Club, I always say, for bringing men together. Here we are, doctors, lawyers, civil servants, all the professions, scattered about, and never run across each other in the ordinary way from one year's end to another. Get out of touch. Then we meet like this in a jolly friendly way, have a jolly evening—quaint old customs and all that; and we're all as jolly—as jolly

"As sandboys," I suggested.

"Exactly. Yes," he mused aloud, gulping an oyster, "any number of old friends I've got here. Now there's Rigby—that skinny little devil at the corner. He was at Balliol in my time. Clever fellow, very. Civil servant. But I don't see much of him nowadays. Something funny about him

"He looks a little—aloof," I ventured.

"Aloof!" said Mr. Streak with sudden passion. "Aloof isn't the word. Stand-offish, I call it. Conceited ass! Just because he's Why, do you know—?"

Mr. Streak paused, choking.

"Mr. Scragg's a friend of yours, isn't he?" I put in hastily.

"Scragg? Ah, yes; I saw you talking to him. Look here," he whispered, "you're a young man and I'm an old one. Now you be careful of Scragg. I've known him since he was a boy, and he's got a kind of cheery, hail-fellow-well-met manner with him that takes young men in—if they trust him. Then he picks their brains!"

"Really?" I said, aghast, and looked furtively at the cheery brain-picker, who was then picking a pheasant-bone with extreme gloom.

"Yes," said Streak. "That's what he does. I don't often take a dislike to a man, but if I'd known those two fellows would be here I'd never have come, much as I enjoy it. O Lord!"

At this point the entire company rose, still chewing, while the Arch-Beetle solemnly handed to the Grand Beetle the Silver Bumble and the Wand of



Young Bride (hopefully). "YOUR MARRIED LIFE HAS BEEN A GREAT SUCCESS, HASN'T IT, GRANNY?"

Granny (cautiously). "WELL, YES, IT HAS, MY DEAR—SO FAR."

a green tie and a green sash across his breast, and was nevertheless exceedingly morose.

"Yes, it's a jolly little club," said Brother Scragg. "One keeps up with old friends—and so forth. 'Course, I don't come much myself," he added gloomily. "Haven't been here for years. Hullo, Streak! How are you? Don't often see you here."

"No," said little Mr. Streak. "First time for three years. You're looking older;" and he passed on.

"Now that," said Mr. Scragg confidentially, lowering his voice—"that's a man I can't stand. Not at any price. Don't you agree, Rowland?"

"Awful feller," said George heartily.

Just then an elderly man with fierce moustaches rushed up. "Look here, Rowland," he said, "what on earth d'you put me next to Crème for? If I'd known he was coming I'd never have

"Awfully sorry, Mr. Jubb," said



Mother (having at last secured the attention of her audience) ... "AND THE HANDSOME PRINCE WAS SAYING TO THE BEGGAR-MAID—" Servant (entering). "PLEASE, 'M, WE'RE OUT OF ONIONS."

Office. The Grand Beetle made a short speech in Latin and we returned to our birds.

"Funny old custom," said George.

"Jolly," I said politely.

"Damn nonsense," said Streak, "giving everybody indigestion. Not a bad wine, this, is it?"

"I say, Streak," said Scragg in a loud whisper, leaning across, "why on earth did they make old Rogers 'Grand'?" He's the worst chairman

"Can't think," said Streak happily. "Can't imagine. I never saw such a chairman. Never in all my life!"

"Just what I was -saying," said Scragg; and it was pleasant to see the warm glance of sympathy which passed between the two old friends.

After the loyal toasts the Grand Beetlerose and said that "Nospeeches" was the rule of the Club.

He said that Brother Beetle Twiston was seriously ill in South America, and would be glad, he was sure, to know that they were thinking of him. . . .

Scragg groaned.

"One word more." (When I hear those words I sit back in my chair and prepare for a good long speech.) Brother Beetles would be glad to know that the History of the Club was now

ready, and a mere cheque for thirty shillings would secure a copy. Brother Beetle Carver's labours . . .

Streak groaned. "My hat! That feller!"

The speech continued.

One word more . . .

One word more and then he had done . . . (Scragg tore his hair.) He did not wish to detain them, but there was just one thing. (Streak closed his eyes and snorted.) . . . And now he had finished . . . But, before he sat down . . . He knew quite well that nobody wished to listen to him, but he really could not sit down without. . . .

When he did sit down, the toasts of "The Guests," "The Club," "The Army," "The Navy," "The Grand Beetle," "The Arch-Beetle" (the last drunk kneeling), were proposed at some length by various mature Beetles, each of whom made it quite clear that he was in no sense making a speech. The night wore on. The minutes of the last meeting were read, and carried with considerable enthusiasm; and a new member, an elderly solicitor, was struck thrice in the face with the Wand of Office to confirm his Beetledom. Streak and Scragg made no attempt to conceal their hatred and contempt for the whole proceedings, and fell at last into a sort

of stupor, broken only by occasional snorts and muttered execrations.

But at the end, about eleven, Streak said, "You ought to join us, my boy. Jolly little club—isn't it?"

"Thanks, I belong to one Dining Club already," I said. "Only it's rather different, of course. We're all the same age, you see, and we were all together at Oxford—all friends in a way. Quite simple, you know—no speeches or anything. Still, it's rather jolly."

"I know," said Streak with a sudden far-off sadness in his eyes. "That's how this Club began." A. P. H.

Gentler Football.

"A brilliant dribble by M'Kay, in which he beats several opponents, ends in his shooting low for Spiers to fall on the ball and throw away for a corner as Holland rushes up to tickle him."—*North-Country Paper*.

"—kicked a penalty girl for the Services." *Daily Paper*.

We suppress the guilty player's name. He may be a soldier, but obviously he is no gentleman.

From an article on the Boat Race, "by an old Blue":—

"For the next few weeks both crews will be solidly plugging up and down Cam or Ouse no matter how cold or wet it is."—*Daily Paper*. What's the matter with the Isis?



Auctioneer. "HERE WE HAVE HOLBEIN'S PORTRAIT OF THE FIRST EARL. A MASTERPIECE. IN FACT HIS *CHEF-D'ŒUVRE*, IN MINT CONDITION AND AN ACQUISITION TO ANY GALLERY. PERFECT IN EVERY WAY, EXCEPT THE FRAME, WHICH, I REGRET TO HAVE TO INFORM YOU, IS OF RECENT GERMAN MANUFACTURE."

PROFESSIONAL OPENINGS IN IRELAND.

"I do wish you'd talk seriously to Bryan about choosing a profession," said Mary one morning; "he's coming to dinner to-night and I'll leave you two together."

Bryan is Mary's only godson. He is a Burke of Burkestown in Roscommon, not a Burke of Ballyburke, nor yet a Burke of Castle Burke, you know. Bryan's regiment has lately been disbanded, leaving him adrift on the stormy waters of Irish life. Bryan's father and grandfather had been captains in the same regiment, and Bryan had looked forward to being himself the ancestor of other captains in the same regiment.

"Now that Bryan's house is burned down," Mary continued, "he can't live in it, poor boy; and I don't suppose he'd be allowed to farm his land even if he knew how. They shouldn't disband young men, with nobody to re-organise them. I wonder the CHIEF SCOUT hasn't done something about it."

So we decided to consult Bryan about his own tastes, and gently to lead him on to express a desire for some lucrative employment.

Bryan himself, when he joined us at dinner, seemed serious and earnest enough. But his whole attention was given to the silver, china and glass that adorned our little gate-leg table. With a brief apology he turned every plate upside down and examined its markings.

"I didn't know you were a connoisseur, Bryan," said Mary.

"I'm going to be," he said. "Do you know much about Hanoverian silver?"

"No. Do you?" I asked.

"No, but I'm learning. That old soup-ladle is a lovely thing."

"I picked it up on the Quays."

"Ah, yes, I'm going there for lessons. And that jug—I can see that's Waterford by the lovely moony tint it has."

"That cost half-a-crown at the local stores," said Mary dryly.

"It's probably Waterford all the same," said Bryan, undaunted. "You must let me look at the drawing-room china, Aunt Mary, afterwards."

"Yes, Bryan, after you and Uncle Dick have had a smoke together."

Bryan looked at me quizzically and continued to talk of antiques until

Mary left the room and I opened a silver cigarette box that he insisted was Queen Anne.

"Now," said the young man, "I'm for it, Uncle Dick. What have you been told to say to me?"

I plunged.

"Well, your aunt wants you to take life more seriously, Bryan."

"Why should I? In Ireland anyone who owns a revolver is taking life lightly, so why should I take my own seriously?"

"You are avoiding the point, Bryan. We want to see you choosing a profession where your—er—undoubted abilities may be of use to your country. Have you thought the matter over yet?"

"I have," he said; "I've thought over it for weeks, and I propose to give you my opinion of professional life in Ireland. It may be useful to other young men if I formulate it."

"As far as I can see there are only three serious professions for young men in Ireland—the Army, Parliament and Antique Dealing. There are two armies, which, of course, offer vast scope for all sorts of military talent, including, in

the case of one of them, a gift for burning and looting. Promotion is rapid. I might be a brigadier in a week. These armies offer facilities of all sorts, and I'm seriously considering them.

"A Parliamentary career also offers unusual advantages. We have three Parliaments in this country, and I think it likely that the Parliament habit will grow, and that we shall have County Parliaments before long, two of each, Regular and Irregular. This, of course, means an enormous range of Ministerial posts, and I'm half inclined to offer myself as a Chancellor of the Exchequer to any Parliament which wants one. I should prefer to be an Irregular Chancellor, for the process of finding my own exchequer should demand daring and resourcefulness. There we require the co-operation of you bankers. I have already taken careful note of your defences, so that I can, in my Ministerial capacity, raid you one night."

"The last time I saw you," I protested, "you wanted to form a Battalion of Armed Bankers for the South of Ireland."

"My bright idea was never used, and I shall certainly call upon all banks to assist my exchequer. Yes, Parliamentary work offers chances to all daring spirits and good marksmen. But of course they mightn't elect me."

"They'd certainly ask you what you did in the War," I objected. "I'm afraid, Bryan, you were only a mercenary, fighting for the Foreign Tyrant in Gallipoli. That'll finish your Parliamentary career."

"There still remains the third great profession, which is Antique Dealing. All the big houses are burnt down and everyone's antiques have been looted. Where are they? Somewhere. It needs a smart man to hunt them out and to sell them to their previous owners at a small profit. I suggest that all the burnt-out, looted, boycotted gentry of Ireland should start Antique shops and sell back to each other their ancestral possessions. It's all that's left us to do."

Bryan rose and made for the door.

"I'm going to learn china marks from Aunt Mary," he said, "and tell her my great idea."

In a Good Cause.

Mr. Punch, who has always had a very warm corner in his heart for the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street, informs his readers that the Regent Dramatic Society are presenting three plays for children, in aid of the hospital, at the West Central Hall, on Friday, February 16th, at eight o'clock. Application to Hon. Sec., 293, Willesden Lane, N.W.2.



Frail Counsel. "Now, SIR, SUPPOSING I MADE A FIERCE RUSH AT YOU AND ENDEAVOURED TO KNOCK YOU DOWN. HOW WOULD YOU DESCRIBE MY ACTION?"

Burly Witness. "I SHOULD SAY YOU WAS BARMY."

LIMEHOUSE REACH.

ANCHOR SONG.

I FELL in love with a Limehouse lass,
but she has proved untrue;
She looked as fresh as a figurehead
that's just been painted new,
And she's took an' married a lighter-
man, so it's time for me to go—
But I would have loved you so, my
dear, I would have loved you so!

Oh, a shake o' the foresheet pays for
all that a sailor leaves behind,
For an alehouse shot and a friend forgot
and a sweetheart false or kind;
And the blooming mudhook's off the
ground, for it's time for us to go—
But I would have loved you so, my
dear, I would have loved you so!

Now a long good-bye to Limehouse
Reach and a last good-bye to you;
A feller's a fool to die for love (which
I don't mean to do);
There are girls as smart in many a port
from here to Callao,
And the pilot's aboard and the Peter's
down and it's time for us to go—
But I would have loved you so, my
dear, I would have loved you so!
C. F. S.

Our Helpful Contemporaries.

"There are certain things which everyone ought to know. Not to know is to be ignorant, and may lead to a bad mistake being made some day. Cut these out and keep them.

'Whereas the wives of Dukes, however, are, of course, Duchesses, those of Marquesses are styled Countesses.'—*Weekly Paper.*



Particular Lady (meeting her small son with his nurse in the Park). "WHO WERE THOSE CHILDREN I SAW YOU PLAYING WITH JUST NOW, DARLING?"

Small Son. "Oh, MUMMIE, I DON'T THINK YOU'D MIND MY KNOWING THEM. YOU SEE, THEIR FATHER'S SOMETHING WHICH, WHEN HIS FATHER DIES, HE'LL BE IT."

! FOR UGLY MEN ! TRY OUR MONSTER COMPETITION!

START IN RIGHT NOW.

£100,000 IN FREE SALARIES.

Ugly Men are handicapped in the Great Race of Life.

Help Ugly Men to get Married by Increasing their Salaries.

Equal Chances For All Really Ugly Men.

ARE YOU UGLY?

Then Get your Friends to Help You Pile up the Votes that may Bring You a Wife and a Fortune.

PLEASEING PROSPECT FOR OLD PALS TO-DAY.

The GREAT COMPETITION Is On.

Every Ugly Man, however Ugly, is a Husband To Be.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

If You are not Ugly yourself, Think of the Ugliest Man You Know, and Try to Help Him.

HOW?

By Cutting Out Coupons.

How Do You Cut Out Coupons?

Get Your Coupon-Cutting Scissors and Turn to the Coupon-

Cutting Corner of the Coupon-Cutting Page of "The Daily Stretch," and Cut—Keep on Cutting Out Coupons. Don't Let Your Business Interfere.

Keep the Coupons You Have Cut in the Coupon-Drawer of Your Coupon-Bureau until CARTER PATERSON calls.

Address Them to *The Ugly Editor of The Daily Stretch.*

Get Your Friends to Cut Out Coupons and Keep Them too.

Every Coupon Cut Out is a Vote for an Ugly Man.

The Ugly Man with the Most Votes Wins. In case of Equality, Photographs will be called for, and the Ugly Editor will Decide Who is the Ugliest.

In Every Case the Ugly Editor's Decision is Final.

Charming Chance For Chums.

ALL ENGLAND HAS BEEN DIVIDED INTO TWELVE DISTRICTS.

We Insisted on Doing It! Nothing Could Stop Us! Yorkshire is Divided from Lancashire, Surrey from Kent. We paid No Heed to Protests. Divide England We Would, and Divide Her We Did. In Every Division the Ugly Man Who Gets the Largest Number of Votes Wins a Salary of £400 a Year!

The Twelve Winning Ugly Men

Will Be Invited to Assemble at Dinner as Guests of *The Daily Stretch*, and Photographed by Flashlight, together with the Ugly Editor and the Assistant Ugly Editor. They Will Have One Glorious Week in London. They Will Be Taken in a Char-à-banc to the Zoo, the Tower of London, Madame Tussaud's, and the Natural History Museum: They Will Have a Special Box at the Hippodrome. The Ugly Editor and the Ugly Assistant Editor Will Go Everywhere With Them.

Remember that with £400 a Year Added to his Salary Any Ugly Man Can Live in Ease and Comfort and Marry a Beautiful Wife.

Excitement For Old Eggs.

IF NOT UGLY YOURSELF

Cut Out the Coupon To-day and Vote for the Ugly Man You Want Most To Win a Free Salary and a Beautiful Bride.

Our Classical Cricketers.

From a speech by the Chairman of the Cricket Club:—

"The inability to play express bowling is, like Achilles' heel, on the neck of young England."—*Provincial Paper.*



J'Y SUIS—J'Y RESTE.



Mother (to Freddy, who is somewhat concerned about a large spider on his nursery wall). "BUT IT WON'T HURT YOU, DARLING."
Freddy. "NO, MUMMY, BUT I WON'T HAVE ANYTHING IN MY NURSERY WITH MORE LEGS THAN I HAVE."

CHINCHILLA.

(With acknowledgments to the shade of Sir W. S. GILBERT.)

"I'M wanting a coat, dear," said Daphne one day,
"Of chinchilla, chinchilla, chinchilla."
"And what sort of figure," I asked, "do I pay
For chinchilla, chinchilla, chinchilla?"
She mused, "Well, it might be five hundred or so."
"As I'm not HENRY FORD," I replied, "it's no go."
"Is there no other fur you would like?" She said, "No;
Chinchilla, chinchilla, chinchilla."

I offered her cat-skins, the best in the land;
She grew chillier: "Chinchilla, chinchilla."
I said, "Well, there's rabbit—chinchilla's too grand."
She repeated, "Chinchilla, chinchilla."
I suggested that beaver was cosy and nice
(I had looked in her catalogue first for the price),
But she answered me promptly in accents of ice,
"Chinchilla, chinchilla, chinchilla."

I offered her musquash or squirrel or skunk,
But she stuck to chinchilla, chinchilla.
I fear I developed a positive funk
When she harped on chinchilla, chinchilla.
"Is it weakness of intellect, darling?" I cried,
"Has a gramophone record got started inside?"
With her eyes full of tears once again she replied,
"Chinchilla, chinchilla, chinchilla."

A tear trickled down on her dear little nose
As she sobbed for chinchilla, chinchilla;

I told her to buy any fur that she chose—
Any fur but chinchilla, chinchilla.

"What a hole in my overdraft, dear," I demurred;
"No, I think that white fox is my ultimate word;"
But a plaintive and far-away whisper was heard,
"Chinchilla, chinchilla, chinchilla."

I think that my offer was generous, quite,
For I couldn't afford her chinchilla.
I'd offered her fox, and I like her in white
Better far than chinchilla, chinchilla;
But she moaned that in fox she would look such a fright;
Then she plunged in the river—she did it for spite,
For she gurgled once more as she sank from my sight,
"Chinchilla, chinchilla, chinchilla."

"Grand Concert by the Military Band of H.M. 2nd Batt. The Royal Berkshire Regiment."—*West Country Paper*.

We don't recognise the unit: a British Branch of the Fascisti, perhaps.

A correspondent informs us that in Ireland the pillar-boxes have been painted green. It is indeed refreshing to learn that the Irish are painting something some other colour than red.

"The Gaelic Society of Inverness has learned with deep regret and disapprobation that the Right Hon. Lord Leverhulme has assumed the style 'Of the Western Isles,' as in so doing he is trenching the dignity of an ancient title—that of Lord of the Isles."—*Provincial Paper*.

Provided the inhabitants of Norfolk and Lincolnshire do not object, his lordship might style himself "Lord of the Wash."

MASCOTERIE.

THE decision of the General Omnibus Company to affix the figure of a Turtle to all its town buses, to distinguish them from its country buses, which bear a Rabbit as their symbol, has drawn new attention to the mascot and its uses, and a meeting was held at the Royal Automobile Club to discuss the question.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON was in the Chair.

Letters were read from several eminent men, expressing regret at their absence.

LORD ROTHERMERE wrote that he attributed his success as a Sunday leader-writer to the fact that he was always accompanied by a jewelled frog from the Ruhr de la Paix.

MR. STANLEY BALDWIN wrote that he attributed his success in the recent negotiations in New York to the fact that he always carried a pocket-edition of the great American rural epic, *The Man with a Hoe*.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE wrote that he had found there was no mascot like oneself.

LORD CARNARVON wrote from Luxor to say that he had not yet come upon any article in TUTANKH-AMEN's tomb which could be looked upon as a mascot. If a mascot was an assurance of good fortune in death as well as in life, it seemed probable that the King did not possess one.

THE LORD MAYOR said that while he welcomed the Omnibus Company's further plunge into imagery he thought it was too wholesale. The mascot should be employed to particularise. No doubt a bus running towards the Mansion House would be fittingly furnished if it had a Turtle on its bonnet; but the Turtle became futile when the bus began its return journey to, say, Shepherd's Bush. If the General Omnibus Company had any care for detail it would then order the conductor to remove the Turtle and substitute, say, a Lamb.

A Voice: "Or a Crook!" (Loud laughter.)

MR. WILFRED WHITTEN (*John O' London*) said that he was not convinced that the General Omnibus Company had done wisely in choosing a Turtle to typify its London services. Rabbits might be common and familiar in the country, but, out of the several

million Londoners, how many individuals ate turtle-soup in the course of the year? Not one in ten thousand, probably. A better symbol would be an Ox with tail rampant, or a Calf's Head, signifying the turtle that is mock and an everyday dish. (Hear, hear.) He however personally was against the universal urban symbol. He wanted each route separately typified (Cheers) by mascots that would be changed by the conductors systematically, like the direction-boards on the Tubes. A bus running to East Ham, for instance, should have a Pig. A bus running to Islington should have an Angel. And so on. In that way Lon-

to be confounded with the Tortoise, as a menace, because the Tortoise was the emblem of their own special industry. In fact the place of that animal in modern optical life was such that unless people's sight improved there would soon be an acute tortoise shortage. (Sensation.)

SIR GEORGE FRAMPTON proposed that every motor-car should bear a mascot indicative of its owner's calling. At present the most popular mascot for cars was a nude nymph. (Sensation.) No doubt there were cars to which this symbol was appropriate, but no one could claim that it was appropriate to all. The Bishop of London's car, for example. (Loud cheers.) How interesting

it would be if by simply glancing at an advancing car one learned something of its owner's walk in life! A Beaver— (Loud laughter.) No, he was not going to say anything about beards: too much had been said already (Loud applause)— would indicate that a wealthy hatter was approaching; a Thrush, a throat specialist; a Canary, a wine merchant; a Badger, a K.C.; a Sloth, a civil servant. (Wild cheers.) There would be no difficulty in finding a sculptor to produce charming models of these creatures. ("Oh, Oh!")

MR. WILLY CLARKSON asked if it would not be more amusing if, instead of fixing small metal models of these animals to the bonnets, the drivers were dressed up to look like Rabbits, Turtles, etc.? He had in stock some first-



THE SLUMP IN HARLEY STREET.

WHY DON'T OUR SPECIALISTS COMBAT IT BY GIVING ATTRACTIVE WINDOW-DISPLAYS OF CONSULTATIONS?

don would become picturesque indeed. (Applause.)

THE CITY REMEMBRANCER said that he agreed with the last speaker as to the unsuitability of the Turtle. One reason was that it tended to bring a noble ally of civic ceremonial into ridicule. A Turtle as an Alderman's private mascot might be above criticism, but not as symbolising every London street. His second reason was even stronger than this, and that was that a Turtle and a Tortoise were so similar that the passer-by might think only of the latter insect, and no vehicle which depended for its popularity on its speed would choose so proverbially leisurely a creature for its crest.

THE WORSHIPFUL MASTER of the Spectacle-Makers agreed. He said that they looked upon the Turtle, so easily

class pantomime masks and heads which he could supply at the lowest rates. A rabbit's head, carefully made, would also be of great use in protecting the drivers from the cold. He (the speaker) was nothing if not humane. (Loud cheers.) A Turtle not being so practicable, his suggestion would be that the drivers of buses proceeding Citywards should be dressed in some traditional London costume: for example, as Beefeaters. The gaiety of life, he felt, would be enormously augmented if some such plan were adopted.

THE AGENT-GENERAL for Australia said that he most earnestly hoped that the General Omnibus Company would select some animal other than the Rabbit for their country omnibuses. The sight of a rabbit gave incalculable pain to all Australians, and since its adop-



*Sportsman (to lady in difficulty). "IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT IF YOU THROW YOUR HEART OVER."
Fair Widow. "OH, BUT THIS IS SO SUDDEN."*

tion as a mascot many of them had ceased to visit the Metropolis at all. (Sensation.) Surely the Rabbit was not essential. Nor was it particularly suitable. He had often been in the Home Counties without seeing a rabbit, but never without seeing a cow. The cow was the ideal symbol of the country to most Londoners.

Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS said that it was impossible to over-estimate the value of the mascot in life. He was glad of the Bus Company's bold action in the matter of the Turtle, because it had opened up the whole mascot question. Inquiries showed that the great tragic dramatists, whose sombre genius meant so much to us all, employed mascots: *ÆSCHYLUS*, *SOPHOCLES*, *EURIPIDES*—the whole bunch; while he himself always kept on his desk a little bust of the *PRINCE OF CONDÉ*. It was this that gave him his purple fluid style. (Panic, in which the meeting broke up.) E. V. L.

"PEOPLE'S PEACE LEAGUE."

— Rural District Council have arranged to hold a Public Meeting under the auspices of above. . . : He who loves Peace should come and strike a blow."—*Adv. in Irish Paper*.
In Ireland they pronounce "pacifist" with the accent on the last syllable.

TO PHYLLIS IN FEBRUARY.

Phyllis, if the Spring you'd find,
Seek her not in country places;
Bleak still blows the Winter wind,
Woods still lack the vernal graces;
So, since fields and forests frown
And the east winds veer and eddy,
Come, my shepherdess, to Town;
Spring is here already.

Phyllis, pipes are in the air,
London's lure of February;
You must listen now or ne'er;
'Tis a spell that doth not tarry;
Scarce they'll linger on to March,
Silver pipes so shy, so sparing
(Best they're heard 'twixt Marble Arch
And the Cross at Charing).

Phyllis, ask not whence doth flow
That wherewith these days adorn her;
Paint upon a portico,
Violets at a windy corner,
Crowds in Bond Street—fur and frill—
Life and colour throbbing through it,
Mornings blue, yet silver-shrill—
These perhaps may do it.

Phyllis, Fashion newly new
Shall acquaint you with her smartest;
Phyllis, shops shall pleasure you,
Dreamed by poet and by artist;

Till our duskings, dim and grave,
Sudden spangles shall go clad in;
Till each dark plays Jewel Cave
To your Miss Aladdin.

Phyllis, come! for here is Spring,
Here, in London, to enchant you;
Here is Youth and happening;
Arcady awhile can want you;
Come, my fair, for violets crown
Bond Street's aisle, and blue's above
it;
Magic walks in London Town;
Life's a thing to covet.

"1561.—Have you forgotten so soon? Please
set my mind at rest."
"Agony" column in *Daily Paper*.

Pity there were no memory-courses in
the sixteenth century!

Headline from one of our Franco-
phile contemporaries:—
"NO SCUTTLE FROM THE RHINE."
And not much coal, either.

"Among articles conspicuous for rarity of
beauty was a wonderful painted box, apparently
of wood, with scenes of King Tutankhamen
hunting lions."—*Daily Paper*.

Among the Israelites in the Land of
Goshen?



Would-be Rescuer. "WHAT! WOULD YOU STOP ME FROM SAVING THE POOR FELLOW?"

New Policeman. "No; BUT GO FURTHER ALONG. HE'S LEFT SOME FINGER-PRINTS ON THE PARAPET JUST HERE."

RECENT ART EXHIBITIONS.

By HUTTON GROCK.

DR. JOHNSON, in one of those harsh *obiter dicta* which exasperate the modernist, once declared that the reason why people went to public entertainments was that they were afraid to sit at home and think. Mr. Boris Blougram, whose pictures are now on view at the Googoo Gallery, can by no process of legitimate argument be held to confirm the Johnsonian view. From whatever angle we envisage his work, he gives us to think, and to think furiously. As a stimulant to cerebral activity he stands on a lonely pinnacle, apart from all other modern painters in his unique detachment from convention and prejudice. He is under no illusions, yet he is instinct with a pentecostal fervour. He is essentially a melodist, but the poignant warblings of his brush are free from excessive suavity. He perturbs us, as the inhabitants of Constantinople were and are, alas! still perturbed, with "innumerable solitudes." For though he revels at times in the clear vibrant juxtapositions of tone in his "colour notes," the austerity of the whole-tone scale predominates.

The portrait of BEETHOVEN (No. 13)

at work on his note-books visualizes with painful realism the disabilities under which, as modern oto-laryngologists have proved, the great composer laboured; and the tufts of cotton-wool emerging from each ear, though exquisite in the lovely lilt of their modelling, enhance to an incredible extent the sinister implications of the scene. Mr. Blougram realises that it is not the function of pictorial art to be paregoric or eupeptic, but rather to serve as a cathartic antidote to mental sclerosis. This is not to rule out beauty; even where the *motif* is painful we can enjoy the rich and complicated harmony of his brush-work, as in the masterly "Cats in a College Garden" (No. 32), or the group of schoolboys suffering from mumps (No. 25), where the pictorial quality of their *rondeurs* and the indications of the strenuous pleasure that the artist took in getting them arranged on his canvas are full of an infectious gaiety. The head of "Captain Coe" (No. 69) is almost forbidding in its tragic intensity, but the luminous handling of the collar and tie is deliciously refreshing in its *bravura*.

So again the plaintive expression in the heavy-lidded eyes of "Mrs. Fleischheimer" (No. 19) is redeemed by the genially opulent contours of her chin.

Once and once only does Mr. Blougram frankly condescend to the plane of comedy, in "Prince Bulbo" (No. 74), where the dome-shaped forehead somewhat grotesquely recalls the cranial configuration of Sir OLIVER LODGE, though the smooth "unbeavered" cheeks and blandly-smiling mouth acquit the painter of any deliberate or conscious attempt at caricature.

In landscape and still-life Mr. Blougram is equally at ease, whether he aims at conveying the immeasurable or the infinitesimal. With him we "ruin along the illimitable inane," or find in "the meanest flower that blows" thoughts lying beyond the relief afforded by the lachrymal glands. As for his studies in the eccentric colouration of wild berries, we can only say that they are manifestations of which the Phenological Committee of the Royal Meteorological Society might profitably take note.

From some exhibitions one comes away with a sense of emptiness. Professor Ruddystone's pictures, now on view at the Cavendish Galleries, engender a feeling of repletion, of æsthetic hypertrophy, by the rich variety of the repast which he spreads before us. On the technical quality of his work, especially on the sartorial side, it is needless to insist at this time of day. Rather

would we choose to dwell on his wonderful gift for revealing the inhibitions and repressions, resolving the complexes, and unravelling the sub-conscious *enchevêtrement*, of his subjects. There is always a point in his work, and, though it may be doubted whether the artist *omne tulit punctum*, the pungency of his portraiture is beyond question. The collection might indeed be called, after a famous work, *Poems of Puncture*.

Here is Mr. EUGENE GOOSSENS in the very act—or so we feel it—of propounding his momentous statement that no noise which is deliberate can be declared to be ugly; here is the splendidly-corrugated profile of Sir ALFRED MOND; Bishop WELLDON exhaling an aura of burly spirituality; Sir FRANCIS NEWBOLT expounding to his brother Sir HENRY the superiority of legal to fictional fiction; Mr. BELLOC composing an anti-Prohibition pasquinade; and a superb study in gesso-goulash of MUSTAPHA KEMAL PASHA presiding at a meeting of the Angora Utility Goat Club.

But nothing could be finer than the full-length of the myriad-minded Mr. JOHN DRINKWATER—to whom, like the youth of Pella, one universe does not suffice—fretfully wondering what further heroes would be available for dramatic treatment if the doctrine of the plurality of worlds could be conclusively demonstrated.

THE SETTLEMENT OF DEBTS.

It is surprising to find that people still argue about German reparations and European Inter-Allied debts. I was under the impression that all those questions had been settled long ago. I have now gone into the matter again to make sure about it, and I find that I was quite right.

It is true that there is one debt question still outstanding, but I will come to that in a moment. So far as the German debt to the Allies and the European debts to Britain are concerned, everything has been arranged in detail.

To take them in their order of merit:

(1) The German Reparations. Germany has not paid, is not paying, has no intention of paying.

(2) The French debt to Britain. France has not paid, is not paying and says she has no intention of paying until Germany pays.

(3) The French debt to America. Has not been paid, is not being paid and nobody expects it to be paid.

(4) The Italian debt to Britain. Settlement on the same lines as No. 3.

(5) The Italian debt to America. Settlement on the same lines as No. 4, only more so.



"WELL, IF THEY WAS GIANTS THEY WASN'T BEAUTIES—NOT AS FACES GO NOW, MRS. BROWN."

(6) The pre-war debts of every belligerent to every other belligerent. A provisional moratorium till the Greek Kalends was at first decided on; but this has now been abandoned in favour of a definitive settlement on the same lines as No. 5.

(7) The Russian National Debt. Settled five years ago by special decree of the Soviet Government on the same lines as Nos. 1, 3, 4, 5 and 6.

So much for the work already accomplished in the European settlement.

As I said above, there is one matter still to be settled. It is the British debt to America. The position is that we have paid, are paying and intend to pay until every penny of it is paid. The problem is how long we shall be given to pay it off, and how much interest we shall pay in the meantime.

In view of the fact that the British

Treasury's ideas about debts have filled every other debtor nation with surprise, not to say disgust, I thought it might contribute to the cause of international understanding if I interviewed somebody abroad.

I thought that perhaps two short interviews would be enough. The first was with a German.

"What would you do about the British debt to America?" I asked.

"That is an easy one," he said. "You first of all inform the American Government officially that you are incapable of paying. Then, if they don't like that, all you have to do is to print milliards of pound notes. That will annoy them and teach them a lesson, because you obviously can't pay if you're bankrupt, can you?"

"No," I said.

The next was a Frenchman, who be-

came excited when I asked him what he would do about it.

"The Treaty of Versailles," he said, "stipulates (Part VIII., Articles 231 to 247) that Germany shall pay France. She ought also to pay some other people, but the point is that she has to pay France. Therefore, when Germany has paid France, what more do you want? France might possibly pay something to Britain, and Britain could pay something to America. Obviously it is America's duty to lend money to Germany to start the ball rolling.

"If any difficulty should arise about Germany carrying out this programme, all one need do would be to punish her by applying the Sanctions Section (that is Section 18) of Annex II. to Article 244 of Part VIII. of the Treaty of Versailles.

"But, alas!" he broke off suddenly, "it is impossible. The scheme, so simple when once started, can never be started, because you English have ruined the whole thing by paying America out of your own pockets. *Perfide Albion!*"

THE KERRY BLUE.

THE dog from County Kerry,
The tousled tyke and grey,
See how he meets the merry
And tires them all at play;
Yet, though he's raced and
tumbled.

With many a mongrel crew,
The proudest shall be hum-
bled

That slight the Kerry Blue.

His fathers lived by battle
Where crags and lakes and
bogs
And glens of small black cattle
Had work for bold grey dogs;
Shrill Poms he'll scorn with kindness,
Gruff Airedales they shall rue
The day when in their blindness
They roused the Kerry Blue.

Dark eyes afire for slaughter,
White teeth to hold and kill
Great otters by the water,
Big badgers in the hill;
The gamest eighteen-inches
That ever gripped and slew—
Wise is the foe that flinches,
That flees the Kerry Blue!

Ah, pup that came from Kerry,
Unfriended and unfed,
To maul my boots and bury
Your beef-bones in my bed,
You dream of Munster gorses,
But—here your heart shines
through—

You let my tame resources
Content a Kerry Blue.

AT THE PLAY.

"ADVERTISING APRIL" (CRITERION).

You must not be misled by the title into supposing that this is a play about Spring Poets. It is true that a member of that order does incidentally occur in it; but we are mainly concerned with the booming of a film-star of the name of *April* by her publicity-agent. Her maiden surname is *Mawne*, and the conjunction seems to point to an elementary sense of humour in her parents.

In addition to his professional contract, the agent (*Hobart*) happened to be the lady's husband, and so fierce was his commercial ardour that of these two relationships he gave priority to the former. Anyhow, in his anxiety

guilt herself, and in any case would naturally feel free to select a fresh publicity-agent, she brings him to a sense of his error, for he has no wish to lose either of his jobs. The moral seems to be that, though it is an economy to unite in one person the functions of a husband and a press-agent, there is in this combination an inherent risk that the two claims may clash.

For a farce the play was creditably restrained, and the burlesque of a press-agent's activities did not rely too much on exaggeration for its excellent fun; though perhaps the authors, Messrs. FARJEON and HORSNELL, were a little lavish with their illustrations of what could be done in this way by a man with a real genius for publicity. Thus there

was an article written by him, under the film-star's name, for a girls' paper; there was the divorce scheme; there was an arrangement for snap-shotting her in the company of Royalty during a garden-party held in aid of "the Widows and Orphans of Celibate Seamen" (laughter); and there was a plot to have her tent rushed on this occasion by admirers—at a sovereign a head.

Lack of space forbids a full enumeration of *Hobart's* designs in the realm of creative art. In only two of them he failed: the divorce stunt (as we have seen) and the snap-shot stunt. In the latter, which proved offensive to the *Princess*, *Hobart* deserved to fail, for he had committed the grave mistake of assuming that the dazzling flash from a magnesium wire ignited within a few feet of her

face would escape her Royal Highness's notice. But the fall of the curtain left him still undefeated, still fecund of ideas.

Miss SYBIL THORNDIKE's public appearances have been more frequent in Anglo-Greek tragedy and Grand Guignol than in pyjamas. With a little more experience of the general taste she would not, I think, have worn them so full in the leg—fuller indeed than the baggy part of a tar's trousers. The audience were perhaps not quite prepared to believe in her as a film-star of farce; and I am not sure that she was quite prepared herself. She was very restless, and seemed at times to be trying to put more into the part of *April* than it was meant to hold. Still it was a brave and joyous *tour de force*.

As the publicity-agent Mr. FRANK CELLIER had just the right note of easy



AN APRIL SHOWER.

Publicity-Agent (sweeping up the contents of a powder-box). "WE MUST GET THIS OUT OF THE WAY BEFORE THE PRINCESS COMES. TOO MUCH POWDER WOULD SPOIL MY PUFF."

Mrs. Trimmer	MISS MARGARET YARDE.
April Mawne	MISS SYBIL THORNDIKE.
Edmund Hobart	MR. FRANK CELLIER.

to defeat the devices of a rival agent whose star had done a masterly *coup* by getting a Duke to marry her, he proposes to make his wife the heroine of a divorce scandal in which he gallantly undertakes to figure as the guilty party.

This brilliant idea, however, does not commend itself to *April*, whose views of matrimonial fidelity seemed exceptionally orthodox for a film-star. So by way of counterblast she affects to encourage the advances of an importunate poet, who talks well above her head (she has never so much as heard of Miss SITWELL), but contrives to make it clear to her limited intelligence that she ought to lead her own life—meaning his.

By explaining to her husband that, if there is to be a divorce, she has a preference for assuming the onus of



Perfect Butler (having supplied refreshment to couple sitting out in billiard-room). "WOULD YOU WISH THE LIGHTS OUT, SIR, OR MERELY LOWERED?"

resilience. If ever I am reduced to reading a popular actress's advice to young girls, or an account of the theft of her collection of diamond tiaras, I shall suspect him of being at the bottom of it. Mr. LAWRENCE ANDERSON was not quite so happy as *Mervyn Jones*, modern adolescent and exponent of the *Real Life*. He has something to learn (and so have the authors) of the manners and mental equipment of this type of unconscious humourist. Miss ELLINOR FOSTER was curiously possible as the *Princess*. But the best performance was that of Miss MARGARET YARDE as *Mrs. Trimmer*, dresser and factotum to *April*. She said the shrewdest things as if she couldn't help it, and her heart was as sound as her tongue was sharp.

Whether in the long run (I am not for the moment thinking of the play's prospects) it is wise policy for the stage to expose the secrets of its methods of obtaining notoriety it is not for me to express an opinion. That is the Management's affair. It is mine to say that the exposure was extremely entertaining, and that it obviously appeased the typical cravings of a Criterion audience. Further compliments I will not offer lest I should be taken for a publicity-agent myself.

O. S.

"IF WINTER COMES" (ST. JAMES'S).

It is a notoriously difficult business to make a novel, particularly a novel of moods and discussions and self-examinations, such as *If Winter Comes* evidently is, into a satisfactory play, and Messrs. A. S. M. HUTCHINSON and BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS are to be congratulated on having concocted a version of which the interest is well sustained, the gaps sufficiently concealed and the general drift at least reasonably clear even to those unfashionable people who, like myself, have not had the advantage of reading the most notorious of all best-sellers.

Of course one had gathered that some kind of ethical problem was involved, and that some thought *Mark Sabre*, the hero, rather a dear, and others rather an ass.

I found him a charming enough fellow, with an engaging sense of humour, a rather attractive helplessness, a broad if muddled mind. He was, I thought, a little apt to say things aloud which are not supposed to be said by Englishmen (but his surname suggests that he had foreign blood in him); and quite incredibly imperceptive, for so supposedly perceptive a man, not to have realised that it was perfectly use-

less to get his wife (surely never in all the United Kingdoms of Phillistia and Suburbia was there such a dense, odious, oyster-hearted creature!) to share his enthusiasms, to appreciate his quotations from the Psalms and the poets, or even begin to understand the soul of the War or his passionate love of England.

As to the main ethical conundrum there can be no question that when *Effie*, the full-of-sunshine girl, whom he had always been fond of in his expansive and perfectly honourable way, arrived with an infant on the very devil of a night early in 1918, he was perfectly right to insist on not letting her be turned out into the nearest ditch, despite his wife's "either this woman goes or I go!" (Nay, rather because of it; but then *Mark* was by habit slow to see his luck.)

Need he, however, have kept her there three months? The amiable *Mrs. Mark* had dismissed all the servants before her passionate exit, so that she and the world might be enabled to believe the very worst. The idea is of course that nobody in all England could in three long months be found, for pity or cash, to take in poor little *Effie* and her babe.

But, if my memory of the War-years

serves me, there was no such universal attitude of hostility towards the war-baby. The rigour of the old code was surely suspended. In the Crimean War I conceive all this might have happened, but in 1918 I think not. Or, again, what would have been easier than to pass off our *Effie* as an unhappy War widow? Though here, perhaps, *Mark's* high ethical code might have been outraged. Better an *Effie* dead of oxalic acid than the white escutcheon of *Mark* blotted by a never-so-charitable tarradiddle.

We were not, by the way, ever given any reason for *Effie's* obstinate refusal to disclose the name of the father of her child, even though her sense of *Mark's* unhappy position led her to the desperate step of poisoning herself and leaving a note containing the very evidence which would have made *Mark's* position bearable and the poison unnecessary! I am afraid her obstinacy was only a stick in the author's hand to beat poor *Mark*.

At the coroner's inquest *Mark* is branded as seducer, deserter (he had gone to Brighton for two days in a straw hat cleaned with the fatal oxalic acid and had lost it on the pier: you can imagine what the law made of that thin tale) and possible murderer. It sounds just a little too bad for truth, but it was not unskillfully managed, *Mark's* general overwroughtness and unworldliness being made to cover up plausibly enough some of the weak points.

The discovery of *Effie's* letter comes in time for the happy, noble ending. *Mark* learns what we others had already guessed by infallible signs, that it is the good pious son of *Mark's* enemy, the crooked, sanctimonious little cad, *Twynning* (junior partner of *Fortune*, *East* and *Sabre*, religious publishers and church furnishers, and during the War makers of aeroplane parts) who is *Effie's* betrayer. *Mark*, off his poor head with accumulated sorrows, comes, revolver in hand, to the office in search of the ineffable *Twynning*, only to find him broken-hearted by a telegram announcing the death of his beloved boy. *Mark's* last renunciation is the forgoing of the final revenge of smashing his enemy with the truth. Respecting the one decent thing in the man's mean little heart, his love for and pride in his pious boy, he burns the letter.

Mark's own true-love, *Lady Tybar*, who has drifted in and out of the play at intervals, makes a last entrance in time to take away his revolver, to see his act of superb renunciation, to announce the death of her unfaithful but gallant V.C. husband and to offer happiness ever after.

The playing was excellent, save for occasional forgetfulness on the part of

some of the principals of the fundamental canon that the actor's first duty is to be heard. I agreed with the pertinacious gentleman in the gallery, though I dared not imitate his vociferousness. Possibly Mr. OWEN NARES has not quite extricated himself from the technique of the filming of *If Winter Comes*. As he will no doubt have to broadcast it shortly (this is the only conceivable thing left to do with it) he had better practise betimes. His performance was sincere, capable, attractive and convincing within the limits imposed by his lines and the general plot. Miss GRACE LANE's portrait of *Mrs. Mark* was the best piece of work I have seen from her—she handled an exceedingly difficult and unsympathetic part and played it against the audience superbly. Mr. TARVER PENNA always takes great pains with and puts real skill and observation into his character parts. He was the odious *Twynning, Senior*. Mr. VOLPÉ gave us a clever portrait of an unpleasant clergyman. Miss MARGARET REEVE's little sketch of a house-parlourmaid (an amusing and well-written part) was delightful. Mr. STAFFORD HILLIARD's *Coroner* and Mr. ERIC STANLEY's *Solicitor* were both sound pieces of work. Altogether the play got through the trials of conversion very creditably. T.

A FRENCH STAR FILM.

THE other evening I did a desperate thing. On the strength of a complimentary ticket I "assisted at the spectacles" of the *Coliseum* at Perigeot.

Perigeot is one of those little Picardy *plages*, swarming during its eight weeks' season, shuttered and desolate during the remainder of the year. In winter, the initiate say, it is of a *tristesse* altogether insupportable.

You may know what the cinema in a small French provincial town would be like; well, the *Coliseum* at Perigeot is like that. Also it is built wholly of wood, and so there is *défense de fumer*. All the year round I imagine it to be of a *tristesse* altogether insupportable.

Out in India the Aryan brother, who is a sensible fellow in some ways, often goes to the cinema for a good long sleep; the inhabitants of Perigeot seem to pursue the same object. Or perhaps they "assist at the spectacles" in order to mortify the flesh. We have so often been told that the English take their pleasures sadly that I suppose it must be so; if it is, then the Perigeotians have adopted at least one English custom. They sat huddled in their chairs in attitudes of the extreme dejection. They were most miserable.

I don't know that one could altogether blame them. When I arrived they were

assisting at a film described in the programme as *L'Homme Aquarium*, in which a rather unpleasant-looking gentleman swallowed twenty-four large tumblers of water and the contents of a bowl of gold-fish. The audience received him in silence, while a lady encouraged him on the piano with a series of tangos—or variations of a single tango; the state of the instrument made it difficult to say which. It was undeniably *triste*.

From the Human Aquarium we passed in rapid transition to a drama of murder and suicide. The tango—or tangos—went on unabated. It would be hard to conceive anything more dismal, or any collection of beings more hopelessly fed-up than the audience. We hated ourselves and one another.

The programme now threatened us with a "comic"—something, I think, about somebody's *voyage de nocces*. A comic in such an atmosphere would have been like a clown capering in a graveyard. I meditated flight.

But we were unexpectedly delivered. They flashed the title of a new and unannounced film on the screen—

NOS SOLDATS DANS LA RUHR.

In a moment miracles began to happen; the atmosphere cleared as though a great wind had blown through the building. The Perigeotians ceased to grunt and rumble; they sat up in their seats. Someone cheered; then somebody else. The first *poilus* who came marching across the screen raised a roar like a gale; cavalry were received with an ovation like a Derby finish with the favourite well in front. A little *troupier* appeared grinning infectiously and pointing towards a German bank; the screen flashed at us his inimitable jest—"Circulez!" CHARLIE CHAPLIN might have envied the roar of joy that greeted him. The film went on to an end amid transports, and then had to start all over again.

It was astounding. At one moment we sat there an utterly abject gathering; the next we were a family party who laughed and joked and shouted, who shook each other's hands and embraced and talked all at once. We were all friends and all happy—and just because the horizon-blue was at Essen and the Boche was taking on a similar tint—or soon would be. H. B.

Our Modest Intelligentsia.

"Member I.L.P. would share room with another intelligent gentleman."

Adv. in "Daily Herald."

"WANTED.— . . . Continuous Ager."

Adv. in Provincial Paper.

No Peter Pans need apply.



OUR VILLAGE THEATRICALS.

UNREHEARSED EFFECT IN THE SNOW SCENE: THE STARVING WANDERER SEES ON A PIECE OF SNOW TORN FROM THE EVENING PAPER THE HAPPY RESULT OF THE 3.30 RACE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I REMEMBER HENRY JAMES saying—in the teeth of SPENSER and BUNYAN—that allegory had never seemed to him a first-rate literary form, and that it was apt to spoil two good things—a story and a moral. I wonder what he would have made of the symbolic element in the posthumous papers of OLIVE SCHREINER, now published by her husband (with the exception of a novel still to come) as *Stories, Dreams and Allegories* (FISHER UNWIN). Myself I find an excellent argument for its retention in these sensitive and suggestive exercises of an undeniably noble imagination; not less in the five "Stories" than in the fifteen "Dreams and Allegories." Take "Eighteen-Ninety-Nine," for instance, the first of the stories. How easily it might have degenerated into a mere pro-Boer tract, this detailed tragedy of a second "African Farm." Yet so universal is the author's outlook that it is rather the eternal plea of the spirit of creativeness against the genius of destruction, and it seems almost a political (though not an artistic) accident that the creativeness is typified by two women of the Northern Transvaal, and the destruction by Zulu assegais and British bayonets. Of the remaining stories, two of which are immature and one fragmentary, "The Buddhist Priest's Wife" is the most valuable; and "The Winged Butterfly," though spoilt by a touch of almost Scandinavian morbidity, is the most apt and unforced of the allegories proper.

You can guess pretty well, I dare say, the gist of what the author of *The Great Illusion* and *The Fruits of Victory* has to say on the vexed question of international economics. None the less I recommend *If Britain Is To Live* (NISBET)

to your attention. Mr. NORMAN ANGELL is an engaging controversialist. He is always so pleasantly cocksure, and he rallies his opponents in language so much less conventional than that of your common economist. Perhaps he is a little too cocksure—and severe—in his opening chapter, one section of which he light-heartedly calls "Three Years of Government by Pander." For he is convinced that if the Press had not deliberately disguised the simple truth from a too-credulous public we should have had no "reparations problem" to deal with at the moment—or a very different one. According to him the popular papers preferred to adopt the popular cry, so that "Germany must be made to pay the whole cost of the War" became their slogan for the 1918 Election. They knew better in their hearts, says Mr. ANGELL; to him it is inconceivable that any intelligent schoolboy should fail to grasp in five minutes his simple explanation of the Indemnity Question. I find it a little difficult to believe in these sinister machinations of the Press. Even now some eminent journalists are not so sure that the goose is not shamming inability to lay her golden eggs. In any case Mr. ANGELL is fortunate in seeing his theories put to the test with quite unusual promptitude.

"Mrs. Fanshawe Aubury, while mentally incapable of scientific or philosophic abstractions, had nevertheless a dim and vexed inkling of the unreliability of assumptions in relation to hereditary laws, the flaw of these being symbolised by her incapacity to detect any emotion, thought or instinct which was common to herself and her son Charles." That, the first sentence in *Echo* (CHATTO AND WINDUS), is MARGARET RIVERS LARMINIE's rather complicated way of saying a fairly simple thing, and certainly illustrates a defect of her style. But it would be a vast pity if it were taken as a fair sample of the matter of a very attractive book.

There is a shooting-party at Starlings, and *Charles Aubury* finds *Melita Founds* (a niece of his hostess) under the cloud of a dubious past. He falls deeply in love and chivalrously "asks no questions." Alas! *Melita* is as proud as Satan. She takes it into her head that *Charles* has been betrayed by impulse into an engagement which only his obstinacy forbids him to dissolve. *Charles* has a different and equally (but no more) plausible delusion about *Melita*. A marriage takes place, each deeply in love but crediting the other with the wish to make a marriage of convenience only, and they drift farther and farther apart and so remain for many months. Though I don't believe, frankly, in the possibility of such a protracted estrangement and was irritated by the perverseness of it, I gratefully acknowledge the careful skill with which the author tries to justify her thesis; the probability of her characters and the charm in particular of *Melita* herself and old *Richard Marriner*, her friend. It is a book to read once for the story, and once again for its many beauties of thought and workmanship.

I cannot help feeling that in *The Guardian* (FISHER UN-

WIN) the bowsprit has got mixed with the rudder somehow, in the sense that its authoress, Miss G. COLMORE, is all along steering from conclusions instead of to them. She has made up her mind to sicken her readers of medical sleight-of-hand, as acquired by vivisection and brought to bear on defective children; and of the English prison system, as fostering criminality in the wicked and deadening humanity in the innocent. As a set-off she proposes to arouse our admiration for heroic love, "a love that is

bigger than the love of sex." Now I am by no means out of sympathy with all these ends myself, but I am quite sure that Miss COLMORE has not sought them in a way that would convert me if I were. The pathetic history of *Jane Ellaton*, who constitutes herself the guardian of her charming invertebrate sister, *Kitty*, and of her sister *Kitty's* equally charming and invertebrate husband, *Barnaby*; opposes the "clever" operation (which nevertheless takes place) on the skull of their idiot son, *Ray*; and allows herself to be convicted of murder when *Kitty*, maddened by drink, pushes the hopelessly degenerate *Ray* over a cliff—all this is too obviously *ex parte* to carry conviction. The book, however, is sincere and well-meaning, pitiless only towards gossips, vivisectionists, gaolers and (I may add) its readers.

Hunting readers who have in a previous book accompanied Mr. RICHARD CLAPHAM among his own Lakeland Fells will be glad to resume the experience in *Foxes, Foxhounds and Foxhunting* (HEATH CRANTON). When he ventures further afield they may find him less convincing. At any rate, when he condemns the so-called "fashionable" hound, and seems to advocate that it should be generally superseded by the light-framed hare-footed type that is followed on foot among the Cumbrian crags, and on horse-

back in certain rough but just rideable parts of Wales, he is by no means supported by the high authority who has contributed the Introduction to his book. "He would be a bold man," writes Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, "who would argue that a Midland foxhound of medium weight and height, with sloping shoulders, working legs and feet, and quality all over, would not catch a fox in the shortest possible time in any country." To this I would add my humble testimony, who for two seasons have watched a far from satisfactory experiment of hunting a large and diversified country in the South of England with a pale-coloured pack of hounds of the Fell or Welsh type. But Mr. CLAPHAM's heresy makes extraordinarily interesting reading. And the detailed chapters about foxes of every variety, hill and lowland, British and foreign, should ensure the success of his desire to entertain "both" the naturalist, the sportsman and the general reader.

Mr. R. B. TOWNSEND, in *A Tenderfoot in Colorado* (LANE), gives us a robust and attractive account of his experiences. He set out on his travels some fifty years ago, when

Colorado was as wild as any adventurous man could wish. In those days the Indians, with their unpleasant habit of collecting scalps, were a real terror; and in the chapters headed "Hide-and-seek with Dog-soldiers" and "Our Red Brothers" he has thrilling tales to tell. His main object being to find health and a means of livelihood, he never asked for trouble, though he was ready enough to take it on as it came. After passing the Tenderfoot stage he established a cattle-ranch fifty miles north of the



Street Merchant (to his neighbour). "ERE'S A 'OPEFUL BLOKE, MATE! 'E WON'T DO NO BUSINESS. THERE AIN'T NO DEMAND FOR THOSE THINGS DAHN 'ERE."

Arkansas River, and there he seems to have prospered abundantly until he began to feel himself crowded out by newcomers. This decided him to get rid of his cattle and go to New Mexico, which was "even wilder and woollier than Colorado in those days." Of his subsequent adventures he almost engages to tell us in another story; and I feel confident that anyone who reads this volume will want to keep him to his half-promise.

Another Impending Apology.

"MERIONETHSHIRE LABOUR PARTY."

Headline in Welsh Paper.

Golf Extraordinary.

From an Appreciation of VARDON, TAYLOR and BRAID:—

"It is little short of marvellous that these three men should, for a period of twenty years, have kept the ball at their feet."—*Sunday Paper*. It is more than marvellous; it is incredible. When we do it once or twice in a round, our caddie always sniggers.

"The local effects of the Ice Age were discussed. It was stated that modern views discounted the earlier opinions that that epoch was a holocaust."—*Provincial Paper*.

SHAKESPEARE no doubt had these erroneous early opinions on the subject in his mind when he wrote, "Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand by thinking on the frosty Caucasus?"

CHARIVARIA.

"THE whole of the English-speaking Press will watch with interest the courtship of the Duke of York," stated a recent issue of a Chicago newspaper. It would surely be less embarrassing for HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS if a Select Committee were appointed.

According to a missionary lately returned from the Sandwich Islands the native word for "Hello" is "Kalakao-hoikauhaihoihaukoi." It certainly seems to offer a good way of passing the time while waiting for a telephone call.

In sentencing a Scotsman for burglary at Middlesex Sessions, Sir MONTAGU SHARPE, K.C., remarked that it was undesirable that the number of burglars operating in London and Middlesex should be augmented by men from Scotland. We are glad to think that, in at least one branch of industry, an effort is being made to protect the Englishman from competition.

It is announced that a French astronomer has found the long-lost planet, Aethra. Words cannot express our relief.

LORD DUCIE, who has just returned to Australia, is disappointed because he has not seen a snowstorm. Of course we cannot guarantee that sort of thing every summer.

While dining with a party at a Geneva hotel a guest attempted to shoot his wife and commit suicide. The opinion in the best circles is that a man who does that sort of thing does not know his table manners.

The boy who was sent to a reformatory school for committing twenty-five burglaries in Derby and did not blame the cinema for his downfall is thought to be an impostor.

Cox's Bank has now been taken over by Lloyds Bank, and more than one young officer has been heard to remark, "Bang goes my overdraft."

Feeling against General LUDENDORFF in Austria seems to have taken a more friendly turn. While he was travelling through Kapenberg the crowds only called him "The Murderer of Millions."

Sheet brass for making musical instruments comes from France, we read. It seems such a pity.

A Ukulele player, while going home from a theatre, is reported to have been held up by two masked men. We are informed that they both escaped with their lives.

The latest production at Covent Garden is *You'd Be Surprised*. And Mr. ST. JOHN ERVINE was.

Warsaw has a population of nearly two million people, and yet they picked out M. STANISLAUS WOJECIOWSKI to be their President.

A stentorphone has been installed at the London County Hall to enable journalists to hear the speeches. We

Though five new tribes have been discovered in the Arctic regions, not one of them so far has expressed any desire to be made safe for democracy.

"Mr. Winston Churchill," says *The Daily News*, "possesses some of the qualities that go to the making of a great footballer, but by no means all." His chief defect, we fancy, is a tendency to change teams in the middle of a match.

It is reported that the "Keep to the Left" rule has failed in Birmingham. It seems that pedestrians will cling to their old right of being knocked down on the most convenient side.

The Consul-General for French West Africa issues a warning that it is now too late in the year to travel to Timbuctoo without discomfort. This decides us again to postpone our trip to Timbuctoo.

Our Tactless Reporters.

"Miss — kept her audience hushed, till at the end of her scene a sigh of relief could be heard from every part of the hall."

Local Paper.

"Whilst a — sportsman was out with his gun on Thursday he shot a fox, the first killed in the parish for many years."

Provincial Paper.

"Sportsman" is good.

"CORRECTION.—Mrs. — asks us to state that her husband was convicted . . . of stealing grain, 44 sacks and two wheels, not 44 sacks of meal, as stated last week."—*Local Paper.*

Historians please note.

From a Church notice:—

"Madame Grabbe will sing the Offertory."
Canadian Paper.

It reminds Mr. Punch of his series, "Songs and their Singers."

"The new P.C. [Mr. Rawlinson] is the most parenthetical speaker in the Commons. . . . Nevertheless, he scores his goals, just as he used to do in his Soccer days for the Light Blues."—*Evening Paper.*

Dashing work for a goalkeeper!

Helpful Words.

"The birth of a son to Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles gives the King and Queen their first grandchild, and the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, Prince Henry and Prince George all become uncles."—*Daily Paper.*

Relationships are always difficult to work out, but we hazard the conjecture that if PRINCESS MARY had had a sister she (the sister) would now be an aunt.



The Master of the House. "I'LL PUT A CLAUSE IN MY WILL TO HAVE THE CONTENTS OF THIS ROOM BURIED IN THE VAULT WITH ME. I'LL CREATE A SENSATION SOME DAY IF I HAVE TO WAIT THREE THOUSAND YEARS TO DO IT."

think it regrettable that the natural defences of the architecture should be interfered with like this.

We read of a window-cleaner who is able to sing two notes at once. This brings us no nearer to the man who can clean more than one window at a time.

MR. HENRY FORD is to be nominated for the Presidency of the United States. This looks seriously like the act of some Ford owner who is prepared neither to forgive nor to forget.

An American scientist claims to have invented a substitute for coal which will only cost about half the price. There is nothing new in this, of course, except the price.

A New York costumier advertises twenty special designs in costumes suitable for the Divorce Court. We understand that no Los Angeles bride's trousseau is complete without a set.

THE ENGLISHMAN OF THE FRENCH STAGE.

(With acknowledgments to a recent leader in "The Times.")

WHEN I'm in France, for Frenchmen's sake

It is my rule to wear
What in their innocence they take
To be a British air.

I like to feel, when our Allies
My dress and manners scan,
That they can readily surmise,
"There goes an Englishman."

But, since they never cross the wave
To get the facts correct—
How Englishmen this side behave,
What suitings we affect—

I have to imitate the type
Dear to the Paris stage,
Hallowed by humorous mimes and ripe
With immemorial age.

In chequered tweeds I go all day,
Loud stockings on my legs;
And for my early *déjeuner*
I order ham and eggs.

On cheeks habitually nude
Red whiskers I emplace,
And make my frontal teeth protrude
Some way outside my face.

A kodak and a bright-red guide
In either arm I hug,
As down the boulevard's length I stride,
Emitting blasts of plug.

My hobnails on the pavement ring;
My brogues are caked with loam;
I read *The Daily Mail*—a thing
I rarely do at home.

Strange slang and unfamiliar oaths
My conversation spice;
I ask for what my body loathes—
A morning tub of ice.

When *gardiens* lift their voices high
Some trespass to condemn,
To their gesticulations I
Oppose a perfect phlegm.

Enfin (in fine), when I'm in France
I try my best to do
In every sort of circumstance
What they expect me to.

It keeps the Entente fresh and hot
To recognise in me
Its unimpaired ideal of what
An Englishman should be. O. S.

"The waistcoat pocket typewriter invented in America will work miracles . . . and nobody will have a valid excuse for delayed correspondence when letters can be written as you stand in the bathroom queue."—*Provincial Paper*.

Except persons who like ourselves never wear a waistcoat when going to the bath.

THE SECRET OF SHORT DRIVING.

As one who enjoys, quite rightly, the reputation of being among the world's most consistent short drivers, I feel that my voice should be added to those of the champions, experts and scientists who have been seeking in the columns of *The Daily Telegraph* to elucidate the mysteries of those forces which contribute to the attainment of great length. It is in the hope that a close study of the methods by which I obtain my great shortness may be of some value to those who aspire to great length that I now reveal to the world, for the first time, the secrets of my swing.

Arrived on the tee, I perform a practice-swing, which for grace and rhythm could scarcely be excelled. Next I indicate with the head of my driver a favourable piece of land upon which my caddie may build me a tee; and while he is engaged in building it I give my arms and wrists a final loosening in preparation for the extraordinarily difficult task before them.

I am now at the address. It is at this point that the opposing and agreeing muscles, to which the experts refer, begin their competition; but it is a poor fight. The opposing muscles take the lead from the start.

My method of address is as follows:—

I fasten both feet firmly to the ground, at what seems like a convenient distance from the ball, give my shoulders their final loosening by moving my arms to and fro in the manner of one hauling in a rope, stoop slightly and bend the knees, move my feet to a new and less comfortable position, take a very deep breath, bow my head reverently before the ball and plant my club-head securely behind it. By now the opposing muscles have got it all their own way; not a muscle is anywhere found to concur.

Some few moments elapse before anything further takes place. During this interval I tighten up my shoulders, clench my teeth, stiffen every muscle, grip the ground more firmly with my toes, grasp my club more tightly and hold my breath with the utmost tenacity. I now exhibit symptoms of cramp in every limb. The time has therefore come to make a change. I begin by letting go my breath, and for a moment it might be thought that the agreeing elements were putting up a counter-attack; but this is not so. It is misleading. The fact that I now breathe stertorously, shift freely the position of both feet, alter the grip of my club and waggle my hitherto stationary lumbar regions, must on no account be taken as a signal that the elements of opposition are receiving a set-back.

They are as dominant as ever and remain so to the end.

I am now about to execute the backward swing. The immediate prelude to this movement is a conspicuous shivering of the frame, after which, staring earnestly at the ball and gripping with redoubled vigour, I lift my club with all the strength at my command to a position somewhere in my rear. This position cannot accurately be defined, as it is variable and, moreover, is not maintained for an appreciable space of time. A period of tense anxiety has set in, and it is urgent that it be forthwith dispelled. In another moment the overwrought brain will cease to function; the muscles, revolting against the tyranny of opposing forces, are crying to be set free; the right leg will support the body no longer. There is not a moment to spare; the downward and forward movement, which is one, must be begun and completed with all possible despatch.

The prelude to this movement is a marked depression of the right side of the body. Follows a violent slinging of the arms, accompanied by the full strength of every fibre of every muscle of every limb, available and unavailable; the feet are torn from their selected position; the head is wrenched from its attitude of humble obeisance to one of exalted uplift; the right knee creaks ominously under the strain; the stomach leaps prominently forward, dragging with it the recalcitrant right hip; the back caves in and crumples up for want of adequate support; the hands flash by, chased by the head of the club; there is a sound of contact, and the movement is completed.

Breathless I have arrived at the follow-through. The follow-through is, in my opinion, a part of the swing which does not merit much attention. The shot is over; nothing that I can now do will influence the career of my ball. I may throw my hands high over the left shoulder, as in the well-known picture of HARRY VARDON (indeed, in rare moments of unexpected triumph I have been known to do this, though I confess I have no belief in the practical value of the attitude), but far oftener I allow the hands to pursue a more normal course, which brings them up against the middle rib on the left side of the body. Here I pause, the weight on the right leg, the left leg suspended in space until the agreeing muscles have begun to regain the ascendancy.

The conflict is now over; all is peace and concord, and nothing now remains but to disentangle the aching limbs and step manfully from the tee to the spot where, several yards ahead, the ball lies nestling in the rough.



MR. CHURCHILL AND FRIEND.

WINSTON. "WE HAVE BOTH MADE HISTORY AND WE HAVE BOTH WRITTEN IT. LET US EXCHANGE HEADGEAR."



Expert. "SHALL WE TANGO, FOX-TROT OR MAXTWE THIS WALTZ?"

RESPECTING THE PHARAOHS.

I DON'T know whether I am more pained or bewildered by the familiarity with which writers of newspaper articles are beginning to talk about the habits of the old Egyptian kings. I cast no reflection on the good faith of these writers. I do not doubt, if you had asked them a couple of years ago, they would have alluded in just the same airy way to the life and character of MANEPTAH and AMENHOTEP IV. I only say that it is a surprise to me because I had always regarded Egyptology an extremely obscure and difficult science, to be approached with a kind of reverent awe; something rather more like the Pentateuch or the Books of Chronicles than like GREEN'S *Short History of England*, or the despatches of our correspondent at Lausanne.

Supposing, for instance, that I had had to write a brisk paragraph or two about THOTHMES III. I should have hunted him up in an Encyclopædia and turned out something like this:—

"THOTHMES III. was a mighty

king, who made great wars and extended his dominion even unto the walls of Nineveh itself. And he fought a great battle on the Plain of Megiddo and overthrew the Prince of KETESH there. And he built great monuments. And he reigned fifty-four years and eleven months in the City of Thebes and did that which was right in the sight of Amen. And the rest of the acts of KING THOTHMES, and all that he did, and the wars that he made, and the temples he builded, are they not written in the scarabæi, or whatever you call them, that he had scratched for him?"

Something of that kind. I should have felt that, if only because of his immense and mysterious antiquity, THOTHMES III. deserved a little respect. But does your erudite literary reviewer have that feeling? Not at all. This, more or less, is his manner:—

"THOTHMES III., with his gay debonair smile and reckless personal bravado, behind which there lay nevertheless concealed the brain of an astute and cautious diplomat, captivated all

hearts. His successful campaigns exacted immense reparations from the Hittite kings, whilst at the same time his lavish gifts to the Church secured for him the whole-hearted support of the ecclesiastical block in his Cabinet."

Just as if they were talking about M. POINCARÉ or HENRY V., instead of a man who died three thousand years ago.

In exactly the same way, when they come on to AKEN-ATEN, the so-called heretic king who turned away from the gods of his forefathers and bowed down and worshipped the sun, these breezy writers remark without a qualm:—

"Then came AMENHOTEP'S son, AKEN-ATEN, a physical degenerate and a religious fanatic."

Physical degenerate, indeed! How on earth do they know that? When I look at my Encyclopædia again, I find:—

"The type under which the King and his family and subjects are represented is unlike any other in Egyptian Art. They are all of emaciated and distended figure and surpassing ugliness."

Well, that may be. Probably there

was a new fashion in Art under AKEN-ATEN. One knows what modern artists can do in the way of distending and emaciating the figure, and early Egypt may have suffered under similar sorrows. But to talk about AKEN-ATEN as if he were a mere modern pathological case or the hero of a highbrow novel seems to me to be lacking in all reverence for age. There may be a record that AKEN-ATEN was ugly, but I don't believe there is any record of his being a physical degenerate. I don't even believe that there is any ancient Egyptian for "physical degenerate." You can't write that sort of phrase with a lot of birds and serpents, which are what the ancient Egyptians used instead of an alphabet. Anyhow, AKEN-ATEN had seven daughters, one of whom married Lord CARNARVON's venerable friend; and the way I like to put the wedding announcement is this:—

"Now the third daughter that he had AKEN-ATEN gave unto TUTANKH-AMEN to wife. And AKEN-ATEN died and was gathered to his fathers, and TUTANKH-AMEN, who also is TUTANKH-ATEN, reigned in his stead."

Instead of which I am probably told:—

"AKEN-ATEN was somehow or other persuaded to give his third daughter in marriage to TUTANKH-AMEN, no doubt a mere political nominee of the hierarchical caucus at Thebes."

And later—

"The fact that TUTANKH-AMEN sometimes spelt his name TUTANKH-ATEN denotes that he was sitting on the fence, waiting to see which of the two gods would prove the stronger, and prepared to throw in his lot with the winner."

Phrases like that seem to me to take all the gilt and jewels off the PHARAOH's throne, his suit-cases and his fly-whisks and his walking-sticks and all that he had. Besides, when one begins this kind of conjecture, there is simply no end to it. One might just as well say "the smaller chariots were probably those used by the sisters-in-law of KING TUTANKH-AMEN to pay calls in when he did not think it in the least necessary that the girls should have out the large car."

Or—

"The fact that some of the tables and chairs appear to belong to the XVIIth and XVIIIth rather than the XIXth Dynasty may be accounted for by the supposition that TUTANKH-AMEN collected antiques. Nor does it follow that the pieces are genuine specimens of these earlier periods, for the PHARAOH may have been deceived by the crafty handiwork of Israelite furniture-fakers."

All this, as I say, is the merest guess-



"A LITTLE BRILLIANTINE ON THE HAIR, SIR?"

"THANKS. I THINK I'LL HAVE A LITTLE ON BOTH."

work and, true or no, takes away from the dignity of these fine old mummified men. It may be a plausible theory that AKEN-ATEN, who worshipped the sun with flowers and with hymns, was the kind of man whom one meets walking about a Garden City in sandals; whilst TUTANKH-AMEN, on the other hand, stands for the retrograde power which prevented the development of pacifism, vegetarianism, Free Trade and the reform of the Egyptian divorce laws. But I think the time has come to let by-gones be by-gones. There may have been social and political problems of a modern kind in front of these ancient Egyptian kings, but I for one prefer not to theorise about them. I prefer to think of AKEN-ATEN

as a man who did evil in the sight of Amen and good in the sight of Aten, for no particular reason except that he thought he jolly well would. TUTANKH-AMEN, on the other hand, did good and evil in the sight of both of them. He has had a long time now to meditate on whether by dividing his allegiance he did wisely or no. But I do not think that we ought to pursue him beyond the grave with acrimonious comments on his reaction towards Chauvinism or his failure to revise the Book of the Dead. No doubt there was a lot of good in TUTANKH-AMEN, as there is in the worst of us.

Personally I have no grudge whatsoever against the man. EVOE.

PASTURES NEW.

FOLLOWING swiftly upon the appearance of our leading tragédienne, Miss SYBIL THORNDIKE, in farce and wearing pyjamas, comes the news that Mr. G. D. H. COLE, the Labour intellectual and author of *Chaos and Order in Industry*, *The Future of Local Government*, *Guild Socialism Restated*, etc., is about to publish a novel of mystery and crime, entitled *The Brooklyn Murders*.

There is food for thought here. Are these two setting a new fashion? Are our literary and artistic celebrities going to permit themselves to unbend? It looks as if we might soon be invited to read the following sort of thing in the newspapers with which we used to be insured:—

"Mr. CONRAD's new book marks a striking departure from the style to which he has hitherto accustomed us. It is entitled *Snappy Stories*, and consists of a collection of short tales of a more or less daring description. We like 'Ursula's Undies' best, but 'Camilla's Camisole' runs it very close. The book may increase Mr. CONRAD's public, but we doubt whether it will add to his reputation."

* * *

"The exhibition at the Piccadilly Galleries of Mr. AUGUSTUS JOHN's recent work is interesting chiefly as a proof of this artist's versatility. Mr. JOHN appears to have discarded entirely his earlier tendency towards modernism in favour of a rather more conventional style of expression. 'The Little Mother,' a charming study of a little girl entertaining her dolls to tea, which appeared in the Christmas Supplement of *Pictorial Views*, is perhaps the gem of the collection; but the 'Adventures of Baby Babs,' a series which has been running recently in *Comic Chunks*, shows that Mr. JOHN's sense of humour has in no way diminished."

* * *

"On dipping into *A Posy of Flowers*, Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD's new volume of poems, we were much struck by the almost Wordsworthian manner in which this hitherto somewhat vigorous exponent of modern tendencies in verse has contrived to shape his conceptions. Especially is this noticeable in the stanzas entitled 'On Seeing a Young Lady Caressing a Bullfinch'—nice—pretty—sweet"

* * *

"Went last night to see *High Kicks*, the new revue at the Frivolity. My dears, the frocks are simply too gorgeous! I wept for sheer envy. The music, by Sir EDWARD ELGAR, is cheery and tuneful. He's comin' on, is Sir EDWARD, mark my words; it's the best bit of

work he's done since 'Land of Hope and Glory,' in my humble opinion. There's a heavenly waltz called 'Heart o' Mine,' and simply everybody will be dancin' to the most fascinatin' fox-trot I ever heard—'Hug me closer, 'cos I like it!' Thumbs up for Sir EDWARD!"

* * *

"The Spring lists will contain some notable names, and I am privileged to give one or two interesting extracts in advance of publication:—

"From *Only a Brewery Girl*, by J. M. KEYNES.

"'Tell me,' rippled Gladys fondly, 'when did you first begin to love me?'

"Ralph Carstairs glimpsed at her proudly. 'In my search for the economic causes of our social conventions,' he hoarsed, 'I have met with many curious adventures. It was not pure chance that led me to your feet. An investigation that I had undertaken into the primary effects of a possible redistribution of the national liquid assets on a more equitable fundamental basis brought me to the brewery in which you were working.'

"'How prettily you put things!' she sweetened.

"'Then I saw your little feet sticking out of the vat into which you had fallen and knew that I loved you,' he simplified.

"'My hero!' she softlied, nestling closer to him."

"From *Peggy, the Pride of the Prairies*, by EDMUND GOSSE.

"'Now then, boys,' shouted 'Big' Bill Pleasants, jumping lightly into the saddle, 'we're goin' ter wake this yer li'l ol' town up if we have ter use dynamite. Slap the trail, attaboy, an' I'll tell the world.' With a savage kick at his horse he cantered madly down the rough path.

"A slim girlish figure emerged from the shack. 'Who was that taking such unfortunate liberties with the King's English, boys?' she cried in clear girlish tones. 'Was it "Big" Bill Pleasants?'

"'Yep, Miss,' the men chorussed. 'It sure was. He's gone ter blow up Green Gulch City. Surething! Shucks! Pleestmeetcha!'

"Peggy Marsden—for it was she—shuddered at the vulgar language. In spite of the course of Scandinavian dramatists which they had just concluded under her able supervision, the men's manners seemed to show very little improvement. With a soft sigh she leapt on to the back of her favourite horse, her slim girlish figure swaying gracefully. . . ."

"For Sale, Three-Wheel Bicycle, in good order."—*Irish Paper*.

A native production, we gather.

MR. PUNCH ON HIS NAMESAKE.

[*"The latest arrivals at Luxor include Lord Leigh, Lord and Lady Swaythling and the Rajah of Poonch."*—*"Times," February 7th.*]

Or the visitors gorgeous and grand
Who have flocked to the Valley of
Tombs,

Including Lord SWAYTHLING, the bland,
Whose figure impressively looms,
The brightest and best of the band,
The most picturesque in costumes,
Is he whose right hand I am longing to
scooonch—

That eminent Rajah, the Rajah of
POONCH.

His home with romance is replete:
Its hills are infested with bears;
In summer, to 'scape from the heat,
To his camp in the Dhoks he repairs,
Where, safe in his rocky retreat
From strikes and industrial scares,
He calmly partakes of his tiffin or
lounch—

That fortunate Rajah, the Rajah of
POONCH.

In this highly delectable clime
Where the cereal staple is rice,
And the atmosphere's free from the
grime

That is Western prosperity's price,
Indulgence in regular rhyme
Is not yet considered a vice;
And there aren't any golfers who grouse
and who groonch

In the suite of the affable Rajah of
POONCH.

Though the careless Kashmiri affronts
(So I learn by the Gazetteer's aid)
His ear by pronouncing him "Prunts,"
He listens unmoved, undismayed;
For his State is untroubled by stunts
And does a most flourishing trade.
In grain and in ghi—oh, the best of the
boonch

Is that prosperous Rajah, the Rajah of
POONCH!

Excepting the *Alkhond of Swat*,
Who was hymned in the lyric of
LEAR,

There lives no big Indian pot
Whose worth I more deeply revere;
Indeed, could I alter my lot
And emerge in a different sphere,
I might almost surrender my troonecheon
and hoonch

To sit in the seat of the Rajah of
POONCH.

Help!

"A new international SOS signal has been devised for aeroplane traffic, the sound 'S' being difficult to hear by wireless telephone. For the time being 'May-Day' has been selected. The words are the phonetic equivalent of 'M'aidez,' the French for 'Help me.'"

Daily Paper.

We can almost hear M. POINCARÉ saying
it to Mr. BONAR LAW.

THE DOUBLE PUFF.

MISS DAISY DIMPLE, THE CINEMA FAVOURITE, IS INTERVIEWED BY "THE PRATTLER."



AMUSING THE KIDDIES.



IN HER GARDEN.



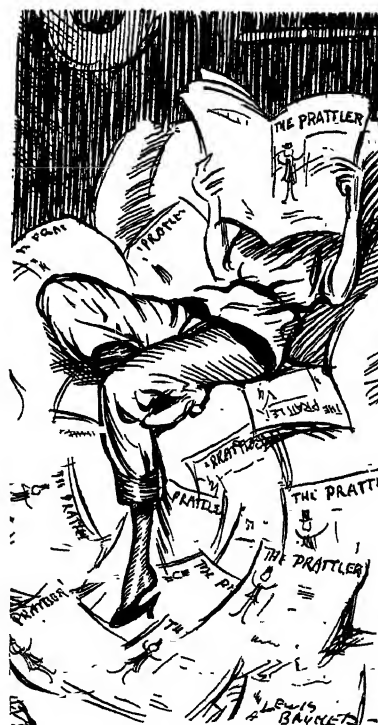
OFF TO THE MEET.



FIVE MINUTES WITH TOU-TOU.



MANIPULATING THE CUE.



THE REST HOUR.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

IX.—TURKISH DELIGHT.

"I WILL *not* have a Turkish Bath," I said for the seventh time.

"Do you good," said George. "You're run down."

"It is now 11 A.M. Only three hours ago I carefully washed and dressed myself. Rather than do it all over again I will willingly remain run down. I will *not*

"This is the place," said George.

* * * * *

A Turkish Bath, I have often heard, eases the mind. This is done by gradually converting a man into a mere body.

First they took my hat and coat away.

Then a man took my watch and jewels and locked them in a drawer.

Then another man took my boots off and hid them.

Then, defenceless, I was driven into the *frigidarium* and told to take my clothes off.

Then a man took my divine soul and locked it in a locker.

And finally, reduced to the condition of a beast of the field, I was goaded gently into the *tepidarium*. I had a feeling that the right way to enter the *tepidarium* would be on all-fours.

(Few men, I believe, at this stage offer any further resistance.)

George had provided me with a little booklet, *Hints to Bathers*, to which I clung desperately.

"The domed *tepidarium*," I read, "is kept at a temperature of 110°. It is lined with white marble. Here the bather pours some tepid water over the head, and rests some five or ten minutes before passing into either of the hotter rooms, where he awaits the free outburst of perspiration."

"You *must* sweat, you see," said George; "otherwise it's bad for you."

"Very well," I said, and we sat down.

It was pleasantly warm in the *tepidarium*—warm and quiet, though a trifle gloomy. No sound broke the stillness, and only one other person was present—an exceedingly fat man, quite naked, reading *The Westminster Gazette*. Exactly what there is that is funny in a fat man with no clothes on reading *The Westminster Gazette* I can't say, but I maintain that it *is* funny. I began to giggle. A low mind? Doubtless. But I giggled terribly.

"Are you sweating?" said George sternly.

"Frankly—no."

In the excitement of giggling I had forgotten to sweat.

"Then come in here."

George pulled aside a heavy curtain, hot to the touch, and revealed a small room (*sudarium*). I recoiled in horror.

In the room were two bodies.

It was very sad. They lay in deck-chairs, one a young man, but large and

"Oh, this is nothing," said George. "This is only about 140. Come in here. This is 180." And he disappeared behind another curtain.

I sat down gingerly and read my book.

"At first," I read, "not seldom the bather on commencing the bath fails to perspire. In this case he should be removed from the chamber in ten minutes, have warm water poured over him, be well shampooed and returned to the hot chamber."

It seemed to me that ten minutes

was up. I removed my body from the *sudarium* and replaced it in the *tepidarium*. Then I poured warm water over it and sat down. The fat man had disappeared. It was quiet and peaceful. I admired the marble lining. I felt just a little Byzantine. I went to sleep.

I woke with a guilty sensation, vaguely conscious of some duty neglected.

I peeped into the first *sudarium*. It was empty. The bodies had been removed.

I went through and peeped into the second room. A wave of heat—hotter heat than ever—struck me in the face. There lay the bodies. There too lay George and the fat man—all still, all shiny. The fat man's *Westminster Gazette* had become a pulp. It was horribly hot. The heat, the silence, the prostrate bodies—it was as if one had walked into the last scene of an Elizabethan tragedy.

I walked once round the room, like a cat on hot bricks. Then I felt that I must either speak or scream.

"I don't like this," I said.

A sort of ripple of protest passed over the bodies. George opened an outraged eye and immediately closed it again. I went back into the *tepidarium*.

Hours passed.

George tottered out. The fat man tottered out, still clutching a sodden mass of printed

paper, and, silent, inflexible, passed into the third chamber.

"Are you sweating?" said George.

"Practically," I said.

"Not good enough," said he. "Come in here."

He led the way into the Russian Steam Bath, or Asphyxiating Cell, full of damp heat, and horrible.

"This'll do the trick," said George, and turned on a tap. Steam emerged from everywhere, hissing. I saw that I was to be scalded to death.

"I don't like this," I said, and I rushed out into the *tepidarium*.



Peter Thomas

"CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE."

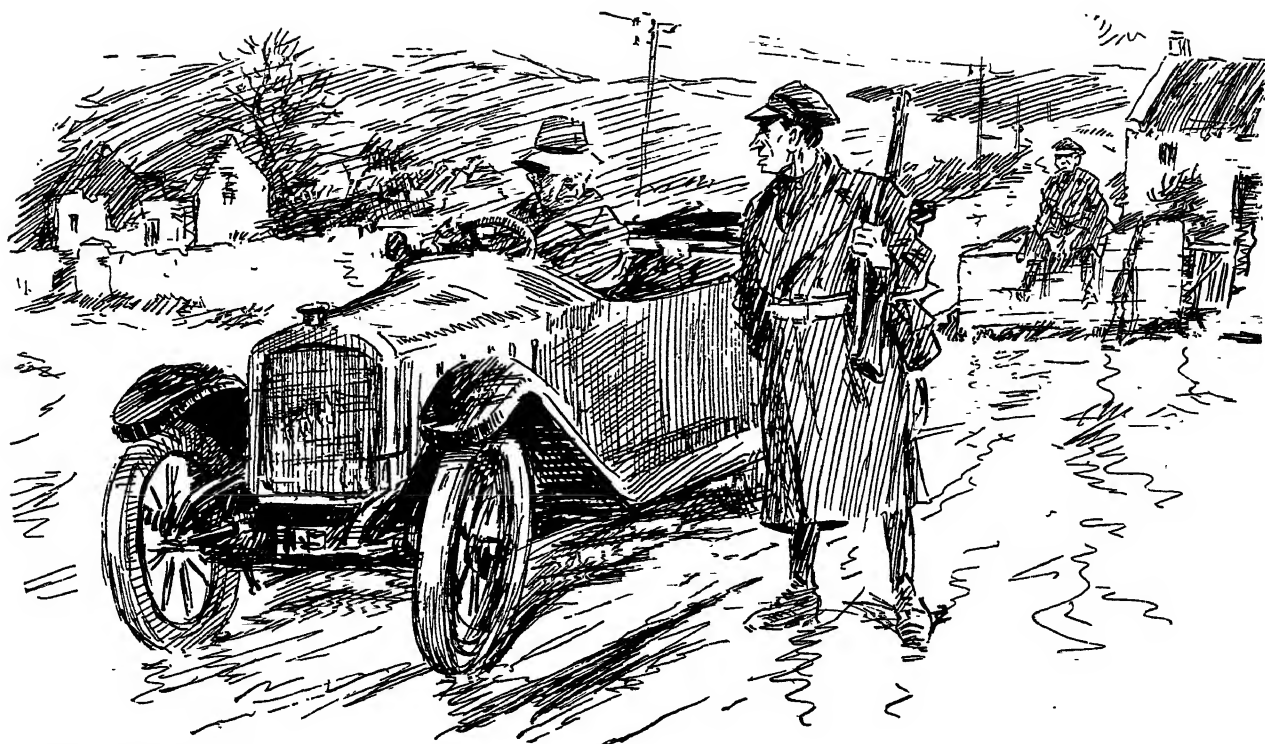
PROFESSOR GALSWORTHY,
THE COUNTRY HOUSE ENTERTAINER.

fleshy; the other very old, with very white hair and a very red face. So still, so shiny, it was odd to think that but a few hours back they too had briskly walked this London of ours and paid their money at the door; till the very last, perhaps, they had read those saturated rags upon the floor, which once had been evening papers. And now . . .

Yet, happy ones, at least they had accomplished the Great Sweat . . .

Pondering thus, I sat down slowly on a red seat, and stood up again very quickly. The seat was red-hot.

"I don't like this," I said.



Free State Patrol. "HAVE YE YER PERMIT ON YE FOR DHRIVIN' THE CYAR?"

Motorist. "I HAVE THAT. ARE YE WANTIN' TO SEE UT?"

Free State Patrol. "WHAT FOR WOULD I BE WANTIN' TO SEE UT IF YE HAVE UT? IT'S IF YE HAD IT NOT THAT I'D WANT A LOOK AT UT."

George followed a little later.

"Dash it," he said, "you must sweat. Otherwise it's fatal."

"Kismet!" I replied. "I hope I am prepared to meet my fate like a gentleman, but rather than sweat in a place like that I will never sweat again."

"Come in here," said George, and entered the third chamber—a mere 200°. A blast of heat smote me at the door.

"I don't like this," I said.

"This is nothing," said George, composing himself comfortably on a couch. "The next one's 250."

I cautiously advanced a nose into the fourth room, where the heat was so hot that obviously no human being could live in it for ten minutes. There lay the fat man, sweating assiduously, and by now scarcely to be described as fat.

I went back to the *tepidarium*.

Days passed. The two other men stole silently across to the third room. The attendant vanished. I was alone.

I rose and ran rapidly round the *tepidarium*—round and round, knees up, chest out—several times. Then I sat down.

George came out with the fat man, by now a mere skeleton.

"That's better," he said. "You're sweating beautifully."

"Thanks, old man," I said with modest pride. "What next?"

George clapped his hands. "Shām-poo—delicious."

Three men of great physical strength appeared, arrayed like torturers in scarlet loin-cloths. They laid our bodies on marble slabs, like so many salmon or joints of beef, and a hideous scene began.

My man was, if anything, more powerful than the others. Resistance was hopeless. He rubbed me brutally with a camel's-hair glove.* He covered me with soap. He washed me with a wisp of the Mecca palm.† He picked up an arm here or a leg there, and soaped it, or rubbed the skin off it, or simply hit it. He threw buckets of water over me. He turned me upside down and gave me three or four resounding slaps over the liver, followed by a rhythmical but murderous tattoo with his clenched fists in the same quarter. Once or twice I struggled to rise, but "Stay as you are," he muttered grimly, and I stayed. Finally, he allowed me to sit up, covered my head with lather and dashed a great quantity of water in my face.

"Now take a shower," he said.

I stood up feebly. I had the soap in my eyes; and I felt as a small child must feel when it is bathed for the first time by a strange and uncongenial aunt.

* The *kheesah* of India.

† Or *lyf*.

Few men are quite at their best when they are naked and have the soap in their eyes; and I was now as wax in the man's hands.

He led me under a boiling shower, which immediately became very, very cold. He stood me in a corner and turned a fire-hose on me. Then he led me to the edge of an icy plunge-bath and looked at me.

I looked at him, incredulous. "Can it be possible," I thought, "that after all I have been through I am now expected to *dive* into a cold bath?"

His eye said "It's not *necessary*—but, of course, no gentleman

No man looks at me twice in that way.

"Curse you!" I muttered, and dived.

* * * * *

In the *frigidarium* George was having a cocktail. "Topping, isn't it?" he said. "Does you a world of good." The fat man was weighing himself with one hand and drinking sherry with the other. He looked pleased.

Later, at the Club, I saw him lunching. He lunched extremely well, chiefly on Burgundy and steak-and-kidney pudding. His companion chaffed him on his appetite.

"Oh, well," he said, "I deserve a good lunch. I lost five pounds this morning. Waiter, I'll have a large glass of port!"

A. P. H.



"TH-THIS W-WINTER B-B-BATHING ISN'T W-WHAT IT WAS—V-V-VAPID, I C-CALL IT. HAVEN'T T-T-TAKEN A HEADER INTO THE ICE FOR Y-Y-YEARS!"

TURF JOTTINGS.

DONOGHUE AND THE LINCOLNSHIRE.

Now that the acceptances for the Big Spring Handicaps have appeared, the question on everybody's lips is, "What will win the Lincolnshire?" My cook and the milkman having for once agreed on a certain point, I determined to follow up the clue. They both say that DONOGHUE will ride the winner and are indeed so convinced and convincing that I have no shadow of doubt that they are correct. The only trouble is that they cannot apparently tell me which horse he is going to ride, so I've had to find out for myself.

* * *

My representative who called at Daly's was kindly granted an interview by Mr. "JIMMY" WHITE. In course of conversation the genial high financier said that he hoped to run all his three horses, namely Granelly (last year's winner), Clochnaben and Tregenwell. DONOGHUE has promised to ride the lot.

* * *

One of my agents, disguised as a scullery-maid, was present at an historic

interview between Mr. SOL JOEL and his trainer, when the latter requested Mr. JOEL as a special favour to withdraw all his own horses from the race. "For that will mean"—and here the trainer shed a silent tear—"that my poor little Argo might have a small chance." Mr. JOEL, who was deeply moved, stood up, and with the magnificent remark, "Three from four and one remains," set the seal on their long and intimate friendship. Argo will be ridden by DONOGHUE.

* * *

At the Rutland, disguised as an assistant bottle-washer, my Newmarket man heard direct and conclusive evidence that DONOGHUE would ride Soldennis and Roman Bachelor, and had indeed given both of them together a good rough-up spin that very morning. On being asked afterwards his opinion of their relative merits, STEVE could only keep on saying, "I won't split, I won't split, though it's darn hard not to."

* * *

I personally bearded the lion in his den, where he was engaged in examining a horse's pastern through a microscope. On being directly pressed for the

facts he confirmed all the above statements, and added that he hoped also to ride Proconsul, Royal Alarm and Crubenmore. He had been invited as well to ride The O'Donoghue, but had declined, so the horse had been scratched. "I really could not risk it," the great little man said. "It would have looked too much like a put-up family job."

* * *

From the above it will be seen that my cook and the milkman, in both of whom I repose entire confidence as far as Turf matters are concerned, are probably correct, and punters will not go far wrong if they follow the ever-popular champion jockey again at Lincoln this year. In all likelihood the Carholme will once more echo to the familiar cries of "Come on, STEVE! STEVE wins for a monkey (or for a tanner)." I believe the different owners interested are going to ballot for what particular portions of the champion jockey shall be allotted to their respective mounts.

"SPECIAL ATTRACTION.

Ten nights in a bar room."—Daily Paper. Not an American film, we wager.

THE LILYMONGER.

UPON the grimy kerb he stands,
Holding in yet more grimy hands
A sheaf of flowers that droop and
sway;

He utters to each passer-by
A raucous and recurrent cry:—
"Lilies are *very* nice to-day!"

About his throat a scarf once red,
A battered bowler on his head,
He seems a clod of basest clay;
Pre-occupied with football scores
Or starting-prices, still he roars:—
"Lilies are *very* nice to-day!"

Lilies, the daughters of the dawn,
Folded in hoods of silver lawn
And shod with dim leaves green-and-
grey;

Lilies, that leapt round Gabriel's feet—
A hoarse voice clamours in the street:—
"Lilies are *very* nice to-day!"

Fair were they on St. Louis' shield,
And DANTE's lonely heart concealed
Their red wraith all the bitter way;
Bent and besmirched by London rain,
They nod and swing to the refrain:—
"Lilies are *very* nice to-day!"

He recks not, he who holds them there,
What far-off, fabled grace they bear
From dreams as dim and sweet as
they;

Yet some strange touch of beauty falls
Sometimes upon him as he calls:—
"Lilies are *very* nice to-day!"

D. M. S.

MORE UNREST.

A NEW and alarming form of labour unrest is suggested by the disclosure that part of the traffic staff of the London and North Eastern Railway have been objecting to the cut of the corduroy trousers which are supplied by the Company.

Fortunately the Company's official who received this particular complaint took a sympathetic view of the grievance and promised to see what could be done about an alteration in the despised garments. For the present then there is no prospect of a general strike on this subject, with engine-drivers and perhaps even station-masters coming out in sympathetic protest against the cut of the traffic department's breeks. But the incident is ominous enough to warrant the following quotation from a leading article of the near future:—

"Rarely indeed has the outlook as regards the chance of industrial peace seemed blacker than at the moment. With the demand of the United Tramway Workers for permanently turned-up trouser legs it was impossible not to feel a certain amount of sympathy, for it is well known that this modification adds nothing to the cost of the



Student. "I'M ABOUT FED UP WITH THIS EXAM., MRS. BIGGS. SIX HOURS A DAY HARD WRITING. HOWEVER, ONLY ONE MORE DAY OF IT, AND THEN MY 'VIVA.'"
Mrs. Biggs (all sympathy). "AND WELL YOU'LL DESERVE IT, SIR; AND I DO 'OPE IT'LL PICK YOU UP NICELY."

garment while it undoubtedly assists the trousers to hang better and corrects the tendency to bagginess about the knees. But the demand of the Camberwell dustmen for an immediate issue of white waistcoats wears a very different complexion. This, we are convinced, is not a legitimate expression of Labour's natural desire to improve working conditions, but an insidious attempt to press a conceded advantage to such lengths that the whole structure of society, as we know it at present, will become a hopeless ruin on which the revolutionary extremists will seek to establish their own impossible millennium. The same concealed menace is to be detected in the overwhelming result of the engineers' ballot in favour of the claim that their overalls should be cut in Savile Row. This formidable demand, coupled with the request of the postmen to be supplied with dinner-jackets for the evening delivery

of letters, has a truly disquieting significance. Worst of all, in the event of open disorder it is whispered that the police themselves cannot be entirely relied on. The whole Force is said to be seething with discontent as a result of the recent refusal by the Home Office to consider the introduction of patent-leather toe-caps and cloth uppers in the type of boot served out to our constables.

"The remedy for this state of affairs must be sought with diligence. *The Morning Post*, we notice, demands the instant suppression of such sensational publications as *The Tailor and Cutter*. For our own part, however, though the thing has now gone quite far enough [Agreed.—Ed.]

"PLEASURE CRUISES.
Cork and South Ireland twice weekly sailings."—*Advt. in Liverpool Paper.*
Just at the moment we prefer Peebles.



Hostess. "AREN'T YOU GOING TO DANCE?"

Boy. "NO, THANKS."

Hostess. "THERE'S A CONJURER TOO—GIVING A MOST DELIGHTFUL ENTERTAINMENT."

Boy. "AH, THANKS. IS THERE ANY BRIDGE GOING?"

WHITE HORSES.

THE white sea-horses chafe and idle,
Tethered in green Atlantic's heart,
Fret at the bit and pluck at the bridle,
Shiver and passage, whinny and start;
Till the west winds, quivered with Æolus' arrows,
Leap to horse at the head of the host,
And gallop them into the Channel narrows
And up the straight to the Calais coast.
Ventre-à-terre and hell-for-leather,
The bit in their teeth, the wind in their hair,
Galloping, thundering, all together,
Snow-white stallion and milk-white mare;
The wrack and the rain-cloud fly like pennants,
The grey gull screams like a scout ahead,
Where the leader laughs to his wild lieutenants,
"Send 'em along if you kill 'em dead!"
Rioting, roystering, carolling, shouting,
The west winds gallop the horses home—
The white sea-horses, mad for an outing,
Crested with spindrift, dappled with foam,
Freed for frolic and loosed for slaughter,
Stripped for a run and a sporting chance,
A last long burst up the Channel water
And a charger's end on the coast of France.
And all the long coasts south of Calais,
Cliff and hillock and stout sea-wall,

Spring from sleep at the tempests' rally,
Wake from dreams at the seaward call,
Stiffen their front and gather their forces—
Grey gulls screaming in wrack and rain—
As the winds ride home their white sea-horses,
The hurricane horses out of the main.

Then give me the hour of that grim battle
When the winds and the waves come charging in,
When the striving boulders grind and rattle
And the breakers dance in the roaring din;
Give me Winter, the old grey jester,
A risen sea and a clouded sun,
The darkened day of a real sou'-wester,
A day when the white sea-horses run.

H. B.

The Tragedy of Greece.

IN response to the appeal made in these pages a fortnight ago on behalf of the Greek refugees from Smyrna, Constantinople and Eastern Thrace, who are suffering the miseries of hunger, exposure and disease, a sum of three thousand pounds has already been received. While offering the most sincere thanks to our generous readers, we venture again to urge the immediate claims of these homeless women and children, for whose relief, in the present poverty of Greece, it is essential that help should come from outside. Gifts should be addressed to the Hon. Treasurer of the All-British Appeal for the Near East, General Buildings, Aldwych, W.C.2.

punch



FRIENDS IN NEED.

GERMANY (*to Turkey*). "AS AN OLD ALLY, MY HEART IS WITH YOU; BUT FOR THE MOMENT IT WOULD BE INCONVENIENT TO SEND YOU ANY WARSHIPS, AND MY MUNITION FACTORIES AT ESSEN ARE TEMPORARILY CLOSED. ON THE OTHER HAND, MY PRINTING-PRESSES ARE IN FULL WORKING ORDER, AND IF A FEW BILLION MARKS WOULD BE OF ANY USE TO YOU. . . ."



Professor (to gardener). "THE FLOODS ARE STILL VERY BAD, GILES."

Giles (appropriately). "I SHOULDN'T THINK THERE'S BEEN SO MUCH WATER ABOUT SINCE THEY FOLK GOT DROWNED IN THE ARE, SIR."

"COMPLIMENTARY."

(An attempt to explain the unlikely people one encounters at musical recitals.)

Mrs. Highbrow (at the 'phone). Is that Mrs. Smith? I wonder if you have Wednesday evening free next week. If so, I can send you a couple of tickets—

Mrs. Smith (with palpitating eagerness). Theatre tickets? How perfectly sweet of you to think of me, dear! So glad that I'm free next Wednesday. What's the show?

Mrs. H. It's a pianoforte and violin sonata recital at the Mongolian Hall. We can't go ourselves, and it does seem a pity to waste the tickets.

Mrs. S. (in a small voice). Ye-e-es, of course it does. We shall love to go—that is if nothing unforeseen happens to keep us at home next Wednesday. Anyhow, thank you so much. (To Mr. Smith, after she has rung off) She's sending us seats for a beastly sonata recital. I call it mean, considering Mr. Highbrow is a dramatic critic and gets tickets for everything.

Mr. Smith. Well, you're not compelled to go.

Mrs. S. I couldn't get out of accepting them. And in any case it seems a pity to waste the tickets. We owe those dreadful bores, the Browns, a dinner. Suppose I send them the tickets instead? It seems a good idea.

Mr. S. (doubtfully). The idea is all right, but do you think the Browns—? (Left ruminating.)

The Next Day.

Mrs. Brown (reading letter from Mrs. Smith). "... of course I'm so fearfully disappointed I can't go myself. It's sure to be a delightful recital, and I know how you will appreciate it." Why, I didn't know Mrs. Smith was musical.

Mr. Brown. She probably isn't; that's why she's sending you the tickets. Wants to get rid of 'em.

Mrs. B. Well, I really can't spare the time just to go to a sonata recital. Still, it seems a pity to waste the tickets. I think I'll give them to Miss Thompson. Poor girl, it would be a real charity. These day-governesses don't get much amusement, living in a boarding-house and all that. Then it will be a good

opportunity for improving her mind. Luckily the tickets are for her afternoon off. I couldn't spare her if they were for another day.

The Same Evening.

Miss Thompson (to boarding-house cook). By the way, Cook, I wonder if you'd like to go to this performance on Wednesday? I can't go myself because I've arranged to go to the pictures with a friend. Can you go? It seems such a pity to waste the tickets.

The Day after the Recital.

Cook (relating her experiences to the Housemaid). I tell you it was a fair treat to see 'im at the pianer swinging 'is 'ead about and banging and thumping on them keys until I thort they'd come in two in 'is 'ands. And the perspiration fair rolling off 'im. It was a bit of all right for me to sit there quiet and see anyone workin' so hard. Why, it was better 'n the pictures.

His infinite Variety.

"Mr. Lloyd George was subsequently photographed among the Spanish beauties and also among the notabilities."—Daily Paper.

THE TWO SAMARITANS.

It is not that I am really of a generous disposition. What we so readily mistake for generosity (as Phyllis is often reminding me) is too often merely weakness. Just as well, perhaps, that we should bear this in mind. Early in our married life she set herself to cure me of this unmanly failing. Now when I see one of them—you know the sort I mean—aiming to cut me off at the next corner I avoid the meeting, if possible. I know it is the only way. If I once allow them to begin their story I am lost.

There must, I suppose, be something in my personal appearance that marks me out for an easy prey. They are always coming up to me—men, women and children—and often they address me before I am quite awake to their presence. That is, I admit, the worst of the artistic temperament. When walking abroad I am apt to employ my thoughts too exclusively in reflecting upon the subject I propose to handle when I return home. They get me at a disadvantage, more especially when they are outwardly respectable in appearance.

After all, they may only be going to ask the time. One cannot be too severe at first. I thought this one was absolutely harmless. She had an eminently prosperous air, though her dress may have been a shade old-fashioned. I put her down at first sight as the wife or widow of some local tradesman in the suburbs. I expected her to ask the way to St. Paul's.

"Excuse me, Sir," she began, "but I want to get to Brockley."

I don't know Brockley, if indeed that was the place she mentioned. I said I was sorry, but the name conveyed nothing to me. Then I noticed that she was on the verge of tears. I began to suspect the worst.

"I don't know how I am to get there," she went on in a burst of confidence.

"Is it necessary that you should get there?" I spoke kindly but with a touch of acidity in my manner, if you know what I mean. I have occasionally found this useful.

And then the lady explained that she was applying for a situation as cook-housekeeper. I examined her a little more carefully. Yes, she certainly

might be doing that. Personally, if I had been looking for a cook-housekeeper, I may say that she would have inspired me with confidence. She was sufficiently stout (which is always a good sign) and she was wearing one of those shiny black dresses you see in the magazine illustrations of housekeepers in good society.

I suggested that she should look the place out in an A.B.C., or ask at a station. I still had my suspicions, though she certainly looked genuine. But her next move shook me badly. She had thought Brockley was in London, and now she found it would cost four-and-sixpence more to complete the journey. And she had not got the money.

"I said I would be there this after-

Inartistic, they thought it was.

I decided I had better not mention it to Phyllis when I got back to dinner. These things merely disturb her and do no good to anyone else. I told her, instead, that I had won three rubbers, which was true, and omitted to say that I had also lost four. Phyllis always likes to hear that I have made a trifle in the course of the day.

"I had a sort of feeling you would," she said. As Phyllis almost invariably claims this sort of fore-knowledge after the event, I made no remark.

"It proves I was right," she went on meditatively. "Do you know, I was not quite certain. It's a thing I so rarely do. Now, if it had been you "

"What was it?" I asked. But even then I smiled inwardly in anticipation.

She began about a rather nice old lady having come up to her just before she got to the High Street. Evidently quite a superior class. Phyllis could see at once that she had lived in a good family. You can't mistake that sort of person. A housekeeper of the old school out of a job. Wanted to get down to Wakeleigh or some such place.

"Brockley, I expect."

Of course I ought not to have suggested it, but I positively could not help it. Phyllis looked up suspiciously.

"I believe it *was* Brockley. What made you say that?"

I temporised. The Parkinsons lived at Brockley,

I said, or some name like that, before we were married. Possibly some of the family were there still.

"I wonder," said Phyllis. "She might have been going to them. How much does it cost to get there?"

About five shillings, I thought, feeling involuntarily in my waistcoat pocket.

Phyllis's face dropped a little.

"She said ten."

"That would be return," I said, keeping a grave countenance. "I perceive that you have been led into the vice of casual charity, a failing that I have never ceased to warn you against."

"Don't be silly. You know it's a thing I practically never do. But there are times when you just feel you are right. And I'm glad I gave it. Fancy the poor old thing being up here and not able to get any further. She'd only got half-a-crown left. She thought Brockley was in London."

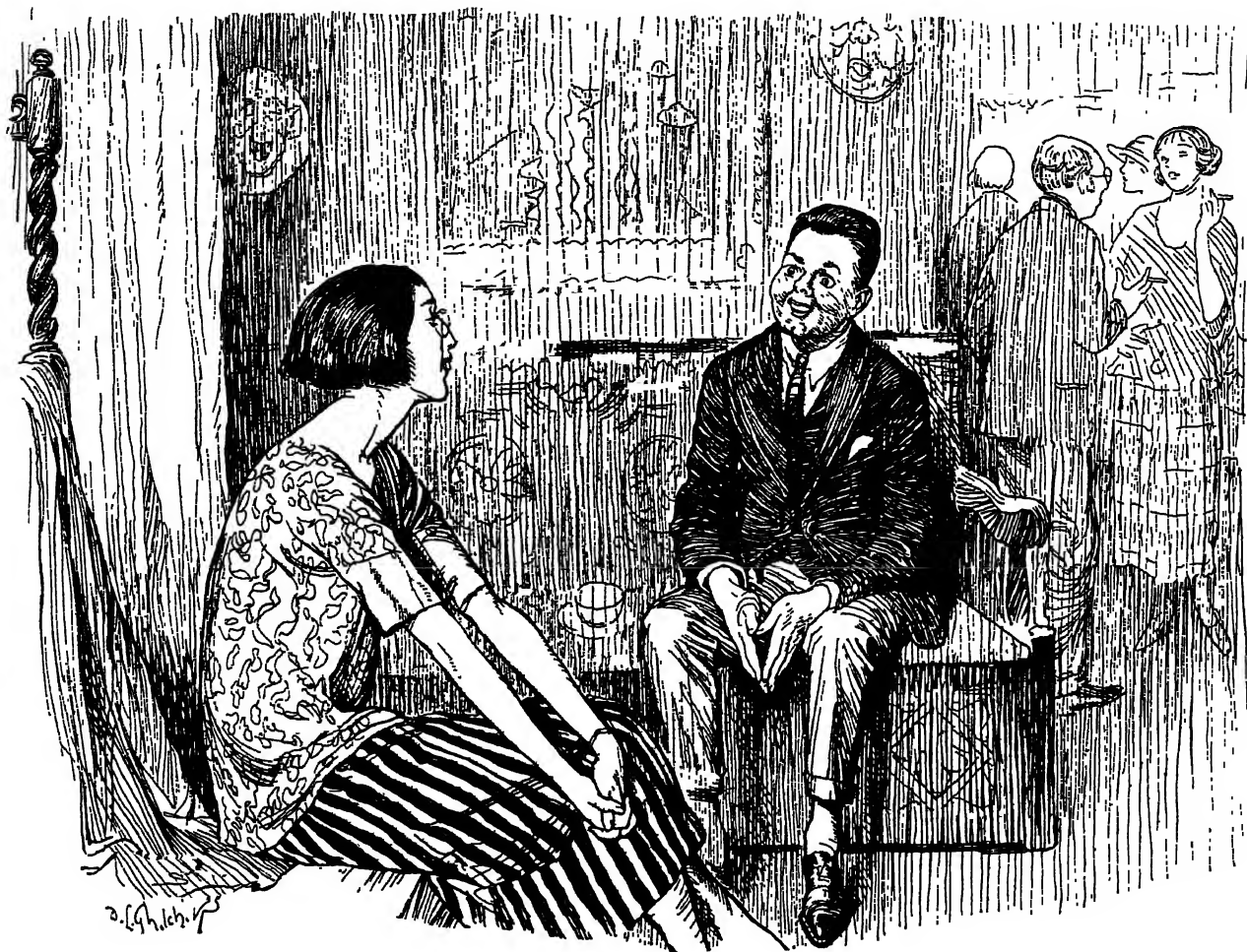


"HAVE YOU GOT A PENNY, NANCY? I DON'T WANT TO BREAK INTO THIS THREEPENNY-BIT."

noon," she said; and a quite unimpeachable tear glistened in her left eye.

To cut it short, I produced five shillings and handed the sum over. It would be idle to pretend that I liked giving the money. I was very short of change, and, anyway, five shillings is five shillings. I had it in mind to suggest that she might return it to me if she secured the post. But I refrained when I saw her stuff it into her bag with hands that trembled visibly. And then she said, in a rather shaky voice: "Oh, you dear!"

I confess it took the wind out of my sails so completely that I walked straight off to the club without another word. Could a respectable cook-housekeeper, however overcome with emotion, have addressed like that a respectable middle-aged benefactor? Frankly, no. I put it to the bridge-table when I got to the club, and they agreed with me. She had given herself away.



Soulful Lady. "THERE ARE TIMES, MR. SIMPINS, WHEN I FEEL CONVINCED I WAS ON EARTH IN ANCIENT EGYPT."
Youth. "I SAY, YOU KNOW, IT'S JOLLY RARE FOR A GIRL TO JOKE ABOUT HER AGE LIKE THAT."

"It is a not uncommon error," I said coldly.

"You wouldn't talk in that tone of voice if you could have heard what she said as I went away. It was quite pathetic. She all but broke down."

"What did she say?"

"Oh, you dear! Just like that." Phyllis really reproduced it rather well. I held out my hand.

"You *are* rather a dear," was all I said.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"One of the great handicaps of civilian aviation for mails and passengers, especially on the London-Paris route, is the fact that the journey can only be accomplished by daylight. If night flying can be safely accomplished this handicap will be removed."

Daily Paper.

From Lausanne:—

"I think I never contemplated anything quite so funny as the blood-bolstered Chicherin making a bid for the sympathies of the philanthropic public."—*Morning Paper.*

We understand now why the Allied delegates found CHICHERIN a *mauvais coucheur*.

COSTUME AND COURTSHIP.

[It is suggested that the dandy has so often proved a bad husband that the man who is slightly careless in his dress is likely to make a more acceptable suitor.]

My hat displayed a glossy sheen,

My coat was trimly planned

The day I sought Evangeline

And offered her my hand;

I wore the latest fancy vest,

The smartest boots in Town,

And much I marvelled what possessed

The girl to turn me down.

With hopes extinguished by a blight,

I lost my mental peace,

A portion of my appetite

And all my centre-crease;

I fell away in dull despair

From true sartorial grace;

The pattern of my pedal-wear

Grew almost commonplace.

I showed in my excessive grief

To every passer-by

A glimpse of pocket-handkerchief

That failed to match my tie;

The dandy that I used to be
 So disappeared from view
 That people might have taken me
 For any one of you.

Till, as I went my moody way
 And flaunted in the street
 An undistinguished *négligé*,
 Once more we chanced to meet,
 And, when I thought she'd eye askance
 My toilet drab and plain,
 I saw a something in her glance
 That bade me try again,

And jocund soon became my mien,
 My cares were cast behind
 The day I gave Evangeline
 A chance to change her mind;
 Devoid of gloves and spatless, I
 Had so increased my charms,
 She heaved an acquiescent sigh
 And fell into my arms.

The Housing Difficulty.

From a house-agent's advertisement:
 "There is a garage or stable, coach-house,
 and chauffeur's room; two cottages, and
 ample kennel accommodation, beside the one
 occupied by the keeper."—*Daily Paper.*



Dear old Lady (buying cigars). "WHAT A PERFECTLY CHARMING BOX! NOW, WOULD THEY BE TURKISH OR VIRGINIAN?"

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

WOES OF THE *CI-DEVANT*.

Park Lane,

February 10th.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—I'm simply obsessed with the woes of the poor dear *ci-devant* people. Almost all our friends are having to give up things they can't possibly do without, and trying to do things they don't know how to. *We're* not as *ci-devant* as some, Josiah being in commerce, and, of course, as to land and family and all that sort of thing, he's a *pas-encore* and not a *ci-devant* at all. But my poor people! *C'est déchirant!* Since Rollo's been head of the family there's been no family and no head. De Vere Place, where your Blanche grew up, is turned into a Hydro and Curative Home, and my poor dear brother has learned the business and is running it. Naturally there've been a few small mistakes at first. But why should he be blamed if the high-frequency double-power elec-

tric treatment was applied to an old City person who, it seems, only wanted a warm bath? Poor dear Rollo!

Even he, however, is less to be pitied than our beloved Bosh and Wee-Wee. My dearest, *there's* a tragedy! But wait.

I was down at Toppingtowers lately, and met several of the old Set, among them Popsy, Lady Ramsgate. She's a Communist now and wears a short red frock and a red bobbed transformation. Her son and daughter-in-law won't speak to her, and her grandson, Pegwell, has been heard to say she "ought to be shut up in a luny-bin." With her was her latest *fiancé*, Bill Blodge, of Hyde Park and Trafalgar Square, a handsome young savage who made us all laugh merrily by haranguing us one evening, winding up with "Us Red 'Uns is on the march, and don't yer forgit it!"

"Hear, hear, Billy darling!" cried Popsy, Lady R., and struck up "The Red Flag."

The Dunstable girls, who are both on the film, said it was "just adorable to

get a close-up of a darling revolutionary." They used to sit one on each side of him making love, and when Popsy came up to interrupt they told her to "do a fade-out."

Then there was Aphrodite St. Adrian, with her publicity agent in tow, making her into pars for the Press all day long, with the rest of us as background. (Think of your Blanche ever being part of anybody's background!) Aphrodite's gone into business as a Type, and it keeps her 'normously busy. Her father and mother are no longer Duke and Duchess of Middleshire to the Press—they're "Lady Aphrodite St. Adrian's parents."

But there was a horribly discordant note in the party, a dreadful couple called Steggles. I thought at first they must be pet tenants or private detectives or something, till one night at dinner, when I said, "I was so glad to get your letter, Wee-Wee dearest, and to find you've kept hold of dear old Toppingtowers. It would be too ghastly

to think of it with any other châtelaine, and I'd heard a mis'ble rumour that Bosh had had to sell it to an appallin' creature who'd made a fortune in boots or cheese or something during the War."

"Hold hard, Missus—I should say Madam," called out the Steggles man, a great red impossibility with a waistcoat that seemed part of a horrid nightmare; "er ladyship ain't the chatterling here, if that's the swell name for an 'ostess; my wife, Mrs. Steggles, is the chatterling, and, if I *am* an appalling creature, I've bin able to buy thisyer carstle, lock, stock and barrel; and 'is lordship and 'er ladyship are staying on for an 'andsome consideration, to show Mrs. Steggles and I 'ow it's done and to introjuee us to the bomon."

And that's the grim and grisly truth, my own friend.

I think poor Bosh's job with the incredible man is even worse than dear Wee-Wee's with the unthinkable woman. One morning, out shooting, we were all going along by a hedge with the beaters on the other side, and, when the birds rose, the Steggles man called out, "Don't shoot yet, any of yer! I'm going to shoot first. The 'ole of thisyer place is mine, and the birds are mine!"

I hear from Wee-Wee that the female Steggles has sent away every maid she's got for her, says she's seen them laughing at her in the glass when they've been doing her hair, and that then she tried to dress herself, and came down to dinner one evening with a pair of jewelled *honi-soits* on for bracelets!

The Steggles woman took a fancy to me, for my sins, and asked me, in confidence, the most precious and wonderful questions: "Suppose, dear, a lady felt a sneeze coming on at a dinner-party, what ought she to do?" "Suppose, dear, a lady choked badly at a swell dinner, would she be cut afterwards?" "I'm afraid she'd *have* to be," I said, "if it were a *very* bad choke—with a lancet." Another time it was, "Lady Thingummy's all right for learning me the 'You're the dirt beneath my feet' manner, but I *do* like that pretty playful way of yours, Honourable Mrs. What'syername. Could you learn me how it's done? I'd make it worth your while, dear."

The Steggles man soon showed his teeth and claws about Bill Blodge and Aphrodite's publicity agent. "I won't 'ave them 'ere," he said to poor worried Bosh; "Lady Ramsgate's all right, though she's a crazy old Judy that ought to know better, but that gutter-snipe Bill Blodge 'as got to go; and Lady Aphrodite's a beautiful young lady and a duke's daughter, and it's a



"No, Sir, AH NEVER TAK' IT IN A TANKARD. YE SEE, ANITHEER GENTLEMAN LIKE YERSELF MIGHT COME IN AN' NO' NOTICE IT WIS EMPTY."

honour to 'ave 'er 'ere; but that publicity man, that's always sending pars about 'er to the papers and passing over Mrs. Steggles and I as if we wasn't 'ere, I won't 'ave. Him and Blodge 'as got to go. I didn't buy thisyer carstle to entertain riff-raff."

Aphrodite was *toute bouleversée* about her publicity man. "There's no one like him, Blanche," she said, "and I simply daren't offend him. Audrey Bellasys would snap him up at once, and then *she'd* be the Leading Type and the Most Wonderful Young Woman of the first quarter of the twencent!"

In the scraps of time they can get away from the Steggles monsters, Bosh and Wee-Wee are trying, like everyone else, to write their memoirs. Wee-Wee says she'd get on all right if Bosh didn't keep interrupting her by coming

to ask how many "m's" there are in "remember," and when it's right to say "You and I" and "You and me," and so on. Poor dear *ci-devant* things! I feel quite weepy whenever I think of them. Ever thine, BLANCHE.

Commercial Candour.

Notice in a baker's window:—

"I am unable to reduce the cost of my bread without reducing its quality. This I cannot do."

From a report of the Inter-Collegiate Sports at Oxford:—

"Stairg (Queen's) was responsible for a good long jump of 20 ft. 7 in., and Landell's put of 35 min. 7 sec. was distinctly above the average."

Sporting Paper.

We have seen golfing puts that took almost as long.

ANOTHER BISHOP.

It is much on my mind that I owe an honoured colleague an apology.

False colours have so little attraction for me that if I do not soon make a clean breast of it I shall be ill; so allow me, please, to do it now; and, if circumstances should conspire to push me over the line of perfect modesty, acquit me of desiring self-advertisement. My only purpose is to be exact.

Some weeks ago I was asked by a clerical friend if I would act as a judge in an essay-writing competition among the scholars in his parish, one of the outlying London townships; and as the date was far distant I said I would. It is not the kind of thing that I do. But the Vicar showed a curious disinclination to take "No" for an answer, and anything might happen in the interval, even merciful death. So I said "Yes," and hoped for the worst.

But nothing happened: I did not even catch a cold: and gradually and inexorably the day approached, heralded by the arrival at my door of two parcels of youthful literature. How many essays entitled "Why I like Hotherithe" (or words to that effect) I read through, I cannot now say, but certainly over thirty, and an equal number of original stories, for apparently the competitors might write which they most fancied. I shall say nothing about these efforts, except that there was no *Young Visitors* among them and no *Love and Freindship*: in fact, there was an astonishingly minute amount of originality. But that isn't the point. The point is, that, having found the winners—two in each class—and prepared a report, I made my way on the fatal evening to the Hotherithe Town Hall, prepared, if not eager, for the sacrifice.

Those of us who were to officiate—the lordly ones—had seats on the platform, and before our eyes was a seething mass of faces, which to my confused vision, unaccustomed to observing anything from positions of such importance, appeared to belong to several million children. To be in the full glare of such a multitude was a new and disconcerting experience; nor was one made any more comfortable by the thought that among them were some sixty or seventy fellow-authors to whom I had not been able to award a prize. What would they do to me, these others? I need not, however, have troubled, for when the time came for me to speak not a word of mine could be heard, either prize-winners' names or anything else, so impatient were the children for the real entertainment, the songs and recitations and dancing, that I was delaying. I sympathised with them.

But that is going on too far in the story; and also it has nothing to do with the point. I promise to digress no more.

This is the point. No less a dignitary than the Bishop of Blankton had been secured to introduce me to the audience, and in due course he rose to do so. A magnificent figure of a man, this Bishop—several feet high, benign though still youthful, muscular though holy—a lordly one, if you like; and I felt both pride to have such a sponsor, and shame that his assured and easy eloquence was to be succeeded by my awkward and, under the most favourable conditions, barely audible platform hesitations.

He had no sooner begun than I realised the good fortune that was mine, for there were no half-measures about this spiritual giant. Like DISRAELI with Royalty, he laid it on with a trowel.

It was, he said, an epoch-making night for any child in that vast audience. For the first time in their lives they had the opportunity of being face to face with one of the most famous of living authors. He wanted them to have a good look at me (which they did) because he wished them to be able to tell their friends and their relations and other children—and even some day, perhaps, their own children—that one evening in 1923 there came all the way to Hotherithe, to encourage them in their work and tell them how to do it better, none other than that illustrious writer to whose contributions to *Punch* all the readers of that paper looked forward so eagerly week by week—in short, the distinguished and humorous gentleman who signed himself "EVOE."

E. V. L.

ON THE PEDESTAL.

THE place was a dog show, and the time was three o'clock in the afternoon—a dead hour, when tea is afar off and lunch but a memory. I sat on the edge of a show bench and kept awake with difficulty.

"Yes," I shouted through the din, at the same time nodding towards fifty guineas worth of Alsatian Wolf-dog beside me—"yes, that's the dog for my money—if I could afford him. He's everything that KIRLING said in 'The Power of the Dog.'"

"Him!" screamed the doggy lady, lighting her tenth cigarette—"him! Why, he's a passenger.* Look at his ears! Why, he hasn't got any. No feathers either, and a tail like a watch-spring. As for bone It's a marvel that he's Second."

"But surely, Madam," I said, "mere bone and ears are not what one buys a dog for? I have always been under

* The most devastating term of abuse known in canine circles.

the impression that undying love and fidelity, obedience, companionship —"

The lady gave me up as hopeless, and I suppose I must have fallen asleep.

* * * * *

It was Dutch speaking, my own more than half-bred collie. She was addressing herself to the mongrel terrier that lives next door.

"Oh, yes," said Dutch, "I've entered the old man again; wish I'd put him in more classes. Only down for General Treatment; might have clicked a Commended for Good Meals and Regular Exercise. But I wonder at you, Spot—a man who makes his dog run behind a bicycle and lets you go sick a week before having the vet!"

The terrier ignored these criticisms. He chewed a very muddy piece of string and glanced disparagingly round the suffocating hall.

"Same old show," he said. "Aire- dales showin' apoplectic ex-Colonels, and Borzois exhibitin' actresses an' Society beauties. That Pekinese from Porchester Terrace too—entered his mistress again in the Old Darlings Class, and carried off the Spoilt Dog Challenge Cup once more. Met him just now in the bar, guzzling a pint tankard of green-pond water and wolfing fish-head an' gutter-bone with flies on it. Said it was a treat after twelve months of sweet-bread an' liver wing."

A fearfully overfed bull-terrier sauntered up and joined the conversation.

"Rung the bell proper," he wheezed. "Entered my bloke in the 'Workin' Man's Class and got a First. 'E went off the beer for six weeks to save up my licence money. That done it. But there, I've put a lot in 'is pocket ratten'. Wot I says is, always treat a owner as you'd treat your Wot-oh, Frenchy boy!"

A passing poodle minced towards the three and in a thin nasal voice poured forth a tale of woe.

"My friends, it was terrible! The Judges would not look at her. She have my coat clipped a different pattern with the fashions as they pass. Now it is Poincaré, *encore* Lloyd Georges, yet again the Carpentier; and she leave me three hours waiting in the cold outside the bargain sale. The Judges they turn her down, and she a *grande dame* of a beauty the most ravishing: such eyes, such paws and feathering! *Ciel!*"

"Well, we don't give prizes for that sort of thing," snapped Dutch. "It's points of character that count in this shop."

Suddenly a bell rang and woke me up. In the last of my vanishing dream I saw Dutch sidling toward me.

"My man's turn in the ring," she was saying to the others over her shoulder. "Wish us luck."



THE MERMAIDS' ADOPTED CHILD.

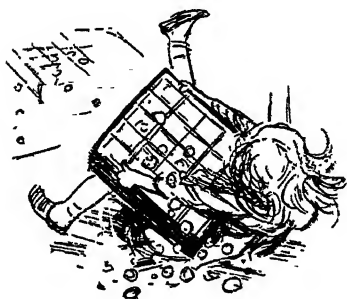
I SOMETIMES sit upon the sand
And watch the buoyant breakers
Come curving onward hand-in-hand,
In grey and white, like Quakers;
I think of dear Leviathan,
So splashabout and jolly;
I think of Neptune all I can,
And then I think of Mollie.

Yes, Mollie (ere she put to sea
When she was barely seven)
Was all that little girls should be—
Plain earth with streaks of heaven;
She wound herself around your heart;
Her laughter was contiguous;
But let me tell you from the start
That she was too rampageous.

She broke the nursery window-pane
(The doctor had to stitch 'er),
And we shall never see again
Our old Etruscan pitcher;
She crumbled to a sorry heap
Her uncle's egg collection,
Nor could our little Draxden sheep
Survive her fierce affection.

We moved the china higher up
Beyond her deadly fisties,
But soon she reached the azure cup
That cost so much at Christmas;
She shed a few repentant tears,
And then, next day, confided
Her latest exploit in our ears :—
"The gold-fish bowl has slid."

So, when the mermaids heard of how
She broke without cessation,
They said, if she would take a vow
To make it her vocation
(And if she fancied shrimps for tea),
That they would come and take her
To live a happy life at sea
And be a little breaker.



Charles H. Shepard

NEW LIGHTS ON HEREDITARY GENIUS.

It is one of the tragedies of life that the most momentous discoveries are often made by thinkers and investigators whose very names, as STEVENSON has remarked of the young of the penny-whistler, are "occult from observation."

The patronymic of the man who first shaved his face is whelmed in obscurity, along with his who first ate an oyster. On the other hand instances occur of men who by the crude formulation of a theory have achieved a celebrity wholly disproportionate to their merits—a celebrity which has too often eclipsed the far more fruitful researches of workers in the same field.

A notable instance of this disparity is furnished by the epoch-making expansion of the late Sir FRANCIS GALTON's doctrine of Hereditary Genius which has recently appeared in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, under the homely and unpretentious general heading, "After Dinner Hour." The title of the article is "Genius Runs in Families," but with extraordinary modesty the author refrains from indicating at the outset the startling conclusions to which he has been led, and even more wonderfully refrains from appending his name at the end. He begins quietly and unassumingly with the statement that "our interest in Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD is intensified when we learn that she is the niece of MATTHEW ARNOLD, and our belief in heredity is strengthened when we recall the fact that the apostle of sweetness and light was in turn the son of Dr. ARNOLD, of Rugby." Then follows an impressive list of examples of the direct inheritance of genius in the domain of letters and instances of famous brother and sister authors. But it is only

at the close of the essay that we encounter the new discovery—a discovery which is not confidently or aggressively asserted, but delicately adumbrated by implication in the following memorable statement: "There are rarer instances of several members of one family where inherited talent has evinced itself, as witness G. P. R. JAMES, HENRY JAMES and HENRY JAMES, JUN."

Learned anthropologists have produced ponderous tomes on the Family, on the patriarchal and matriarchal systems, but here in a single sentence there is more illumination than in a wilderness of congested research. With this guide we have no longer any difficulty in solving the hitherto intractable

problem of the genesis of HENRY JAMES's later manner, which is nothing more than a natural reaction against the facile banalities, the transparent simplicity, of his ancestor, G. P. R.

It is impossible within the limits of space at our disposal to do more than indicate in the briefest possible way the magnificent possibilities of the new method. A very few examples must suffice. The superb technique of Mr. "BOBBY" JONES, the famous American golfer, is only the transference to another sphere of the talent bequeathed to him by the illustrious pre-Raphaelite.



Late Caller. "COULD I SEE MR. SIMPKINS?"

Maid. "I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT MR. SIMPKINS HAS JUST EXPIRED FOR THE NIGHT."

Conversely, the fine seriousness of Mr. HUMPHRY WARD represents a revulsion against the crude jocularity of his uncle ARTEMUS. An even more violent reaction is exhibited by Mr. JOE BECKETT in his adoption of a calling poles apart from that of his martyred archiepiscopal ancestor.

Again, the spiritual analogy between the Elizabethan dramatist, JOHN FORD, and his distinguished descendant, HENRY, is too obvious to need any elaboration, just as the exploits of the Surrey professional reveal at every turn the Leviathan touch of his forebear, HOBBS of Malmesbury, who, it may be noted, had no residential qualification for the county adorned by his most

illustrious namesake. And, lastly, Sir OLIVER LODGE's preoccupation with the sublime and beautiful is a touching proof of his loyalty to the memory of the great man whose name, with that of *Burke* and *Debrett*, is linked for ever with the annals of the aristocracy.

Verily, as the anonymous author observes, "an illustrious name is a great spell." But if I read him (or her) aright, the article is much more than a vindication of heredity; it involves the much more momentous doctrine that, no matter what our ancestry, we are capable of drawing inspiration from our names, and living up to them, if they are dignified and euphonious. And, as a corollary, it is the duty of anyone who is handicapped by an uncouth or squalid patronymic to exchange it at the earliest opportunity for a sumptuous *alias*.

Musicians have long recognised the enormous importance of such changes, though of late there has been a certain reaction in favour of retaining a name, however homely, on patriotic grounds. The motive may command respect, but the wisdom of this loyalty is open to question; and the compromise adopted by the American *basso* who sang as GIULIO PERKINS is equally to be deprecated. Far wiser in his generation has been the Italian poet who discarded the homely designation of RAPAGNETSA for the tremendous and seraphic sublimity of GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO. We cannot help thinking that Miss CARRIE TUBB, had she elected to assume for professional purposes the style of Carolina Tinozza, would probably have attained to an even higher eminence than she now enjoys. It is at least arguable that the "mute inglorious Hampdens" of the countryside might have

achieved a sonorous or even strepitous fame if they had not been content to pass their entire lives harnessed to such plebeian surnames as Boakes or Bug-gins, Jubb or Hogsflesh.

A Wholesale Claim.

"BIRTHS."

Mr. and Mrs. —, of — Hill, are the parents of any infant daughter born Thursday."—*American Paper*.

"London, Jan. 15.—The engagement of Prince Albert, the Duke of New York, is announced in a Court Circular."

American Paper.

We had heard that HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS was about to enter the United State.



The Professor. "ISN'T IT WONDERFUL, MY DEAR? THEY'VE ACTUALLY FOUND IN THE TOMB COUCHES AND CHAIRS THIRTY CENTURIES OLD AND IN GOOD CONDITION."

His Wife. "I HAVE ALWAYS SAID, JOHN, THAT IT PAYS IN THE LONG RUN TO BUY THE BEST."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

FROM certain tricks on the title-page and in the preface of *The Cow Jumped Over the Moon* (ALLAN) I got an impression that the author was going to be a little facetious and tiresome. But when he flung his *Michael Cobb*, a wild, unkempt, cheerfully and politely contentious idiot, into the quiet village of Pennycross to do battle with the stuffy Squire and the dour Vicar for the liberty of the Pennycrucians to sing in their pub without shame, I began to be amused. And yet again, when he and others of the puppets began to make love, I fell into a fresh apprehension. And so the see-saw went on. *Michael* was a rather abrupt and violent Chestertonian, but he lacked style. When he saw people in dress clothes—though he had been quite nicely brought up—he called them "bloated marionettes with sawdust in their veins" (*query*: can you bloat sawdust?), and "snivelling idiots, painted inanities and contemptible pet-dogs masquerading as men," and this to his *fiancée*, which was overdoing it. He is not the first hero (in or out of fiction) to think that it is the baggy homespun that makes the superman. In practice *Michael* is not a very exact thinker or sober critic. Mr. J. B. MORTON, his creator, has apparently the notion that "that wonderful poem ["Hey diddle diddle"] probably gets nearer to what pedantic people call the meaning of life than all the experiments of scientists and all the theses and discussions of scholars." An airy proposition that has its attractions. But the author doesn't take

the least pains to explain or prove it. With a blue pencil to supplement his vigorous pen and some sort of discipline to prevent his emptying his mind higgledy-piggledy on to paper he should improve upon this rather ingenuous book.

"The chief thing in life," says Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT in *Things That Have Interested Me* (Second Series) (CHATTO AND WINDUS), "is to feel that you are fully alive, that continual repression is absurd, that dulness is a social crime, that the present is quite as important as the future, that life oughtn't to be a straight line, but a series of ups and downs, and that moments of ecstasy are the finest moments and the summits of existence." I imagine it is Mr. BENNETT's consecration to the cult of the present—a deity who, save under the disguise of past or future, will not even endure meditation—which makes the bulk of these essays the shallow and unreasonable performances they are. True, those dealing in the spirit of apologetic with popular appetites—such as the articles on "Dancing," "Attire," "Charles Garvice" and "The Present State of Games"—have a feline ingenuity of insinuation which, as animal-lovers say, "is almost human." But I must admit I prefer Mr. BENNETT's appeals to reason—even the reason of theatrical managers, prison legislators and Hyde Park preachers. A man of his gifts ought to specialise in forlorn hopes. His occasionally delightful pictures of "Unknown Southern France" show his appetitive method at its best and worst. He sees, twice as sensitively as the ordinary traveller, exactly what is under his nose; and this, more often than not, is a menu-card.

It is quite impossible to suggest all the good and cheerful things that are to be found in the Dowager Countess of JERSEY's book, *Fifty-one Years of Victorian Life* (MURRAY). The authoress, within her charmed circle, has met and held her own with most of the makers of history of her generation, and has used unequalled opportunities to roam over the four quarters of the earth. Really she has come nearer to doing all the holiday things one longs to do than anyone else ever heard of. Happily she is able, in the most gracefully workmanlike and humorous fashion, to share her good fortune with her readers. Here, in a very long book that never for a single page grows tedious, she tells how she discussed high politics with BISMARCK, made her bow to the Empress of JAPAN, visited the walls of Lucknow with LORD ROBERTS, and picnicked in Samoa with R. L. S.; she has played *fan-tan* in Hong-Kong, written poetry on the Nile; in Chicago she seems to have been mainly occupied in laughing at the Mayor; one of her tours in Greece was arranged in solemn conclave by the Greek Cabinet of the time, and in New Caledonia she was kept in quarantine till the preparations for an official reception could be completed. I can well believe that since 1901—for she closes her record with the end of the Victorian period—she has found good fun in Patagonia or Greenland—about the only places left her to explore.

Were it not that its title-page forbids it, I should have decided that *Jenny Pilcher* (HUTCHINSON) was a first book, not because of a certain charming naïveté in its pretty story, but because Mrs. GRANT has, after the manner of young authors, taken the opportunity of grinding so many little axes—an anti-vivisection axe, for instance—which have nothing to do with her tale. *Jenny* herself is a child of the South London slums, becomes a domestic servant and marries her master, an artist of no great ability, whose vulgar wife at the most convenient moment gives him good cause to divorce her, and so paves the way to happiness for *Jenny*. But I was more interested in *Jenny's* young days and *Jenny's* wonderful little mother than in her love story. Because of them I should like *Jenny Pilcher* to be read by every one of the people who grumble because the parks are full of children during the holidays of the elementary schools, and complain that the British workman is not ornamental when he sleeps on the grass by the Marble Arch. It is a book which pays a generous tribute to working-class virtues, and pays it so sincerely that they do not seem to belong to any particular class at all. A pleasant, human, kindly little story with a promise of something better to come.

I wish, for it would be fairer to Miss DIANA PATRICK, that I could say quite why I found her latest novel, *The Manuscript of Youth* (HUTCHINSON), rather a tiresome affair. It wasn't the beginning, when *Isabel Chapeldene*, the heroine, was a charming little girl, and saw things as charming little

girls see them, and I was allowed to look at them through her eyes; that was all pleasant enough. In fact, save for one foolish encounter between *Isabel's* brother and a minx of lowly origin, and for *Isabel's* own acute eye for evil on another occasion, the whole book is pleasant. I think the tiresomeness really arose from the fact that I was told that *Isabel* was charming all the time, and, being prepared to agree with Miss PATRICK's ecstasies about her at first, I grew perversely inclined to be annoyed with her instead long before she had loved and waited and forgiven and done everything that she ought to have done and nothing that she ought not to, and found a modified happiness on page 286. I think that Miss PATRICK might write a really excellent novel if she studied life a little more, for in *The Manuscript of Youth* there is much of cleverness and something of beauty; but the lack of discrimination in her attitude towards her characters spoils the interest of this book—at least for me.

Beg o' the Upland (BLACKWELL), which Mr. MICHAEL



Waitress. "SAYS 'E'S A NAUTHOR, DOES HE? WELL, DON'T YOU 'AVE NOTHING TO DO WITH 'IM. 'E ONLY WANTS TO USE YOU IN SOME BOOK 'E'S WRITING AND THEN 'E'LL GIVE YOU THE CHUCK. I'VE 'AD EXPERIENCE."

LEWIS puts into the mouth of an imaginative boy, is a fairy-story charmingly told and illustrated. To describe intelligibly the conditions under which *Beg* could become visible to human beings is beyond me, and I must be content to say that they were exceedingly embarrassing. He had been waiting for forty-nine years before he and *Peter* saw each other, and as he drew his sole nourishment from "the sight of human eyes" it is no wonder that he was hungry, shrivelled and rather cross. For some time afterwards, however, the conditions

were satisfied, so that he was able to nourish himself amply; and in return for this nutriment he related many and various tales. If this book had appeared a few weeks earlier the difficulty of choosing the right Christmas present for small nephews and nieces would have been answered for me. But only imaginative children would have responded to its appeal.

If *The Mutineers* (HEINEMANN) is not startlingly original as a tale of adventure on the high seas, it is, at any rate, full to the brim of fighting and intrigue. Of the brace of villains whom we meet aboard the *Island Princess*, bound from Salem harbour to Canton, one was the second mate, *Falk*; the other was of no particular rank, except in villainy, in which I have never met anyone even in this style of fiction to beat him. His name was *Kipping*, and I shall have some difficulty in forgetting it. Twenty leather bags full of gold were concealed in the ship, but not, you may easily guess, without the privy knowledge of these two. Tremendous things happened, and Mr. CHARLES BOARDMAN HAWES describes them with infinite vigour. In tales of this kind it seems difficult to create characters who do not belong to type, but the ship's cook, an old African negro, whose loyalty offers a pleasant relief to the treasons of the villainous *Kipping*, is a fresh and attractive figure.

CHARIVARIA.

THE cuckoo has not yet put in an appearance this year. However, those who possess listening-in sets have only to ring up its African wave-length to enjoy its song. *

A well-known boxer is said to be taking up steeplechase riding. We still hope that some day a well-known boxer will take up boxing. *

A News Agency interview with Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW shows that he has no objection to the ceremonial opening of Parliament. We hope the glad tidings were received by the Cabinet with the proper appreciation demanded by the occasion. *

The Overseas Settlement Committee in their annual report indicate that England is overcrowded. This is bad news for Scotland, but it is felt that we can still find room for at least two Scotsmen, providing they are not too stout. *

"Do not tell me that brown bread makes hard toast," writes Dr. C. W. SALEEBY. As far as we are concerned his request shall be respected. *

We note that the race for seats for the opening of Parliament was won by Colonel M. ALEXANDER. Those who included him in long-priced doubles are therefore in clover. *

The Free State Government has banned *The Daily Mail* and *The Morning Post*. It is distressing to think that the Irish people will be without news of the weather in Thanet and the progress of the Primrose League. *

Press prognostications with regard to Royal marriages have been proving so erroneous as to leave little doubt that they are done by the racing experts. *

In spite of expert opinion some time ago that trade would improve, the Board of Trade returns indicate that it has. *

"King Tutankh-Amen," says *The Boston Evening Transcript*, "never heard of America." It is a terrifying thought.

A pike caught in Gosfield Lake, Essex, was found to have inside it an unopened bottle of lemonade. The fact that it was lemonade no doubt accounted for its being unopened. *

The other theory is that, finding it was lemonade, the pike decided to give itself up. *

Judge PARRY has told a tenant that he is not justified in striking his landlord. This indication that landlords have rights just like human beings is said to have brought tears to the eyes of many a property owner. *

Mrs. PHILIP SNOWDEN describes Madame LENIN's dress as such that she

"Whiskey for Colds," reads a headline. It seems hardly worth while holding out for a better offer. *

Most of the world's greatest lawn-tennis players are married, we read. And yet it used to be said that lawn-tennis is a game devoid of danger. *

At the South Western Police Court a man was committed for trial for attempting to break into Wandsworth Gaol. It is possible of course that he decided to do this after trying to make a living outside. *

Yet, on the other hand, it is felt that if persons want to get into prison they must qualify for it in the proper manner

and not adopt these low-down backstairs tactics of breaking in. *

"If it paid the controllers of capital to do it," says Mr. G. B. SHAW, "they would chop the Lords and Commons into two-inch lengths and make glycerine of them." The opinion of expert chemists is that three-inch lengths would be more conveniently handled. *

Discussing recent forgeries, *The Times* reminds us that no forgery of a Bank of England note can pass expert scrutiny. It is this that tends to drive the forger to emigrate and build a little smithy of his

own in the Colonies. *

A mail-bag was stolen recently from a post-office in Los Angeles by an armed intruder. Several movie stars are said to have missed their monthly divorce through their application forms being lost. *

On behalf of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, Sir ALFRED MOND gave the official dinner to the Liberal ex-Ministers. Yet it has been asserted that nothing is being done for the unemployed. *

Just when Sir ARTHUR GRIFFITH BOSCAWEN's candidature was beginning to look more like a walking tour, he has been invited to contest the Mitcham constituency. *

The postponed fight between Mr. JOE BECKETT and Mr. DICK SMITH has been postponed until the next postponement.



Wife of Inventor (writing). "MY DEAR HUSBAND,—IT IS NOW THREE DAYS SINCE YOU LEFT ME AND THE CHILDREN. I TAKE BACK EVERYTHING I SAID ABOUT YOUR INVENTIONS BEING RIDICULOUS. I CONSIDER YOUR PERPETUAL MOTION MACHINE MAGNIFICENT. FORGIVE ME. LET US TRY AND MAKE A NEW START. COME BACK AND STOP IT.—YOUR ALWAYS LOVING WIFE, DAISY."

would not touch it with the end of a forty-foot pole. The omission of this ceremony, of course, excited widespread comment at the time. *

"Should wives breakfast alone?" is a question raised in an evening paper. Our opinion is that in exceptional cases they might be allowed to join the family. *

In Manchuria a shake of the head means "Yes." Now we know the nationality of the man whom we saw a Scotsman ask to have a drink the other day. *

Several foreigners arrested whilst gambling in a house in Soho promised the magistrates that they would never let their hands touch cards again. The report that they were all seen in a glove-shop a few minutes after may, of course, be only a rumour.

POINTS FROM LETTERS.

KENSINGTON SQUARE.

IN the confident belief that you will give this letter proper space, and not conceal it under the heading "Points from Letters," I wish to remark that one aspect of the case that seems to have been missed by the gentlemen who have been discussing the proposed Kensington Square improvements is the deplorable lack of prevision shown by those architects who originally planned this now obsolete residential parallelogram. Nothing can excuse the original architects for building dwelling-houses on the exact spot where, had they only had any foresight, they might have known a giant garage would one day be needed.—Sir GEORGE HORNE, "The Eyesore," Woking.

CHOICE OF PSEUDONYMS.

My notice has been drawn to the fact that Miss VIOLA TREE and Sir GERALD DU MAURIER, seeking an assumed name with which to sign their joint dramatic effort, *The Dancers*, have chosen "Hubert Parsons." This seems to me very unfair to myself, and I submit—and I count on you, Sir, to print my letter *verbatim*—that there should be a law to prevent the names of real people being used in this way, particularly when they are employed to sign plays such as I myself should never write. I have not seen it yet, but from what I have read about it I know that the character of *Una* is not one that (even if I were a writer) I should have drawn. People in search of pseudonyms should be compelled to consult a directory first and avoid all real names.—HUBERT PARSONS, Dairyman, West Norwood.

AN ANTIQUARIAN RALLY.

A private letter from Cairo contains such interesting information about the archaeological keenness of the young Egyptians that I venture to copy out a few sentences, feeling sure that you will display them in your most legible print: "Lord CARNARVON's zeal and enterprise have had the most gratifying results here. For a long time it has been felt by teachers in the local schools that knowledge as to the manners and customs of the English in the time of ALFRED THE GREAT was very meagre. Now, however, that a lead has been given, no stone will be left unturned so that we shall know more. An expedition of Egyptian noblemen, scholars, photographers, journalists and navvies is being organized to begin work in and around Winchester, for the purpose of excavating the body of the famous King who is known to have been buried there."—Mr. HENRY RIDER, Tooting Common.

CITY CHURCHES.

I am loth to trouble you with what I understand is called a chestnut, but surely it is time that Lord KNUTSFORD should be reminded of a famous story, told, I think, in Dean PRIGOU's *Reminiscences*, in order that his mind may be disabused of the fallacy that the City churches are not used in the week. A visitor to St. Something's, pointing to a notice stating that the church was open every day for meditation and prayer, asked the verger if any people ever responded to the invitation. "Yes," he said, "I caught two of them at it yesterday." Trusting that you will give this anecdote the prominence it merits.—I am, &c., Mrs. SMITHY, Bushey Park.

A PLEA FOR PUBLICITY.

Could not something be done to make known the fact when repairs are being carried out to old-established institutions? In the hope of your assistance I write to you, feeling sure that my letter will be printed in full. Last week I spent a day in London with my three children, healthy lads with a passion for water and water mechanism. I took them first to the Victoria Memorial, which to our great disappointment was dry. The basins were empty. We next crossed the bridge over St. James's Park lake, and this also was empty, save for the meagre pool at the Horse Guards' end for the pelicans. In order to restore good humour to my family I promised them a sight of the famous fountains in Trafalgar Square, but to my disgust I found that these were filled with workmen. It is not right that ardent young creatures such as my sons should be thus daunted and baffled, and I appeal to Editors to let us have some information on the subject. Railway Companies could also help by notices at the stations.—Mrs. MARGARET PETERSON, Sea View, Ramsgate.

TAXI-CABS.

It would be interesting to know (and I am hoping that you will print this letter in full and not hide it away in a corner) who is responsible for the deplorable fact that some taxi-cabs are now made without any window at the back. Few things are more annoying to an observant man than to find that a second glance at a passer-by has been rendered impossible by the ridiculous absence of this useful coign of vantage. I trust, Sir, that you will use your influence to get the back window made compulsory.—Mr. WILL OGLE, Turnham Green.

THE FRENCH OCCUPATION.

A Tunis correspondent has sent me *The Dépêche Tunisienne* for February 7,

in which the Editor, with great thoughtfulness, has printed an article in English to inform a number of arrivals from America as to what was happening in Europe. In this we read: "In *The Daily Mail* Lord Rothermere has published an article titled 'Hat down before France,' by which he approves entirely the occupation." Please print this as a letter proper, and not a meagre paragraph.—Sir MOLESEY HURST, Thames Ditton.

DR. FRANK CRANE.

May I suggest, but certainly not for your "Points from Letters" column, that a public subscription be raised, either by the LORD MAYOR or by you yourself, Sir, as a token of our gratitude to the Editor of *The Pall Mall Gazette* for ceasing to print Dr. CRANE's face every evening. The difference that the absence of this once so punctual physiognomy has made in my own life is indescribable; and I have no doubt that countless others are sharing my relief.—Mr. WILLIAM CULPEPPER, 14, Park Road, Beulah Hill. E. V. L.

THE OGRESS.

KENSINGTON SQUARE, where Sylphs immortal,

Linger on from ANNA's reign,
Cherish, with eyes on every portal,
Hopes that Belinda will come again,
Ready with powder, tea and scandal,
Fain to relieve her of hoops and fan—
Kensington Square, declares the Vandal,
Hinders the march of modern man.

"Down with it, then," demands the Ogress,
Worshipped by many a different name,
Civilisation, Commerce, Progress,
Still in her ravening heart the same.
If she insists, what power can save us?
Nothing is safe from her hungry will,
Neither the Hospital WHITGIFT gave us
Nor the Adelphi's master-skill.

Hating Romance and Beauty scorning,
Daily her hand's on something new,
Clutching at churches of WREN's adorning,
Snatching at Strand-on-the-Green by Kew.

Is there no sacrifice we can give her?
Shall we remind her we still can spare
Charing Cross Bridge, that blights our river,
Keeping instead of it Kensington Square?

"The Duke of — was among those present at the marriage which, being a mixed one, lasted only a few minutes."—*Daily Paper*.

Surely a pessimistic view. Such unions have been known to endure for quite a long time.



HAPPY THOUGHT.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON. "AH, WREN! GREAT MAN! WHAT CAN WE DO TO HONOUR HIS BI-CENTENARY? I KNOW. KNOCK SOME OF HIS CHURCHES DOWN!"



Maid (to coalman). "MISSIS SAYS WILL YOU POUR IT OUT QUIET, BECAUSE THE LITILE DOG'S ASLEEP."

TO A SNOWDROP.

FAIR child of Spring, or possibly of Winter
 (Old Hiems, what!)—for always I'm in doubt
 Whether it's snow that causes thee to splinter
 Thy pale green sheath, or warmth that brings thee out
 Long ere the prickly pig protrudes his snout
 From the dry hedge, and all about my garden
 The Lenten lilies make a yellow rout,
 And rooks begin to build (I know you'll pardon
 These extracts from a Nature lover's log
 When icy blizzards rage and fog succeeds to fog).

My snowdrop! Mine in sooth since thou dost shiver
 Within my garden's unpretentious bound,
 Close to the spot where lumps of ripening liver
 Interred by Belisarius (my hound)
 Add a pervasive richness to the ground
 And to thy radiant form an early vigour,
 So that, whereas in all the gardens round
 No other snowdrop braves the climate's rigour,
 Thou shak'st thy nodding banner to the sky,
 Braving the sparrow's beak, the vanboy's greedy eye.

Oh, was it in some sheltered vale of Crimea
 Where Don flows down to Azoff's placid sea
 That, murmuring the Middle Dutch for "Blimey," a
 Perspicuous bulb-collector gathered thee?
 Or did he find thee blooming on the lea
 Of blue Ikarian foothills starred with flowers,
 While passing Anatolians, thoughtfully
 Calling on Shaitan to destroy all Giaours,
 Demanded backsheesh, or pursued the road
 Prodding the starveling flanks of donkeys with a
 goad?

Or was it here in England, down in Surrey
 Or in some sheltered garden of the West,
 That thine appearance caused a gentle flurry
 In some delighted hybridizer's breast?
 Was 't ELWES raised thee, or that first and best
 Of snowdrop lovers, FORSTER, at whose wheedling
 Thy carefully-matched progenitors were blest
 With thee, their first and most prodigious seedling,
 The pampered darling of the R.H.S.,
 Festooned with A.'s of M. and featured in the Press?

I deem it likely, seeing that declension
 May be the lot of bulb no less than man,
 That thou, who once hadst honourable mention,
 Acknowledged king of the *Galanthus* clan,
 Mayst have been lost or stol'n or, packed in bran,
 Despatched in error to the wrong address or,
 Drifting about at large as objects can,
 Reached in the end my landlord's predecessor,
 Who took a spade and buried thee with care,
 Nor guessed how fair a thing he harboured unaware.

But what avails to probe thy private history,
 Which, after all, is but a trifling thing
 Compared with the unfathomable mystery
 Of how thou knowest that the Bird of Spring,
 Though not arrived, is really on the wing,
 While frozen sits that other bird, the sparrow,
 And Boreas with his customary sting
 Searches thy lord and master to the marrow.
 Fain would we share thy prescience. Ay, but how,
 When *tussis* wrings the throat and blizzards pelt the
 pow?
 ALGOL.

CRUELTY TO MOTORS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Knowing your honourable and consistent record as the advocate of kindness to animals, I appeal confidently to your sense of logic and consistency to extend your sympathy to those highly intelligent and sensitive creatures which have within the last twenty years largely superseded animals as the servants and helpers of man. Perhaps I can best illustrate my meaning by an anecdote drawn from my own experience.

An intimate friend of mine, the director of several large Corporations, owing to the exacting nature of his engagements had never visited Scotland until last year. He decided to proceed thither in his motor, which had never previously travelled further North than York. This car, I should explain, was an altogether exceptional product, if so cold a word can be applied to a thing so beautiful and docile. It was a car with a personality and it rejoiced in a name—not a Christian name exactly, for it was "Atalanta," but a name which aptly expressed its beauty and sweet-running qualities. But "Atalanta" was exceptionally sensitive to her surroundings, and the first sight of a herd of Highland cattle on the road near Inverness proved so disconcerting to her equanimity that she proceeded to behave in the most extraordinary manner, refusing to answer the wheel, skidding and finally charging into a stone wall. Her owner escaped with some injury to his fur coat, but "Atalanta" has never been the same since, and has for some time been undergoing a rest-cure under the supervision of a psycho-machinist, with, I regret to say, little prospect of recovery.

One might be tempted to regard this as an exceptional and therefore negligible disaster were it not for the sinister and significant development reported—also from Scotland—within the last week. I refer to the entirely unprovoked attack by a stag on an inoffensive motor-car in Glenfincastle. This ferocious animal, though treated with every consideration by the chauffeur, who slowed down to let it pass, charged into the car and, having got its antlers entangled in one of the head-lamps, dashed off into the woods with its strange trophy—to the dismay, as we may well imagine, of the superstitious natives of the countryside.

It is on record that just twenty years ago, in 1903, during the progress of the Gordon-Bennett race in Ireland, a car driven by a gentleman named OCHS was charged by a cow; but it cannot be truthfully said that no cause can be assigned for this rash act. *Nomen, omen.* But the prospect of an organised cam-



J. H. DOWD 23

Mrs. Smithkins ('phoning die-hard Male Club). "PARDON THE INTRUSION OF MY VOICE, BUT IS MR. SMITHKINS THERE, PLEASE?"

paigned by animals on delicate, sensitive and devoted machines, such as is foreshadowed by the Glenfincastle episode, is too terrible to be passed over in silence, and I ask for the hospitality of your columns to give the widest possible currency to the facts and to warn all owners of what they are "up against" unless prompt measures are immediately taken to combat the peril.

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,
PORCUS VIATOR.

[Needless to say we fully sympathise

with our correspondent in his eloquent protest. Since the days of "the Dong with the luminous Nose" there has been no such portent as the Stag with the acetylene head-lamp.—Ed. *Punch*.]

From a Parliamentary report:—

"Mr. — said the . . . Great North Road was so slippery that farmers could not turn their horses on to it. He spoke with feeling on that subject, because he had been flung from his horse and it was an hour before he came to. (Hear, hear)."—*Daily Paper*.

Callous applause, we call it.

AMBITION.

Dave's to be a doctor; he's very sure of that;
The mighty men of Europe will be gathered on his mat;
Ambassadors will ask for him and princes show their
tongues,
And Dave will give them *Gregory* for congestion of the
lungs.

George will drive an engine at an unrestricted pace
In dirty cotton dungarees with black upon his face;
While Arthur's fond ambition, if the gods will let him
grow,
Is to stand outside the portals of a London picture show.

But Biffy, little Biffy, is the man that I admire;
To don the white and scarlet is his sound and sole desire;
To wear a pair of shining spurs and prance outside the
whin,
And roar all day at *Dairymaid* and flick at *Javelin*.

* * * * *
The world will be a cheery place when Biffy's whipper-in.
W. H. O.

THE PERSONAL APPLICATION.

THE very first man who said, "*Et tu, Brute*"—for I cannot believe that the retort was not hackneyed when it rose so pat to CÆSAR'S lips at such a particularly busy time—knew the poignancy of such a moment as came to me last night.

After months of Spartan reticence I was explaining frankly to my two remaining friends the canker that had eaten into my social career. One after the other I had discarded my whole circle, but had kept just these two as pets. To Amyas and Bathsheba then, sitting either side of me with eyes suitably grave, I confided why of late the promise neither of the first grouse, the last coffee-machine, of heating either central or peripheral, nor the most absolute pledge of no music, could lure me from my own *oubliette* to meet my kind.

"I dare not risk it," I said, "for I fear the breaking-point has come. You two are now the only people I can trust. Of all the uncivilised societies the world has seen, this town owns the worst, and if I do go to any party here again I shall murder someone."

Bathsheba nodded sombrely, understandingly. "The coffee is awful," she murmured and patted my hand.

"But the Snukeleys have no gramophone, old man," put in Amyas, adding, honest fellow, a sickening thump between my shoulders for encouragement.

"It isn't those," I replied, "it's them. They're so dreadfully narrow and self-centred it spoils every one of my stories. For years now I have never got to the climax of one of my little bits of *genre*, character-study and so on—you know, like the one where the 'bus-conductor'—"

"Yes, yes," they both broke in, laughing capitally.

"Well, that's what I mean. Some laugh, but one of them is sure to say, 'I'm afraid I'm guilty of using that very phrase myself, Mr. Wragge-Stuffington;' and then the whole thing falls flat, while I look embarrassed and explain that no one was further from my thoughts."

"Too bad," those two good souls murmured.

"I assure you it has spoilt every conversation here for years. As a matter of fact, general conversation, when several people did get a chance of listening to one man, has practically disappeared. But *tête-à-têtes* are an even worse hot-bed of this tiresome—er—"

"Personal application," suggested Amyas diffidently. Bathsheba silently approved the phrase.

"That's it," I went on. "And till they drop the silly habit I'm not going out any more. Only yesterday I was

telling the Vicar's wife about that funny conversation I overheard in the train—you know, where for two solid hours a man talked about his garden to a friend who kept interrupting, 'I don't know a flower from a we' more and more hopelessly. Well, I told it to her, and at the end she said stiffly, 'I'm afraid I must often have bored you about my garden, Mr. Wragge-Stuffington.'

"There! I had stopped in the east wind and got off my bicycle on purpose to amuse her, and that's all I got for it. 'Come and amuse us!' they say. Not I. I'm through. If I bounded in and said, 'Here we are again!' my hostess would stiffen and reply, 'I fear we're always asking you to meet the same people, Mr. Wragge-Stuffington.'"

I flung myself back breathless in my chair. I had spoken strongly, but so a man driven beyond control may sometimes speak to trusted friends. There was a silence. I fancied it had not quite its usual quality; it lacked throb. I looked at them. Their eyes had an inward look, their lips were pursed. A cold wind stirred my hair.

Bathsheba leaned forward and as by an irresistible impulse spoke:—

"Do we make personal applications?"

* * * * *
That was the last straw.

WILL YOU COME?

WILL you come to my house, Fairy? I am poor, I am poor; There is no velvet on the chairs, no carpet spread on the floor;

But my mother will bake you a little wee cake if you will stay to tea,

And you shall have the rosy apple a lady gave to me.

Will you come through our street, Fairy? It is not very wide;

There are no pretty shops for you with beautiful things inside;

But I'd wait for you at the corner, I'd wait the whole day through,

And would carry you hidden away in my hand lest people should stare at you.

Won't you come, won't you come, Fairy? And if you would only bring

A little tiny song with you of the kind that the fairies sing, And if you would show me the way you dance under the forest trees,

I should take it very kind of you. Will you come, Fairy, please?
R. F.

Another Impending Apology.

"LOCAL NEWS.

Mr. —, M.P., was a guest of the Prime Minister on Monday evening, at the Ministerial Dinner given on the eve of the New Session at 10, Downing Street.

To keep pigs in good health, good condition and thriving, give them — Pig Powers."—*Provincial Paper*.

"Owing to the great increase in the cargo steamer trade of the *Schleppschiffahrts-gesellschaft Unterweser*, of Bremen, the name of this company has been changed to 'Unterweser Reederei Aktiengesellschaft.'"—*Lloyd's List*.

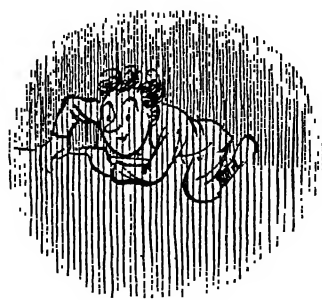
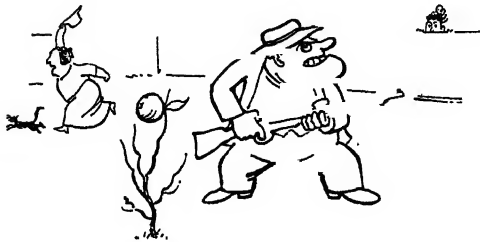
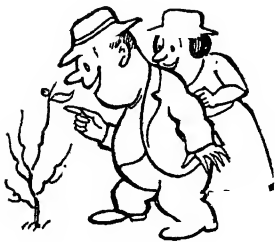
Well, what are we expected to do about it?

At the opening of Parliament:—

"The ceremony was now really to commence. Hand in hand the King and Queen and all the officers of State come in."

Evening Paper.

We cannot understand how the rest of our contemporaries missed this picturesque detail, so reminiscent of "Auld Lang Syne."



J.M. GAYE MAN. 1923

THE APPLE OF THEIR EYES.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

X.—CLUB LIFE; OR, GETTING AN APPETITE.

FOR an old club-man I go but seldom to my club. An occasional hasty lunch, a cup of coffee in the billiard-room and a generous donation to the Servants' Christmas-box—that is my club-life. I have never read a book in the Library, never played billiards in the Billiard-room or fives in the Fives-court. It would be far cheaper to resign and take the lunches at the Ritz.

But I constantly drive past the place on an omnibus and observe its windows with pride and wonder. I have even had to sit silent while other passengers exercised their cheap and offensive wit on the row of hairless heads hung out like lanterns along the smoking-room window. And on each occasion I realise anew how little I know of my club. Whose are those heads, for example? And are the heads I see at half-past two the same as the heads I see when I drive homeward again at half-past six? And, if so, have they been there ever since?

To answer these and other questions I determined, the other day, to be a club-man in good earnest; and naturally I took as my model old Shrike.

Old Shrike has pink cheeks and white whiskers, and he walked up the steps before me about 1.15. Once within the door a sigh of satisfaction escaped him as the monastic and congenial atmosphere wrapped him about. He nodded fiercely, without speaking, to the hall-porter and swept into the wash-room, where he encountered Potts, a favourite crony, plump but gloomy.

"Mornin'," said Shrike, and "Mornin'," growled Potts.

While they washed the conversation continued.

For twenty-five years there has been a pipe which rattles when the tap is turned on—an unfailling barometer by which to judge the pressure of life upon the nerves and spirits of the members.

"Why don't they do something to this tap?" said Potts querulously.

"What's the matter with it?" said Shrike, and went upstairs.

In the dining-room he selected a seat at the unpopulated end of the long table, propped up *The Weekly Patriot* against a water-jug, and remarked to the waiter, "Club Lunch—Thick—Small

Bass." After that he did not speak again.

* * * * *

By about half-past two the big smoking-room was nearly empty. Twenty minutes later there were only four of us in the windows. Outside the sun shone merrily, but for some reason we kept our backs to the light.

The fourth man sighed, finished his coffee, drained his liqueur-brandy glass for the last time, sighed, rose, and shuffled out.



A REPLAY.

Employer (to office-boy). "NO, YOU CAN'T HAVE THE AFTER-NOON OFF FOR YOUR GRANDMOTHER'S FUNERAL. BUT YOU WON'T BE MISSED, AS THE LAST TIME SHE WAS BURIED THERE WERE THIRTY THOUSAND PEOPLE PRESENT."

Shrike cleared his throat, as one who can now speak freely

"How've you been keeping?" he said.

"I'm not at all well," said Potts.

"Liver?"

"Appetite—can't eat my breakfast."

"I eat a good breakfast. But I can't get my dinner down."

"I eat a good dinner. You don't take enough exercise."

"I have to be careful. My heart troubles me."

"Thought you'd got over that."

"Got over it? Huh! I've been very seedy lately. Very seedy indeed."

"You're not looking the same."

There was a long silence.

Potts regretfully discarded the last three centimetres of his cigar.

"What are you doing this afternoon?" he asked.

"I shall take a turn in the Park presently," said Shrike.

"I'll join you," said Potts. "Get an appetite."

Then there was a very long silence.

Then there was a long low rumble.

Then there was another rumble.

I opened *The Man With Three Ears*.

* * * * *

"I shall take a turn afterwards," said Potts at tea-time.

"Just a constitutional."

"The food's very bad here," said Shrike, taking a second slice of muffin. "They can't toast a muffin nowadays."

Don't know how it is."

"Don't know how you can eat those things. If I had one of them I'd never be able to look my doctor in the face again," said Potts, helping himself to buttered toast.

"Quite wholesome, if they're well done," said Shrike. "I'm not feeling the thing to-day."

"You ought to play golf."

"Couldn't do it. Heart wouldn't stand it."

"You coddle yourself."

"Have to."

"I'll take you for a brisk walk afterwards. Fresh air's what you want."

"I must write a few letters first," said Shrike, closing his eyes.

A little later George came in with two other young men.

"Thought I'd look in and read the papers," he said, and he picked up a heavy portfolio labelled TITTLE - TATTLE — RAKES' CLUB — NOT TO BE TAKEN AWAY.

I returned to the engrossing

mystery of the Man with Three Ears. The two young men talked golf-shop in a hushed whisper. Potts watched George reading. And well he might.

George sat back comfortably and prepared for reading. He drew from his pocket a substantial cigarette-case and carefully selected a cigarette. He pinched it, shook it and tapped it delicately on a table. Then he laid it down and slowly produced an amber cigarette-holder. He smoothed back his hair, inserted the cigarette in the holder, and finally lit it.

Then he opened the portfolio and revealed a long piece of elastic.



Old Lady. "I DON'T THINK THEY SHOULD BE ALLOWED TO MAKE THESE SMOKE ADVERTISEMENTS IN THE STREET—AND ANYHOW I CAN'T READ WHAT HE'S WRITING."

"Damn," said George.

Shrike opened his eyes—more in anger than in sorrow.

George fetched *Gossip* and began again. He is a patient steady reader and misses nothing; and, generous soul, he likes to share his pleasure with others.

"Look at this," he said, very soon.

"This" was a page which proved conclusively, as well by pictorial evidence as by the printed word, that various ladies and gentlemen of distinction had been present at a race-meeting the previous week.

"That's Joan Thistle," said George.

The picture in question appeared to my jaundiced eyes to represent the back-view of three women standing under umbrellas, two elderly and one young (judging by proportions).

"Oh!" I said, tearing myself away from Sash, the woman with the Tiger's Eyes. "Friend of yours?"

"No," said George; "but she's engaged to a man I know."

"By Jove!" I said, and returned to Tiger-Eye.

A few minutes later he said, "There she is again."

"Who?" I asked angrily.

"Joan," said George.

I looked and found that George was still at the same page. This time Joan Thistle was standing with an elderly man who carried field-glasses. One had a side-view of Joan's figure, and if her head had not been turned away one would have been able to see her profile.

"Jolly pretty girl," said George.

"Pity they didn't photograph her face."

"Yes; it's not very good of her," said George solemnly, and stared at the picture again, as if he could scarcely believe the evidence of his eyes. But there it was, in the plainest of print:—

A FLUTTER AT WHITWICK. LADY JOAN THISTLE CHATS WITH A FRIEND.

George took a last look at Joan, slowly turned the page and gazed profoundly at Constance Claire Among Her Pets. Potts closed his eyes again. I returned to Sash and read through the discovery of the dead wolf-hound, the night in the tomb, and the second appearance of the Bloody Arrow.

Then George plucked my sleeve. "See this?" he whispered. "Constance Claire."

"Friend of yours?"

"No; Tommy knows her."

"Oh!"

Thus the evening wore on in perfect placidity. George waded methodically through *Gossip*, finding on every page pictures of people who were personally acquainted with people he himself knew, and ending gloriously with the Motor-ing Section, where Joan was to be seen driving a Bonbon. Meanwhile the eyes of Sash grew more disturbing every moment, Shrike snored more shamelessly, and the two young men gradually approached the eighteenth hole.

But about six a certain uneasiness pervaded the quiet room. Shrike woke up with what is known as a start and gazed stupidly at the clock. The young men were suddenly silent, and fidgeted.

"What about our constitutional?" said Potts.

Shrike made no reply.

"Well, I shall take a turn," said Potts, rising laboriously. "Get an appetite for dinner. Coming?"

Shrike said nothing, continuing to gaze at the clock. But a sort of radiance spread over his face, as if he had at last discovered what time it was.

At the word "appetite" George too looked sharply at the clock; and he deposited *Gossip* on the floor.



RADIO IN THE HUNTING-FIELD.

Friend (at a check). "HULLO, WHAT'S THE MATTER? CAN I HELP?"

Wireless Enthusiast (on beat horse). "KEEP QUIET A MINUTE, I'VE JUST GOT MY SECOND HORSEMAN."

"What about an appetiser?" he whispered.

One of the young men hitched his eyebrows at his companion, who shrugged his shoulders in return.

George rang the bell.

Mr. Potts sat down again. A. P. H.

Another Impending Apology.

From a parish magazine:—

"The Rector reported that the two performances of the 'Hippolytus' had resulted in a sum of £30 being handed over to him for use in the Parish. A vote of thanks was recorded to all those who had given so much trouble in acting and staging it."

In Vienna:—

"One of the pleasant table features of the season is the 'Faschings-Krapfen,' a very nice kind of cake with apricot jam, offered at most cafés and pastry-shops. They are more than three centuries old."—*Sunday Paper*.

Where's our railway-station sandwich now?

From a publisher's list:—

"Messrs. — have pleasure in announcing for publication shortly:—

DESERT DUST. By . . .

DUST OF THE DESERT. By . . ."

It is now up to some equally original firm to announce *Luxor Sands*, by the Earl of CARNARVON, and *The Sands of Luxor*, by Mr. HOWARD CARTER.

THE SANE HATTER.

It was amazing!

The shop was a hatter's.

Rather a second-rate hatter's, it is true, in rather a second-rate street, and with quite a third-rate display of mere-tricious hats, of gaudy walking-sticks and ties and cards of flashy collar-studs in its window. But as I glanced inside, there, behind the counter, was *Alice's Hatter* or his double.

In a flash I recognised the skimpy figure, the disproportionate head with its wispy hair, the bulging eyes in the pale flabby face, with its foolish chin receding from under the rabbit teeth into the Gladstone collar and ample tie.

The likeness was unmistakable; he might have sat as model to TENNIEL.

It is true that his waistcoat and trousers were not of that cheerful chess-board-patterned material from which, according to the immortal illustrations, the *White Rabbit's* cravat had also been cut; nor did he wear the classic white top-hat, with its persuasive label, "In this style 10/6" (Oh that a white top-hat were now procurable for ten-and-six!); but even so the resemblance was sufficiently arresting.

By what freakish whim of Nature did a man with the very face of TENNIEL's

imperishable lunatic happen to keep a hat-shop?

I wanted a bowler hat for the winter. I would buy it from this wanderer out of *Wonderland*. It would probably be an inferior hat; but the quaint coincidence of the fellow's appearance with that hallowed legend of his trade and a fantastic desire to test it further impelled me through the door.

How I longed for *Alice's* hand in mine as I entered the shop and instinctively looked round for the *March Hare* and the *Dormouse*. *Curiouser and curi-ouser!* a battered clock on the wall, conspiring to complete the illusion, indicated six o'clock!

("It's always six o'clock now," said the Hatter with a sigh; "it's always tea-time, and we've no time to wash the things between-whiles!")

But here the likeness ended, for only the clock-face, as it turned out, was cracked, and not the Hatter's brain.

A wild hope then fluttered in me that he would at once inquire, "Why is a raven like a writing-desk?"

But he didn't. He just said, "Good afternoon, Sir."

Dissembling my disappointment, I said, "I want a hat."

At once he became salesmanlike, obsequious, talkative.

"Certainly, Sir. Silk 'at, Sir? No? What kind of 'at, Sir? You'll notice that 'ard felt 'ats are *favoured* just now, Sir. The soft 'at doesn't stand the wet so well, Sir, nor yet the wind."

The illusion was shattered. This man was not mad. If only he had warbled—

"Twinkle, twinkle, little hat!

How I wonder what you 're at!"

and the *Dormouse* had emerged from behind the cash-register to contribute a sleepy chorus of "*Twinkle, twinkle*"!

But no, this man would never bite a piece out of his tea-cup in mistake for his bread-and-butter. He would show too sane an appreciation of the nature of that delicacy, and of the side on which the butter had been spread.

He approached me with a head-measure, after having produced a succession of impossible black bowlers, swathed in tissue-paper, which gave them an incongruous Oriental look, like white turbans with black brims.

"What style would you fancy, Sir?" he continued, with offensive geniality; "one can't be too careful with a hard felt 'at. It *masters* you. Now, a soft 'at is pliable and adapts itself, after a bit, to your face and disposition. You make it part of yourself, so to speak. And a silk 'at—well, we all look much alike in a silk 'at; it's uniform and ceremonial: the only difference is in the shininess. But a hard felt 'at, Sir, *moulds* you to its will. If a mild inoffensive gent gets a rakish-shaped billycock with a flourish in the brim, he's done for. There's no altering the 'at; the 'at alters *him*. People take you at your face-value, Sir. It's no good that man protesting that he's a good husband and father; his 'at contradicts him. He's a gay dog in it, Sir, and a gay dog he's bound to become."

"Same thing if a very sporty character buys a bowler with a quietly-curved brim and a sober-like crown; his reputation for knowingness is gone, if you take me, Sir. He can't drink cocktails and spot the winner of the 3.30 in that 'at, Sir. Impossible. That 'at will drive him into a churchwarden's pew and insist on lying next the collection plate under the seat on Sunday mornings."

All the time he talked the Hatter was deftly fitting hats on to my unresisting head and swiftly whipping them off again.

"Now, if I may say so, Sir," he went on, "*you* want something betwixt and between; medium like. Just jaunty enough to give you an air, but quiet-shaped enough to inspire confidence."

(If *Alice* had been with me she would have checked his chatter here with a dignified, "*You shouldn't make personal remarks; it's very rude.*")



Diner (perusing his bill). "DO YOU MAKE ANY REDUCTION FOR THOSE IN THE SAME LINE OF BUSINESS?"

Restaurateur. "CERTAINLY. ARE YOU A RESTAURANT PROPRIETOR?"

Diner. "No; I'M A ROBBER."

"How about this one, Sir?" he asked at last. "It's not easy to fit a gentleman with *rich* hair like you. Try this. Ah, ah! Perfection! *Your* 'at, Sir, believe me. Just a *leettle* less straight, Sir, if I might suggest. Like Lord BEATTY, you know, Sir. Distinction—but with just a *hint* of dash."

He paused for breath. At last I could get a word in. I was disappointed. The *Wonderland* atmosphere was dissolving. The shop was dingy, the hat was hideous and vulgar, but I hadn't the face to leave without buying it, so I told him irritably that it would do, and asked the price.

"This style, Sir," he answered, "works out at ten-and-six." (A touch of his mad prototype at last!)

I paid, and, folding my faithful old Trilby into my coat-pocket, turned to go.

"Thank you, Sir," said the Hatter, cash-registering the money and pursuing me with more babble as I left. "Talking of the Navy, Sir, would you believe it? About this time yesterday I was thinking of putting up the shutters when the shop-bell goes '*Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle*'."

Was it compassionate fancy consoling my disillusionment that seemed to suggest the soft insertion of a "w" into the first syllable of the Hatter's parting word, and the drowsy lilt of a *Dormousey* refrain, "*Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle*"—in dreamlike *diminuendo* as I walked away?



Granny (always observant). "IT'S QUITE EASY TO SEE THAT THE GENERAL IS NOT GOING TO CHURCH THIS MORNING. HE HAS JUST GONE UP THE ROAD IN ALL FOURS."

BACK FROM ITALY.

WHAT do I mean to take with me
To England, back from Italy?—
Two slow white oxen and their wain,
A cask of wine, a mountain train,
A horn to hoot on when it goes,
A dozen masks and dominos,
Five pigeons from a convent's sills,
A brace of wolf-hounds from the hills,
A courtyard wall whose crumbling
plaster—
Painted by some bizarre Old Master—
A pillared cloister counterfeits,
The tunes that start along the streets
At nights from voices and guitars,
The tunes that start among the stars
At dawn from belfry-tops and domes,
The brushwood fires from peasant
homes,
The wailing man who cries hot pears,
The copper drum that holds his wares,
A couple of cocked-hatted police
With cloaks and two red stripes
apiece,
A dim basilica's gold lights,
And all the yellow aconites
That star the vineyards these three
weeks,
A jade-green river's marble creeks,

A strip of waves that sleep at noon
All azure in a long lagoon,
A wedge of sky, more blue than these,
Thrust down between two palaces,
A chain of children winding through
A dark arcade, an avenue
Of cypresses—all these I'll pack
(Somehow or other) and take back,
My portion of Italian wonders.
Yet, when the French *douanier* plunders
My trunks at Modane, and this rout
Of hidden contraband comes out,
I shall reply to his unkind
"Have you left anything behind
Which might with yet more cunning
art

Have been included?" "Yes, my heart."

Headline to the report of a temperance meeting:—

"TEMPEDAM CESOCIETY SPROTEST."
Indian Paper.

It is inferred that the printer did not receive an invitation.

"This is possibly the most comprehensive Indian Cookery Book ever produced. It contains seven hundred rupees, and particularly appeals to those of moderate meals. Price, Rs. 4."—*Advt. in Indian Paper.*

Better than 9d. for 4d.

Another Impending Apology.

From a police-court report:—

"The word lawyer, he argued, was a general term, and was not confined to solicitors, but anybody who practised any breach of the law."
Local Paper.

"Glamis Castle . . . has many ghosts, but it is chiefly haunted by Shakespeare, who murdered Duncan in this castle."

Provincial Paper.

Does Sir SIDNEY LEE know about this?

"The Captain was found in very good humour, a regular hale-fellow-well-wet officer of the British Royal Navy."

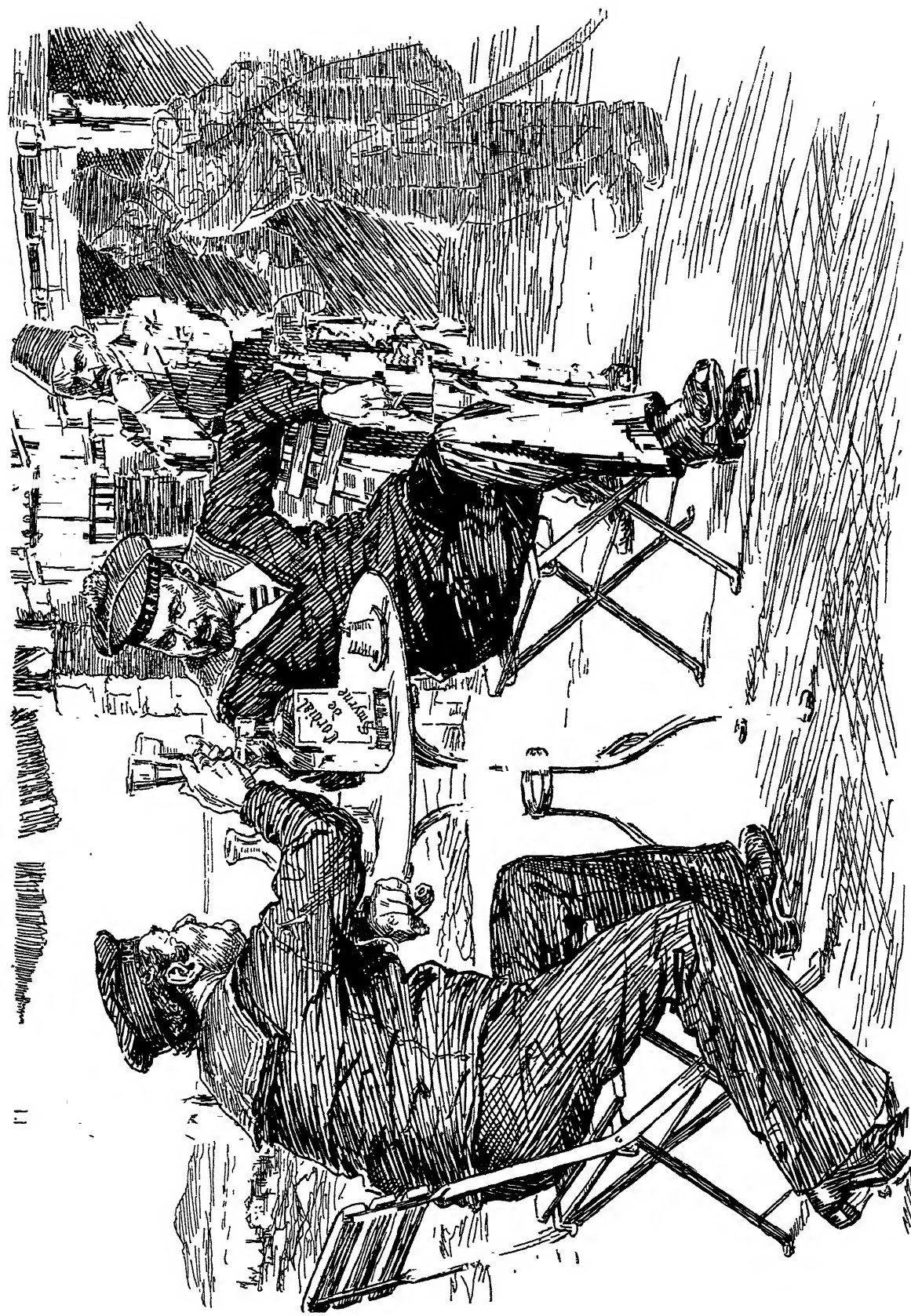
Manchurian Paper.

We observe that even in the Far East the Navy maintains its hospitable traditions.

"Fears have been aroused for the safety of the spire of Salisbury Cathedral, the tallest in England, rising to a height of 400 feet. For 600 years the spire has towered over the green valley of Shakespeare's Avon. It now leans some 28 inches out of the perpendicular."

Glasgow Paper.

We should have thought that in its efforts to overlook "Shakespeare's Avon" the spire would have suffered even greater divergence from the perpendicular.



NOT ACCORDING TO PLAN.

SHADE OF ABDUL HAMID (to *Young Turk*). "I SPECIALISED IN KEEPING THE POWERS APART; ALL YOU SEEM ABLE TO DO IS TO BRING THEM TOGETHER."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, February 13th.—I have never understood why anyone should want to go to the House of Commons a minute earlier than he need. One enthusiastic Member arrived at four o'clock this morning and waited patiently till eight, when the doors were opened. He must be very fond of early-rising, unless, perchance, he adopted the expedient of the junior barrister who, summoned to a seven A.M. consultation by the late Lord ALVERSTONE, sat up all night playing cards so as to be sure of not missing his appointment. Anyhow, the early bird got his reward—first a paragraph in an evening paper, and now . . .

The KING opened Parliament in person, and delivered the Speech from the Throne with surprising gusto; for it was a dismal document, reflecting the regrets of his new Ministers at their failure up to the present to secure peace abroad or prosperity at home. I noticed how thankfully the Seconders of the Address in both Houses, in their search for something cheerful to say, turned to the happy events in THEIR MAJESTIES' family.

The PRINCE OF WALES and the Duke of YORK listened from the cross-benches to the debate on the Address. The mover, Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, was not quite so sprightly as usual, but to the satisfaction, I doubt not, of his Royal hearers, got off one or two hunting metaphors in the course of his defence of the Government.

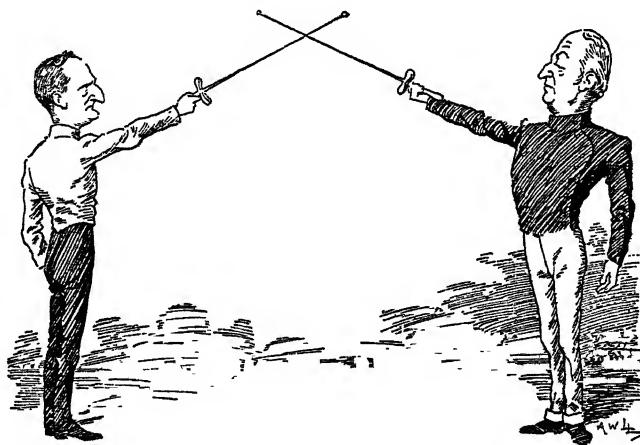
As "one who was anxious to see the Government succeed to the utmost possible limit"—an unusual rôle for a Leader of the Opposition—Viscount GREY discussed Lausanne and the Ruhr. He feared that the French action would be economically disastrous, but pointed out that it was largely due to the unfortunate refusal of the United States to ratify the Franco-American Treaty.

Lord CURZON had not spoken in the House of Lords since April last, and evidently found it a pleasant change from Lausanne. He was very complimentary to Lord GREY—as well he might be—and like him regretted that it had been necessary to discuss the ownership of Mosul: no victim of the Fascisti could, I gathered, have a greater distaste for oil. Still, on the whole he hoped that nothing common or mean had been done by the British delegation upon that memorable scene. The Peers seemed to agree with him, for they

voted the Address without another word.

In the Commons the proceedings were a trifle more lively. The Labour Party shouted themselves hoarse when Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON and Mr. HARRY GOSLING, elected during the Recess, came up to take their seats, and they continued to demonstrate at intervals during the rather long speeches of the Mover and Seconder.

On the eve of the Session Mr. MACDONALD warned his followers of the danger of mistaking noise for argument. It seemed to me that he runs some little risk of falling into the same error. It is all very well now and again to make the glass roof reverberate with the clangour of one's strokes, but if they are repeated too often the effect is to stun the hearers into unconsciousness.



THE PRELUDE TO THE ASSAULT.

VISCOUNT GREY AND THE MARQUIS CURZON PERFORM THE SALUTE.

The half-deafened PRIME MINISTER would have been glad, I think, if Mr. MACDONALD had remembered his OMAR: "Oh, the brave Music of a distant drum." Some of his aphorisms—for example (*à propos* of the Government's attitude towards the Ruhr occupation), "Benevolent neutrality tends to become taking 'sides'"—would have been none the less convincing if delivered on a lower note. Still, as the leader of a fighting party, Mr. MACDONALD promises well.

Mr. ASQUITH distributed his chaff impartially between the Government and the Labour Party. The KING'S Speech did not seem "a promising prologue to a period of political tranquillity," but, with its mass of projected legislation, reminded him of the description given by an opponent to the famous Newcastle Programme—"a political auctioneer's catalogue." Perhaps the most notable feature of his speech was a friendly allusion to the "strenuous efforts" of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE to bring

the Allies to "an attitude of proper perspective" in regard to Reparations.

No one can gauge the temper of the House of Commons better than the PRIME MINISTER. He evidently felt that what it wanted to know was the attitude of the Government to the French action in the Ruhr. That was the vital question, and to that he devoted a speech which was listened to in almost unbroken silence by all parties. It revealed a fundamental difference between the French and ourselves. We wanted to put Germany in a position to pay as much as possible, and had even undertaken to forgo a large portion of our war-debts to enable a settlement to be reached. The French, on the other hand, though they wanted Reparations, did not want a Germany strong enough to pay them. While he did not know

how long it would be possible for our troops to remain at Cologne, their presence on the Rhine at least kept us in touch with the situation; and he still hoped that something might happen to enable us to intervene usefully. With that drop of negative comfort the House had to be content.

Wednesday, February 14th.

—The first business was the moving of new Writs for Darlington (in the room of Mr. PIKE PEASE, whose genial presence has been transferred to the Lords) and for Mit-cham, where Dr. WORSFOLD has resigned for reasons of health—or of the MINISTER OF HEALTH, as a sceptical Liberal put it.

Members then listened to an excellent maiden speech from Major CADOGAN, who urged that as population at home was growing faster than employment more money should be spent on State-aided emigration. After his long service as Secretary to the late SPEAKER Major CADOGAN probably knows the ways of the House as well as any man, but I think even he was surprised at the fury with which his suggestion was received on the Labour Benches.

"Brutal" and "pagan" were some of the epithets applied to it by Mr. HARDIE, who seems to have inherited the mantle and voice of his brother, the late Mr. KEIR HARDIE. Mr. SHINWELL described the proposed emigrants as "social outcasts"—a phrase which it would be probably wise not to repeat in their presence—and Mr. MUIR said that the scheme was "the most diabolical and abominable" ever introduced by a Government. It is clear that the Labour Party, while urging the rest of us to "think internationally,"

has no idea at present of "thinking imperially."

Later Mr. AUBREY HERBERT delivered a rather desultory but intermittently brilliant harangue on the failure of the Lausanne Conference. This he attributed partly to the loftiness of Lord CURZON, and partly to the slipperiness of the French, whose policy in the East, *pace* "the lucrative hysterics of Lord ROTHERMERE," had never really marched with ours.

Before the adjournment was taken the Labour Members had several further opportunities of distinguishing themselves, and Mr. KIRKWOOD outdid all his colleagues by one of the most irrelevant outbursts of eloquence ever heard at Westminster. At the General Election he ousted Mr. MACQUISTEN, but I think he is going to make the House laugh quite as much as ever did that pawky humourist.

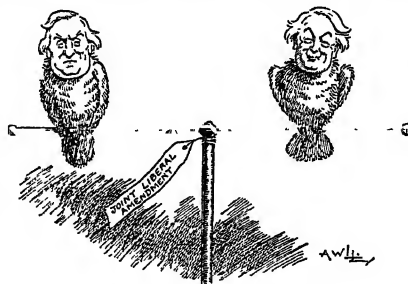
Thursday, February 15th.—This was the first day on which Questions could be answered, and a hundred-and-forty of these appeared on the Order-Paper. If only seventy received a reply, that was less the fault of the Government than of Mr. KIRKWOOD and others, who found it impossible to frame a "Supplementary" without a preliminary wrangle with Ministerial inter-rupters.

We gained a little information, however, if only of a negative kind. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was unable to accept Mr. LORIMER's proposal that he should put a tax of a pound a head on every citizen of the U.S.A. entering this country, with a further tax of ten shillings on his departure, but gave the usual promise to consider all relevant suggestions made in regard to the Budget. I trust that he has no intention of adopting the alleged methods of the R.A.F. in Mesopotamia, where, according to Mr. RHYS DAVIES, they drop bombs on the Arabs who decline to pay their taxes.

Up to now the spokesmen of Labour in the new House have, with few exceptions, conveyed the impression that the *vox populi* is *vox et præterea nihil*. To-day some of them showed that they could argue as well as declaim. The gentle tones of Mr. CLYNES, who called for the revision of the Treaty of Versailles in the interests of the unemployed, held the attention of the House as a whole, though only half his own party stayed to listen to him. He may, as Lord EUSTACE PERCY pointed out, have dwelt more upon the domestic problem than upon the European situation; but

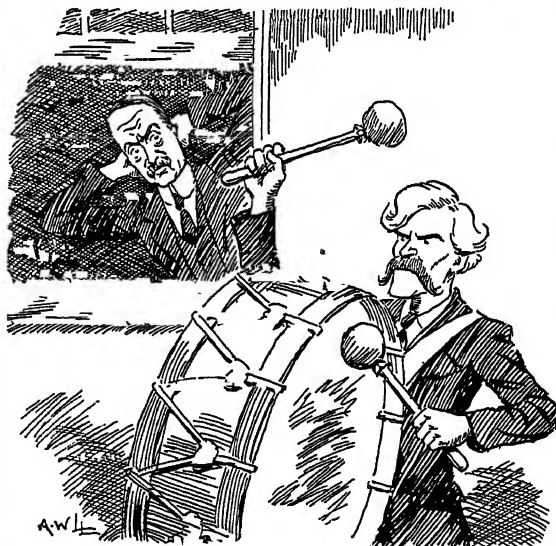
that was, in the circumstances, a venial offence.

A chance phrase of the noble lord's, to the effect that some Labour orators reminded him of "the man with a muck-rake," furnished Mr. J. C. WELSH with the text for a reply admirable



THE MATING SEASON.
MR. ASQUITH. MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

alike in matter and manner. Mr. WELSH is known as "The Miners' Poet," and he fully justified his *sobriquet*. Some passages—notably the contrast that he drew between the gorgeous pageantry of the Opening of Parliament and the squalid scenes he had witnessed in his boyhood—reminded me of those early speeches of Lord HUGH CECIL which used to raise the House of Commons to an altogether higher plane.



"Oh, the brave Music of a distant drum."
MR. BONAR LAW. MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD.

Later on, another maiden speech, not quite so lofty in expression but breathing the same good temper, came from Mr. RITSON, a Durham miner. One was glad to believe that this was the authentic voice of British Labour, and not the revolutionary gibberings of Mr. NEWBOLD, which at one moment provoked Mr. NEIL MACLEAN—not too squeamish about his own language—to threats of personal violence; frustrated, perhaps unfortunately, by his friends.

SPRING STYLES FOR MEN.

AT this season of the year many men should be pondering anxiously upon problems of dress. These few hints may therefore be useful. Or they may not.

Coats will have sleeves to the wrists and precisely one collar to each coat. The number of buttons will correspond roughly with the number of button-holes (men who use a cord loop instead of button-holes invariably come to a bad end in the chorus of musical comedy). It is better to have no slit at the back: if the fashion should change suddenly you can always gash the coat yourself. A slight waist effect should be aimed at—inwards if you curve that way, outwards if you are convex.

Trousers will again be worn, with exactly two legs per garment, as before. Pockets will be shallow this year: so few of the best people need deep pockets nowadays. The crease should be at the front and back, or nowhere. Turn-ups are to be permanent; many smart men are having them rivetted.

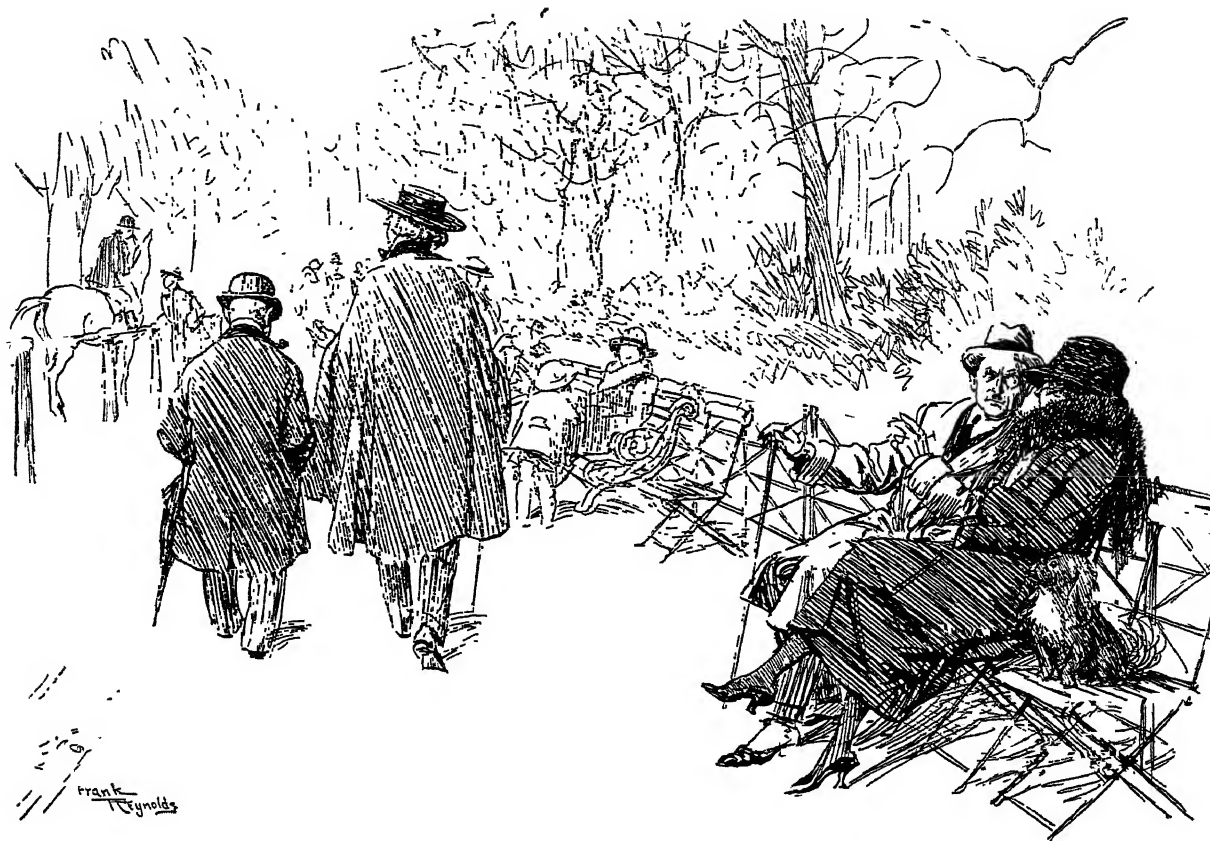
Aunt-built fancy vests went out with the Victorians, and the modern *waistcoat* is an unobtrusive article. But you are permitted—indeed, required—to direct attention to it by leaving the bottom button always undone. If you are at all forgetful, instruct your tailor not to let any of your waistcoat buttons be the bottom one; then you cannot go wrong.

Hats will again be worn on the head, and the choice remains limited to the familiar patterns. Years ago there was a hat known as the Sandringham, but it was more talked through than worn. The Chaplin bowleret is not favoured, unless with boots to match. Top-hats are coming in again, but not for cricket or Cycling Club meets.

One or two general sartorial rules may be mentioned. Buff spats must never be worn with dinner suits. Always wear stockings, never socks, with your golfing knickerbockers. Never omit your spaghetti bib when dining out.

The correct wear with the celluloid collar is the gent's made-up bow-tie; one's old college colours, never.

If you move in Society you cannot be too meticulous in the conventions of dress. For example, when attending the "At Home" of the second cousin of a Peeress at her town house never wear your ludo shorts, rounders blazer and coon-can cap unless the card of invitation prescribes "Progressive Games on the Lawn."



"THAT CHAP IS RATHER A FAMOUS POET."

"JUST WHAT I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED HIM TO BE."

"NOT THE BIG FELLOW—THAT'S HIS AGENT."

AFTER CROMWELL.

It is said that Mr. HENRY AINLEY has had some difficulty in deciding on which particular portion of his countenance to affix the wart when he makes up as OLIVER CROMWELL.

He may have no hesitation in placing it where he likes. OLIVER CROMWELL's own wishes in the matter need not be considered, for that solemn opponent of all forms of folly would doubtless disapprove so strongly of the idea of being made the centre of a piece of play-acting that he would give no thought to a detail of this kind. And while fashion has its decrees in regard to dimples and patches, it leaves one so free a hand in respect of warts that Mr. AINLEY may make his choice without any fear of committing a solecism.

If warts had been worn by the smart set in OLIVER's time, it is pretty certain that he would have taken immediate steps to have the bauble removed from his own face.

It would never do to wear a dimple above one's eyebrow or on one's nose. For the dimple, fashion has laid down certain exact situations on the human face, just as it has ordered the position of the button on one's coat-sleeve. But the wart-wearer is at full liberty to wear his wart where he will.

The advantage of the wart is that it lends a distinctive appearance without conveying the impression that the wearer is in any way foppish or a slave of convention. It enables the wanderer, long given up for dead, to return to the bosom of his family without any great difficulty in proving his identity. Like the soft collar, it is pre-eminently the best wear for the unpretentious man.

It is to be hoped that Mr. AINLEY will not dispose of his

wart in too fascinating a manner. We should be sorry to see the wart of Mr. AINLEY supersede the rippling hair of Mr. OWEN NARES as the distinctive mark of the lads of the village. At the same time we hope that Mr. AINLEY will not too severely sacrifice his handsome appearance; or, at any rate, if in the interests of art he feels compelled to distort the pleasant lines of his face, let us hope that he will at least remove the blemish before taking his curtains, so that at that moment at all events we may not behold him, like CROMWELL, "wart and all."

THE GUEST SPEAKS OUT.

DEAR JOHN,—In thanking you, I hope I may Give you a few impressions of my stay.
Your well-planned grounds apparently exist
For James, your acid horticulturalist.
The dining-room I wouldn't mind at all
Could the ancestral portraits face the wall.
The drawing-room preserves a graceful air
As long as Aunt Matilda isn't there.
The library's a very pleasant spot
When I am there—and Uncle George is not.
The billiard-room a safe retreat for men is
When Cousin Algernon is playing tennis.
The bathroom might be quite a decent place
Unhaunted by your own pre-breakfast face.
I trust you'll show me more consideration
When issuing another invitation,
And see to these small points—I'm sure you will—
It isn't much to ask. Yours ever, BILL.

THE OUTLINE OF EVERYTHING.

(New Series.)

KNOWLEDGE has grown so vast that every day men are saying to themselves, "Here is a whole wide subject of which we are completely ignorant."

What do you know of Tracheotomy?
Of Campanology? Of Literature?
Of Art?

PRACTICALLY NOTHING!

All over the country the demand for *Outlines* and still more *Outlines* is increasing.

The new series of *Outlines* which is about to be published under the title of

The Outline of Everything

will supply this demand.

A few specimen extracts from this monumental work will be published from time to time in the pages of Mr. Punch. No one

ARE YOU 55?

THEN INSURE NOW, AND SPEND
YOUR OLD AGE IN READING

THE
OUTLINE of EVERYTHING.

WHENEVER YOU PASS BY A BOOKSHOP
REFLECT ON

THE
JOHN DRINKWATER STYLO

WHENEVER YOU LOOK AT A BOTTICELLI
REMEMBER

THE BILLOR PEN.



WRITING A LOVE-LETTER IN THE NEOLITHIC AGE.

can afford to neglect knowledge.

Read the following extract, which forms part of the opening instalment of

I.—THE OUTLINE OF POETRY.

Introduction (By the Poetry Editor).

What is Poetry? Many people have asked this question, but the answer is always unsatisfactory.

I was talking to a great artist on the top of a hill some time ago, and I happened to notice a number of tracks which wound in a zigzag fashion up the sides.

"What do these tracks remind you of, William?" I asked him.

"They remind me of sheep tracks, John," he replied; "and small blame to them, for that is exactly what they are."

"They remind me," I said, "of Poetry. Poetry is a constant progress, a continuous path. From HOMER to HODGSON, from SAPPHO to SITWELL, one poet succeeds another, and leaves his footprints for ever on the grass of Time."

"John," he said, "I agree with you. It is very much the same with Art."

"Why then do we read Poetry?"

"Because it is beautiful, and beauty is truth (KEATS). It is a thankless task to compare one poet with another. Comparisons are always odious, and, what is more, they are extremely difficult to do. It is a far, far better thing to tell some of the beautiful stories

the savage Red Indians bark.

What at? A puerile Question.

Poetry, at any rate, is not now written on rocks but on paper. This lightens the labour of the poet but lessens the honour paid to him, as the making of paper has come to be a far more complicated process than the composing of verse.

Many of the most beautiful poems in ancient times were written about the legends of the gods and heroes. Such legends are that of Endymion and Diana, the Moon Maiden, and that of Cupid and Psyche, who must always be carefully pronounced to rhyme with "crikey" and not with "hitch." But the greatest of all ancient poems are those of the poet HOMER, which were written many years ago in a language called Greek, because it was spoken in Greece.

§ 2.

HOMER is said to have been blind. He is also frequently said to have been not one man, but a number of men.



XIVTH-CENTURY MS. DRAWING. SUBJECT UNCERTAIN, BUT PROBABLY AN AUTHOR RECEIVING A FREE COPY FROM HIS PUBLISHER.

about which poets have written or sung, and pepper them up with pictures on every page. This is what *The Outline of Poetry* will do.

§ 1.—How was Poetry written.

There were not always books. Oh, no.

No one, however, who looks at the photograph of his bust, which has been preserved to us, can believe that he would have practised this deceit. His principal poem is the *Iliad*, and the three chief characters in it are *Paris*, *Menelaus* and *Helen*. *Helen* was the most beautiful woman in the world, and *Paris* carried her off to Troy.

FATE STEPPED IN AT THE CRITICAL MOMENT AND MADE THE MARRIAGE OF MENELAUS A FAILURE.

READ THE THRILLING STORY OF HELEN IN THE FIRST PART OF

THE OUTLINE OF POETRY.

This caused a war, because *Menelaus*, the husband of *Helen*, collected all the Greeks and made war upon the Trojans, who lived in Troy, which was the capital of the Trojan kingdom. This war against Troy was called the Trojan War.

When *Helen* appeared upon the walls of Troy the Elders of Troy, who were sitting on the Trojan wall, saw her, and it was not much wonder that a war should take place for the sake of such a woman as this.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (an English poet) writing on the same subject, said, many years later:—

"Was this the face that launched a thousand ships

And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?"

Nowadays, of course, ships are launched by breaking a bottle of champagne over the bows; but the beauty of the grand old Trojan story remains undimmed by Time.

HOMER probably recited his poems, accompanying himself with a harp, or possibly a lyre; just as later poets used a

A Great Truth about Piano-Playing.

AVERAGE INTELLIGENCE ONLY IS NECESSARY TO SUCCESS.

Write for free booklet to the School of Simplified Strumming. IT IS YOURS FOR A POSTCARD!

Odyssey. There are some who think that the *Odyssey* also was not written by HOMER himself, but by a woman named NAUSICAA. But this is very unlikely, for the *Odyssey* deals at great



HELEN OF TROY, AFTER THE PICTURE BY LORD LEIGHTON.
Inset: A CLOSE-UP OF HELEN.

length with a number of technical subjects (such as the putting out of the single eye of the giant Polyphemus by screwing a hot stake through it), about which a woman, owing to her sheltered

or a lump of damp clay impinging upon his uvula. But leave him he must.

My conviction that the fireman's is a hard life is confirmed by reading, the other day, of a fire brigade in Essex

which had just sat down to its annual dinner when the call to duty came. To its honour be it said that, however full his mouth, not one man turned a deaf ear to that call. Portions of the dinner were despatched after them and warmed up in front of the burning hayrick; but it was a poor *réchauffé*.

I am writing far from my library and am unable to give the definite statistics of dyspepsia among firemen. If I may trust to memory, however, they are remark-



BARD OF VIKING PERIOD RECITING VERSES OF A COMPLIMENTARY NATURE TO HIS CHIEF.

lute or clavichord.

When the Trojan war was over the Greeks went home. About the thrilling adventures of one of them HOMER wrote another long poem, which is called the

life, could have little or no knowledge. Next Week:—

THE OUTLINE OF EGYPTOLOGY.

EVOE.

able, and many a brass helmet covers an aching—covers the head, that is, of one who suffers the pangs of indigestion.

A HARD LIFE.

OFTEN I wake in the stillness of the night and shed tears of gratitude that I am not a fireman.

It is true that there are certain fire-stations-de-luxe, where there are polished brass rods down which one may slide gracefully into one's top-boots at the sound of the alarm, and with engines on whose comfortably upholstered seats one may recline while putting the finishing touches to one's toilet in proceeding to the scene of the conflagration. In such places firemanship may perhaps be tolerable. But in the remoter districts of the country, with less sumptuously appointed fire-stations, the hardships are severe, especially when the fireman is also at one and the same time a plumber or a dentist. For it is the unwritten rule that immediately the firebell is heard one must leave whatever one is doing and rush to the appointed place, pulling on uniform and capturing loose horses from the fields as one proceeds.

So the plumber must leave the gas escaping or the water running—this time at the call of duty and not in order to go home and get the tools that he has forgotten. And if by happy chance the dentist contrives to drop his instruments outside the circle of his patient's open mouth, he may nevertheless leave that individual in a state of anxiety, with a tooth half extracted



Ruth. "WILL YOU DANCE WITH ME, OLIVIA?"

Olivia. "OH, BUT WOULD IT BE QUITE FAIR TO THE MEN?"

DAN'S FORTUNE.

"I MADE my fortune once," said Dan,
 "A nice little pile for a sailorman,
 Along o' salvin' a Dago barque
 We picked up once on the edge o' dark,
 The time I was bound from Frisco
 'ome
 In Clay's old 'ooker *Eurynome*;
 An' the mess she was in 'ud make you
 shudder,
 But we rigged 'er up a jury rudder
 An' brought 'er 'ome in a beast of a
 gale
 Under what could be spared o' the
 mate's shirt-tail;
 An' they treated us 'andsome, so they
 did,
 For they dished us out a 'undred quid,
 Bill an' Ginger, an' Shorty an' me—
 An' that was the end o' that," said he.
 "An' I thought as I'd marry a gal I
 knowed
 An' set up shop off o' Redriff Road,
 An' call it 'The Occidental Bar,'
 Or 'The Sailor's Delight,' or 'The
 Baltic Star,'
 With a winder full o' chops an' steaks
 An' pickled cabbage an' fancy cakes

An' the model I'd made o' the *Eury-
 nome*
 For to make old shellbacks feel at 'ome;
 An' chaps from Boston to Bombay,
 They'd say, 'If ever you're London
 way,
 You jus' drop in at Dan's,' they'd say,
 'For the best o' grub both cold and 'ot
 You'll get it all at Dan's, that's what!'
 "But I blowed the lot on a nine days'
 spree,
 Both ends an' the bight of a jamboree;
 It went in bowlers an' blue serge suits
 An' stick-up collars an' square-toed
 boots,
 An' 'orse-shoe tie-pin fit for a king,
 A watch an' drops an' a diamond ring;
 It went in treatin' a 'undred pals,
 Blouses an' brooches an' fun for the
 gals,
 Beer an' whisky an' cheap champagne,
 Drinks for the crowd an' drinks again,
 An' just another afore we go—
 An' where the rest went I dunno!

"But I come to myself 'alfway down
 Channel,
 With an 'ead like lead an' a tongue like
 flannel,

An' a down-east mate with a face like a
 foot
 Ticklin' my ribs with the toe of 'is boot;
 An' I 'adn't no watch an' I 'adn't no
 pin
 An' I 'adn't no tie for to stick one in;
 An' the sharks an' the lubbers you bet
 they was gay
 A-lickin' their chops on Ratcliffe 'Igh-
 way,
 Over one more fool of a sailorman—
 An' that was the end o' that," said
 Dan. C. F. S.

"TUTANKHAMEN'S BUST."

Headline in Daily Paper.

We are really rather relieved.

"On this day, 2,227 years ago, died the
 beautiful and good St. Agnes."
New York Paper.

304 B.C. A very early Christian.

"Mrs. — entertained with a 'hosiery
 shower' in honour of her husband on Sunday,
 in celebration of his birthday anniversary."
Texas Paper.

We do not know what a "hosiery
 shower" may be, but trust it is not the
 American equivalent of "giving him
 socks."

AT THE PLAY.

"GOOD GRACIOUS! ANNABELLE"
(DUKE OF YORK'S).

It was indeed pleasant to have with us again, after so many years' absence, the most accomplished of our comedien-nes. A brilliant audience of the always friendly members of the profession and of interested eager lady-folk made themselves ready to welcome her, and when she appeared did so with a will. Miss MARIE TEMPEST need have no fear that she has been forgotten.

If she wants further proof of her popularity she has it in the fact that the "modern comedy," *Good gracious! Annabelle*, by CLAUDE BEECHER KUMMER, was politely suffered to the end. My own courage indeed failed me in the middle of the Third Act, and I stole silently away into the comparative liveliness of the then deserted St. Martin's Lane. We are a great-souled crowd, we London playgoers, and we can (and do) put up with a good deal; but not, I think—no, not with *Good gracious! Annabelle*.

Annabelle Leigh had married, apparently under protest, a wild zinc-mine-holder out West; had promptly left him, and was living quite irresponsibly on his liberal allowances, which however were insufficient for her peculiarly casual methods. Having arrived penniless at New York's most expensive hotel, having invited all her friends to lunch, and having failed either to raise an adequate loan or get something on account from her lawyer or credit from the hotel, she makes up to a tall stranger in home-spun whom she likes the look of and who is evidently immensely interested in her. . . Quite so. It is her long avoided husband. But he has shaved off his beard (and perhaps washed), so she does not recognise him. He of course pays for the lunch, which is something to the good, but does not provide dinner or for the morrow. She will go then, will *Annabelle*, as cook to *George Wimbledon*, the millionaire; and four of her friends will also go as cook's help, housemaid, gardener and chauffeur; and the tall clean-shaven mine-owner will, in the absence of the owner, his enemy, rent the millionaire's house from the corrupt butler; and the owner will return suddenly and mistake *Annabelle's* lawyer, who has followed her here, for the mine-owner, and will assault him violently—what time his new gardener will play a hose upon them both, Heaven alone knows why! And *Wimbledon* will make love to *Annabelle* in a half-hearted sort of way; and *Annabelle* will sing him to sleep (Miss TEMPEST was in excellent voice), and will abstract



"'E DO LOOK MISERABLE, THAT
POOR FELLER!"

"YES, 'E'S BIN WAITIN' FOR SOME-
ONE 'BOUT TWENTY MINUTES."



"IF IT'S 'IS GIRL WHAT'S KEEPIN' 'IM SHE AIN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR 'IM."



"POOR PATIENT LITTLE FELLER, 'E'S DROPPED OFF NOW. 'TIS A SHIME. I 'LL
GO AN' SPEAK TO 'IM."



"WHY, THE SILLY NOODLE'S ONLY BIN WAITIN' FOR A CUP O' TEA AN' A TOASTED
SCONE. FANCY!"

WASTED SYMPATHY.

from his pocket some frightfully important and much too much talked of shares which are hers really; and *Wimbledon*, who has been practising anti-Prohibition, will suppose his enemy to be the newly-engaged captain of his own yacht; and—but words fail to do justice to the aimless complexity of the plot, the fussy restlessness of the action and the essential dreariness of the whole.

It is true that while Miss TEMPEST held the stage her vivacity, her charming unexpectednesses, her unfailing sense of technique made something out of nothing and got it over to us. To be fair, there were a few amusing lines if no really amusing or plausible situation. I was at first intrigued by Mr. GRAHAM BROWNE's bizarre millionaire. This char-

acter might have come to something, but it didn't. Miss POLLY EMERY did her best with the part of some kind of under-servant. But even skilled players can't play all the time against the play, which finally overwhelmed them.

If Miss MARIE TEMPEST will only take off this empty grotesque at once and give herself (and us) a chance, in one of her old favourites if there be no English dramatist capable of anything so brilliant as "*Good gracious! Annabelle*," we will all come again and tell her what we still think of her talent, her charm and her gift of perpetual youth. T.

"WANTED.—A cook-general, whole time or daily, small family, constant hot water."

Advt. in Local Paper.

We are prepared to believe this.

HUMPHREY AND THE FILMS.

NEXT to the uncanny certainty with which everyone concerned gets instantly connected to the right number on the telephone, the thing that amazes me most about the films is the way in which all the motor-cars spring into life, apparently at the first touch of a well-remembered foot on the running-board, and go sliding down the street, at such a pace that the camera-man has to slew his machine round in a great hurry to catch them. It suggests that the owners either possess extraordinarily efficient starters, or that they have been wilfully chugging away gallons of petrol by keeping their engines running during the previous two-and-a-half reels.

Humphrey, who is my car, doesn't behave in the least like that. To be exact, he is a motor-bicycle with side-car, or, in the somewhat indelicate phrase of the day, a "combination." He is maroon in colour and malignant in disposition—at least until the operation of starting is got over, when he settles down and purrs as contentedly as a pet kitten. He hates head-winds, he hates cows and pigs and poultry and other things that walk about the road in flocks and make him check his smooth career; but most of all he hates the initial effort of starting. It is this defect which I fear will prevent him from ever becoming a film "star." In fact, if he is to appear on the films at all, he will have to have a special scenario written round him. Some day I think I shall write it.

It will run something like this. After the usual information as to cast, author, producer and photographer, and the bit about Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, the film will open with a "close-up" of me pouring petrol into Humphrey's tank (for advertising rights on the can apply to the author). Enter hurriedly the fair heroine in distress, dressed in the peculiar costume fashionable in the extreme North-West (N.W. 49 or thereabouts).

Her pathetic appeal is flashed on the screen in the following well-chosen words: "Say, bo', git me outer this' in yer auto right slick. The bad guys have sure hit my trail." Being a fluent screen-American linguist I at once understand that some unspecified desperadoes are pursuing her, and that she looks to Humphrey and me to provide her with the means of escape.

In very little longer time than it takes to write this she has unscrewed the wind-screen, unbuttoned the flap of the apron, opened the door and tucked herself away in the sidecar; while I devote myself to the operation of starting.

After five unsuccessful kicks at the starter I remember to turn on the petrol tap and, with a brief apology to

Humphrey, begin again. I kick with the left foot until I am tired, but Humphrey only sighs heavily and shows no other sign of life. I am just changing over to the right foot when the film suddenly slides off to show the "bad guys," superbly mounted on blood Arabs, mustangs and bronchos and things, galloping at full speed along an interminable white road, without apparently getting any nearer their objective. This having conclusively proved to the audience, as well as to Humphrey and me, that the idea of pursuit is not a mere figment of the maiden's brain, the film returns to our efforts.

I am now discovered removing, cleaning and replacing the sparking plug, an operation which is interrupted by the appearance on the screen of the lady's naïve inquiry, "Say, kid, why don't we git a move on?" As this is precisely what I have been trying to find out for the past ten minutes, my only reply to this helpful remark is a tense silence. Humphrey's comment is to spit viciously and simultaneously from the exhaust, the compression release and the carburetter.

We now go back to the desperadoes, who are seen, still galloping, silhouetted against the sky-line, from which they drop nonchalantly down a hill-side on a slope of 2 in 3.

The heroine's speaking countenance has meanwhile begun to "register" the extremity of terror. She is jumping up and down in the sidecar as far as the wind-screen, the apron, the luggage and the spare petrol-tin will allow, and firing staccato remarks on to the screen.

By this time the excitement of the audience, the heroine, myself, and in fact everybody except Humphrey, is growing frantic.

The bandits are now galloping down the very avenue of trees in which we are struggling.

We will sell our lives dearly.

I draw my "gun" from my hip-pocket, where it has been confoundedly in the way all this time (Have you ever tried to work a kick-starter with a six-shooter stuck down your trouser-leg?) and make one final despairing attempt.

Quite unexpectedly Humphrey breaks into a roar of activity. I leap into the saddle, hastily slipping in the clutch as I do so, before he can change his mind.

As the first of our pursuers rides into the clearing (still at the gallop, of course), we begin to move. We dash away, gathering speed with every turn of the flywheel.

Ha ha! We are saved!

I am a little in doubt about the final "close-up." If you think it will be that long, lingering embrace which is the

signal for the audience to put on its hat and coat, you misjudge my taste.

On the whole I think I shall end on the "unselfish rescuer" note and hand her over with my blessing to her distracted lover. He's welcome to her.

THE LITTLE YOUNG LAMBS.

In the fold
On the wold

There were little young lambs,
An' the wind blew so cold
They laid lee o' their dams,
An' a shepherd old man
He leaned over the cotes,
An' a lilt he began

With a flutter of notes,
The little young lambs all among;
Oh, he piped 'em a derry down derry,
he did,
Since they were so young.

An' they stirred
When they heard,
Did the little young lambs,
Then they hopped, most absurd,
From a-lee of their dams,
An' they jumped and they skipped

With tip-top petty skips,
As the little tune tripped
From the reed at the lips
Of the crinkled old man o' the wold,
As he piped 'em a merry down derry,
he did,
Since he was so old.

For he blew
That he knew
Why the seasons went round,
An' why green the wheat grew
To his pipe's pretty sound;
An' why rain follows sun,
An' how sun follows rain,
An' how everything's done

To be started again,
Till the stars like ripe acorns shall fall;
An' he piped 'em his derry down derry,
he did,
Along of it all.

Quis Custodiet . . . ?

From an article on "The Child and the Book," by the Right Hon. H. A. L. FISHER, late Minister of Education:—

" . . . and so, since sincerity is the cardinal virtue, it is well that the teacher who prefers Sheridan to Shakespeare should resort to 'She Stoops to Conquer' rather than to 'Hamlet' for his literary dissertations."—*Weekly Paper*.

"An indoor polo match which was held in New York yesterday between an English team and a team of American army officers resulted in a win for the home team by ten foals to five."
Provincial Paper.

We trust, for the sake of the foals, that the riders were as youthful as their mounts.



He. "DO YOU KNOW I'M AFRAID I PASSED YOU THE OTHER DAY, MISS GREEN? IMMEDIATELY AFTERWARDS I REALISED TO MY HORROR THAT I KNEW YOU."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF the office of chief porter to Parnassus is ever going begging I hope it will be given to Mr. EDWARD SHANKS; for, if I may judge from his *First Essays on Literature* (COLLINS), no young critic—and the gods, of course, like to see young faces about them—will open and close the doors with more discernment and tact. He can also keep applicants waiting on the threshold (while he steps upstairs to see whether they are wanted inside or not) with an equal blend of courtesy and ruthlessness. Witness "The Work of Mr. H. G. Wells," "of all good writers the least a man of letters." How charmingly Mr. SHANKS congratulates him on the scientific romances of his youth, how epigrammatically rebukes him for the sociological pamphlets of his maturity—"not novels, but a sort of literary mules, doomed to sterility and bad tempers"—before consigning him to "one of those eighteenth-century reputations," the bulky oblivion of a second VOLTAIRE. For the rest, his longer essays—such as those on Mr. MASEFIELD, Mr. BELLOC and "The Recent History of the English Novel"—are more adapted to his gifts than his shorter sketches. Their common fault is a lack of architectural foresight. They are apt to degenerate into a series of admirable glosses; and these hang a trifle heavily on such gossamer texts as "The Poetry of Mr. Walter de la Mare" and "The Poetry of Mr. John Freeman."

Mr. C. E. MONTAGUE finds that he has a feeling for "ardent cranks," "arrant lovers of living," who, not content to

drift through life, must always be twisting and shaping it to their hearts' desire. Wherefore he calls his nine sketches—of which five directly or indirectly touch the War, but in very differing moods—*Fiery Particles* (CHATTO AND WINDUS). I don't quite think he makes his case for the title, but that's a small matter, and no one can deny its intriguing quality. I liked best the delightful irony and mordant wit of "Honours Easy," the story of two well-bred shirkers whose shameless pursuit of decorations develops into a ding-dong match, which is eventually squared. It may be particularly commended to beribboned *embusqués*, if indeed there really are any such and the whole thing is not a figment of Mr. MONTAGUE's malicious brain! "The First Blood Sweep"—that is a sweepstake arranged by a unit going up to the first line, to be won by whoever draws the name of the first man to be killed—though it seemed a clearly incredible business, convinced me of its truth. A gay and gracious piece of work is the account of *Tom Farrell*, who kept a private still out in the bog and made perfectly heavenly whiskey—so heavenly that *Constables Boam* and *Duffy* counted it sin to betray it. And very diverting is *Colin March*—he was one of the two arch-wanglers of "Honours Easy"—with his Shakespeare Publicity Trust and HOHENZOLLERN cryptogram. There is much more than wit and humour and alert observation in these sketches. There is a love of beauty and a love of men. And, besides, Mr. MONTAGUE plays with words as a virtuoso on a chosen instrument, and will reward the perceptive reader with a rare enjoyment.

John Stretton, of *The Secret Sanctuary* (CASSELL), returned

from the War with a tendency to homicidal mania, and unless he could get away from his conventional home in the outer suburbs he saw no prospect of recovery. Fortunately a wise specialist recognised that his one chance was not to be fussed over and watched, and on his advice *Stretton* was sent into the country. The danger lurking in such a theme is that we may regard the patient rather as a "case" than as a man; but Mr. WARWICK DEEPING has steered clear of this peril and has given us a story that is always human. *Stretton's* efforts to overcome his trouble are told with real sympathy, and his work on the plot of land on which he was trying to dig himself back to health is excellently treated. The story as a whole shows good construction. Where Mr. DEEPING fails a little is in some of his minor characters. *Bartholomew* and *Reginald Stretton*, *John's* father and eldest brother, are lacking in spontaneity, and the author would have lost nothing if he had controlled them with a looser rein.

It is so little realised that the accomplished sporting artists of to-day are carrying on a distinctively national tradition of three hundred years that to most people it will

be a revelation that the paintings and prints selected to illustrate *British Sporting Artists*, from *Barlow* to *Herring* (LANE) mark an unbroken succession from fowling scenes of the Stuart period to the familiar Victorian hunting and racing pictures. These beautiful reproductions, twenty-seven of which are in colour, are assisted by the delightful text of Mr. WALTER SHAW SPARROW. "I should have wished to be that big man's Boswell," he writes of *GEORGE STUBBS*, the herculean eighteenth-century genius, portrayer of *Eclipse*, who could paint a calm landscape as well as animals in violent action, and is reputed to have carried a horse upstairs to his dissecting-room unaided. Mr. SHAW SPARROW's discriminating research in gathering his material—lamentably neglected, as he complains, by the public galleries—from great country houses and other more or less private collections is even more a matter for gratitude than praise. The sportsman and the virtuoso who avail themselves of this, the first opportunity there has ever been of comparing all these works, will share the enjoyment of an invaluable book.

Mr. GILBERT COLERIDGE is instructive without being didactic in *Pan's People* (FISHER UNWIN), and so his essays are pleasant to read. His sub-title is "The Lure of Little Beasts," and he makes a good case for nearly all of his clients; but he fails to correct my low estimate of cats. He argues that the cat may regard "the mouse as a kind of ambulatory mutton chop, or as the child looks upon the bob-cherry." This may be a good defence in the opinion of the cat's advocate; but the mouse—who has my sympathy—is likely to be left cold by it. The papers on "Friend Robin," "Rania" and "Animal Attractions and Repulsions" are especially engaging, but I reserve my warmest praise for "Wild Life in Kensington Gardens." It is perhaps rather curious to find this last in a volume

concerned with the attraction of "little beasts," for here Mr. COLERIDGE writes mischievously and amusingly of those hardy people who plunge into the *Serpentine* in all weathers and at a very early hour of the morning. Incidentally he reminds us that the Athenians did not consider early rising to be a virtue, a fact that I had forgotten but do not mean again to forget.

There is a sullen dignity about the character of Mr. J. MILLS WHITHAM's *Silas Brauntion* (ALLEN), the dignity of a thunderstorm, which, while it turns everything sour in its neighbourhood, has yet an oppressive grandeur of its own. It is the character of a small farmer, traced from an embittered youth, through a rapacious middle-age, to a disillusioned senility; and its treatment and accessories—apart from an excessive flaunting of physical phenomena and West-Country idiom—have quite enough psychological sincerity and artistic economy of resource to render it the pivot of a far more competent book than its author's last novel, *The Heretic*. The defects mentioned are least tolerable in the first half of the story, which relates how

Nathan Dart, a supple ne'er-do-weel from the ranks of casual labour, is egged on by his mistress, *Dorcas*, an exuberant, half-witted dairymaid, to lay siege to *Brauntion's* wife, *Minna*, with the kindly intention (on *Dorcas's* part) of arousing *Brauntion* to a becoming sense of *Minna's* unvalued charms. The innocent *Minna* and the shameless *Dart* are sent packing together; and *Brauntion* gives himself up to petty greeds and ambitions, until retrieved by a belated tenderness for *Minna's*



CINEMA OPERATOR OVERCOME BY THE PATHOS OF THE SCENE HE IS FILMING.

child. But the little girl's death throws him inevitably back on his own ravaged resources; save for the devotion of an old shepherd, whose piety is the one beautiful thing his master's colossal egotism has left unblasted.

Our Superior Nursemaids.

"Smart Young Lady wishes to take out refined person's baby; modern pram; 2 to 4 afternoons; Monday to Friday; wage no object."—*Provincial Paper*.

"POSITION WANTED.—A Young Chinese with four years experience in English, seeks position as junior clerk. Salary no objection." *Chinese Paper*.

He seems to have learned something from the English.

"London, Jan. 3.—The Admiralty has agreed to provide a warship to convey shores to Tristan da Cunha."—*South African Paper*.

The same cunning old Admiralty, we understand, that during the War despatched a shipload of sand to the Suez Canal for the purpose of ballasting boats there.

"In your issue of December 23rd, Mr. — recommends a spray for fruit trees. He says, 'Nothing equals gas liquor, 6 per cent. Twaddle, sprayed in February.' Would you kindly tell me what is Twaddle, and where it can be procured?"—*Gardening Paper*.

Fancy a newspaper-reader asking such a question!

CHARIVARIA.

THE only creature assured of constant employment nowadays seems to be the wolf at the door. * *

It has been related how an Eton boy stopped a war, but what is not likely to be lost sight of is that in 1918 the Germans stopped a war and started a peace. * *

Senator BORAH is coming to Europe with a proposal to outlaw war. A good plan would be to get the nations to decide not to have another war until the last one is paid for. * *

A new gas described as Currencum has been discovered by a Los Angeles chemist. As it is cheaper than any other sort there is no likelihood of its being taken up in this country. * *

In the opinion of *The Westminster Gazette* the discoveries made at Luxor indicate that in three thousand years man has shown very little change. And in these hard times he still has little to show. * *

"When are our pantomimes going to get new jokes?" asks a daily paper. Great Scott—give them a chance! The tomb of TUTANKH-AMEN has not yet been fully explored. * *

The Bombay Presidency Budget shows a surplus of £500,000 on the current year's working. It is felt that this desirable result has been achieved by some Government official who lacks a Whitehall training. * *

To-day's Agony:—"Mayfair lady would like to become the employer of a first-class cook, preferably one who would treat her as one of the family." * *

In the opinion of Mrs. W. L. GEORGE the custom of marriage is reviving. The newspapers certainly indicate a tendency on the part of some men to make a hobby of it. * *

The Irish Free State Government having placed a ban on *The Daily Mail*, there is some talk of Carmelite House calling its Irish Ambassador home. * *

Although the new rudder of an Atlantic liner weighs eighty-seven tons the mechanism is said to be so perfect that it could be worked by the touch of a small child on the steering-wheel. These steamship companies are always

devising something fresh for the amusement of their little passengers. * *

With reference to the alleged *rap-prochement* between the two branches of the Liberal Party, we understand that there is not a word of truth in the rumour that Mrs. ASQUITH has offered to write Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's autobiography. * *

In a personal paragraph on the subject of hats and hatters it is stated to be a fact that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's head increased in size during his term of office. The subsequent deflation, no doubt, has been proportionate. * *

It is announced that during their Putney training the Cambridge crew are again to be the guests of Mr. GORDON SELFRIDGE, who is an ardent sup-



THE GREAT TOPIC.
"AMENOPHIS THE THIRD BE BLOWED! W'Y, 'E B'LONGED TO THE EIGHTEENTH BLINKIN' DY-NASTY."

porter of the Light Blues. Their rivals must find what comfort they can in the fact that the name of Oxford Street remains unchanged. * *

"Is the English seaside resort dying out?" asks a weekly journal. We think not, as we have been given to understand that *The Daily Mail* will again turn its attention to Thanet as soon as it has set France on her feet once more. * *

With reference to our Charivarium last week to the effect that a shake of the head in Manchuria indicates "Yes," we now learn that in certain parts of Mexico six revolver bullets buried deeply in the human anatomy means "Settled, with Thanks." * *

One hundred thousand pounds worth of whisky has been stolen from a vessel off New Jersey. As America is a Prohibition country the authorities say they are completely baffled by the absence of a clue as to motive.

Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON has written a letter to the Press because a teashop waitress refused to serve him with a bun at five minutes past eight. A less experienced publicist would have let the matter drop. * *

"Glow-worms are disappearing from our country-side," declares a Natural History Journal. Can it be that they have been cornered by the Brighter London Society? * *

A Norfolk man has been fined for beating a boy with a codfish. He shouldn't have used a codfish. * *

The discovery of a genuine Landseer at Goole is reported. In the opinion of many connoisseurs, however, no Landseers are genuine, even though painted by himself. * *

An expedition of naturalists to Australia, we read, will probably use Ford cars. This gives the duck-billed platypus a sporting chance. * *

The Association of British Fisheries has in view a campaign to encourage the eating of fish. The co-operation of the Society of Potato Chippers is relied upon. * *

We are reminded by a contemporary that Mr. LOVAT FRASER has spoken in no uncertain voice about the Eastern problems. We have always agreed that he was not one to mince his italics. * *

"Should bigamy be severely punished?" asks a headline. Personally, we had always considered that it carried its own punishment. * *

Without endorsing the "Stop the Peace" movement, we can't help feeling that the Peace is approaching a stage when an Armistice may be desirable. * *

A man who has just died on a farm at Charleston, California, at the age of one hundred and seventeen years, attributes his long life to smoking. This is an awful warning for smokers. * *

"BULLET-PROOF POLICE."
Headline in *Provincial Paper*.

They must be, after eating some cooks' dumplings.

"For Sale, — Road, Seven-roomed Horse; cheap to quick buyer; possession on completion."—*Provincial Paper*.

This might suit the MINISTER OF HEALTH (see Cartoon, p. 205).

AIDS TO EQUANIMITY.

[“In the course of a long reply [to the chiefs of Swaziland] the Duke of Devonshire stated that he could not reopen the settlements arrived at after the South African war. . . . He made presents [of leather suit-cases] to the chiefs, and asked the Paramount Chief to accept presents for his mother and grandmother. . . . The members of the deputation expressed themselves as very well pleased with their visit to the Colonial Office.”

“The Times,” Feb. 1st, 1923.]

Mr. Punch is glad to be able to state on the best of authority that the admirable example of the Colonial Office has not been thrown away. Consultation with his special Prognosticator has furnished him with the following authentic details of the action shortly to be taken by other Government Departments in dealing with similar applications.

THE PRIME MINISTER received, on February 29th, a deputation of the Carmelite Anti-Pusillanimity Patriotic League, headed by Mr. Hotham Airy of Peckham Rye, asking that some suitable acknowledgment should be made by the Government to Lord Blethermere and Mr. Blazey Glenlovat for their untiring and magnificent efforts in maintaining the *entente* with France.

MR. BONAR LAW, in the course of a long and sympathetic reply, cordially acknowledged his own indebtedness to the attentions of these two remarkable and, he might even say, egregious publicists. But he doubted whether the form of acknowledgment proposed, viz., the substitution of gilt statues of Lord Blethermere and Mr. Glenlovat for that of the PRINCE CONSORT at the Albert Memorial, came within the range of practical politics or would be approved of by Mr. LYTON STRACHEY and the members of the Royal Family. He concluded by expressing the hope that Mr. Hotham Airy's wife and children were in the enjoyment of good and caloriferous health. As the deputation left Downing Street each member of the party carried with him (or her) a packet of thermogene cotton, inscribed with the name of the owner, presented by the Government as a memento of the visit. To judge by the expression of their faces, they were more than pleased by the warmth of their reception.

On the 5th of March—the anniversary of the opening of the Thames Tunnel—the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION received two Deputations. The first, introduced by Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, urged on him the paramount need of supplying all children in elementary schools with free cameras for the practice of fairy photography. Sir ARTHUR, in an eloquent address, insisted on the crying need of keeping the younger generation in the closest

touch with elves, gnomes, pixies, nixies, leprechauns, shaughrauns, bosthoons, omadhauns, etc., as a preparation for subsequent inquiries into ectoplasmic bio-chemistry.

Mr. Wood, in his reply, expressed admiration for Sir ARTHUR's enthusiasm, his services as a writer of fiction and his prowess in the cricket-field. Unhappily, while welcoming all suggestions which made for national efficiency, he was unable to pledge himself to any measures irreconcilable with the demands for economy; the cost of the cameras alone would run into millions, and with infinite regret he was obliged to negative the suggestion. He then presented each member of the deputation with a handsomely framed engraving of HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, and entertained them to a sumptuous tea, at which fairy-cakes formed the staple article of solid refreshment.

Subsequently the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION received a deputation from the Golders Green branch of the Montessorian Society, asking him to expunge from all text-books used in elementary schools any references to fairies or fairy-tales, on the ground of their pernicious influence in perpetuating superstition and thwarting the advance of an enlightened rationalism. Mr. Wood professed himself in general agreement with the underlying principles which animated the request. Even KEATS had admitted that the seas of fairyland were perilous. But reason needed to be illuminated by vision. And when they got down to the bed-rock of finance, he was afraid that the proposed revision of text-books would involve an expenditure which he could never hope to induce the Treasury to sanction. He begged Mrs. Pruffle, who introduced the deputation, to convey his salutations to the DOTTORESSA, whom he described as the MUSSOLINI of Italian education. Small plasticine statuettes of FROEBEL and PESTALOZZI were then presented to all the members of the party, who professed themselves entirely satisfied with the results of their visit.

On the 1st of April a deputation of business men waited on the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE with the view of obtaining a State subsidy to enable the oil-boring operations to be carried on in Norfolk. Sir P. LLOYD-GREAME, in his answer, expressed a cordial approval of the enterprise of those who, to adapt COWPER, were anxious that our “wasted oil” should not “unprofitably burn.” He deprecated the animus of BYRON displayed in the couplet—

“Society is now one polished horde
Formed of two mighty tribes, the Bores
and Bored.”

Nowadays we know better and realise

that boring could be beneficent. Norfolk was a great county, rich in churches, partridges, corn, and now in oil. He hoped they would persevere. Oil was a priceless lubricant and the greatest antidote to dyspepsia. It was one of the few things that you could strike with impunity. But for the moment, and in view of obligatory commitments, the Government's attitude, while benevolent and encouraging, could not advance beyond those limits into the domain of active financial support. As the head of the deputation had compared himself to *Oliver* asking for more, the best he could do was to present each member of it with a copy of the famous treatise by ROWLAND on the virtues of the oil with which his name is immortally connected.

The deputation as they left were loud in their praises of the sympathy with which they had been received, and the exquisitely appropriate nature of the gift bestowed on them by the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE.

ON THE DEATH OF A MEERCAT.

O TOLL the bell for Rikki, he is dead!

His little paws are folded on his breast;

His soul is fled

To some fair isle of meercats in the West

Where he may rest.

Bid the hound puppies wear a mournful mien,

The housedogs lift their voices in a keen.

Let Brother Raven ring the passing bell

To number Rikki's years.

Let Charles, the stablecat, bind asphodel

About his pink-lined ears.

Let no presumptuous mouse with ribald squeak

Profane his grave.

But let the sunbeams make his bed less bleak

With warmth he used to crave.

And you who pass let fall the kindly tear,
For Rikki may be near.

Mayhap his spirit at the fall of night

Peers with sharp eyes around the open door

And creeps into the hearthstone's friendly light,

A darker shadow on the shadowed floor;

Standing erect he warms his furry chest,

Squeaking his glee. Speak softly lest

His little ghost take sudden fright—

A rush, a scurry . . . and his gentle sprite

Come back no more.

Another Tactless Reporter.

“A livery dinner was given by the Worshipful Company of — on Wednesday.”

Daily Paper.



NOT TO BE DRAWN.

["Although the badger does not seek to attack, yet, when driven to bay, its great muscular power and tough hide render it a formidable antagonist."—*Encyclopædia Britannica*.]



Dad. "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE FLOOR?"

Partner. "RATHER NICE. TRY IT WHEN YOU ARE TIRED OF MY FEET."

THE CHURCH MOUSE.

"WHAT do they mean when they talk about people being as poor as a church mouse?" demanded Margaret without any warning.

Margaret is seven years old and she does that sort of thing. There is invariably only one answer to be given, and, though it saves trouble in the long run, it brings me much contempt, not always of the silent variety.

"I don't know," I replied truthfully.

Margaret was scornful. "Well, I should have thought you ought to, as you are one."

"Am I? Who told you so?"

"Oh, nobody told me. I just heard them saying so when you got engaged to Aunt Betty. What is a church mouse?"

"It's a very long and uninteresting story; you wouldn't like it a bit."

"Yes, I should. Do tell me."

"Well, once upon a long time ago—"

"That's wrong. You mean, 'Once upon a time, long ago.'"

"Do I? I'm sorry. Well, once upon a time, long ago, there was a mouse."

"What was his name?"

"James."

"What a funny name for a mouse!"

"Well, this mouse simply disregarded the conventions in a very callous way. He lived all alone in a most eligible semi-detached hole with his mother."

"What was her name?"

"Arabella."

"Struth!"

"Margaret, if you're going to use bad language I shan't tell you any more."

"Daddy says it. What did James do?"

"James? Oh, one day—did I tell you that he was a country mouse?—one day he happened to read an article in the current number of *The Rodent's Review* which pointed out in a very vivid way what an easy time of it the town mouse had compared with the country mouse; not nearly so much trouble in getting his food."

"Why not?"

"Because the shops were nearer."

"Oh!"

"Now James, I am sorry to say, had a very lazy nature. He used to stay at home and read while Arabella did all the foraging."

"How horrid of him!"

"But Arabella was a very greedy person, so"

"A mouse isn't a person."

"Arabella was; she was a very exceptional mouse indeed. So she didn't bring much food back for James. Naturally this made him very fed up."

"How could it if he didn't get enough?"

"Look here, Margaret, are you telling this story, or am I?"

"You are."

"Well, I don't need any help with it. At least, not yet. So James decided to run away to a town. He packed his bag."

"Mice don't have bags."

"Gentlemen mice do—kissed his mother and set out."

"Where to?"

"To achieve his daily crumbs with the smallest amount of trouble. He walked and walked."

"Gracious! All the way?"

"—until at last he came to a church, and being very tired he went inside for a rest."

"Fancy a mouse going to church!"

"He had been very well brought up. And what do you think he found inside the church?"

"A norgan?"

"No. Lots and lots of crumbs."

"Where did they come from?"

"You've seen Bob pull things out of his pocket, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"And you've seen that, whenever he pulls anything out, something else comes with it; usually a bit of toffee, or crumbs, or something like that?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's what had happened. Whenever the people put their hands in their pockets to pull out their pennies for the collection, they pulled out crumbs and bits of toffee and all sorts of nice things with them. No wonder James stayed there all the rest of his life."

"Did he?"

"Yes; and people got to know him so well that they always called him 'that church mouse.'"

"And because he hadn't got any money he was as poor as himself."

"That's the idea exactly."

"Now tell me all about what happened to Arabella after James had gone to church."

After all, what is the use?

TREASURE ISLAND.

["It is the fashion now with the Clever Solemn Ones to despise Stevenson as a writer of romantic tushery."—*The Cathedral.*]

From the long past a picture springs:

A Moray beach of cliff and sand,
Sea caves and eerie echoings,
And wandering there in wonderland
A small boy crazed about the sea—
And that small boy was me.

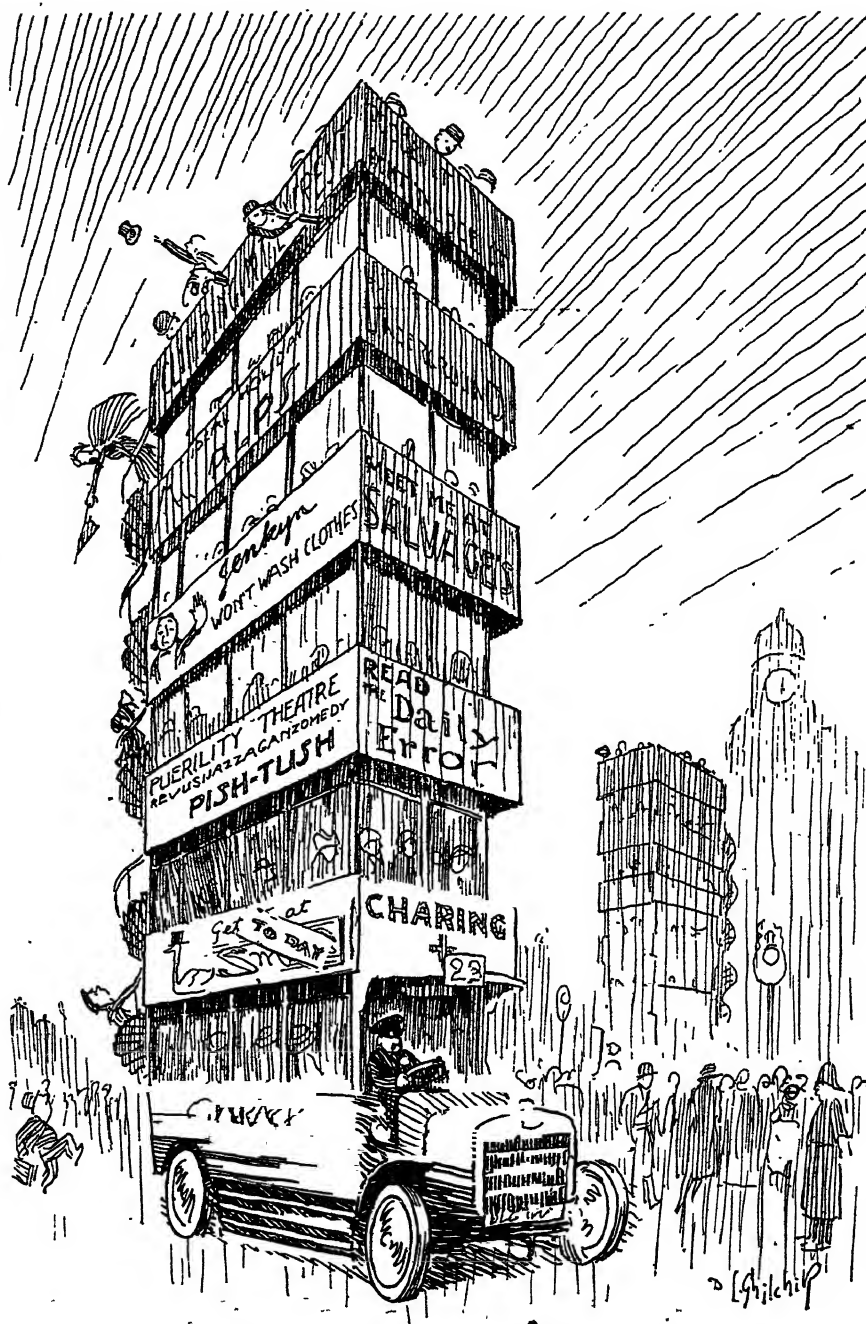
Guide-books and maps by duller names
Label my old adventure stage,
But in those lone enchanted games
I only knew The Anchorage,
Cape of the Woods, Haulbowline Head—
All as the dear book said.

Doubtless quite ordinary folk
Traverse these hallowed sands to-day,
But I met pirates there and spoke
With *Hands* and *Morgan*, *Dick* and *Gray*,
Black Dog and *Billy Bones* and *Pew*,
John Silver Barbecue,

Doctor and *Captain*, *Mate* and *Squire*,
Ben Gunn and that thrice-lucky
Jim.

Ah me! let brain and body tire,
Let hearing fail, let eyes grow dim—
Give me that beach beneath the hill
And I would meet them still!

As many a day in alien lands,
When friends are lost and foes en-
gaged,
I take the old book in my hands
And summon from its tattered page
That Moray beach, those halcyon days,
That rapturous amaze.



SKY-SCRAPERS ARE SUGGESTED AS THE SOLUTION OF LONDON'S BUILDING-SITE PROBLEM; YET NO ONE HAS THOUGHT OF THE SKY-SCRAPER BUS AS THE SOLUTION OF THE TRAFFIC PROBLEM.

Ah, STEVENSON, let highbrows carp
At treasure isle and buccaneer;
Too many memories clear and sharp
(As mine) rise up to call you dear;
Too many ghosts still walk, God wot,
For you to be forgot! H. B.

"Asked how he supported himself, a debtor at Marylebone replied, 'My motor-in-law finances my wife—and my wife supports me.'"
—*Evening Paper.*

"Motor-in-law" is, we presume, another name for a licensed taxi-cab.

Lawn Tennis in the Tropics.

"This match resulted in a win for Trinidad in straight sets by 6-4, 6-2. The score in no way indicated the excellence of the game, which was rather long, the games often ending into juice."—*West Indian Paper.*

And possibly the players too.

"The number of unvaccinated children born in Lambeth during the last three years averages 800 a year."—*Daily Paper.*

Having regard to the population of Lambeth we should have thought it would have been more.

BABBLE OF BABYLON.

(By our Fleet Street Flâneur.)

It appears that Lord LEVERHULME is so deeply concerned at the protest, fruitless though it was, of the Scottish antiquaries against his infringement of the ancient style of Lord of the Isles that he is resolved to spare no effort to conciliate Highland susceptibilities by reviving as far as possible the traditional associations of the position.

Already I hear he has initiated the formalities necessary in changing his surname to MacLever; and it is also interesting to learn that a Glasgow firm of textile experts has been commissioned to design him a set of tartans for hunting, dress, and office wear respectively. His portrait in the full regalia of a Chief will then be jointly executed by two eminent artists, one confining his attention to the bonneted head. A framed and autographed facsimile [? MacSimilie] of this work will be presented to every crofter in the Hebrides, together with a cake of soap.

It is understood too that his Lordship's activities in this direction will by no means be confined to the North of the Tweed, but that the operatives of Port Sunlight will be encouraged in the study of the bagpipes, the Gaelic language and the works of OSSIAN and FIONA MACLEOD. Proficient performers on the pipes will be rewarded by being selected for duty at his Lordship's Hampstead mansion.

Altogether the upshot of the incident seems to be that Scotia's glories are more in a way to be enhanced than dimmed.

* * *

With sending-in day now on the horizon it is satisfactory to know that many of the important paintings intended for the Royal Academy have reached a stage which allows of their comprehension by the lay eye.

I have not yet had an opportunity of viewing any of these works myself, but I am credibly informed that we are about to witness a pronounced swing of the artistic pendulum back to the sanity that was so characteristic of Burlington House in late Victorian days. In fact, it seems that there is to be something like a resuscitation of the favourite features which could in that epoch be counted upon annually.

The return of the always popular historical subject will, I hear, synchronise with the arrival of a newcomer to these Galleries in the person of Lewisham Wynd, the erstwhile moving spirit of Vorticism, who is breaking—for him—a new ground with his highly-finished *Cromwell Returning Thanks After Battle*. The great days of the Cornish School will be recalled by N. E. Vinson in *The Fisherman's Fireside*; while Oger Stew—another welcome recruit—may possibly provide the sensation of the year in *Are They Married?*—a pictorial problem otherwise than technical.

It is a healthy sign of these reactionary times that the most advanced of our geniuses have realised at last that the public will have what it wants, and that they are only defeating their own interests by withholding it.

* * *

In nothing is the effect of the re-assembling of Parliament more marked than in the quickened vitality of the Clubs. I do not, of course, refer to the exclusively Party institutions, but rather to such comprehensive *rendezvous* as Nero's, which on several occasions lately has been thronged with more or less active politicians of every shade of opinion.

There, fortunately, they are under the keen eye of Giovanni, most vigilant of *matres-d'hôtel*, who by some miraculous means is constantly apprised of the progress of events at Westminster, and sees to it that Parliamentary duties are not neglected for the pleasures of the table or the bewitchments of the dance.

Only the other night, for instance, on receiving what can

only have been telepathic intimation that a surprise division was imminent, he literally dragged from their supper-tables and bundled into a taxi Lieutenant-Colonel Cleave-Brisket, the Conservative Member for Chickenham, Valerian Bromyde, the rising Wee Free, Pugh Pugh-Pugh, the promising Lloyd-Georgite, and Andrew Glegg, the Labour Representative of Dumgargle. Thus they were enabled to reach the Lobbies just in time to save their own faces, if not their respective Parties, from disaster.

The significance of Giovanni as a factor in current affairs is appreciated by nobody more than the Party Whips, by each and all of whom he is regarded as an invaluable ally.

CASEY AN' ME.

FIRST I knowed Casey him an' me was young,
An' many a yard we h'isted an' many a stave we sung
In Macfarlane's clipper, *Merlin*, skysail-yarder, her as come
Round in ninety days from 'Frisco, first of all the grain
fleet 'ome.

(An' I wish she was a-sailin' for 'Frisco once again,
With a sandy Glasgow skipper an' a kickin' mate from
Maine;

With a Finn an' a Frenchy, an' a woolly Portugee,
A Scotchman, a Dutchman, an' Casey an' me!)

She was 'ard an' she was 'ungry, she was wet an' she was
wild,
An' the bread was mostly weevils an' the duff was mostly
sp'iled,

An' the mate 'e was a terror, an' the bo'sun 'e was worse,
An' the crowd o' greasers forrard they 'd 'a' made an angel
curse.

First I knowed Casey—Lord! it's long since then;
The old *Merlin* went a-missin'—nineteen-nine, or was it ten?
An' I last crossed 'awse with Casey once ashore in Callao,
But I couldn't say when that was—years an' donkeys' ears
ago.

(But I wish we was a-haulin' outer Salthouse Dock this day,
With the Mersey gulls a-pipin' an' the mornin' breakin' grey,
Sweatin' up the topsail yards, roarin' out in chorus,
All the bloomin' world to see, all our years afore us. . . .

In the skysail clipper, *Merlin*, bound for 'Frisco once again,
With a ginger Glasgow skipper an' a kickin' mate from
Maine;

With a Finn an' a Frenchy, an' a woolly Portugee;
A Scotchman, a Dutchman, an' Casey an' me!)

C. F. S.

A Tactless Beggar.

Extract from letter received by a wine-merchant from the
organiser of a local hospital fund:—

"It is for the benefit of those who consume your Wines and Spirits
that I venture to ask you for a donation."

"Wanted, experienced Nannie, thoroughly understanding steriliz-
ing of battles, &c."—*Advt. in Daily Paper*.

They could do with one like this on the League of Nations.

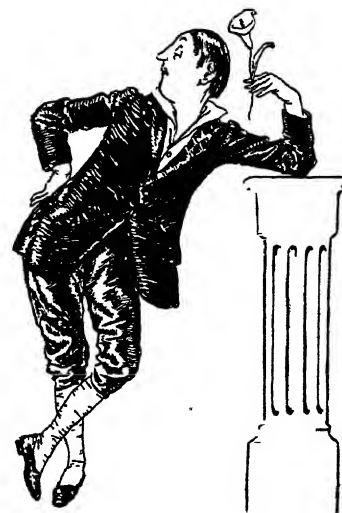
"Lost, strayed or stolen, Irish Terror. Reward paid on return
to —."—*Advt. in Mexican Paper*.

What we cannot understand is why anybody should want
it back.

"It has been found necessary to alter the date of the £300 Putting
Competition at Halton Weath from April 25th to the following day,
Thursday, April 26th."—*Sporting Paper*.

We trust the postponement and change of venue will not
adversely affect the cutting of the pompetitors.

TIME'S REVENGES.



PHILISTINES!



PHILISTINE!!

AT THE PLAY.

"THE DANCERS" (WYNDHAM'S).

The Dancers is an interesting if, in parts, somewhat unlikely story, and is woven into a "well-made" play of the romantic sort. Few dramatic authors can have started with such advantages as "HUBERT PARSONS," if heredity and experience are to count for anything. I suppose Miss VIOLA TREE invented the story, unlikely bits and all, and Sir GERALD DU MAURIER came along with an invaluable, experienced but tactfully hesitant blue-pencil; and also suggested some characteristic touches, such as the delightful bout of rapid wooing and gay badinage at the luncheon-table in the Third Act. It must indeed have been gratifying to Sir GERALD the manager to shake Mr. "HUBERT" warmly by the hand with a "Yes. This seems to me a jolly good WYNDHAM'S play. I shall make an excellent *Tony*. I'll take it."

Some of us wish that Sir GERALD would sometimes do something better than a good WYNDHAM'S play. But perhaps that's a little too ingenuous of us.

Tony had been at Eton, and later, of course, at the War. He had bought a bar in Western Canada with his gratuity. He provides music and dancing as well as drinks, but will stand no nonsense. Knife-drawing greasers are quelled by his inexorable eye, and youth contemplating irregular love is admonished in a friendly way. *Tony* keeps his heart unspotted from the world, having as a mere girl, *Una Lowry*. He is trying to make enough money to go back home and marry her.

Maxine, one of his hired dancers, is obviously in love with him, and he is more than half inclined to be in love with her, save that he is a steadfast romantic on principle. Accordingly he explains the situation to her. He calls her "*Swan-face*," which—I recall in friendly warning—for a long time I heard as "*Swab-face*" and took to be a piece of light-hearted Western back-chat.

This was a good scene, well set. *Tony*, charmingly over-dressed for mere bartending in a bewitching pair of (cat-skin?) riding-breeches, had evidently made good with these frank Westerners. It struck me, by the way, that, if the males present were not being boiled in their skins, the lightly-clad dancing

women must have been all but frozen—but, of course, we have similar phenomena here at home. The bar closes. "*Swan-face*" reluctantly disappears. A telegram informs *Tony* that a railway accident has made him *Earl of Chieveley*.

He wirelesses to *Una* from the boat to be prepared to marry him on his arrival. This young lady, who had forgotten all about any promise and only vaguely remembered *Tony* himself, would probably have asked for more time (she wasn't the title-hunting sort) if, demoralised by night clubs and an unspecified dope, she had not danced

Puritan eye of his precluded the more reasonable alternative of a confession. This is something like rapidity of action.

As *Lord Chieveley* bitterly told *Swan-face* in the last Act (a few years afterwards) it seemed a funny way of showing her love. And *Swan-face*, who had become meanwhile a famous dancer, the idol of Paris, said women were like that. Also she said that, though *The Duke of Winfield* has just offered her his name and fortune, and other people (including among others, *Chieveley's* secretary, *Evan*, the lover of *Una*—rather an unnecessary complication, this) were constantly offering her something

more ambiguous, she had never gone back upon her love for *Tony of Tony's Bar*; and would he take her now for old time's sake? He would. Thus the professional dancer wins and we get our happy ending.

The piece was delightfully acted. Sir GERALD DU MAURIER has plenty of scope—a debonair hero with yet a touch of grimness in the first Act (in the second a rest—he was coming over on the boat); a perfectly charming lover in the third; a somewhat tragic figure, matured in sorrow and serious good works, in the last. The difficult part of *Una*—difficult because there simply was not time to resolve the seeming inconsistencies of a complex character—was played by Miss AUDREY CARTEN, almost a newcomer, with great sincerity and resource, and with an effect of experience which either portends exceptional talent or ready teachability (no doubt both). How good was that mournful little cry as she slid helplessly to the floor after taking the poison—a thing so



THE WILD AND WOOLLY BAR-LEAPER.

Tony GERALD DU MAURIER.

herself into a most embarrassing situation. Her middle-aged friend, *Mrs. Mayne*, urges her to save her good name by accepting. I liked the complete absence in this worthy lady not merely of scruple but of any sort of sense that she was doing or suggesting anything immoral. Perhaps here was a sly cut at the Victorian pattern.

And so the *Earl of Chieveley* is to meet his future wife at lunch at the Savoy an hour or so before his wedding. He finds her all that his dreams have told him. And before the *caviare* is cleared away she also finds not only that she loves him completely (indeed he is a most delightful lover), but that she must kill herself rather than deceive him by marrying him with her guilty secret—I suppose something dour in that

desperately easy to overdo.

Miss TALLULAH BANKHEAD in a less spectacular part was extraordinarily effective, avoiding false and strained notes with a ready skill. Mr. NORMAN FORBES was attractive as a kindly garrulous old lawyer. Mr. SCOTT-GATTY'S *Duke of Winfield* seemed to me very capably and tactfully handled. Miss LILLIAN BRAITHWAITE had rather a difficult "peg" part, full of sweetness, perplexity and the most astonishing ethics. Mr. JACK HOBBS, as the lover of *Una*, played a difficult passage well; and Mr. BASIL FOSTER was assured and skilful as his brother. The production slid along with that smoothness of which Sir GERALD DU MAURIER has the secret and was played steadily in key—a pleasing thing and rare. T.



SPORTS ITEM.

OWING TO FAMILY AFFAIRS BILLY SCROGGINS WILL NOT BE TURNING OUT FOR THE CRESCENT TO-DAY.

FROM A MODERN NOVEL.

SHE had put on her new costume—the one with the longer coat—and a *charmeuse* blouse, for she thought it better to make a good impression. But would he notice her clothes? It was such an important interview, and probably her whole outlook on things would be changed. Her left shoe pinched a little, she noticed, as she went rather heavily up the steps.

"Yes, if Madam would wait."

The room was cold and inhospitable looking. Would he come to her? she wondered.

Her thoughts flew to the outcome of the whole affair. This was the last time he would see her. Soon everyone must know. It was impossible to hide it any longer. She could picture George—dear solemn George—when he knew. How would he take it? And the babies—she thought of them longingly—would it make any difference? They were so young; and they would grow up with the knowledge that their mother was

But people's ideas on the matter were changing; they were no longer so caustic as they had been, say, fifty years ago.

She shifted uneasily in her seat. Would he never come? Her thoughts ran on. She would get accustomed to it in time, no doubt. She wouldn't mind the remarks of her friends, the sideways glances of people who hardly knew her.

The clock struck. Surely, surely now he would come. A foot on the stairs! Someone at the door!

"If you would come this way, Madam."

With a sigh she got up and followed. She had expected him to come to her; but that was always the way—the woman had to go to the man.

She entered, and the light smote her like a blow. She thought, "He will see all my wrinkles, and the little criss-cross lines beside my eyes. What a fool I was to come! But no—this can't go on any longer!"

He stepped forward and looked at her commandingly; and she sank with a tiny gasp and a nervous clutching of its arms into the chair he indicated. The moment was at hand. It was now!

He seized her head in his hands and turned it towards the light, that beat on it hard, pitiless. He too knew it was the last time. The matter was vital, intimate. He gazed at her, looking

deeply into her eyes. "Look at me," he commanded. She looked. She saw reflected in his eyes the tiny image of herself. Was it imagination, or did a blur appear? Were the eyes the mirror of the soul? What sort of soul dwelt within his body and looked out of the greeny eyes now fixed on hers? Would she ever know? She noticed two or three hairs of his eyebrows stood out in a little tuft, comical, attractive. She would have liked to stroke them into position. But she never moved.

Still he gazed. His hands were long and slender, and she could feel the nervous touch of the finger-pads. He held her thus for a minute—or it may have been two—gazing deeply into her eyes all the while. Then his grasp relaxed and he walked slowly, almost pensively, towards the window. He shook his head. His hand went up in a deprecating fashion. His words came slowly—every one a word of doom.

She gazed at him. She would know now—now! And the words came in the silence, breaking across the ticking of the little clock on the mantelpiece:—

"Yes, I have thought so all along. You will require to wear spectacles."



Determined Lady. "Now, HENRY, WHEN IT COMES IN DON'T HESITATE. MAKE A DASH AND GET TWO CORNER-SEATS."

IN THE BOX-ROOM.

WHEN midnight strikes there is no room in a country house more animated than the box-room, for not only have the trunks and bags of the week-end guests been placed there, all with recent experiences to recount, but the old stagers belonging to the house are there also, only too eager for news of the great world. Such a chatter goes on as you wouldn't believe!

How I obtained my report of the conversation at Saxton Hall on Saturday night I am not proposing to divulge—wild chauffeurs should not drag it from me—but it exists, and I hope that a summary may be interesting.

It began with a venerable hair trunk, very bald in patches and studded with brass-headed nails, asking if the coach-journey had been easy.

"Coach!" exclaimed a hold-all. "What coach?"

"Didn't you come by coach?" the old trunk asked. "Then I suppose it was a po'chay?"

"Speaking for myself," said the hold-all, "I came by motor. But most of these others came by train. Coaches and po-chays are obsolete."

"Well, well," quavered the old trunk. "That's strange. I went everywhere in the boot."

"Talking of boots," said an elaborate boot box, "I wonder how many of you have travelled in the tail of an aeroplane"—(I regret to say that it pronounced it "areoplane")—"as I did

the other day! From Paris. Very uncomfortable and perilous, I thought it. We were quite ill, some of us. I had no idea that the air was so rough."

"I don't know what you're talking about," said the hair trunk querulously. "I remember the 'Sky Rocket' coach; but we never called it an airy anything, although it was airy enough on the roof, Heaven knows."

"Speaking of Paris," said a Gladstone bag, with a strong voice, "I am probably the only bag here that has been sliced open by a *rat d'hôtel*. A very horrid experience, I can assure you. It occurred in Paris, and the thief got away with four figures—a thousand of the best. I had a most exciting time: I was powdered for finger-prints; eminent French detectives examined me; but what I chiefly-remember was the manager of the hotel affirming without ceasing, to everyone in turn, that, as my man had not deposited his valuables in the hotel safe, the hotel was not responsible, not responsible, not responsible."

"Did they catch the thief?" someone asked.

"Not to my knowledge," said the Gladstone. "It was very sad, because we were on our way to dear old Monte; but we never got there. My poor owner had to return to London, where I was stitched up. It was nothing to do with me, of course, but he never forgave me; and I belong now to his nephew, Major Premiss."

"Ah, Monte!" said a large Innovation; "I've just come from there. If

you were to look at my side you'd see the label of the best hotel. In fact," she simpered, "I'm covered with best hotel labels. We've been everywhere, my lady and I, and always to the best hotels."

"That," said a cynical kit-bag, "does not necessarily mean anything. In your case, of course, it is all right," he added gallantly; "but I've known of lots of cases where people who never travel get the labels from abroad and stick them on, themselves. It creates a wonderful impression, I'm told, at seaside boarding-houses."

"Is that possible?" asked a brand-new suit-case. "I had no idea such things could be. How dreadfully dishonest!"

"Ah! you're so young," said the kit-bag, "you wouldn't know. You will find as you go on that this is a world largely made up of flashy show and pretence, where bags are too often taken at their own valuation."

"I may be young," said the suit-case, "but the cow I was made from was old, very old. I heard the workman say so."

"That may be," said the kit-bag; "but what do cows know, anyway? Nothing but meadow talk and cattle-stall chatter. Cows see nothing of the great world. No, my lad," the kit-bag continued, "experience in our life can come only by age."

"And travel," put in a very old but still active trunk covered with stains and patches and strongly bound at the corners—"travel is the thing. Age can



Young Lady (assisting friend to choose a hat—to milliner). "I THINK THAT'S DECIDEDLY THE BEST. BUT DON'T YOU THINK IT WANTS SOME SORT OF ORNAMENT IN FRONT—I MEAN JUST TO DISTRACT ATTENTION A LITTLE FROM THE FACE?"

THE RETURN.

THE winds on earth pipe bugle free,
They've wakened sweet Persephone;
She's stretched her ivory arms, has she,
Her sea-blue eyes she's blinked;
And "Oh!" she's said, and "Oh!"
she's said,

"'Tis time that I was out o' bed,
The rooks are building overhead,
I dreamt 'em most distinct."

She doesn't wake her serving-maids,
Neat-fingered Phœbes of the Shades;
She's brushed her hair in shining
braids

Bright gleaming as king-cup;
She's laid her chiton out to don,
And warmed her bath with Phleg-
ethon;
She's found her sandals, slipped them
on,
And hooked her own self up.

And now a-down the palace stair,
O'er coal-black marble huge and bare,
Behold her run, so rosy rare,

And white as mayflowers fall;
Low laughing in a roguish dread,
Down echoing corridors she's fled,
And "Hey for holidays ahead!"
Says she, and o'er the hall.

And now she stands on tip-toe's tip
The big door's upper bolt to slip;
And now, a finger-laid to lip,
The lower back she's shot;
She's turned the great key, clanking
clean,
And out she steps, our little Queen,
Who wonders just how bold she's
been,

And rather hopes a lot.

Now in the nether morning mute
She stands half shy, half imp acute,
To take the grim guards' clashed salute
With most becoming mien;
Then, prettier than I can tell,
She trips across the asphodel;
While early ghosts she meets say,

"Well,

Of all things, there's the Queen!"

And here she's come to Styx's flow
Where an old puntsman (whom you'll
know)

Says, "Goin' over, Miss? Why so,
Just do'ee step right in!"

And adds, good-willed as boatmen are,
"So Missy found the door a-jar
Once more? My service to your Mar:
You'm lookin' peart's a pin."

Then o'er that rayless flood they glide,
And out she hops the homeward side,

And, "Thank you, Charon dear!" she's
cried.

"You'm welcome, Miss!" bawls he,
As off, like swallow, see her fly,
And, as those little feet flit by
The crocus flames, a thrush on high
Shouts, "Here's Persephone!"

* * * * *

Child goddess of the daisy-chain,
If thus I've brought you home again
By Fancy led in Folly's train,
With liberty undue,
Forgive these vanities of song,
Poor dreams that to the bard belong;
For, dream he right or dream he wrong,
Who cares if come you do?

"FOURTEEN MILES OF LONDON.

One of the most compact and delightful little
properties in the market."

Advt. in Weekly Paper.

We are looking for something even
smaller.

"Although it was known that the wedding
ceremony was to take place soon, to-day's event
was in the nature of a surprise, only the mem-
bers of the respective families and a few inti-
mate parents being present."

Manchester Paper.

Mere "in-laws," we gather, were not
invited.



“BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE . . .”

SIR A. GRIFFITH-BOSCAWEN. “THE HOUSE! THE HOUSE! MY KINGDOM FOR THE HOUSE!”

HOMELESS CHORUS. “*THE* HOUSE INDEED! ANY OLD HOUSE WOULD DO FOR US—OR EVEN A MAISONNETTE.”

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 19th.—But for a pardonable jeer when Colonel LESLIE WILSON moved a new Writ for Liverpool (Edge Hill), whence Sir WATSON RUTHERFORD is retiring in the hope of furnishing a local habitation for the SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY, the Labour Members showed commendable restraint. Last week's experience has taught them that even a House of Commons possessing a majority of Tories allows "no force but argument."

Caution and candour, the leading characteristics of the PRIME MINISTER, were both brought out in his replies to a series of questions relating to Mr. CHURCHILL's alleged use of confidential information in his current articles. He steadily refused either to condone or to condemn the conduct of a former colleague; but when Sir FREDERICK BANBURY bluntly inquired if the revelation of Cabinet deliberations was not a breach of the Privy Councillor's oath, he said, "Personally I think I should consider it a breach."

The great debate on the Ruhr occupation, which was to mark the resumption of friendly relations between the long-severed remnants of the Liberal Party, was nearly wrecked at the outset by Mr. LEES-SMITH, who argued that the Amendment was out of order, as being practically identical with that put forward by the Labour Party last week. The SPEAKER said the point had already occurred to him, but he was of opinion that the Liberal Amendment contained just enough novelty to permit its consideration.

The ruling was followed by a little back-chat between the Labour and Liberal benches. Colonel WEDGWOOD, who is evidently less hopeful than some of his colleagues about the advent of a Labour Government, wanted to know if "for the whole of the next four years" the Liberals were to be allowed to duplicate the Amendments of the Official Opposition; and Mr. HOGGE, having regard to the political antecedents of Mr. LEES-SMITH and Colonel WEDGWOOD, inquired whether such objections were only raised "by Liberals who have turned Labour."

Mr. H. A. L. FISHER then moved "the Amendment of the Liberal Party," calling for the submission of the Reparations problem to the League of Nations, reinforced, if possible, by America. As became a scientific historian, his

speech was studiously unprovocative, and the hardest thing he permitted himself to say of French action in the Ruhr was that it would be lamentable if the Entente should be wrecked "on the little rock of a debt-collecting expedition."

The motion was seconded by Mr. PRINGLE, who, with noble self-sacrifice, declared that this was "no time for recrimination"—an art in which he specialised when he was last in the House—and allowed himself only one epigram, to the effect that, if everybody who had blundered over Reparations appeared in a white sheet, there would be a boom in the textile trade.

It was a pity, perhaps, that the late Prime Minister did not imitate the restraint of his colleagues. Possibly he

would have probably entailed a further encounter in the Bois next morning.

Here it merely gave the PRIME MINISTER an opportunity of repeating his "benevolent neutrality" speech of a week ago. Although the bulk of the Labour Party went into the Liberal Lobby the Government had a comfortable majority of 109.

Tuesday, February 20th.—The House of Commons learned from Colonel GUINNESS that there was no truth in the story that the War Office had issued orders requiring officers and men to have their wives vaccinated. It is supposed that it originated in a misunderstanding of the statement that the programme of the next Military Tournament would include a "Display of All Arms."

Mr. GEORGE LAMBERT moved an Amendment to the Address, urging "an immediate and drastic curtailment of British responsibilities in Mesopotamia." You will observe that he carefully avoided the official name for that unhappy land. He finds that the word "Iraq" conduces to *iracundia*, and being anxious to preserve the calm demeanour and dignified diction that he has inherited from his friend and idol, the late Lord FISHER, he always avoids it if possible. The nature of his indictment, largely based on newspaper-reports, may be gathered from his last sentence, "Mesopotamia stinks in the nostrils of the British public."

A capital maiden speech in support of the motion was made by Mr. R. M. BANKS, who had had the advantage—which he probably did not appreciate at



THE BACKSLIDER.

LORD ROBERT CECIL.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

was piqued at Lord ROBERT CECIL's announcement that, despite his belief in the League of Nations, he was not going to support a motion which would be in effect a Vote of Censure on the Government. After a few gibes at the noble lord, who, he not obscurely hinted, was in search of office, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE devoted himself to a tremendous attack upon the French Government, and particularly on its head.

As he detailed his own repeated attempts to secure an agreement over Reparations, the words, "M. POINCARÉ refused," recurred like a harsh refrain. Delivered with all his old charm of voice and with an exuberance of gesture that caused his neighbours to edge away, the speech resolved itself into an appeal that we should rescue France from her evil advisers. It might have been delivered from the extreme Left in the Chamber of Deputies—only then it

the time—of having served in Mesopotamia, and who roundly declared his intention of voting against the Government if they did not indicate their intention of clearing out of the country as soon as possible.

Mr. ASQUITH was scornful about the Arab kingdom which we had set up, and, unmindful of his new flirtation with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, described KING FEISAL as a "coupon candidate."

The PRIME MINISTER wound up with a speech whose principal object, as he frankly admitted, was to avoid "giving himself away," and so far succeeded that the House again accorded the Government something more than their normal majority.

A debate on pensions administration gave Mr. SIDNEY WEBB an opportunity of making his *début* as a Parliamentary orator. Needless to say—since he would like to place everything and

everybody under the benevolent direction of the State—he did not join in his colleagues' attack upon "the bureaucracy," though he associated himself with their demand for a Select Committee, on the ground that "an administrative inquiry is like a cold bath to a healthy man: it does him good."

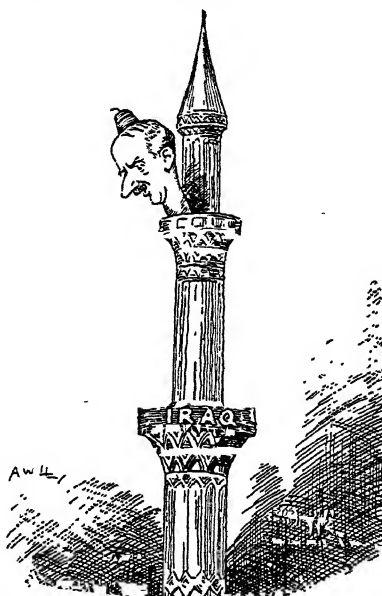
Wednesday, February 21st.—The Lords received into their ranks with the usual ceremony the Lord Bishop of LINCOLN, Viscount YOUNGER OF LECKIE—I did not see Lord BIRKENHEAD among those who welcomed the ex—"cabin-boy"—and Lord MILDMAI OF FLETE. Then they passed an agreeable half-hour in swapping anecdotes over the iniquities of the passport system. Lord RAGLAN was particularly annoyed at the necessity of renewing what he regarded as a useless document every two years, at the exorbitant charge of two shillings. Lord FARRER criticised the regulations, one of which laid it down that the traveller from Southern Ireland must obtain a permit from the Petty Sessions Clerk of his district, a functionary who, he was credibly informed, had now gone the way of the snakes in that country. Lord BELHAVEN AND STENTON described how he had got over to France with a time-expired passport by the simple process of taking a week-end ticket; and Lord NEWTON said that for the real horrors of the passport system you should go to Central Europe, where the various States drew an appreciable portion of their revenue from their extortionate charges for visas.

Against this massed attack Lord ONSLOW's official defence seemed rather tame. He received useful support, however, from Lord ULLSWATER, who, after recalling the fact that the late Lord LYONS always carried a passport, even in his dress clothes, advised the Peers that they would find it very useful if ever they got into trouble with the police—"not that I suppose that would ever happen to any of your Lordships."

To Sir HARRY BRITAIN's suggestion, in the Commons, that the Government should allow the monarch familiarly known as "Tut" to remain in his last resting-place, Mr. MCNEIL replied that that was a matter for the Egyptian Government. Besides, he cautiously added, "I have no official knowledge that the body of his late Majesty is in the sarcophagus."

The PRIME MINISTER announced that the Government had transferred to the French a portion of

the territory nominally, but never effectively, occupied by us in the Rhineland. The fact that it happened to include the railway coveted by the French for



"FOOLS!"

A MUEZZIN FROM THE TOWER OF DARKNESS.
MR. GEORGE LAMBERT.

their Ruhr operations was, I gathered, a mere coincidence.

Although a supplementary estimate of £25,000 for the Royal Parks was

chiefly intended to find work for the unemployed, the Scots, on finding that only £250 of the amount was going to their beloved country, were very obstructive; and before the Vote went through Sir JOHN BAIRD had to listen for a couple of hours while Mr. SHINWELL talked of "that unfortunate dame, MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS," and Mr. HARDIE revealed an exhaustive acquaintance with the properties of "puddle clay."

The Government had rather a narrow escape on Mr. MAXTON's Motion, calling for the extension of Old Age Pensions to all septuagenarians irrespective of their means. They were not helped by Mr. HOPKINSON's injudicious description of the pensioners as "paupers;" and, although Mr. BALDWIN indicated that the only reason for not accepting the Motion was that we could not afford the seventeen millions required, the Government's majority fell to 22.

Thursday, February 22nd.—Ireland is always united when a material advantage is to be reaped. Lord LONDONDERY, urging the removal of the restrictions now imposed upon the movement of Irish cattle in Great Britain, claimed to represent not only Northern Ireland but also the Irish Free State, which is now beginning to realise that Dominion status may have its drawbacks. He did not succeed in softening the heart of Lord ANCASTER, who declared that the safety of British herds must be our first consideration, but was more successful with Lord SALLISBURY, who assured him that the Government were most anxious to fall in with Ulster's wishes if ever circumstances permitted them to do so.

In the Commons the debate on the Second Reading of the Rent Restrictions Bill was rather like a performance of *The Merchant of Venice*. Antonio was the unfortunate landlord, who, owing to a decision of the House of Lords, found himself liable to untold penalties; the rôle of *Portia*, erudite and charming, was taken by Sir DOUGLAS HOGG, while that of *Shylock*, standing upon the letter of his bond, fell to the Scottish Members of the Labour Party. There are always in the House of Commons a good many candidates for the part of *Gratiano*, but perhaps on this occasion Mr. SKELTON had the best claim to it—not that he spoke "an infinite deal of nothing," but because he roused *Shylock* to fury. In the end *Portia* triumphed, as she always does, and secured the verdict of the Court by 288 votes to 196.



Mr. Sidney Webb (to the Pensions Minister). "Now, Sir, TRY A COLD PLUNGE. IT WILL DO YOU ALL THE GOOD IN THE WORLD."



Father. "THAT WAS A FINE MASHIE APPROACH I PLAYED AT THE SIXTEENTH."

Son. "RATHER! AND DID YOU NOTICE MY LONG PUTT THERE?"

Mother (to daughter). "THANK GOODNESS THEY ARE BEGINNING AT THE SIXTEENTH."

WILLIAM AND JAMES.

A TALE WITH A MORAL,

which, however, appears to have been slightly damaged in transit.

ONCE upon a time a certain man died, leaving two sons, whom we shall call William and James, and also a certain amount of property. And when the death duties, and the interment duties, and the lawyers, and the doctor and the undertaker had all been paid, there was nothing left of his estate but two very poor farms and a small—a very small—sum in hard cash. One of the farms went to William and the other to James, and the money was equally divided between them.

Now James was a diligent lad and set about to cultivate his land. He dug about it and treated it scientifically according to the best rules of husbandry. But William was an improvident youth, who preferred to lean over his gate and smoke his pipe, which annoyed James very much. At the end of the second year James's fields were waving with

corn, while the land of William presented the appearance of a dreary sandy waste.

One day James approached his brother. "Behold," he said, "the fruits of my labours. I have diligently cultivated my land. I have dug about it and

"Yes, yes, I quite understand," said William, removing his pipe from his mouth.

"I have sown and planted and ploughed and harrowed and reaped," went on James. "And glorious result! I have gained for the last year a net profit of one hundred sovereigns, while you, my brother, have swung on your gate and smoked your pipe and have well-nigh spent the whole of your pittance. Your fields are waste, no corn waves on your land, your garners are empty, no plough has furrowed, no fertiliser corrected your sandy soil. But"—and here James came to the point—"when your funds are exhausted don't come to me for aid. That's all."

To which William replied, "Brother, what you say is true. I have idled while you have toiled, and my land is barren, but this day I have let my ground on a fifty-years' lease as a golf-course to the Honourable Company of Duffers at three hundred pounds a year."

That is what William said. What James said is not recorded.

THE PARAGON.

(With apologies to the shade of HARTLEY COLERIDGE.)

SHE was not fair to outward view,
As her companions were;
Her loveliness I never knew
Till Jane her charms laid bare.
Oh! then I saw her breast was white,
And fashioned well for my delight.

It grieves me now to see her cold;
Her genial warmth I miss;
And yet I love her as of old,
My reason being this:
Her very legs are nicer far
Than breasts of other chickens are.

THE OUTLINE OF EVERYTHING.

II.—THE OUTLINE OF EGYPTOLOGY.

Do you wish to be able to discuss TUTANKH-AMEN intelligently at the dinner-table?

GET WISE ABOUT CNUPHIS AND PASHT.

GAIN A CLEAR VIEW OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO BY READING

The Outline of Egyptology.

WHAT EGYPTOLOGY IS.

Egyptology is the art especially created to deal with discoveries of every kind about the ancient Egyptians, and it is a very lucky thing indeed for Egyptologists that the ancient Egyptians spent most of their time building extremely solid memorial edifices, temples and tombs. Present-day Egyptians take so little interest in this fascinating study that in another three thousand years or so it may decay altogether, and Egyptologists, a most deserving class, will then become totally extinct.

HOW THE EGYPTIANS BURIED THEIR DEAD.

The Sphinx, which broods (eternally) over the desert, which is made of sand, and the Pyramids, remarkable for their peculiarly pyramidal shape, are known to all; but the ancient Egyptians also carved tombs underground, in which they painted battle pictures and in which they placed the mummified bodies of their kings. These mummified bodies were called mummies, and the tombs in which they were placed were carved, as our newspapers quite rightly tell us, out of the living rock. No ancient Egyptian, whatever his temptations, was known to carve a tomb out of the dead rock. It was simply not done.

PIETY VERSUS PROGRESS.

The reason for all this labour and care was that the Egyptians were far more preoccupied about what was going to happen to them in the shades of the other world than about what would happen to them on earth; and so, instead of enjoying themselves as we do, they devoted all their energies to decorating and improving their graves. There was a good deal of wisdom in this, as the Nile flooded its banks so frequently and so violently that they were far more often dead than alive. It seems a sad pity that a later and less religious age has contented itself with disregarding posterity and damming the Nile.

DOUBLE-DEALING AND GUILF.

With all these virtues, however,

it cannot be said that the ancient Egyptians were a thoroughly truthful people. Whether out of carelessness or, as seems more probable, out of deliberate intention to deceive us, they left behind them records which are confusing and perplexing in the extreme. Professor FLINDERS PETRIE adopts the latter theory, that of a course of calculated hypocrisy, and in support of his



A WAR CORRESPONDENT (HITTITE) MAKING NOTES ON BATTLEFIELD.

(Reproduced from a painting in one of the Pharaoh tombs, and or more probably XXXist dynasty).

contention instances the crafty hieroglyphic alphabet and the shameless chronology of the Egyptian dynasties. On the whole the present Outline is inclined to agree with this eminent authority.

THE EGYPTIAN ALPHABET.

To take the alphabet first. The series of funny pictures subjoined



occurs almost more frequently than any other upon Egyptian monuments, and has generally been taken to represent the two following combinations of letters:—

WHNT RNT

an expression signifying in the old Egyptian language severe disapproval and apparently applied to the vain-glorious boasting of the Hittite kings. So misleading, however, is this method of writing compared with an honest straightforward alphabet, such as modern peoples have, that certain experts place an entirely different interpretation upon the symbols, holding that they do not represent letters at all, but merely a wild-fowling scene on the waste marshes of the Upper Nile. If this were so, the fraud practised by the original writer would destroy the whole basis on which the art of Egyptology stands. We can only hope earnestly for the best.

DYNASTIC DIFFICULTIES.

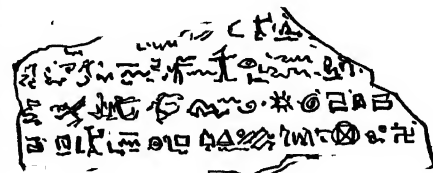
We come now to the Dynasties. There were thirty of these, and the

difficulty lies not so much in their number as in their dates. In our own English history no uncertainty exists as to the dates of the various dynasties. The dynasty, for instance, of the Norman Kings began in 1066; that of the STUARTS, 1603; that of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE in 1916. But with the Egyptian dynasties it is quite different. One historian will place a particular king in 5000 B.C., and another historian will place the same king in 3000 B.C. There are few more painful sights in the Clubs of London than that of two eminent Egyptologists discussing after lunch, often with flushed faces and raised fists, the exact date of THOTHEMES III. But the sight, alas, is not rare. And yet if the Egyptian hieroglyphists had not been so culpably inexact in their references to famines, earthquakes and the eclipses of the moon, these distressing scenes might easily have been avoided. And the early historians were even worse than the hieroglyphists or makers of hieroglyphs. The most

rudimentary acquaintance with apiculture, for instance, should have prevented MANETHO from stating that in the reign of NEPHERCHERES the Nile flowed mixed with honey for eleven days; and as for some of the statements made by HERODOTUS, one can only account for them by the supposition that he was not really well when he wrote.

THE EGYPTIAN RELIGION.

Even more distressing is the confusion which reigns about the Egyptian gods. At the lowest computation there were thirty-eight of these—eight more,



FRAGMENT OF TABLET DISCOVERED IN EXCAVATIONS IN THE BURIED CITY OF PHUT. EITHER AN EARLY ACCOUNT OF THE DELUGE OR A BILL FOR REPAIRING THE CHARIOT-WHEELS OF RAMESES II.

that is to say, than the number of the dynasties; and since many of them had three or four hundred different names each they have always caused antiquaries considerably more annoyance and unpleasantness in the smoking-room than even the Egyptian kings. The chief difficulty experienced by the beginner is to discover what the particular powers, functions, provinces and capacities of these gods were. According to the statements made by the Egyptians

themselves they were roughly as follows:—

Ra was the Sun. He was the supreme god.

Osiris was the Sun. He was the supreme creative force.

Men-Tu and *At-Mu* were the rising and setting of the Sun.

Shu was the Sunlight.

Seb was the head of the family of *Osiris*. He was the father of the gods.

Isis was the female form of *Osiris*.

Horus was the god of the Sun. He was the child of *Osiris*.

Apis was the living emblem of *Osiris*. He was a bull.

Anubis was the living emblem of *Osiris*. He was a dog.

Cnuphis was the creator.

Serapis was the defunct *Apis*, who became *Osiris*.

Ptah was the creative force.

Anmon was the Sun.

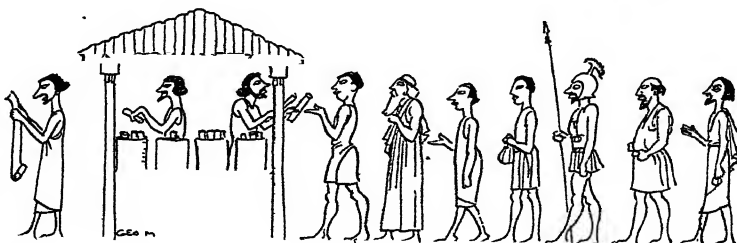
From this list it will be seen that the general notion of the ancient Egyptians was to worship the Sun. It will also be seen that they carried it out in an extremely disingenuous manner, reflecting the greatest discredit on the priests and kings, who were responsible for the whole arrangement. Once more, in this matter of the worship of the Sun, we seem to trace the calculated effort to baffle and deceive posterity, which runs like a sinister thread through the whole fabric of Egyptian history.

THE FAILURE OF AKEN-ATEN.

One man, however, stood out against this treacherous practice. This was *AKEN-ATEN*, the father-in-law of *TUT-ANKH-AMEN*. He has come down to us as the heretic king; and it is easy to understand why.

At the time when he ascended the throne there was already such indescribable confusion on the Egyptian monuments that nobody could make head or tail of them. *AKEN-ATEN* decided that all this must go. Determined to smooth the path of Egyptology, he resolved to have one Sun-god with a new name—*Aten*, and make a clean sweep of all the rest. Very likely, if he had lived longer, he would have simplified the alphabet,

abolished the chronology and destroyed the Pyramids; but the people and the priests rebelled. They were proud of having about twenty-two different kinds of Sun, including a bull and a dog. They liked being able to say, "A living emblem of *Osiris* has just tossed our manifestation of the creator *Ra*." They rose up against their king. So *AKEN-ATEN* failed and died.



PHENOMENAL SALE OF THE CHEAP EDITION OF THE *OUTLINE OF SUN WORSHIP*,
PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THOTHMES III.

IN THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS.

Small wonder, therefore, that when *TUTANKH-AMEN* returned to the good old practice of confusing the papyri and meddling up the hieroglyphs and the dates of the dynasties with the heads of dogs and hawks, and carving beetles and serpents all over his furniture, the Egyptians gave him a splendid burial and a finer tomb than anyone had before.



SNAPPED IN THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS.

Reading from left to right: Funeral Companion of KING *TUTANKH-AMEN*, Lady *Sophia Bulge*, Queen *NEPHERITTI* and Lord *Algernon Gark*. [Inset: Portrait of *Pasht*.]

So gorgeous is this monument to the dead King, so richly carved, and filled with so many relics of the remote past, that without a doubt, when the work of excavation and classification is complete, it will throw a greater flood of obscurity and confusion on Egyptian history and theology than has ever been cast on it by any previous discovery. But will the body of the deceased be found inside? Who can foretell? We

can only say that it would be very like the ancient Egyptians if it were not.

EVOM.

From an article entitled, "As One Woman to Another":—

"Savoury haddock makes a nice change from the usual run of rather insipid boiled fish which is generally served up in Lent. . . . Add the liquor in which it was cooked to half a pint of white sauce, and stir into this a quarter pint of pickled shrimps and two tea-spoonfuls of anchovy essence. . . . Squeezed into the bath it will make the water soft, creamy, and delicious with the perfume of violets, and it may be used many times. If the body is rubbed down with the bag the effect is delightful, the skin being thoroughly cleansed and rendered beautifully supple."

Provincial Paper.

With all respect to our contemporary we may say at once, as one Editor to another, that we decline to do this, even as a Lenten penance.

From a club notice:—

"The folding-doors of the large Members' Lounge will in future be permanently open. . . . The little Ladies' Writing-room will in future be open to Ladies and Gentlemen."

The large members will no doubt find the permanent opening of the folding-doors a great convenience; but we do not know whether the little ladies will appreciate the invasion of their writing-room by the gentlemen.

"Young French Lady, bright with diplomas, wishes to give Lessons to children or grown ups."

Advt. in Daily Paper.

We like that picturesque touch and hope that before long some British governess will have the courage to announce herself as "scintillating with certificates."

"Lady Shorthand Typist . . . ex years' exp."

Advt. in Provincial Paper.

We notice her judicious reticence in regard to a detail that might assist us in guessing her age.

"Wanted, good glass cutter, well up in all garments, military, ladies' and breeches."

Scots Paper.

"Glass Clothes . . . 4½d. each."

Provincial Paper.

These advertisements point to a possibly natural, but not, we think, a desirable, development of the present fashions.



New Member. "JOLLY GOOD OF YOU, MAJOR, TO FIX UP THIS MATCH FOR ME. I HOPE YOU TOLD HIM WHAT A HOPELESS RABBIT I AM."

The Secretary. "No, I DIDN'T; HE SEEMED TO KNOW."

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

XI.—THE PHARISEES.

"At Stamford Bridge," I read, "the Pensioners will entertain the Saints, when some bright football is expected."

"What's that?" said George.

"Chelsea play Southampton. Second round of the Cup. Let's go."

"Professional football? Not much!" said George. "It's a filthy game."

"Did you ever see one?"

"No. But I don't approve of it. And I don't approve of all those thousands of people just *watching* a game on Saturdays. They ought to be playing themselves. Let's go and see the Harlequins."

"We'll go and see Chelsea," I said firmly. "You live in Cheyne Walk, and you ought to support them. You'll see lots of people you know."

"Shall I?"

"Of course. All Tite Street will be there."

"Oh, well!" said George.

With sixty-seven thousand other members of the proletariat we fought our way through the turnstiles, George in a state of increasing rebellion and distaste. He is a bad man to take

about among the proletariat, and there was an "incident" almost immediately.

"'Oo are you shoving?" said a rat-like little man with extreme truculence as we emerged upon the ground.

"You!" said George brutally and shoved again.

"I'd push yer face in if I thought it'd make yer any uglier," said the man, and moved away.

George in his immaculate bowler suggests extreme wealth, and as one man the Chelsea hawkers made for him.

"'Oo'll have a blood-orange?" said one. "'Ere y'are, Sir. Two bloods a penny!" But George would not have a blood-orange.

"'Ere y'are, *The Daily Liar!*" another was shouting. "Over a thousand laughs for one penny. Yer can't stop laughin'. 'Ere y'are, Sir. Over a thousand laughs for one penny. Over a thousand laughs for tuppence," he corrected as he saw George.

George refused this tempting offer also. Nor would he buy a rattle, a penny balloon or a celluloid baby in the colours of the Saints.

"I don't see anybody I know," he said plaintively.

We climbed a mountainous bank and stood behind and a little below the last row of the sixty-seven thousand. From here one had a superb view of their hats and the backs of their necks. One judged by the cheering and the conversation that a football match was being played somewhere near.

Two young men stood placidly beside us—short men who could see even less than we could. They had, however, a friend in the back row who *could* see something, and through his eyes they enjoyed the game.

"'Ow much can yer see now, Bert?" said one.

"I can see 'arf the grahnd nah," said Bert.

"'Ow's the gime?" said Bill.

"Jimmy's got the ball nah. Come ahn, Jimmy!"

"Wot's 'e doin' with it?" said Tom, sucking an orange.

"'E's kicked it aht."

"Sit dahn in' front!" shouted Bert, dancing excitedly. "Nah Barrer's got it. Come ahn, Barrer! Come ahn!" Then came a terrible snarl of disappointment. "Aow!"

"Wot's 'e done?" said Bill.

"'E kicked it aht."

"Gaw!" said Bill, and he drew a bottle of beer from his pocket.

"Taime, ain't it?" said Bill, after a pause.

"You're right," said Tom, gazing at the railway. "'Ow's Tyler shapin'?"

"Rotten. 'E's got the ball nah. Come ahn, Tyler! Come ahn, lad! Aow!"

"Wot's 'appened, Bert? Don't keep it all to yerself."

"'E kicked it be'ind. Right in front of goal—the chump!"

"Gaw!" said Tom. "'Lst's 'ave a suck at that, Bill."

"Aw-right, mate. Don't waste none of it."

Bill had a go at the orange and Tom had a go at the bottle.

"Taime, ain't it?" said Bill.

"You're right," said Tom.

"Ain't been a fahl yet—as there, Bert?"

"The Saints was 'eld up for 'andlin'—that's all."

We watched the game in this way for some twenty minutes. By that time both the bottle and the orange were dry, and the spirit of adventure had entered into Tom and Bill.

"Come ahn," said Bill; "I've 'ad enough of this."

"Over the top, boys!" cried Tom; and, lowering their heads, they butted into the vast crowd. George and I shoved too, but in a more gentlemanly way. Cries of protest were raised.

"Can't 'elp it, mates," lied Tom. "They're shovin' be'ind. Gawd, Bill, I can see a bit of the grass!"

"You're lucky. I can't see nothink only Bert."

"Mike room in front, please," called Tom, like a constable. "'Ere's a poor lidy can't see nothink."

The chivalrous crowd parted, and we suddenly found ourselves with a magnificent view of the sixty-seven thousand, not to speak of the twenty-two.

The twenty-two were running actively from place to place, heading the ball cunningly, feinting cleverly, sometimes pretending they were about to kick the ball forward and then kicking it behind them with their heels, sometimes not kicking at all; in fact they displayed every trick of the footballer's art except that of actually kicking the ball through the goal.

"Taime, ain't it?" said Tom, after a little of this.

"You're right," said Bill.

Most of the crowd seemed to agree, except those who had brought rattles

and rattled them impartially whenever the ball went out. The others cheered occasionally, but without spirit. "And they call this football!" George groaned.

But at last one of the Saints' forwards got the ball on the wing. An inoffensive little man, he prepared to kick it into the centre, meaning no harm. And one of the Pensioners' defenders, the valiant Tyler, a huge man with a torso like a prize-fighter, flung himself five feet through the air, met the little man somewhere about the point of the chin and bore him crumpled to the ground.



"LOOK AT THE POOR LOONIES GOING IN THERE WHIN THE SHOW WAS LAST WEEK!"

"Fahl!" yelled the Saints' supporters, and booed with a will.

"Yus, that was a proper fahl," said Tom judicially.

"Can't expect nothink else in a Cup-tie," said Bert.

The little man still rolled prostrate on the ground, and still the outraged Saints called Heaven to witness the crime.

This at last annoyed Bill. "'Old yer rah!" he shouted. "Wot's the matter with yer?"

"Wot abaht that dirty fahl?" said one of the Saints.

"Wasn't a dirty fahl," cried Tom.

"I tell you it was a dirty fahl. See?"

"Well, you ought to know," said Bill.

"Good old Tyler!" shouted Bert, and so said many of the loyal Pensioners about him.

The game was renewed, but now everyone enjoyed it, including George. No goals were scored, it is true, but fouls, off-sides and free kicks were scored in quick succession, and there was never a dull moment. The Saints kept on sinning, and every time we went into an ecstasy of self-righteous horror.

"Fairplay, now!" Bill shouted warningly.

"Dirty dogs!" said Bert, with great enjoyment.

Whenever the ball accidentally touched the hands of a player we shouted "'Ands!" as if the man had poisoned a baby; and whenever a Chelsea man fell to the ground we shouted "Fahl!" in case he had been tripped and the referee had missed it.

"This is great," said George.

And if we enjoyed seeing a good foul, how much more did the players enjoy it? As one man they stopped in their tracks and raised appealing hands to Heaven, their faces masks of outraged virtue. Sometimes a player was hurt; and how he enjoyed it! How he hung upon his fellows' necks, writhing and grimacing, groaning and closing his eyes, and scarce daring to put the injured foot to the ground. And, when he did, what a rousing cheer we gave the hero as he bounded away like a rabbit to his place!

No goals were scored; but, after all, four thousand pounds was taken at the gate, and sixty-seven thousand people thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

Bert summed up the game: "I reckon the Saints did more dirty work than wot we did."

"Good fun," said George. "But what an infernally filthy game!" he added heartily. "Do these fellers good to go to a Public School."

The following day I attended a great Labour Demonstration in Trafalgar Square, at which several speakers gave instructions to the Government.

"The old parties," said one of them, "are corrupt and dishonest. They have fooled you and cheated you and left you in a mess. And the Labour Party alone can get you out of it, because the Labour Party alone has clean hands."

"That's right!" said an enthusiastic voice.

And there was dear old Bert.

A. P. H.

RHYME FEVER.

I HOLD as perpetrator of the shabbiest of shabby crimes
The idiotic person who invented trisyllabic rhymes;
The art's extremely simple, almost anyone can do it; he
Requires no depth of feeling, only verbal ingenuity.
For small remuneration I've no doubt he could be sent a
list

Of all the stock-in-trade to start the young experimentalist.
In fact no more exertion than is used in shelling peas it asks
(A simile proverbial for the easiest of easy tasks).
It hasn't added greatly to the sum of human joy below,
And none enormous fortunes to this melancholy foible owe.
But once you catch the malady, a kind of subtle germ it is,
That preys upon a poet's intellectual infirmities.

I'm sure I'd be supported by a universal vote if I
Suggested the disease is one physicians ought to notify.
The treatment should be drastic; after each successive
orgy an

Immediate application of some ultra-Neo-Georgian;
For, bitten by the silly craze, the patient won't be floored
in it;

The jingle's all he cares about—the rest is quite subordinate.
And neither sense of decency nor scruples of religion 'll
Restrain him from composing rhymes he fancies are
original.

The poets all disown him, and he's hounded out of Helicon
And stranded in the wilderness a solitary pelican,
Until at last he's found alone, a knife projecting from his
hide,

The victim of deplorable but salutary homicide.

TREASURES FROM THE BOOK.

(An attempt to reproduce from memory something that
appeared recently in "The Times.")

THE whole of that day I spent in the ante-chamber. Many
times I grasped my pen—a wonderful example of ancient
art, most beautifully chased and intricately inlaid with
semi-precious stones—in order to write minutes to the First
Sea Lord. But the constant stream of distinguished visitors
sadly interrupted my labours.

At last twilight fell, and at that hour, as I have already
told you, work for the day must cease. The delicacy of
the task in hand must not be overlooked, and to have at-
tempted it by artificial light would have been disastrous. It
was not merely a question of keeping things on the move,
which of itself is a simple matter. I must emphatically
refuse to accept the blame accorded me, that on that day I
failed to produce even one single object of startling beauty
to the spectators who crowded round the entrance. I had
not even one moment in which myself to appear before them.
It is true that there remained innumerable treasures to be
brought into the light of day, such as the art of few, if any,
men living could create; but the slow processes of scientific
preservation and reconstruction forbade haste, and the
thoughtless and well-nigh criminal insistence of visitors,
whose eminence demanded courtesy, prevented it.

As I locked the steel grille at the entrance to the Ad-
miralty and was about to enter my Ford—which I had
substituted for my official car on the grounds of economy—
the First Sea Lord whispered to me hoarsely:—

"First Lord, a greater than any Rameses has been dis-
covered."

"First Sea Lord," I replied, "that is just what the Second
Sea Lord remarked to the Third Sea Lord in my hearing
only yesterday."

At that he put his hand wearily to his brow and bowed
his head.

You will remember that I have already described his
glove—so like the glove in common use to-day, yet so un-
like. I thought at that moment that it was filled by a hand
which any man might be proud to shake. I took it from
his brow and shook it, and then leapt into my car. The
armed guard fixed bayonets and took up their positions for
the night.

In the gloom of the interior I could at first discern
nothing clearly. But as the light from a shaded arc-lamp
in Whitehall flashed into the car I could not suppress a cry
of amazement. In the flower-vase facing me I saw blooms
well-nigh perfect in shape, and even retaining their original
fragrance. On the simply upholstered seat beside me I ob-
served an oblong box covered with tooled leather and bearing
the Royal monogram; and this, I had no doubt at all, was
the despatch-box of the leading Minister of the day.

The handles of the doors were of nickel, of simple yet
serviceable design. Beside the despatch-box was another
box-like receptacle, unique in shape and size, which I had
every reason to believe was the headgear of the powerful
personality to whom the car belonged.

There and then I determined that sooner or later arrange-
ments must be made for the exclusive serial rights of a
description of these things to be entrusted to *The Times*
newspaper.

RASTUS.

A HUMBLE APPRECIATION.

THERE are earthquakes, whirlpools, cataclysms, gales,
Waterspouts, dynamite, slumps in Home Rails,
Bishops and divorce laws, cabbages and kings,
And quite a lot of similarly agitating things;

But there's nothing that can shake the whole world up
Like one little wire-haired terrier pup.

There are brickbats, trousers, the carpet on the stairs,
Old shoes, blotting-paper, legs of chairs,
Lumps of coal, croquet balls, everybody's feet,
And quite a lot of other things that I wouldn't eat;

But there's nothing that can shake the digestion up
Of one little wire-haired terrier pup.

There are elephants, mastodons, lions in their lairs,
Duchesses, burglars, grizzly bears,
Introductions, editors, dinner at the Ritz,
And quite a lot of things that frighten me into fits;

But there's nothing that can put the least wind up
One little wire-haired terrier pup.

There are good girls, better girls, best girls, wives,
Sunshine, credit notes, saving people's lives,
Inheriting a fortune, engagement rings,
And quite a lot of other fairly gratifying things;

But there's nothing that can stir your heart right up
Like one little wire-haired terrier pup.

From the advertisement of a restaurant:—

"Cuisine managed by European cooks only under the supervision
of a physician."—*Far East Paper*.

We hate to have our food doctored.

"I was in the position of 'Old Mother Hubbard,' who didn't know
what to do."—*Letter in Weekly Paper*.

Just like "the Old Woman who lived in a Shoe," when
she couldn't find a bone for her bow-wow.

"MARVELS OF MODERN INDUSTRY."

Beckton, the Gas City, where coal is turned into gas for London's
light and heat at the rate of 2,000 tons a minute, night and day."

Not much ca' canny about Beckton.

Weekly Paper.



Scot. "THEN IF YE COME FRAE AMERICA YE MUST KEN JOCK MACGREGOR, WHO WAS THERE IN '88—TALL BONNIE LAD, AN' PLAYS THE PIPES AWFU' GRAND."
 American. "No, I JUST-DON'T KNOW HIM."
 Scot. "AH, WEEL, YON'S A BIG COUNTRY, AN' MAYBE JOCK DIDN'T NOTICE YE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It was a happy piece of generosity in Mr. HILARY RALEIGH to gather together the lighter exercises of his father's scholarship and publish them, in a singularly charming format, as *Laughter from a Cloud* (CONSTABLE). The first paper in the book—a whimsical address on the respective advantages of personal integrity and a sense of humour—gives the gist of its main speculation. Seriously, banteringly, defiantly, pathetically, most of its verses, letters, plays, epigrams and speeches harp upon this issue—whether it is possible for the modern man to forgo the "pure æsthetic pleasures" of humour (humour which has become for him almost "what beauty was to the Hellenic world") for the sake of the high seriousness inseparable from the pursuit of heroic virtue. Weighing these counter-attractions as commonly presented by their exclusive protagonists, I am not at all surprised at Sir WALTER RALEIGH's throwing in his lot with the humourists. Nor can I personally regret a choice which has inspired the story of the idealist's giraffe, the letter "To a friend, describing the wedding of the author's sister," the eighteenth-century version of "Sir Patrick Spens" (with notes) and "My Last Will." Yet in view of a certain wistfulness about the whole book, I cannot help wishing that the fusion of the two ideals—rare, but not unknown in the country of Sir THOMAS MORE and TOM HOOD—had commended itself more explicitly to this sensitive and chivalrous spirit.

I wish that, as regards quantity, Sir FREDERICK TREVES had been a little more generous in *The Elephant Man, and Other Reminiscences* (CASSELL), but of their quality I have small reason to complain. In the sketch that provides the main title of this volume we are given a study of a terrible specimen of humanity, whose monstrous deformities were being exhibited. Fortunately for this unhappy creature Sir FREDERICK examined him, and the ultimate result was that a haven of rest from public curiosity was found for the elephant man. This is a pathetic study enough, but "The Idol with Hands of Clay" is more than pathetic, it is intensely tragic. Indeed I cannot say that cheerfulness is the dominant feature of these reminiscences; but they are infinitely worthy of notice, because Sir FREDERICK writes excellently and upon matters of which his knowledge is incontestable. And to prevent us from being too greatly impressed by the sadness of life he finishes up with an amusing sketch called "A Question of Hats."

As Mr. GILBERT FRANKAU hints in his dedication to his publisher, Mr. WALTER HUTCHINSON, *Men, Maids and Mustard-Pot* is generous measure if bulk (and I will add fair enough measure if quality) be the determining factor. There are twenty short and longish short stories—342 pages of close print, a little too small for comfort. Mr. FRANKAU is the sort of best-seller who must have patrons in all the reading classes. He interests you because he is so desperately interested himself. A sort of natural violence is the dominant note of his method. He enters the Café

Royal, and "all about me the smoke-layered chypre-ridden atmosphere reeked with the jabber of pseudo-intellectuality." Of the seven "Men's Tales" I liked best a little epilogue to *Peter Jackson, Cigar Merchant*, in which *Peter* gives his wife a pearl necklace, proceeds of a lucky bout at poker; and a rather ingenious murder story. Of the "Maids' Tales" the neatest is the story of the bluff of an ex-soldier out of a job: the rest of these don't seem to go much beyond the standard of the best in the more popular magazines. The six "Mustard-Pot" tales are supposed to be communicated by that enormous butter-coloured gelding that came out of a circus and finally found a home in a Leicestershire baronet's stables. I get an impression of a yellow monster hurtling across the country at the pace of a racing plane, taking twenty-barred gates and haystacks in his stride, tossing but not (and this is most unlikely) killing his riders. In real life there wouldn't have been six Mustard-Pot tales; two at most. However, I am glad, for the beast is diverting, and the author—chronicler-in-chief of the modern hunting field in fiction—is violently keen about the whole business. By the way he doesn't attempt to tell these stories from the point of view of the horse, though he makes a perfunctory pretence of having extracted them from him in his stable, an artistic slip he surely needn't have let himself in for.

Some forty years ago there was a really comic song, much in request in banjovial circles, called "Abdul the Bulbul Ameer." It now turns out that the author and composer, who gained neither cash nor credit from it, owing to his unbusinesslike ways and the piracy of a London publishing firm, was PERCY FRENCH, the admirable Irish entertainer, whose *Chronicles and Poems* have been edited by his sister, MRS. DE BURGH DALY (THE TALBOT PRESS). Parental and academic authority designed him to be an engineer; he actually became a Government Inspector in the 'eighties; but entertainment marked him for her own, and for thirty years or more he contributed lavishly to the gaiety of audiences in two hemispheres. He had many gifts: he was an improvisatore, a humorist, a lightning artist, a spirited if not a subtle parodist, and, above and beyond all, a born writer of ballads—not in the grand but in the homely style. "The Mountains of Mourne" comes very near perfection in its kind, with its haunting refrain and alternations of pathos and whimsicalities. "Gortnamona" might almost be signed by MOIRA O'NEILL. Loyal, affectionate and generous, he never lost his love of Ireland or his hopes of her redemption, and was spared the pain of seeing her in her last phase; for, as KATHARINE TYNAN truly says in her "foreword," he and his songs, though they deserve to live, "belong to an Ireland that is at least in abeyance." On his grave, at any rate, might be written the laconic Latin epitaph: *Neminem tristem fecit.*

I have seldom come across more inspiring studies in literary psychology than the ten collected by VERNON LEE as *The Handling of Words* (LANE); and this although I cannot bring myself to be supremely concerned for the most stressed of their critical contentions. Granted that the efficacy of all writing depends, as a matter of fact, "not more on the writer than on the reader," I refuse to admit that this "universally neglected" point is as all-important to the writer as VERNON LEE would have me consider it. The reader, after all, is a comparatively unknown quantity, and the writer can only envisage him as an *alter ego* to whom it is at once a pleasure and a duty to do as one would be done by. However VERNON LEE's researches into methods of logical and emotional appeal—the writer, she says, stands halfway between the philosopher and the

musician—are conducted with sustained and exhilarating enthusiasm; and in the opening essay, "On Literary Construction," in the second, "On Style," and in the analysed passages of MEREDITH, KIPLING, STEVENSON, HARDY, HENRY JAMES and MAURICE HEWLETT, which form the bulk of the titular paper, she has given an admirable notion of the scientific and artistic resources of her craft. Over-preoccupation with the mentality of the reader has certainly not interfered in her case with a most lucid and persuasive exposition of the mind of the writer.

Mr. J. STORER CLOUSTON'S divertingly untruthful and amorous hero is in excellent form in *The Lunatic Still at Large* (NASH AND GRAYSON). Mr. Mandell-Essington was in considerable danger of being captured when he found cover in a funeral coach; and soon afterwards, to his astonishment and delight, he was welcomed by some rich and kindly people as their long-absent nephew. Having been thrust almost willy-nilly into this position, you may rest

assured that he strove hard to make the best of it. The scene in which he tries to allay his newly-discovered aunt's suspicions is deliciously comical. The one fly in his ointment was that he had landed himself in a house where orangeade was the favourite beverage, and this was a liquid not at all to his taste when he was, so to speak, on a holiday. It will be a gloomy day when Mr. STORER CLOUSTON determines that his lunatic must be permanently interned.

"The fire, which started at 8.30 a.m., was extinguished after six hours' fight. It is thought combustion was the cause of the fire." Aren't American journalists smart? *American Paper.*

From a description of "the latest mechanical wonders in business efficiency":—

"Change machine.—If a customer's purchase is 4s. 3½d. and one pound is tendered, the machine, by the touch of a key, places in the hand 15s. 8½d."—*Provincial Paper.*

As prospective customers this machine likes us well.



Lady (about to enter the "Black Maria"). "WELL, OLD SPORT, THERE'S ONE THING ABOUT THIS 'ERE; I DO GET A COMFORTABLE RIDE WITH NONE O' THAT 'ORRID STRAP-ANGIN'."

CHARIVARIA.

DESPITE the present price the yellow marks in coal are not really gold.

Mr. BEN TILLET, M.P., has suggested that the House of Commons debates should be broadcasted by wireless. Yet there was a time when the famous Labour leader was regarded as a humanitarian.

The proposal is, however, receiving strenuous opposition from some of the Members. They are no doubt afraid that they will then be expected to speak one at a time.

The new Treasury Notes are to be issued this week. It is feared they will not be broadcasted.

According to *The Daily Mail* there is no doubt that the mummy of TUTANKH-AMEN is inside the recently discovered sarcophagus. In fact we understand his next-of-kin has already been informed.

An American lady declares that she was the wife of KING TUTANKH-AMEN. Morganatic, of course.

TUTANKH-AMEN has had such a good press that it ought to show politicians what three thousand years of absolute silence will bring.

Those who have pointed out the grave dangers likely to follow the French occupation of the Ruhr now appear to have been right. The ex-CROWN PRINCE has written a poem about it.

In consequence of Viscount GREY'S advice to France to come round to our view, speculation is rife as to which French journal will initiate a "Hats off to England" stunt.

It is announced that GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO has been appointed a generalissimo in the Turkish Army. For years past it has been felt that the famous poet would eventually get mixed up in some trouble or another.

For the first time the Nobel Peace Prize will be awarded to a woman. It is said that hundreds of husbands know whose wife this lady isn't.

A parrot belonging to a Brighton lady recently got entangled for over an hour in a wireless aerial. Many list-

eners-in were heard to declare the following morning that they had "picked up" a bargees' smoking concert.

"Trade returns for the month," reads a headline. Let's hope it will stay.

A correspondent of *The Evening News* has kept a butterfly alive since January 24. If it survives the summer it should be all right.

A play has been staged for one performance in London at the expense of a West-End tailor. Our own sartorial artist has no ideas beyond *Measure for Measure*.

A cinema operator now on his way to the Arctic expects to be away for

permitted again in Russia. There was also a time, we fancy, when they used to brew beer in Britain as well.

The kill-joy spirit seems to have eaten its way into Ireland. In Dublin, it seems, revolvers are not now permitted at whist drives.

A Fort Worth man who has inherited one hundred thousand pounds is said to be searching for a wife. With that amount he does not need to search, but would be well advised to make arrangements to be rescued from the crowd.

The G.P.O. points out that comparatively few subscribers are availing themselves of the reduced charges for afternoon trunk calls. We can only

suggest that, with so many counter-attractions, the authorities should arrange to provide amusing conversation-alists at the other end.

Two Portuguese officials have been banished to Madeira. One of the drawbacks of being British is that you can't be banished to Madeira.

Excavators are now busy at Kish, the city associated with NEBUCHADNEZZAR. It is hoped to find the famous vegetarian's salad-bowl.

As we go to press the world's fox-trotting record stands to the credit of a Goole couple, with seven hours, forty-five minutes. Yet we do not predict that this mode of progression will ever be of real

commercial value.

A referee has been fined for assaulting a spectator. The fellow simply doesn't know the rules.

A gossip remarks that one of the numbers in a new musical comedy is reminiscent of the quaint old "Buy my Lavender" song which is once more filling the Bloomsbury squares. The oldest man-about-Bloomsbury cannot remember so early an autumn.

In a recent police court case a woman admitted that she had hit her husband on the head with a bottle of nerve tonic. It would have served her right if she had broken the bottle.

Mr. HENRY FORD is reported to have said there is a job for every man in the world. Yes. Dodging his cars, perhaps?



Bobbie Smith. "GOOD AFTERNOON, MR. MCWHIRTER. FATHER SENDS HIS KIND REGARDS, AND MAY HE BORROW HIS LAWN-MOWER?"

two years. It is simply wonderful what some men will do in order to get away from home during the spring-cleaning season.

A French Society lady is breeding monkeys to provide trimming for her dresses. A better plan is to have a husband who will provide the whole of the dress.

A Manchester man for a wager has undertaken to maintain absolute silence for a year. We are trying to goad our tailor into a similar arrangement.

A drop of water, we are informed, cannot fall faster than twenty-six feet a second. This, of course, is very reassuring to those of us who are caught in a storm when we have left our umbrella at home.

The manufacture of vodka is to be

THE PROBLEM.

WHILE I was shaving one morning there came to me a short story. It was one of those flashes of inspiration that must be caught at once. The thing was complete in my mind—the bitter, horrid little piece of realism. The centre of it was, of course, a misunderstood woman. Her name was Sonia. I could see her. I seemed to know her intimately before I went down to breakfast. I only needed ink, paper, a pen and an hour or so of quiet to write a story that I felt would be worthy of DE MAUPASSANT.

But as I was a visitor in my sister-in-law's house I had to be tactful.

"Alice," I said, during the close of a breakfast which had centred round my niece, Rosemary, "I have a little writing to do. May I put myself in some quiet corner till lunch-time?"

Alice looked at me with that slightly harassed air which all mothers, even cats and dogs, wear in the presence of their offspring.

"Yes, Ralph, of course," she answered; "there's a fire in the drawing-room and ink and everything. Only would you mind if Rosemary is there too; the nursery is being cleaned to-day? If she has her bricks and a pencil and paper she'll be as quiet as a mouse—won't you, darling?"

"Quiet as a mouse," Rosemary echoed obediently.

"You know Uncle Ralph makes pennies by his writing, so you must be very quiet," explained the mother.

Rosemary brightened.

"Pennies—many pennies, six pennies?" she asked eagerly.

The modern child is practical to its finger-tips and excels in every branch of technical knowledge.

"Oh! lots of pennies," Alice answered and looked still more harassed, for the grocer's boy was announced.

Ten minutes later I was established at Alice's little desk in the drawing-room. The ink-bottle was full, a fair new pad lay before me. Rosemary was building an Eiffel Tower of bricks near the hearthrug. She was breathing heavily, as children do when they're busy. Also, as she was too much occupied to waste time with her handkerchief, she sniffed at two-second intervals. I hurled myself into the story and wrote the first page with never a pause.

Then, as my sub-conscious self had expected, the Eiffel Tower crashed. Also it became clear that something must be done about Rosemary's nose.

"Blow your nose, dear," I suggested.

"I can't; I haven't a handkerchief."

"Use mine," I said nobly.

Then I found that my niece didn't

know how to blow her nose. She could only expire loudly through her mouth. I spent four minutes in nose drill on my new silk handkerchief.

"Now," I said, "go and play for half-an-hour."

"I think I'll draw," Rosemary announced.

There was silence again. Where was I in the story? I wanted to explain that Sonia had through long marital suppression lost all her What was the word? "Bounce" was all I could think of. "Sonia in the long grey years lost all her exquisite bounce." No, it didn't sound right.

Rosemary's voice tore the anxious silence.

"Have you sawed it?" she asked.

I wrenched myself back to attention.

"Have I sawed what?"

"What I drew."

"No. You can show me if you like."

Rosemary came to my side and proudly exposed her draftsmanship.

"What is it?" I asked.

"You—riding an ephelant. You see you've been taken to the Zoo. Was you ever taken to the Zoo, Uncle Ralph?"

"Rosemary," I said, "you need a lesson in English Grammar rather badly; but I've no time now. Look here, old girl, if you won't speak till the clock strikes twelve I'll take you to the Zoo myself."

"Will you?"

I was hugged ecstatically. I must admit that nieces can be very attractive. They have a soft warm comeliness that is a valuable asset.

Once again I returned to Sonia, and left a blank for the elusive word that was to express her bounce. Sonia was going to elope with the doctor, who understood her. They both loved HANS ANDERSEN and bulls'-eyes. Those were the only mutual tastes I could imagine as I looked into my niece's sunny hazel eyes.

She was leaning against the Chesterfield watching me benignly. She was not talking, but her silence interrupted me more than speech.

"Well?" I said sharply. "Say it."

"I was only wondering is there a hittopotamus at the Zoo."

I flung down my pen. Any fool can write a short story, but only a really intellectual person appreciates his nieces. Rosemary won't be four for ever. This is the time to study her.

"Rosemary," I said, "go and tell Mother I'm taking you to the Zoo to-day."

I finished the story in my bedroom that night, but I changed the plot. I provided Sonia with a small niece who talked so persistently that it was im-

possible for her aunt to arrange the details of the elopement. It was not that she had scruples; she simply had no time to write the telegrams and letters and ring up her man and do the hundred-and-one things you must do before you elope. It was the best piece of realism I have ever written, but, strange to say, the Editor has just returned it with his compliments and thanks.

I pity him; I am certain he has no small niece.

THE RESPITE.

TUTANKH-AMEN *loquitur* (in the manner of WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRÆD):

GOOD-NIGHT to the Season! 'Tis ended;
The diggers disperse from my tomb;
The last of the crowd has ascended
And left me alone in my gloom;
They've sealed up the door and,
retiring,

Have buried the entrance in sand;
I am safe from the *savant's* inquiring
But somewhat embarrassing hand;
The tourists in search of new pleasures
Sail homeward from Africa's shore;
Till Autumn my tomb and its treasures
Belong to their owner once more.

Good-night to the Season!—the quarrels
Of experts who cannot agree;
The doubts on the ethics and morals
Of digging up monarchs like me;
The Bishops and others whose
strictures

Have reached me from northerly
climes;
The Pressmen, the takers of pictures
(Which duly appeared in *The Times*);
The trophies all gilded and carven,
The Persons who viewed the array,
And Good-night to the things Lord

CARNARVON
Already has Carttered away.

* * * * *
(Several verses in a similar strain
are incompletely decipherable on the
papyrus.)

Good-night to the Season! Another
Will come, I am told, in the Fall,
My tomb they will promptly unsmother
And bring to completion their haul.
Will their labours to favour restore me,
Or shall I come down with a bump?
Is triumph or silence before me,
Shall I wake to a boom or a slump?
Shall I still be a stunt or back-
number?

Who knows? To my present delight
I am left to continue my slumber;
Good-night to the Season—good-
night!

"To drum psychology into a half-starved
child is like pouring milk down a train."
A thing we never do. *Local Paper.*



DR. CURZON'S TONIC TALKS.

"THERE ARE STILL SLIGHT MURMURS, DEAR LADY, BUT I ASSURE YOU YOU ARE NOT NEARLY SO ILL AS YOU THINK YOU ARE."



Daughter of the House (to friend who has come with aunt and uncle). "ARE THEY DECENT TO YOU?"
Friend. "HE'S ALL RIGHT, BUT SHE'S A 'SSE'-ER."

HOW GEORGE PUT HIS FOOT IN IT.

ALTHOUGH my friend George is a bachelor, he's a very good chap in his way. He does fairly well on the Stock Exchange, and his hobby is to support progressive movements. He seldom refuses a subscription to any society for the suppression of something or other, or for the propagation of anything else. But there is one organisation he does not help, and that is the Women's Freedom League.

This determination of his dates back to a local dance he attended. While he was there somebody introduced him to a tall superb girl of statuesque beauty, with a steady intellectual glance, albeit that she had none of that masculinity that so often mars the perfection of such a girl. George, it must be confessed, was so busy admiring her that he didn't catch her name, although that probably didn't matter, for the introducer carried out the ceremony by referring to her in the usual mumble that sounds like "Miss Umble-bumblegobblegobble, you know," and then left them to it. George is more careful in these days. He wants it spelt in full.

At the end of a couple of dances George suggested that they should go out into the conservatory; where they began to talk. To his astonishment he found that she not only looked intellectual, but she actually had some brains. They drifted from discussing the French occupation of the Ruhr and its effect on international exchanges to financial matters in general.

Now Finance is George's long suit, and in fact, when it comes to talking about anything else, he has to revoke. He's very hazy on psycho-analysis, and he has a dim idea that the pre-Raphaelite school is one of those that is being mismanaged somewhere or other by the L.C.C.; but, if you give him half a chance, he'll become actually eloquent on the subject of De Beers, Industrials, and Foreign Rails. Most women look bored after a few minutes, and then disappear with some low-browed hound who babbles of tango steps and tennis. But this girl did not. She listened attentively, and she wanted to know more about it.

George swelled with pride. He felt like *Sir Lancelot* explaining to *Guinevere* how he had defeated half-a-dozen giants. She seemed so interested that

he imagined that perhaps she had some money of her own she wanted to invest.

"Do you know," she said, "it's a pleasure to meet a man like yourself, who is frankly keen on his own business and who doesn't mind talking shop."

George interrupted himself in the middle of a vivid description of some bulling operations to remark that the pleasure was his alone.

"So you think," she went on, "that it is possible to get a steady seven per cent. on your capital in these days without taking too much risk?"

"Possible?" said George enthusiastically. "I can get ten. Why, in my own operations last year I cleared over five thousand pounds, apart from commissions."

"Splendid," she said thoughtfully. "You must be awfully clever."

"It's easy when you know how," said George. "Coal and steel are the best tips for this year, with an occasional gamble in rubber. You'll remember that, won't you?"

"I've got a very good memory indeed," she said.

Just then another partner came to claim her, and George was left alone in

a rose cloud. What a relief it was to meet a really sensible woman after all these flippant flappers! He had never married because he could never imagine his home being mismanaged by the ordinary helpless kind of woman who knows nothing of business. But here was a girl

And what a help she would be to the right kind of man in his own work! He would be able to come home to her and tell her of rises and falls, of fractions, of the trend of the market, and she would listen attentively and perhaps give him shrewd advice, not like other wives, who interrupt with irrelevant remarks on the iniquities of the latest servant and the fact that the baby wants a new outfit.

George sighed. He disliked boasting, but he felt somehow pleased that he had told her how well he was getting on. She had intelligence enough to appreciate a man's true value. He strolled out to the buffet to get a glass of port. Meanwhile he wondered whether
Anyhow, she was the most stunning girl he had ever met. She'd make some lucky devil a splendid wife. Once more he reflected with pleasure that he had explained how prosperous he was. You never know what might happen.

He turned to find his best friend had come in.

"Tell me, Joe," he said, "I didn't catch her name when we were introduced, of course, but who is that tall superb girl of statuesque beauty, with a steady intellectual glance, albeit that she has none of that masculinity that so often mars the perfection of brainy women? She talks with as much interest on financial matters as I do myself."

"She ought to," said Joe. "She's the girl who's just been appointed to this district as the first lady inspector of income-tax."

THE TWO VOICES.

[According to a weekly paper, "one of the reasons why women marry is to make other women jealous by extolling the virtues of their husbands."]

No longer sorrow fills my heart
When Mary in her candid way
About some failure on my part
Has more than usual to say;
I do not hark in shamefaced mood
While she declares me dull or weak,
A monster of ineptitude,
A flabby sort of freak.

Time was such words seemed really
meant,

But this absurd suspicion ends
Now that I know to what extent
She sings my praises to her friends;



Eloquent One. "Now JUST A MINUTE—ER—PUTTING MY ARGUMENTS FOR COMMUNISM IN A NUTSHELL I SAY—"

Workman. "Yus, BUT I'M IN A HURRY. WHAT SORT O' NUT—CCCC OR MONKEY?"

Virtue to virtue she will add,
To every contradiction deaf,
The chivalry of *Galahad*,
The wit of *Mutt and Jeff*.

To any failing I possess
I gather she is more than kind;
What some would call pigheadedness
Appears in me as strength of mind;
And so, when now she wears a frown,
I think (and calmly kiss the rod)
How Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Brown
Deem me a demi-god.

"Nothing now remains in the first chamber of the tomb but the two impressive statues of Tutankhamen, still shod in scandals worn by him during his lifetime."—*American Paper*.
Tut, Tut!

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"The discovery of an ancient skull in Jersey may or may not prove to be of great anthropological importance."—*Daily Paper*.

THE REPARATIONS PROBLEM. SIX LEADERS OF INDUSTRY FRIED.

EXPECTED SHORTAGE OF FOOD."
Chinese Paper.

Surely these headings are in the wrong order.

"The first appearance of Princess Mary's son in public life will indeed be a quiet one, as his christening is to take place at Goldsbrough."—*Evening Paper*.

But surely, even with so distinguished a baby as Princess MARY'S, it cannot be said that quietude is absolutely certain at such a function.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

XII.—THE CAVE-MEN.

THERE is something to be said for most games; but Billiards...! Golf is a madness, but billiards is a foul disease, to be classed with croquet, and but little removed from backgammon. A game in which only one player can play at a time, and may play alone for hours and hours; in which each player spends a great part of his time sitting down and watching; which condemns all others to whispering and tiptoes; which spoils the best room in the house, and turns good men to egotism, cigar-smoking, and a taste for accuracy—this is not a gentleman's pastime.

The awful tyranny of a billiard-table! I am thinking of the kind of house where the game in fact is never played except when Jim comes home from India, or Nigel gets his three-yearly furlough from Japan. And the house is always full of young people, and every night they gather in the billiard-room because it is large and they feel expansive; and they long to do anything but play billiards; and they cannot play fives on the table, because of the cloth; and they cannot dance or romp because of it, or sit on it or play a round game on it; and no man can sing a chorus with due spirit in the presence of the thing; and it is useless for hide-and-seek; and there it is, and nothing will remove the vile green elephant, the luxury, the sign of wealth; and they look at it, and walk round it, and pretend to be impressed by it; and go to bed dejected.

Once, when I was looking for a small cottage in Sussex, a house-agent sent me particulars of a three-storey mansion in Hampshire. It had twenty-five rooms; but it had a billiard-table which disappeared into the floor when you touched a button, so that you could dance. And had I been as rich as I ought to be I would have bought that mansion for the pleasure of constantly burying the billiard-table and stamping on it. Think of it—to have the whiphand of a billiard-table! It would have been worth any money.

Yet I know a man who has married a billiard-table—an ordinary, immobile one. Once he was a good fellow and companionable, and he lived in small but comfortable rooms. Then he acquired this jealous jade, and his bachelor friends see him no more. For months

he did little but wander round the country, seeking a suitable home for his bride, not asking awkward questions about sanitation or scenery, but simply demanding a large room on the ground floor with a good billiard-light (south-east, I believe, is the proper aspect). He loathed the country, *qua* country, but what he required was not to be had in town, so, when he found it, to the country he went. The rest of the house is barely furnished, and in many parts not furnished at all; the garden is neglected; all his love and money and care have been lavished on the elaborate

have mistaken it for the stables or the greenhouse.

"Oh!" I said. (And I don't really think you will devise a better reply than that.)

He raised one corner of the sheet and exposed a tiny area of green cloth, and I thought at first that he was going to say, "This is the table." But he saw that I had guessed. He wistfully rubbed a forefinger on the cloth and said, "Yes, it's a fine room."

"It was," I said.

"Don't you like it?" he asked anxiously.

"I don't think the furniture's quite right," I said, and trembled.

But all he said was, "The settee? Oh, well."

Such is the man—for all this is by way of preface, yet necessary if I am to produce the full psychological effect which I desire—this is the man who took me to see a billiard match between two professional ex-champions—Bruce and Bobbett. If a game be so hideous in the home, what must it be like in the professional arena?

I cannot tell you what it is like. It has to be seen to be believed. By this time you will have remarked the surpassing dullness, the quite unusual dullness of this article. It has no life. It goes on and on, one dead level of impeccable, or almost impeccable prose, written by a master of prose. You long for a little sparkling dialogue, a split infinitive, a bad spell. Even a new paragraph will be a relief.

That is the effect I am seeking to produce. That is Bruce and Bobbett playing billiards. My stars!

It was the second or third week of the match, and they were playing in a kind of dungeon. Clinker stealthily led me in, and we found about thirty men sitting in darkness and a cloud of smoke, and one robust man playing billiards by himself, in his shirt-sleeves. The audience sat as silent as statues, and far more still than people sit in church, or in court, or anywhere else. When a pipe went out it remained out, and no man dared to blow his nose; and once when a man clapped I feared for his life. One felt that in a moment there would come a great revelation; one would catch a glimpse of the Infinite and know the secrets of Life and Death.

And Bruce played billiards, all by



"WHERE DID YER GIT ALL THAT MONEY, BILLY?"

"TAI'N'T MUCH—ONLY THREEPENCE-FARTHEIN'. I WON OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL FOOTBALL SWEEP."

shrine of his darling. And there, with other devils worse than himself, he spends his days, grooming the table all day, leaning against it all the evening, and invariably pretending he is sorry when he makes a fluke. Such is his life.

Once, though well he knew that I would take no part in these orgies, he invited me to stay with him. Immediately on my arrival he led me to The Room, opened the door and paused a moment in a kind of awe, as men pause at the door of a cathedral. There stood the Table, silent and tremendous, reverently wrapped in a sheet, like some dead monster lying in state. A bright fire burned in the grate, to keep it warm.

"This is the billiard-room," he said, as though in my madness I might

himself, for ever and ever. And the weedy miserable marker stole about the table like a cat, intoning softly like a minor canon, for ever and ever, 73—75—78—80—82—84—86—88—*nainty*. What a life! And three reporters sat on a bench, unutterably bored, smoking cigarettes for ever and ever, and sometimes writing down three words very rapidly, which they immediately scratched out again. What a life!

And Bruce When I had seen Bruce score 9, I agreed with Clinker that it was pretty marvellous. But when he had scored 90, I saw that any fool could do it. In his break of 159 there was one exciting moment, and that was when he stopped. Bobbett retorted with a break of 187; and there was in it one glorious moment at the end, when he missed a jenny. For the only defence for billiards is that it is difficult; and when it becomes easy—Good Heavens!

Good Heavens! I crept out into the sun, and left Bruce busy again, and the reporters yawning, and the marker chanting, and the audience dead. And if there is a place in London where human beings are more wretchedly engaged on a sunny afternoon I do not know it.

Go, I beg, in a few weeks' time, and see the closing stages of this contest, this battle of wizards. But oh! how bored you will be! How horribly bored! You cannot think how bored you will be! My hat, how bored! A. P. H.

THE LAND OF MARCO POLO.

HERE where the Eastern uplands glow
With poppies white as the driven snow
And the downs of China roll, oh!
It's good to turn in your saddle and view
A sight which the master traveller knew,
To feel in your face the wind that blew
In the face of MARCO POLO.

An old red Chow runs to and fro
Growling and showing his teeth, as though

He wanted to lay a foe low,
While Panthay coolies in hairy mats,
Rope-soled sandals and mushroom hats,
Croon to their ponies a ditty that's
As old as MARCO POLO.

And as we ride past the haunts of men—
Maize and plantains and huts—'tis then
Each pariah starts a solo;
While guinea-gold goblins point and stare,
And gaunt grey buffaloes sniff the air,
Just as they stared and sniffed, I'll swear,
At the sight of MARCO POLO.

When we halt for the night by a rock-
strewn stream,
When the rice-pots simmer and camp-
fires gleam
And the light begins to grow low,



The Lady (gloomily). "DO YOU REALISE, NOW THAT SHE HAS REFUSED THE RICH MAN AND MARRIED THE POOR ONE, WE SHALL HAVE TO SIT OUT THAT GHASTLY COAT AND SKIRT FOR THE REST OF THE PLAY?"

Our ponies, quit of trestle and pack,
Whinny and roll in the sandy track,
Just as they whinnied and rolled way
back

In the days of MARCO POLO.

Then ye who struggle where life is
stern,
Come to the China heights and learn
How much may a traveller's soul owe
The land that the hazards of Time
ignore,
That is as it was in the days of yore,
That is as it shall be evermore,
The land of MARCO POLO.

J. M. S.

The Ocean Highwayman.

"—'s Super Film.
DICK TURPIN'S RIDE TO NEW YORK."
Adv. in *Provincial Paper*.

Mr. H. G. WELLS' forthcoming novel:
"MEN LIKE GODS."
But prefer Goddesses.

"Why was I born?"—Dr. CRANE in "*The Pall Mall Gazette*."

It is supposed that the Storks had a grudge against the Cranes.

A Times' "Agony":—

"If it is of any interest to you, I know that the dark lady who lives not a hundred miles from you is fretting a good deal."

He should try sending her a sonnet.

"French policy is what it was—plus le change plus c'est la même chose."

Glasgow Paper.

The French language, however, seems to have altered somewhat on its journey North.



THE SOFT ANSWER.

Village Blacksmith. "WELL, GO ON—'IT ME."

Bluejacket. "IT 'UD BE A WASTE O' TIME 'ITTING YOU WITH ALL THEM COLLISION-MATS 'UNG ROUND YER FACE."

THE DETURFERS.

ARE you a Deturfer? No? Then I envy you.

It happened like this. We—that is to say, Marion, Anne, Henry and I—decided that any more life without a tennis-court would be an utterly vain thing. There was a small field at the bottom of the garden, whose chronic state of unemployment, though fashionable, had been a reproach to us for years. What more could we want? The thing was as good as done. In fact we very nearly set to work.

Then someone with a prosaic turn of mind (I suspect Marion), thinking that we ought perhaps to know something about the job, bought a little book, hereinafter called the brochure of the one part. Henry commandeered it and we gathered happily round him. He fingered the pages thoughtfully, and his frank open face became closed and gloomy.

"What does it say?" we demanded breathlessly. "Doesn't it tell you how to do it?"

"Yes," he said sadly, "it tells you how; but listen to this: 'There are only

two ways of satisfactorily transforming a field into a lawn suitable for tennis or croquet. One is to smooth down, by constant rolling and mowing, the thick and lumpy tufts of grass. This, though arduous and not always productive of the best results, is inexpensive; but the far better method is to remove the existing turf and re-cover the area with prepared sods. The cost of this operation for an average lawn will be about a hundred and fifty pounds.'"

"Oh, will it?" remarked Marion.

Henry and I regarded one another mournfully. "Will you oil the roller," he asked, "or shall I? You will."

So we took out the roller.

Two hours later Marion and Anne came to tell us that lunch was ready. They looked at the field and then at us. It was a very hot day.

"Well," said Marion, "I do think you might have made a start at least. Now there's the whole morning wasted."

"Do you see this strip of sward six yards by four?" I exclaimed, choking with emotion. "Do you see it?"

"Yes," said Anne, looking at another one altogether. "What about it?"

I directed her attention to the right spot. "Don't you notice anything different about it? Doesn't it seem to you to have a slightly tired, almost a crushed appearance?"

"It looks just the same as the rest to me. Perhaps a little more lumpy. Why?"

"Only that we have been rolling that particular bit for two solid hours without coming up to breathe," I replied bitterly. "Only that."

"Well, you don't seem to have made much impression on it," said Marion dispassionately. "Have you?"

"Speaking candidly, perhaps not. Let us lunch."

The next day we burned the brochure amid solemn rites in the kitchen fire and went out and bought another book, a fat, wise, helpful book, hereinafter termed the volume of the other part. "The only satisfactory way of converting a field into a lawn suitable for tennis or croquet," it said, "is to remove the existing sods, level it carefully, as explained below, and sow the area with fresh seed. This will cost, exclusive of labour, about three pounds." We placed the volume in an honoured position on the book-shelf and sallied forth to collect spades and shovels.

"We will now remove the first sod," I announced, when we were gathered once again in the field.

"I suppose we couldn't persuade some friendly Royalty to come down and do it, could we?" asked Anne. "It's often done."

"Even mayors have their uses," Henry murmured.

"They're very wild at present, though," said Marion. "I think it's their nesting-time."

"We must rely on the home circle, I'm afraid," I said. "Henry, hand Lady Marion the spade."

With enormous pains she succeeded in removing a piece of turf about four inches square. Henry was for not passing it as a sod, but, on a card vote being taken, she was given the benefit of the doubt.

"Well, I've made a good start," she said brightly. "I think I can leave the rest safely to you. Come along, Anne, and help me do the flowers."

The flowers were evidently refractory, for it was nearly lunch-time before they returned. With pride we showed them the bald patch in the middle of the field which we had cleared with such tremendous labour. Marion looked disappointed.

"Is that all you've done?"

"All? Let me tell you it's jolly nearly five square yards."

"Five square yards," she repeated musingly. "Then you've only got about three hundred and ninety-five more to do, haven't you?"

"It sounds much better in feet," Henry pleaded. "Just think, nearly forty-five square feet."

Marion remained unmoved.

"Is there no way of impressing the woman?" I protested.

"I suppose you haven't measured out the court yet?" she said.

"On the contrary," I replied with dignity, "those little sticks that you see stuck into the ground at regular intervals indicate its exact dimensions."

"I was afraid so. In that case you've stacked your turves right in the middle of the run-back. Of course I quite recognise that Henry and you are awfully good jumpers, but you must remember that Anne and I are handicapped by our skirts, so, if you really wouldn't mind Yes, I should try under that tree. Well, I suppose we mustn't interrupt you any more. Good-bye."

* * * * *

So much for our opening spasm. Further instalments will follow as the good work proceeds. By the time we have completed our task I fear it will have made rather a long story.

[EDITOR.—We do not share your apprehension.]

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"The very name of Mesopotamia affects him [Mr. Asquith] as it affected Roman statesmen centuries ago after Croesus had lost the flower of their Eastern armies in the sands near Carrhæ."—*Sunday Paper*.



WHY LET THE FLOODS INTERFERE WITH YOUR ENJOYMENT? IF YOUR BALLROOM IS UNDER WATER THEN MAKE THE BEST OF IT.

RECOVERY.

My own, my dear one—well I know
How very dear to me—
How sadly did the mornings go
That brought me news of thee,
For thou wast weak and very low
So far across the sea!

Helpless to aid thee, 'twas my fate
To mark thy slow decline;
While none could diagnose thy state
Nor any cause assign
Why thou didst languish from the date
On which I made thee mine.

Yet naught of sorrow I have known
My present joy can mar,
For thou art stronger now, my own,
And thou art dearer far,
My hundred pounds of India Loan,
Than when I bought at par.

Our Candid Advertisers.

"Lady offers comfortable Home, or otherwise, to lady or gentleman."—*Irish Paper*.

Jours Maigres.

From an hotel advertisement:—

"Week-End Terms, including all meals (specially reduced), Saturday to Monday. 37s. 6d."—*Daily Paper*.

"CAIRO.—The authorities are taking firm measures to deal with the school strikes."

Morning Paper.

In our young days they would have tried homœopathic treatment.

"Mendelssohn's 'Elijah' will be given under the conductorship of Mr. —, F.R.C.O., who has a strong chorus of over 100 voices, a full orchestra of 40, and excellent principles."

Local Paper.

Just the man, in fact, to conduct an unsophisticated oratorio in the way it should go.

From an article entitled "My Favourite Witch":—

"Sycorax . . . made the world her debtor by giving birth to Caliban, although 'in her most unmitigable rage' she shut him up in a cloven pine for twelve years."—*Literary Paper*.

We wonder how he hit it off with his fellow-prisoner, Ariel.



Better-informed Urchin. "GARN, SILLY! THEY AIN'T GOING TO BE SOLD. THEY'RE THE JUMBLE WOT BUYS."

MANCHESTER SKY SIGNS.

BY THE LANCASTRONOMER-ROYAL.

(With grateful acknowledgments to the *Astronomical Correspondent* of "The Manchester Guardian.")

ON March 17th—St. Patrick's Day—there will be an annular eclipse of the Sun, which will not be visible in Manchester. No adequate reason has yet been given for this singular omission, but we are glad to learn that a question is to be asked in the House of Commons whether the Government proposes to take any steps to prevent the repetition of this gross act of solar discourtesy, or, failing that, to initiate suitable aerial reprisals. What renders the failure to provide for the spectacular needs of Lancashire all the more galling is the fact that Patagonia and South Africa will be the favoured countries, while Ireland, as well as Lancashire, is left out in the cold. In this context it may be pointed out that a partial eclipse of the Moon was announced as being visible in Manchester in the early morning of March 3rd, but only if the weather conditions should prove favourable. A boon hampered by such

conditions is shorn of all its grace, for it is notorious that the weather in Manchester in March can never be counted upon. But this does not exhaust the list of local grievances. On March 23rd the Moon will approach very near to the bright star Aldebaran, and in London an occultation of the star will take place. But why not in Manchester? This is one of the injustices which impels the Lancashire astronomer to borrow Porson's phrase and exclaim, "D— the scheme of things in general!" Let us hope, however, that, if the occultation of Aldebaran be invisible here, an auscultation may be possible to our "radio" experts.

THE PLANETS.

The planetary programme for March, we regret to say, is not altogether well arranged. Mercury will be too near the Sun to be readily observed, and, though Venus will be a morning star, her brightness will fall off as the month advances and the Easter sales approach. The perversity of Venus is, however, atoned for by the self-effacing behaviour of her consort, Mars. This formidable planet, as Lord ROBERT CECIL will be

rejoiced to hear, is becoming inconspicuous, and has now only two-thirds of the brightness of an average first magnitude star. We have also to acknowledge the considerateness of Jupiter in accommodating his hours of rising to evening observation, a remark which also applies to Saturn. It is a pity that in his otherwise remarkable symphonic work, *The Planets*, Mr. GUSTAV HOLST has failed to render justice to these examples of stellar benevolence. Now that communication with the stars is coming within the range of practical politics, it is desirable that we should applaud as well as criticise. But the conduct of Uranus, who will be invisible throughout the entire month, is difficult to excuse. Stars that can shine and won't shine ought to be made to shine in Lancashire.

COMETS AND METEORS.

It is impossible to resist the conclusion that the hybrid nomenclature adopted by astronomers is resented by the more sensitive of the heavenly bodies. For example, the Comet Baade, now a very faint object, will shortly pass south of the well-known double star, Gamma



"I SAY, JUST GIVE THESE SEEDS TO YOUR CHICKENS, WILL YOU? IT WILL SAVE 'EM COMING OVER HERE FOR 'EM LATER."

Arietis. His faintness may be naturally ascribed to the proximity of a star saddled with so barbarously bilingual a name. About the middle of the month, when the Moon will be absent, meteor showers may be expected, and this will be the best time for observing the Zodiacal light after sunset. But these displays of "fiery particles" raise a difficult problem. It is useless to look for these phenomena in the neighbourhood of the lights of a large town. Either we must be prepared to dispense with artificial light during their occurrence, or else means will have to be taken to communicate to the celestial authorities the desirability of intensifying the power of their illuminants.

FIXED STARS.

We find it hard to contemplate the posture of this class of luminary in the coming month with tranquillity, in view of the ominous parallelism which it affords to European politics. The Great Bear will be climbing towards the zenith. We know that bears have a traditional predisposition to climb poles; but it is impossible not to be impressed by the concurrent indica-

tions of Russian resurgence. Even more menacing is the fact that Taurus and Orion (O'Ryan?) will be prominent in the south-west.

SOLACE FOR THE REJECTED.

"It follows that when Mary Garden sings *Carmen* in the Chicago Opera House and her voice is broadcasted, not only do the farmers' wives in remotest Illinois hear her voice within a tiny fraction of a second, but that the electromagnetic waves which make this possible arrive at the sun eight minutes later. Twenty-seven minutes later they arrive at Jupiter. Perhaps one hundred million years from now they will reach the uttermost star visible to our most powerful telescope. But when they have arrived there their journey is only begun."

My wife read this paragraph aloud and paused.

"Fancy, Jack," she said, "if we sing it goes on to the uttermost star."

"On and on like the reparations problem or a woman's talk," I grunted. Mabel likes to read aloud and this is the only way to suppress her.

Here she puckered the pretty lips which used to move me to rhyme. "Please don't be facetious. Think of our singing going on and on till it reaches the heavens."

"I am thinking, Mabel, and it hurts. Even in the next world there will be no rest. My dream is shattered. There are thousands of songs and other things we are trying to avoid. But after we are dead we shall catch up with some of them loitering by the way. We may even overtake and pass them, and arrive just in time to welcome them. Imagine our arrival in some distant sphere being greeted by the strains of 'Keep the Home Fires Burning'!" I shuddered as I thought a disembodied spirit should shudder.

The shudder was quite successful or she had not been listening, for she was quiet. I was beginning to read about my golf match again. My pipe was drawing well, according to advertisement, not burning the tongue and leaving no waste tobacco residue. I was just at the fifth tee when the student of the marvellous broke cover once more.

"It says here, Jack, that after a while mankind may learn to communicate consciously by thought transference."

Now I never was opposed to the higher education of women. Indeed I have always held that some of them need more of it; but to have a state-



She. "THERE YER ARE, ALF. WOT DID I TELL YER? NO SLEEVES. SEE?"

ment like that thrown across the fairway was too much.

"My dear Mabel, can't you see I'm busy now? One would think that a wife would enjoy seeing a jaded husband relaxing a little at times. You have your hobby, and an innocent enough hobby it seems to be. Last week you took out the bed-springs to make a wireless and I said nothing. But there is a limit. Remember that the Vicar warned us as late as last Sunday against dabbling in the occult. That road, as he clearly demonstrated, leads to Where was it? I forget; but in any case . . ."

"And when thought transference comes in," continued Mabel, as if I had not spoken, "you will be one of the unemployed. They will not need any writers then."

"What—no writers?" and I believe my voice was quivering.

"No. You will not require to write. You will merely sit in your study and consciously transfer your thoughts, if you have any: transfer your thoughts to the editor, you know."

It sounded simple and I was interested enough to ask, "And what then?"

"He will consciously transfer them back again with regrets." She laughed

in a foolish manner. "All day long the editors in Fleet Street will sit flapping their deep regrets. The fateful thud of the returned manuscript will pass from modern fiction."

"At any rate," I said, "we shall live more cheaply then. We shall save the postage there and back."

It was not one of my best efforts, but it touched my wife on her economical side, where she is very tender, and a great peace ensued.

HOPES AND FEARS.

[A daily paper assures us that pets nowadays are chosen for "their decorative value in relation to furnishing schemes," love-birds and blue, red and yellow macaws being particularly popular.]

WHEN erst I called on Melisande

And sought to show my best,
The tête-à-tête that I had planned

Was robbed of half its zest
By constant interruptions from
Her much too highly pampered pom.

For oft, to my intense distress,

She'd turn from me to praise

His non-apparent loveliness

And so-called playful ways

(With me her "darling little chap"

Disdained all other games but Snap).

My brightest sayings went amiss

When, hearing them, she chose
To press him to her cheek and kiss

His unresponsive nose,
Making, I always thought, a point
Of putting mine clean out of joint.

But now of happier times I dream;

Now that she'll soon instal

The latest decorative scheme

With pets to match it all;

For if her room would look its best
Therefrom *delendus Fido est*.

Some bright macaw (the current rage)

Her overtures will spurn,
And sit disdainful in his cage,

Aloof and taciturn;

For one so blatantly ornate
Is hardly like to demonstrate.

His rivalry I need not fear,

Her favour I shall win

With comfortable ease . . . but here

A dreadful doubt creeps in;

I too within that chamber set

May seem an inappropriate pet.

"A woman from Swansea enclosed a sprig of white hather for the Candidate and his wife.

Now, what is any Mitcham elector to make of this?"—*Evening Paper*.

We give it up.



THE OLD PARTNER.

FRANCE. "IT'S TRUE HE TREADS ON MY TOES NOW AND THEN, BUT AT ANY RATE HE WON'T LET ME DOWN."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 26th.—The PRIME MINISTER has rejected the suggestion that the proceedings of the House of Commons should be included in the broad-casting programme. Perhaps it is just as well. The objection of Mr. TILLET, who put it forward, was to secure "closer touch between the Parliament and the people," but it is possible that the effect of its adoption would be too close in some cases, and not close enough in others. I doubt, for example, whether listeners-in would ever hear much of Mr. BONAR LAW himself unless he spoke right into the receiver; and they would probably be left with the impression that the really dominating personality of the new Parliament was Mr. JACK JONES.

This afternoon, it is true, they would have heard Lord WINTERTON snubbing Sir CHARLES YATE (who was in India before the noble lord was born) for taking an unnecessary amount of interest in Indian affairs, and being himself informed by Viscount CURZON (a master of Parliamentary deportment) that his conduct was "absolutely disgraceful."

They would also have had the advantage of hearing from the PRIME MINISTER's own lips—subject to the condition already mentioned—the Government's latest intentions with regard to housing, namely, that all houses should be decontrolled in June 1925, and the higher-rated houses in June 1924, provided that neither House of Parliament has passed a resolution to the contrary. They would certainly have heard, though they might have felt some difficulty in believing the confident prophecy of Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS that by next year the supply of the higher-valued houses would approximate to the demand.

Apathy, rather than excess of zeal, is the charge usually levelled against the Government in the matter of afforestation. It was curious, therefore, to hear Mr. A. M. SAMUEL inveighing against their "vandalism" in planting certain hills in his constituency known as the Devil's Jump, and thereby obliterating their lovely contours. The case for the Forestry Commission was in the appropriate charge of Mr. FORESTIER-WALKER (whose name recalls the ambulatory exercise of Birnam Wood). He stoutly declared that the contours would not be obliterated, and when clothed with woods would be more

beautiful than ever. They will then, it is rumoured, be known in the locality as the Devil's Jumpers.

Mr. McNEILL added to his reputation by his judicious defence of the Vote

the improvement of the Industrial Assurance Bill, based upon his knowledge of the people for whom it was intended, were made by Lord SHANDON. To print an extract from the Bill on

the back of each policy would be useless to half-educated persons, who could no more understand technical language about forfeiture than they could the EINSTEIN theory. A notice in large type and coloured ink, saying plainly, "If you do not keep your address posted up with the Company you may lose all your money," was the sort of thing required. Lord CAVE promised sympathetic consideration on the Report stage, and the Bill then went through Committee.

In the Commons Sir PHILIP LLOYD-GREAME made the epoch-marking announcement that, although strictly speaking aluminium spoons coming from Germany were "hollow-ware" and as such subject to duty, it had been decided to let them in free, so as not to divorce them from aluminium forks. He evidently desires to avoid any renewal of the scandal that ensued when the spoon eloped with the dish.

In answer to Mr. HARDIE's inquiry whether the interest on our debt to the United States is to fluctuate according to the

relations between the pound sterling and the dollar, Mr. BALDWIN delighted the House with the John Bullish reply, "No; it is the dollar that fluctuates."

Colonel WEDGWOOD might have obtained more sympathy for his attempt to secure the disallowance of the Act lately passed by the Government of India for the prevention of disaffection in the Native States, if he had not made an ill-conditioned attack upon the Native Princes and belittled their services in the War, whereupon his impassioned appeal to his "old comrades of the Liberal Party" fell quite flat. Two of the six or seven who were present solemnly shook hands, to the amusement of Mr. ASQUITH; and Mr. CHARLES ROBERTS, whose knowledge of India is more extensive if less peculiar than that of Colonel WEDGWOOD, strongly urged the House not to throw over the decision of Lord READING.

The motion received the doubtful support of Mr. SAKLATVALA, but was strongly opposed by Lord WINTERTON in a speech which restored him to favour with Sir CHARLES YATE, and was lost by an overwhelming majority.

A resolution urging increased assistance to Road Authorities from the motor-taxes was carried despite the



ON THE FREE LIST.
SIR P. LLOYD-GREAME.

in aid of the Greek refugees, whom he described as victims of "one of the great tragedies in the history of the world."

Tuesday, February 27th.—In the Lords some helpful suggestions for



A MASTER OF PARLIAMENTARY
DEPORTMENT.
VISCOUNT CURZON.

opposition of Viscount CURZON, the Jehu of our time, who surprised the House by saying that he had many a time "followed traction-engines." "Not for long," interjected an incredulous colleague.

Wednesday, February 28th.—The LORD CHANCELLOR moved the Second Reading of the Criminal Justice Bill, a comprehensive measure designed to hasten and improve our judicial methods. Among many more important reforms Lord CAVE proposes to abolish the historic presumption that when a woman commits a crime in the presence of her husband she does so under his coercion and is therefore innocent. In his opinion it is no longer true, if it ever was, that every wife goes in terror of her husband and is ready to perpetrate any enormity sooner than thwart him.

To the surprise of the Peers, Lord BUCKMASTER, usually an enthusiastic believer in the equality of the sexes, argued most strongly that the old presumption should be retained. He declared that it had existed since the days of EGBERT, and would, I doubt not, have traced it back to the era of the Cave-men if respect for the LORD CHANCELLOR had not restrained him.

He had to submit to a trouncing for his obscurantism by that good old Tory, Lord ULLSWATER, who reminded him that Mr. Bumble's famous dictum regarding the law was provoked by this very "presumption," and declared that if the law was not to be regarded as "a ass" it must embody the customs and views of the present day and not of eleven hundred years ago.

No fewer than one hundred and twelve Questions were answered in the Commons this afternoon, and an hon. Member suggested that the SPEAKER should be presented with a pair of white gloves to mark what he believed to be a "record." But surely, if the analogy with the Courts of Justice is to be maintained, the testimonial should be reserved until the day when there are no Questions.

Not much information of any public interest resulted from this interrogative orgy. Mr. AMERY revealed the melancholy fact that the coastguard, formerly a common object of the seaside and by no means the least attractive to the visitors, was to be further reduced to a miserable seventy coast-watchers and transferred from the Admiralty to the Board of Trade.

The PRIME MINISTER successfully fended off all attempts to extract his views on the delicate situation in the Rhineland. Almost the only positive assertion he permitted himself was that he could not remember all the statements made by the right hon. Member for Carnarvon Boroughs.

The Dangerous Drugs Bill was generally approved, although Mr. SCRYMGEOUR, the Prohibitionist, complained that it did not go far enough, seeing that it did not refer to the most pernicious poison of all; and Sir S. RUSSELL-WELLS pointed out that unless certain of its provisions were altered an innocent medical man might find himself liable to a fine of a thousand pounds and ten years' imprisonment for a merely technical breach of the regulations.

A discursive debate on the administration of the Aliens Act was chiefly remarkable for Mr. ADAMS' discovery that Major FAWKES was a lineal descend-



REVERSION TO TYPE.

LORD BUCKMASTER, CIRC. A.D. 823.

ant of the notorious GUIDO of that ilk, for whom the Beefeaters make solemn search before every new Parliament. I was quite sorry when he had to admit subsequently that his picturesque story was a myth.

Thursday, March 1st.—Eastern questions occupied most of the time of both Houses. Lord ISLINGTON asked why another Royal Commission was to inquire into the Indian Civil Service, seeing that the last one, which sat for thirty months at a cost of fifty thousand pounds, reported only three years ago; and Lord PEEL explained that since then, Indian conditions had been fundamentally altered by the grant of self-government. To Lord SYDENHAM's charge that, by setting up a "Zionist administration" in Palestine, the Government had broken their pledges to the Arabs, the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, with

hereditary candour, replied that, having investigated the matter "to the best of his ability," he did not think Palestine was included in the promise made to KING HUSSEIN.

The MINISTER OF EDUCATION informed Mr. TURNER that, even if it were his duty to provide moral instruction for hon. Members, he doubted whether the precepts taught in Socialist Sunday-schools would tend to edification.

Mr. FRANK GRAY complained of the expense to constituencies of contests forced upon them by "the wanderings of unhappy Ministers," and suggested that every Member who resigned his seat should be obliged to pay a fine in relief of the rates. Needless to say, with the Treasury Bench still lacking four of its potential ornaments, the PRIME MINISTER did not smile upon the idea.

Having gone into Iraq like a lion, was Britain to come out like a lamb? was the question practically put by Mr. ORMSBY-GORE in proposing a Vote of £813,000 for the Middle East. He himself had no certain answer to give, except that we were not going to be driven out at the point of a Turkish bayonet; and the succeeding speakers were slightly less cocksure of the proper reply than they were ten days ago. Colonel HODGE thought the financial administration might be tightened up, and told how when a football referee, a journalist and a chartered accountant competed for a certain post it was given to the referee, probably as the man most likely to keep his balance correctly *in rebus in arduis*.

The liveliest contribution came from Lord ARSLEY, who, as the result of a flying visit to Bagdad, declared that the people could be made "as happy, as prosperous—and as ungrateful—as the people of Egypt were to-day."

THE PLAINT OF THE AVERAGE MAN.

THIS life is but a drab affair
To humble folk like me who tread
The cool sequestered valley where
Distinction's light is never shed.

For us to-day is yesterday
Repeated, and to-morrow brings
No respite from the inter-play
Of common tasks with common things.

And when three thousand years have
been

Turned out by Time's eternal looms,
No man will boast of having seen
The glories of our rifled tombs.

The archæologist will see
From relics scanned and laid aside
We had no other history
Than "Lived, paid Income Tax and
died."



Film Scenario Writer. "IN THOSE CRIMEAN SCENES WE CAN WORK IN A TOP-HOLE STUNT SHOWING THE CHARGE OF THE SIX HUNDRED."

Director. "SIX HUNDRED NOTHING! WE'LL GIVE 'EM SOMETHING FOR THEIR MONEY. WHAT ABOUT THE CHARGE OF THE SIX THOUSAND?"

TO A MARCH HARE.

THE wind's in the east,
But there's green on the larch,
And a fairy-tale beast
On the upland's wide arch
That gallops and gallops, light pacing,
At chasing
Of Magic, clean Magic of March.

Pied peewits swoop down
With a wing-swish and cry,
Pale primroses crown
The cold banks we pass by;
And you, you're Spring's own just as truly

And newly,
Red runner, beneath her shrill sky.

Yes, beast of old tales
And of fairy romance,
'Mid the high piping gales
And the dust-spirals' dance,
You join, over upland and valley,
Her rally,
In sunshine and singing expanse.

Are you witch, are you fay,
That so strangely you fling
Through the cloud-shadows' play
And the colours of Spring?
Or just a great jack, this gay morning
Sense scorning,
By old Father Pan shown a thing?

Oh, howe'er it may be,
The keen sunshine has shone,
And the road's running free
And the Winter has gone,
When others than you follow dances
And fancies,
To music that pipes the foot on.

For there's blue with the east
And a fringe on the larch,
And a daft fairy beast
On the cornland's green arch,
That gallops and gallops a-cock of
And mock of
The broomstick, the broomstick of
March,
Of March—
The mad-running broomstick of March.

Culture in the "City."

From a Financial Article:—

"The day of reckoning is bound to come,
and then it will be a case of *saue quit Peu.*"
Provincial Paper.

"London, contrary to general belief, had
been kind to she of the little talent."

— *Magazine.*

We trust her was grateful.

"They were studying economy at the pre-
sent time, and the Chief Constable stated that
he would be able to do without a pair of
trousers to each man in the Force."

Scots Paper.

Reverting to kilts?

From the account of a motoring
accident:—

Mr. — was pinned to the ground, receiving
injuries to his right leg, body and shoulder.
What was most trying of all, his lighted
cigarette rested on the side of his cheek, near
his eye, and he could not move it!

Look out for the repeat performance."

Yorkshire Paper.

We doubt, however, if Mr. will
be induced to give an encore.

THE OUTLINE OF EVERYTHING.

III.—THE OUTLINE OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime."

LONGFELLOW.

"Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity."

SH. ALLY.

"What a Life!"—CARLYLE.

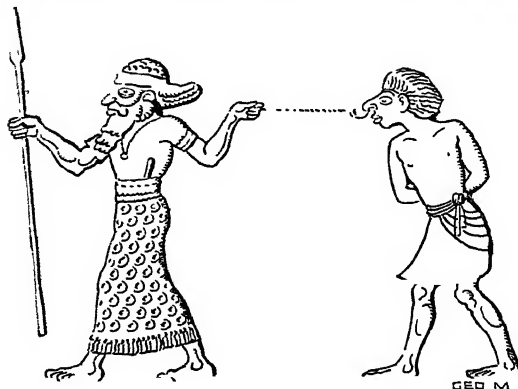
An autobiography is the life of a person written by herself, and comes from two Greek words, *auto*, meaning a motor-car, and *bio-graph*, meaning a film; but autobiographies are also written by men.

It has never been found possible to put the whole of one's life into an autobiography. The first few hours have to be taken on hearsay, and the last few added by a later hand. But as a matter of fact this kind of complete autobiography has very seldom been attempted, because all authors like to read the reviews of their own books. The old Greeks, who lived in ancient Greece, used to say, "Call no man happy until he has reached the end of his life without suffering sorrows," and we may paraphrase this to-day by saying, "Call no man happy until he has seen his Life successfully through the Press." And, besides, one can keep bringing one's autobiography up to date (in fortnightly parts, if necessary). The best age at which to publish the first instalment is about thirty-five if one is a novelist or an actor, or thirty-nine if one is a steeplechase-rider or a K.B.E.

The great advantage of writing about one's own life, as compared with letting somebody else do it, is that one knows instinctively what to omit, and this was quite well understood by the old Assyrian and Egyptian Kings, whose monuments are the first autobiographies in the world. Thus the Assyrian Kings, who ruled over the Assyrian Empire, never forgot to mention all the occasions when they planted their foot on the necks of the Egyptians, set their hook in the Egyptians' nostrils, scourged them with scourges and yoked them with a yoke of iron; but they did not have any pictures carved about the times when the Egyptians behaved in a similar manner towards them. (See *Outline of Assyriology*, p. 171.) We trace the same reticence in the baked-brick record of the life of KING NEBUCHADNEZZAR which has just been discovered in the

valley of the Euphrates by the well-known and popular Professor Bortsch. Here the Babylonian monarch is seen gazing proudly at the hanging gardens of the great city which he built, and surrounded by minstrels playing on dulcimers, sackbuts, timbrels and shawms; but no reference is made to the circumstances in which he ate straw like an ox

is spelt, when it sounds quite well, or "Waynee, weede, weechee," when it sounds excessively silly, does it not? But whichever way it is pronounced the meaning is, "I was appointed, I took charge, I proved a tremendous success"; and this text should hang on the study-wall of every young autobiographer. The rest is a matter of detail.



AN ASSYRIAN KING PLACES HIS HOOK IN THE NOSTRIL OF HIS ENEMY.

(see *Outline of Agriculture*, p. 305), or to the episode of the burning fiery furnace (see *Outline of Tautology*, Chapter II.).

It is quite true that both in ancient and modern times there have been persons filled with such a wrong and foolish desire for self-advertisement that they have included their vices as well as their virtues in their autobiographies.



NERO REFUSING TO SIGN A PUBLISHER'S CONTRACT TO WRITE HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY FOR THE SUM OF ONE MILLION SESTERCES.

ST. AUGUSTINE, JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU and DE QUINCEY may be mentioned in this class. But on the whole British common-sense is sternly and rigidly opposed to giving way to this temptation. The best model for autobiographies is that of JULIUS CÆSAR (the Roman), whose famous sentence, "*Veni, vidi, vici*," may either be pronounced as it

LEST YOU FORGET.

FOR PRACTICAL AUTOBIOGRAPHERS

THE HELPIT MEMORY SCHOOL

keeps an accurate record of all past events and supplies them to memoir writers as required. Testimonials from Generals, Cabinet Ministers, Society Hostesses, Racing Men, the Stage and the Bar.

LECTURES FROM EMINENT MEN ON WHAT TO REMEMBER, AND HOW.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET. YOU CANNOT DO WITHOUT IT.

It is hardly too much to say that the failure to write sufficient autobiographies has severely handicapped the whole science of

history. Where, for instance, are the autobiographies of the Roman emperors who succeeded JULIUS CÆSAR? There are none. And what have the historians written about these emperors? Most unpleasant things. They have simply laid stress on their weaknesses, instead of pointing out their virtues. What would we not give to-day for a Life of NERO written by his own hand? Could it fail to correct some of the harsh and bitter statements which have been made about this strong ruler? Why did he kill his mother? Why did he burn Rome?

Probably there were deep reasons of policy behind. And does not this apply to LUCREZIA BORGIA, IVAN THE TERRIBLE and KING JOHN? No one can understand our little trials and difficulties as we understand them ourselves. The great men of to-day are beginning to understand this. And not only the great men, but the men who are expecting to become great. And how many are there not of these?

Autobiography, in fact, cannot be begun too early. It is the greatest mistake to leave one's reminiscences till one's old age, as death may supervene before they are concluded, or there may be a strike in the printing trade. In order to be prepared against these chances it is essential to keep the autobiography written up in the form of a diary, including thoughts and jokes

as well as events. Corrections, amplifications, omissions (as, for instance, inordinate censure of a person who has afterwards married into the family), can be made later, either before the book is sent to the publisher or in proof. All children should be encouraged to keep such diaries, which can easily be fastened, together with a pencil, to the sash, pinafore, etc., instead of the useless whistle and cord which satisfied our grandparents when young. The best kinds have sentences already printed on them in the form of questions in order to encourage the young writer—e.g.:—

What did little Michael do to-day?

He

Who was the kind gentleman who came to lunch?

What did he say to papa?

What have Michael's reactions been towards his environment to-day?

(1) Conscious?

(2) Subconscious?

And so on.

Further instruction in reminiscence writing is now given in all elementary and secondary schools, and both with pupil and teacher is one of the most popular lessons in the time-table.

A mistake that has often been made by autobiographers in the past is to confine their volume of reminiscences to one set of activities—society, politics, sport, company-promoting, divorce, or whatever it may be. It is now found far better to include all the interests of a varied life in the book, and trust to the strong human *personality* or *character* of the author to weld them into one. He should not mind jumping about from place to place, or worry if events appear to get a bit mixed. There is no need for him to trouble overmuch about accuracy or dates. He should adopt a broad, humane and tolerant outlook, introducing the witticisms and repartees which he would like to have made rather than those which he actually used. In short, he should be his simple natural self.

The proper time for publication is bound to depend largely on what is called topical interest. Thus, if the buried treasure of the Incas has been discovered, and the writer has ever been to Peru, now is the moment for him to publish his first autobiography, including a long account of his trip, and three or four pages from the article in *The Encyclopædia Britannica* on Incas, which will be found in the volume called "HOG-INK." For the very great

this rule will not apply, as they possess topical interest of themselves. They should publish their autobiographies as soon as release from the cares of office



THE YOUNG AUTOBIOGRAPHER AND HIS INSPIRATION.

gives them leisure to do so. But the best bits should be chosen out first and put in the Sunday papers or *The Times*. These are called the *hors d'œuvres*.

One of the pleasantest parts of the autobiography, when it actually comes out, will be portraits of the author at all ages, in all climes, and surrounded by varying groups of friends. He will



As Grand Master of the Ancient Order of Hippopotamuses.



Engaged on writing his Autobiography.

SIR JOSEPH BAGWORTHY.

appear as student, tiger hunter, hand-bell ringer, bridegroom, as descending in a diver's uniform to gather pearls, as wearing the insignia of The Green Snake (4th Class), as a member of the Klu Klux Klan, or of the Rotary Club in his native town, and last, but not least important, as seated at his study desk writing the final words of his Life.

We cannot conclude better than by reproducing two portraits of this kind

from the autobiography of Sir Joseph Bagworthy, O.B.E. (the fifteenth O.B.E. in all Warrington), which is to be published by Messrs. Stranger and Fatten this very Spring. The book is entitled *Fifty Years of Municipal Life in the North*, and is practically certain to be one of the publishing sensations of the season.

EVOE.

ENDEMIC.

["Tin Typhus" is the name given to a disease which attacks tins, causing their contents to escape through innumerable tiny holes.]

WHEN last you opened, call to mind,
A tin marked *extra fines*
Your best endeavours failed to find
The twelfth, the last sardine;
You saw no very obvious way
Of slipping from the tin;
In fact you doubted whether they
Had ever put it in.
Now science has resolved your doubt;
Tin typhus let the beggar out.

The sugar which my grocer sends
Comes in a paper-bag
That shows no sign of damaged ends,
No trace of tear or sag;
But yet when I procure my scales
And hold domestic court
Aforesaid sugar never fails
To weigh out something short.
The bags he stocks (I have a vague
Suspicion) teem with paper plague.

Our milkman is a zealous man
And punctual as can be;
He never fails to drop his can
In time for morning tea;
And yet my servants always say
That what his bills profess
To be six standard quarts a day
Decant to somewhat less.
I do not join this captious group;
No doubt his can has caught
The croup.

My favourite brand of Highland
wine
Is fashioned North of Tweed;
Each bottle bears the printed
sign,
"Full measure guaranteed;"
But when at morn I pour a tot,
Of biting dog the hair,
If often seems that there is not
A decent spoonful there.
I fear they let their bottles pass
With chronic glanders in the glass.

"It is reported that when Kid Wagner, the champion feather-weight boxer, was asked recently, 'Are you related to the Great Wagner?' he answered, 'Related to him? I am the great Wagner.'"—*Musical Paper*.

And, like his humble namesake, has done some of his best work in "The Ring."

HOUSE-HUNTING IN GLASGOW.

One character in this dialogue is a Young Londoner, who has succeeded in making a living in Glasgow. He has a confident and communicative manner, in contrast with that of Bailie McWha, an elderly and saturnine House Factor.

Young Londoner. Good morning, Sir. House Factor. Moarnin'.

Y. L. The Secretary of the Scottish Venerable Insurance Company, Mr. McLuskie, suggested that I might call on you. You know him, I think.

H. F. Ay, A ken McLuskie. Whit did he send ye to me aboot?

Y. L. Well, you see, Mr. McWha, I am employed there, and I am thinking of getting married in Spring.

H. F. There's nae hairm in thinkin' aboot getting merrit, as faur as A ken.

Y. L. (laughing uneasily). Well, I am getting married, and I want a small flat from Whit-Sunday. I know, of course, it isn't easy just now, but Mr. McLuskie thought you might be so kind as to help me.

H. F. Ay, I daursay he wid. [A long and discouraging pause.]

Y. L. Of course I can give you references, Mr. McWha. Mr. McLuskie will be one and my banker the other.

H. F. It's no references A'm thinkin' aboot. It's hooses. A suppose ye wid be wullin' to buy a hoose?

Y. L. Not if I can get one to rent. You see, Mr. McWha, I have about a thousand pounds of savings,

and it is locked up in oil, and I get a tidy seven per cent. on it. House property just now isn't a very sound investment, is it, Mr. McWha?

H. F. Maybeno. Maybe that's why the hoose-owner wants to sell. But it's no so bad. A'll can sell you a hoose at hauf whit it wid cost you to build, then oo.

Y. L. Would you be so kind as to give me some particulars?

H. F. (consulting a list on his desk). Noo here's Garscadden Mansions, Noarth Kelvinside. Five rooms and kitchen, hot and cold, tiled vestibule. You'll can have yer pick of three flats there for seven hundred pounds, and I'll can give you a foartnight to make your arrangements with the sittin' tenant.

Y. L. I suppose the sitting tenant is the present occupier, Mr. McWha?

H. F. The supposition dis credit to yer gumption.

Y. L. But what on earth has the sitting tenant to do with it if I buy that house from you, Mr. McWha?

H. F. A oaffer you the hoose, subjick to his right of possession under the Rent Restriction Acts.

Y. L. Do you mean to tell me that the tenants are extorting money to leave a house that they don't want any longer?

H. F. Juist that.

Y. L. But that is blackmail, Mr. McWha.

H. F. Maybe. Bit if you wis the sittin' tenant, maybe ye wid call it bizness. They'll can mak mair oot o' the hoose than the owner, wi' their sublets or their lodgers.

Y. L. (crumpled a little). How much

widdy wumman, he'll jist gang into the next close and hang up his hat.

Y. L. But that seems quite outrageous. Nobody likes to pay blackmail.

H. F. Aweel, there's only three things fur it. Ye'll can buy a hoose, an' pay a sittin' tenant to gie up his hoose. That'll cost ye a thousand. Ye'll can build a seemilar hoose, and that'll cost ye fourteen hundred. Or ye'll can apply for a Corporation hoose, which ye'll get if yer a working man wi' influence or a Labour Member of the Toon Cooncil.

Y. L. Thank you very much, Mr. McWha. But I've thought of a better way.

H. F. An' whit is thaat, ma mannie?

Y. L. I shall break off my engagement, and plead the Rent Restriction Act if I am sued for breach. R. K. R.



Footpad. "NAE THEN, GUV'NOR, WOT WOULD YER SAY IF I FETCHED YER ONE ON THE NUT WIV THIS LIFE-PRESERVER?"

Professor. "I SHOULD SAY THAT THE INSTRUMENT'S APPELLATION WAS A SINGULAR MISNOMER."

A CAROL OF CALORIES.

[Two American men of science ask, in *Harper's Magazine*, "Shall the calories be forgotten?" and plead for their remembrance, in spite of the brilliant discoveries which led to the enthronement of the vitamins. Simultaneously the supremacy of the vitamins has been seriously challenged by the experiments on the feeding of pigs by the Rowett Institute, near Aberdeen.]

THE science of nutrition
Is not in a condition
That warrants the descrip-
tion of "exact,"
And many terms and
phrases
Coined to suit successive
phases
Are continually shunted and
side-tracked.

I own to being hazy in
My views respecting casein,
And though I somewhat dimly can recall
The vogue of lacto-bacilline
(Pronounced to rhyme with "vase-
line")
My knowledge of its properties is small.

More lately I was quite a mine
Of lore about the vitamins—
The shibboleth of dietetic prigs;
But the vitamins's forsaken
Or, at any rate, much shaken
By a series of experiments on pigs.
But there's no good in appealing
To a sentimental feeling
For a standard that is obsolete and old;
Now SUZANNE or Mrs. MALLORY
Excite me, while the "calorie,"
O Golly! but it leaves me stony cold.

"Mrs. —, The See House, entertained a few of the Bishop's wives who are in town."
Canadian Paper.
Salt Lake City, we presume.

would I have to pay the—ah—the sitting tenant?

H. F. (consulting a card index). There is a man in Number 5, one stair up, who will can sell you his tenant right, and gang oot to his son in New Zealand. That's yin. Then there is Number 7, toap flat. She's a widdy wumman. She's gaun to mairry a widower wha occupies Number 8, one stair up. I understaun they are juist waiting to see which o' the twa tenant rights they'll can get maist fur.

Y. L. And the price, Mr. McWha?

H. F. The New Zealander wants three hundred and fuffy pounds. A think the widdy man wid tak' two hundred and fuffy if ye'll buy his furniture at twenty per cent. above the cost price.

Y. L. But I don't want his furniture.

H. F. Nae mair dis he. Mairryin' a



Wilfred. "WHAT NAME IS BABY TO HAVE?"

Nurse. "CLARENCE DE VERE SNOOKS."

Wilfred. "OH! HAS HE BEEN TOLD?"

SPRING SIGNS AT WIMEREUX.

(Wimereux is a purely summer resort on the bleak coast of the Pas de Calais.)

In leafier lands than this the bard of March,
Hailing the advent of the vernal elf,
Has naught to do but rescue from the shelf
Time-honoured favourites—rosy-tufted larch,
Gay celandine or aconite or crocus—
And bring their several glories into focus:
I know, for I have done the thing myself.

And so I would again, but I am set
In latitudes as bare as John o' Groats;
No larches with Spring's favours in their coats,
No celandines or crocuses are met;
Naught here abideth but a sandy seaboard,
Excellent in itself, but as a keyboard
For Spring's fantasia sadly short of notes.

But comes Spring here unsignalled? *Au contraire.*
Hot for the renovation of their *plage*
Lo, there descend from Citroen or Delage
The forms of *messieurs les propriétaires*.
Dull would he be of soul who would not notice
New paint upon the Villa Myosotis
And sons of toil re-roofing *L'Ermitage*.

Now bathing-boxes venture from their lairs;
The golf-course pony sheds his winter fat
Dragging the mower from its habitat;
Furniture-vans congest the thoroughfares;
And the Casino (scene of fatal flutters!)
Stirs in its sleep and opens several shutters—
The man were blind who saw not Spring in that.

What need of bursting bud or opening leaf
When wondrous youths, Parisian, polyglot,
Supplant the nymphs whose wooden-footed trot
Brought us our winter-time *apéritifs*?
Why seek Pan's pipe or Flora's drums and tuckets
With Doisy's shop re-stocking spades and buckets?
Does *that* mean Spring, I ask, or does it not?

Ah Poesy! of such thou art not made;
And yet—and yet it somehow doth befall
These fustian heralds sound as clear a call
As all thy pastoral Muse's stock-in-trade.
What matter, then, the instrument or setting?
It's still the same old melody we're getting—
And *that's* what makes the poetry after all. H. B.

The following letter has apparently strayed from *The Spectator* Office:—

"SIR,—Noticing a curious ticking in my gas-meter this afternoon, I inserted a piece of thin wire baited with cheese, and succeeded in capturing what I have every reason to believe was a young therm. It weighs only 1½ grains. Yours faithfully, ENTOMOLOGIST.

P.S.—I am told by a friend that this is the breeding season for therms, so I suppose I must put the little fellow back."

From an article on "Commercial Raspberries and their Classification":—

"*Lloyd George*.—This variety is one of the most promising of recent introductions. It is reputed to be a 'perpetual' fruiting variety, but seems unreliable here in that respect; not much more than one-third of the new canes have so far flowered in the autumn. But as a summer fruiting variety it should prove to be very valuable."

Scientific Journal.

Rare, but refreshing.

LUCK OF THE WEEK.

I.—THE PHILOSOPHERS.

"AND where do you go for your holidays?" I asked him.
 "We don't go anywhere," he said. "I can't afford it. And I don't care about it very much either. Lodgings are not comfortable."

He resumed his attack on my thinning locks.

"Everyone should have some kind of change," I said.

"That's right," he replied. "And we do. We've got a little plan of our own that's like a holiday and isn't one; it gives us a change and doesn't cost anything."

I asked for the secret.

"It's very simple," he said. "You'll laugh at it. But it's this: we just exchange bedrooms. There's my wife and myself and my son and my daughter. Three rooms. Well, we exchange. We move the furniture and the pictures, and there you are. You wake up in the morning and look out of a different window. The door's in a new place. It's a change."

"And are your family satisfied too?" I asked. "Your son and daughter? Don't they want the seaside or the country?"

"No," he said; "they're quite happy. But sometimes they ask if they may repaper their walls, and I let them. That makes a change too."

II.—RECESSIONAL.

The world now and then—praises be!—goes backward.

Hugh, who is five years old, lately left his perfectly appointed London home for a few days at a seaside town where some of the most recent improvements are lacking.

His mother went down for the week-end to see how the place was suiting him, and Hugh and his nurse were at the station.

"We've got the most exciting thing in our house you ever saw," he said.

"What is it?" his mother asked.

"No," he said, "it's a secret. You'll see it this afternoon, just before tea." He jumped for joy.

Just before tea the great moment came and with it the triumph, the novelty.

The gas was lighted!

III.—THE MIND-CHANGER.

My friend the lift-man wore a look of gloom. Usually so bright and talkative, he was now silent and depressed.

"Anything wrong?" I asked.

"Everything," he said. "I daren't go home."

"Oh, rubbish!" I replied. "Of course you can. Why not?"

"The missus," he said.

I admit that the reason might be a formidable one, but not in his case. From all that he had led me to imagine, his home life was serene; and I had seen the lunches that his wife prepared for him. Thoughtful lunches.

"Tell me," I said.

He opened an evening paper and pointed to the four o'clock. "Do you see what price the winner was?" he asked.

I saw: 33 to 1. "Great odds," I said.

"Yes," he replied. "And the missus gave me half-a-crown to back it with."

"And you forgot?" I suggested.

"No, I didn't," he said. "I wish I had. It was worse than that. I changed her mind for her, and put it on something else—an also ran. And there she is, waiting, so excited, with over four quid to come—and I changed her mind for her."

IV.—LO, AGAIN!

Two more specimens of Baboo English have been sent to me. The first is a letter from two employees in a Bombay commercial venture and is addressed to the manager. It begins by stating that the signatories "have been serving under this honourable Corporation for the last 32 years with an entire satisfaction to our Superiors, during which period much troubles and difficulties were passed over our head which we forbore with patience for the hope of cream of milk in our oldage." They go on to say that, having "no other benefactor to wet his feet with our tears," they have approached their superiors with request for favour of a "yearly bonus, besides increment." The appeal closes thus: "Hoping that the small door or the tiny window of the house at which we earnestly waited and do still waiting for support will not be regorously closed or we may not be left to sprawl on the road of life like a poisoned rat that tries to reach the water falls."

The other asks for more romantic benefit. It is from a Bombay admirer, addressed to one of the most charming of our younger actresses. "My Dearest Miss," it begins,— "With great rejoice I drop some lines to you . . . I beg a kind and generous favour of you, Dearest Miss —; that I will be much highly obliged if you will send me a big photo of yourself. Dearest Miss —, try to send me your photo in bare-headed pose, because I like such poses very much . . . Hoping you will fulfil the desire of your humble admirer now I am closing my letter with best wishes and loving greetings to you." E. V. L.

QUEER FISH.

FAIR to my front shone the surface of Loch Leven,
 Welsh hills behind me, and, winding in and out
 Through Hampshire meadows that met the moors of Devon
 Everywhere water—and all alive with trout.

"Here," said I gaily, "the angler's art is simple;"
 Up through the water showed head and tail and fin;
 Fish, as they rose setting all the reach a-dimple,
 Slyly with side wink would look at me and grin.

Homeward I sped for the rod that I'd forgotten,
 Warped butt and top-piece twisted to a crook;
 Tangled the line, and the gut looked frayed and rotten;
 Flies by the dozen, but none had got a hook.

Stay, there was one: it was ribbed with black and yellow,
 Bright scarlet hackle with blue and orange wing;
 Somehow I cast it, and one gigantic fellow
 Went for it straight; you should just have seen him
 spring!

Loud screamed the reel ('twas a six or seven-pounder),
 Then with a splash and a wriggle he was free;
 There on an overhanging willow sat the boulder,
 Poised on his tail-fin, and laughed aloud at me.

Time after time, when I fancied that I'd got 'em
 Played to a finish and brought in to the side,
 Faithless the net proved (they fell out through the bottom),
 Strung with elastic, the meshes rather wide.

Till at the last, as I softly tried to sneak up
 After a monster of more than mortal size,
 Taps on the door and the rattle of a teacup
 Called me to wake for the "early morning rise."

The Modern Juggernaut.

"As Mr. Justice — pointed out, one cannot drive in a motor-coach for two minutes without being affected by a strange esprit de corpse."
West Indian Paper.



Short-sighted Sportsman (anxiously bringing up the rear of a hunt). "SHALL I GO FOR A DOCTOR? IS IT HIS SPINE?" Runner. "BLESS YER LIFE, NO, SIR. WE BE EMPTYIN' THE WATER OUT OF 'IS BOOTS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Seven Ages of Woman (SECKER), which sees *Mary Flower*, the baby, develop into *Mary Flower*, girl and maiden and *Mary Alison*, wife, mother, widow and grandmother, is by reason of the comparative failure of its compression and austerity an interesting justification of Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE'S earlier and more prodigal work. It is a justification too of the frequently encountered criticism that the romantic element is not part and parcel of his method, but superadded, like mosaic to brick and mortar. Very little glamour has been expended on the present volume. In fact, once you have passed the prologue—which recounts in exquisite miniature the courtship, marriage and death of *Mary's* mother, the farmer's daughter, and of her father, the squire's son—you will find yourself in for a thoroughly pedestrian rendering of a thoroughly pedestrian theme. *Mary*, belatedly adopted by her maternal grandmother, refuses the devoted gardener's boy of her French schooldays, and marries a stockbroker, *Jemmie Alison*, to whom, for her children's sake, she remains precariously faithful. On *Jemmie's* death and the children's defection—a sisterhood, the South African War and a *mésalliance* account for her only daughter and two sons—*Mary* consoles herself with her grand-daughter. The pleasant old schoolmaster, to whom she owes her first knowledge of "Pa Many D's," vanishes all too soon to redeem the book from an almost total lack of humour.

My first impression of *Dismiss!* (METHUEN) was that I had come upon a novel with a purpose, and that purpose to show the British people what, or rather how, the CHELMSFORD-MONTAGU reforms have done for India and for that noblest monument, save only the fighting Services, of

British administrative ability and British character, the Indian Civil Service. And this impression was correct, though it must be said that nowhere in his narrative does the author permit the zeal of the propagandist to distort the realities with which he deals. I say realities advisedly because, although *Dismiss!* purports to be a novel, it is really a series of character studies drawn from the life, from life, that is to say, as the author saw it being lived in the dusty plains stations of sweltering Madras and the cool paradises of the Indian hills. My second impression was that the author had never written a novel before and had not the remotest conception of how to put one together. And it was only when I was half-way through the book that I discovered that this fictitious autobiography—fictitious, obviously, only as concerns names and places and dates and the identity discs, as it were, of the characters figuring therein—has served its author's purpose infinitely better than any real novel of plot and counter-plot could have done, and that Mr. HILTON BROWN has produced a masterpiece, a vivid picture of Anglo-Indian life and work in the India of sedition and *Swaraj* and Administrative flabbiness and Departmental disgust that has developed so fast in the last half-dozen years and of which the British people have heard so little.

Cornwall has suffered so severely from the attentions of novelists who have no more than a nodding acquaintance with the Duchy that it is a real pleasure to read *John Penrose* (MURRAY). Mr. J. C. TREGARTHEN knows what he is writing about and knows how to write, a happy combination that must, at any rate for Cornishmen, make his story extraordinarily welcome. The tale dates back to the days when smugglers still carried on their excitingly nefarious practices, man-traps still existed, and the detected poacher still suffered far too severely for his acts of commission.

Mr. TREGARTHEN also has a charming love-story to tell; but what delights me even more than this is his knowledge of country life. Here you can read, if you will, of the haunts and habits of animals and birds, and of the beauties that are to be seen in the country at all seasons of the year. Mr. TREGARTHEN's book will give nostalgia to country-bred people whose fate it is to live in cities. And that I mean for the highest praise.

In the first volume of his *Past Times and Pastimes* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) Lord DUNRAVEN takes himself and his day and generation on the whole rather lightly, skimming a little too easily over the surface of things as they have appeared to him. The second volume is a very different affair. It deals almost wholly with the Irish problem, and should be treated with the respect due to a subject so venerable and an author so well informed. A true and constant lover of Ireland, Lord DUNRAVEN has admittedly been a little left behind in the mad dance of Irish politics. His once notorious "Devolution" scheme, here detailed, reads like curiously ancient history, yet his efforts to save Ireland from herself and her more boisterous friends should always be remembered, and it is well that he has here put them on record. His less strenuous pages range far and wide. As a yachtsman he has, of course, been known the world over. Even today the name of his three famous *Valkyries* brings a thrill of remembrance, and he has much to say of the sport that makes good reading. He discourses of other and varied subjects, and throughout the recital his way of writing, if a shade less distinguished than one might reasonably have expected, is always cheerful and agreeable.

Mr. E. C. VIVIAN, in *City of Wonder* (HUTCHINSON), has perhaps a little overdone the perils of the journey to Kir-Asa. To arrive at this city, which stands "in certain lands of the Pacific," was (as *Watkins*, *Bent* and *Faulkner* found out) no small job. After a long progress through marsh and jungle they had to descend a most terrible cliff, traverse a trembling bridge, and pass the "place where ghosts chase women." Having got so far, I feel that they might have been left in peace for a while, but what they had still in front of them was even more terrifying. Acting as a kind of goal-keeper to Kir-Asa was a woman with a large number of ferocious monkeys, and when the three travellers approached her she received them in an extremely hostile spirit. In fact the position became so critical that *Bent* lost his nerve and shot the goal-keeper. Hence complications as exciting and unusual as any that I have met. Apart from *Faulkner's* love affairs, which are a little tiresome, I have no serious complaint to make. Mr. VIVIAN often draws the long-bow, but he nearly always hits the mark.

Mr. FISHER UNWIN surely can't often offer in his First Novel Library a book of such promise and of such considerable achievement as *Madame Claire*, by SUSAN ERTZ. *Lady Gregory—Madame Claire* as she is called by the nicest of her children and grand-children, or *Claire, tout court*—is a very dear little old widow who lives in a Kensington hotel, playing good and wise fairy to her little world and writing quite the most charming letters to an old friend who should have been much more than her friend if Fate had not been cruel. But *Madame Claire* is of the breed that smiles at Fate, twisting it round her little finger so that all is right not only in the end but on the not always easy way to the end. Of course she contrives to marry her favourite grand-child, *Judy*, to that shy Major who had spent twelve years writing his book on Comparative Religions and was naturally reckoned a failure by *Judy's* worldly mother. *Judy* is a charming girl, and her brother, *Noel*, a most attractive humorous fellow. Indeed I feel most grateful to Miss ERTZ for creating (or observing) such delightful people, and for making me feel that the new world is not as ugly and evil as it often seems. And she looks after her story as well as her ideas; but I don't think she need have killed the wicked *Count*; the thing came in, I thought, with rather a thud.



["A newly-discovered beetle, now at the Zoo, makes a sound like that of a crying child."—*Daily Paper*.]

Naturalist (to his wife). "MY DEAR, THIS INTERESTING LITTLE INSECT, WHEN DISTURBED, EMITS A SOUND CURIOUSLY LIKE THE WAILING OF AN INFANT. IT IS DELIGHTFULLY MUSICAL; AND IF YOU WOULD PLEASE TELL THE NURSE TO STOP THE BABY'S INFERNAL HOWLING YOU COULD HEAR IT FOR YOURSELF."

of psychological gargoyles, or, as the wrapper has it, "of covetous old age, of lechery, of careless indolence"?—well, you have circumstantial details of the sordid marriage of "King" *Plethern* and *Rowena Walsingham*; of the vices of their twin sons, *Charles* and *James*; of the follies of *Charles's* territorial rival, *Rockarvon*, who "lingered like a painted image" in Paris instead of repairing his Gloucestershire fences; and of the grisly life and death of old *Mrs. Plethern*, the "*Rowena*" of Chapter I. On the other hand, if you prefer "a tale of a girl's devotion" and the innocent society of a handful of young Early-Victorians, you can wander off with *Charles's* high-souled Canadian ward, *Viola Marvell*, her unsuccessful suitor, *Daniel Grieve*, her city acquaintances, *Corinne* and *Chris*, and her country neighbours, the *Grays* of Clonsall. If, like myself, you are not wholly at your ease with either villainy or virtue, let me urge you to watch the development of *Charles*, who practises a humane dilution of both qualities, and is the outstanding success of a somewhat disappointing book.

Our Modest Musicians.

"Reputed Violinist will give lessons."—*Advt. in Musical Paper*.

CHARIVARIA.

THE cuckoo is reported to have been heard at Bath. It is suspected, however, that the bird was merely imitating a small boy. * *

With reference to the fight, on St. PATRICK'S day, in Ireland, between Battling SIKI and MIKE MCTIGUE, there is some talk of arranging a contest between the winner and the Republican Army. * *

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD has stated his conviction that with Scottish music he could make Mr. SIDNEY WEBB human. Yet we doubt if even such an end would justify the means. * *

One of the M.P.'s for Glasgow is an ex-hairdresser. The House of Commons has long felt the want of somebody able to render first aid in cases of sudden loss of hair. * *

Thornton Heath's new telephone exchange was opened last Wednesday week. We understand that the usual quantity of wrong numbers will be allocated to each subscriber as soon as the first rush is over. * *

While digging at Creeting (Suffolk) workmen discovered a secret subterranean chamber. It is thought possible that it may prove to be TUTANKHAMEN's English residence. * *

Hatters are proposing that May 1st shall be the day for displaying straw hats. Skaters should prepare themselves for this date. * *

A new seam of coal extending for many miles has been discovered in Cumberland, but experiments have proved that it is not combustible. This means, of course, that it can only be sold for domestic purposes. * *

The resignation of Sir ARTHUR GRIFITH-BOSCawEN as Minister of Health only goes to show that there was one Cabinet Minister who could take a hint. * *

The Daily Express anticipates a reduction in the Income-Tax. Since this announcement several men have decided to live a little longer. * *

A technical journal has an article explaining why the price of gas varies in various districts or towns. Even

that does not clear up the mystery of why we have to pay four hundred pounds a year for it in the Westminster district. * *

"I have never, thank heaven, introduced a Bill and never shall," said Lord ULLSWATER the other day. Where is the tradesman who can to-day make a similar proud boast? * *

Cambridge won the Inter-University Hill-Climbing Tests. We are glad to know that Hill-Climbing Night in Town was marred by no unseemly ragging. * *



"THERE YOU ARE, BILL—THEY'RE AFTER OUR JOB NOW!"

ARISTIDE GROMER, the French boy chess prodigy, declares that he was never taught the game. It is very honourable of him not to blame somebody else. * *

A feature of a recent one-man show was the attendance of the artist to explain his own work. What puzzled the spectators most was, how he knew. * *

Speaking at Bangor, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE expressed relief at getting out of the fog of politics. Still, he must retain delightful memories of the gorgeous sunrises that preceded it. * *

An ecclesiastical congress in London

in July, we note, will be filmed and its proceedings broadcasted. And we had begun to wonder what had become of the Brighter London movement. * *

A Preston lady claims to possess a cat that can sing an audible tune. But what the world waits for, of course, is a cat that sings an inaudible one. * *

According to the latest returns the birth-rate for the last quarter is lower than for any period except during the War. But surely the outlook is hardly one calculated to encourage children to be born. * *

A woman member of the Darwin Town Council recently took her month-old baby to one of the meetings. We are informed that the R.S.P.C.C. are powerless in such cases. * *

It is true that we have had a few exciting by-elections and that Parliament is sitting, but life would be a dreary round without its daily confirmation of Mr. CHARLIE CHAPLIN's engagement. * *

The case is reported from Paris of a man who can see through his skin and has read a poem with his eyes shut. The man is a born editor. * *

A sign of the approaching times is an advertisement in an engineering journal for a first-class moulder in a hot cross bun factory. * *

There will not be another eclipse of the moon this year. The excitement-loving populace will therefore have to be content with the music-halls. * *

Since the recent case in the Courts *The Daily Graphic* gossip announces a slump in the antique trade. Except, of course, in Soho, where one can still get a wing or two from a Chippendale chicken. * *

The latest flying-boat is capable of doing one hundred-and-fifty miles an hour in full fighting rig. With a speed like that the risk of an aviator arriving late at any war is reduced to a minimum. * *

A London-to-Brighton Perambulator Race for mothers and their babies has been arranged for early in April. Several keen infants have already begun getting their weight down.

THE FURTHER SECRET OF SHORT DRIVING.

I HAD thought, as no doubt you thought too, that, if you could ever learn to do those things that you ought to do and to leave undone those things that you ought not to do, with your arms and hands and toes and head and knees and elbows and wrists and anything else that is yours, the full secret of long driving would thereupon be revealed to you.

But this is not so. Another problem has arisen. The brain. We are now asked to investigate the functions of the brain in its relation to long driving.

What is the brain doing? What ought the brain to be doing? What is the right type of brain to have? These are the questions under debate, and a fierce controversy is being waged around them in the columns of *The Daily Telegraph*. There are two sides—the scientists and the long drivers—and they hold diametrically opposite views.

The scientists (who, I assume, are all short drivers) affirm that a fertile brain is the enemy of long driving, and that long drivers must necessarily possess the brains of an ox. (They do not express themselves as intelligibly as that, but that is what they mean.) The long drivers, on the contrary, deny vigorously that there is any truth whatever in the theory; and I fear that, unless a new note is struck in the debate, the discussion is likely to prove abortive.

There is, to my mind, but one way of arriving at any useful conclusion on this subject, and that is for golfers of all kinds to come forward and confess frankly and fearlessly what goes on in their brain when they are attempting to hit a golf-ball out of sight. I therefore propose to lead the way, speaking, be it remembered, as a representative of the type of golfer that hits the ball an almost incredibly short distance; and I hope that others of a different and happier type may presently follow my example.

The brain, I find, begins its work long before the body. It begins, in fact, while the body is still in bed, and before it has more than stirred gently after its night's repose. It says, "Hallo! Saturday—a day's golf. Splendid! By Jove, we'll hit some wonderful drives to-day. We will carry every bunker on the course, get up in two at all the long holes . . ." and so on.

It talks on like this while the body is being shaved and bathed and clothed and fed and conveyed to the links. Arrived at the links it suddenly changes its tone. It becomes more cautious. Catching sight of the first tee, crowded

with people swishing their drivers about as they await their turns to drive, it says modestly:—

"Now then, don't forget, the important thing is to swing back very short and very slowly, keeping your eyes glued on the ball. Don't try to get a long way—anyhow, on the first tee—but just make certain of getting safely off."

There now follow those few practice-swings which are gems of power and precision. There is another sudden change in the attitude of the brain.

"Why not hit 'em like that?" it cries joyously. "Why get yourself all cramped up just because there's a ball in front of you? Try pretending there isn't a ball there and let your arms go freely back and right through—like that. It is glorious. It is magnificent. It is just like TOLLEY's swing."

But now the ball is teed.

"Steady now," whispers the brain, "steady. Stand firm, keep your head still, keep your eye on the ball, keep the left arm straight going back and the right knee rigid; don't swing too far; don't hurry the down swing; let the club head lead. Wait a minute; don't begin yet; the whole body is out of position. Stand still for a moment—don't shuffle about like that—come on, pull yourself together—get steady again—wait—oh, do wait, everything's going wrong!—oh, dear, it is hopeless—go on then—quick—get it over! Quick! Ah!" And away the ball has sped, at the worst moment in the swing, off the worst part of the club, into the worst place on the links.

That is what happens on the first tee, and that is approximately what happens on every tee throughout the day. The brain is ever hard at work, suggesting, encouraging, arguing, inventing; wondering; and so it continues until far into the night, when, the body having been spread out for a much-needed sleep, it murmurs faintly:

"You know, it's nothing but that one fault. If you will only remember to keep the hands (or the feet, or the knees, or whatever it may be that day) from getting in too soon (or too late, or never at all, according to the limb in question), everything will be quite all right and you will hit the ball as far as anyone in the world. Yes, next time . . ." and so the day's golf is ended.

And the brain sinks gently into repose at last.

"FLOODS IN FRANCE.

The Saone and its tributary, the Doubs, are causing anxiety at Châlons-sur-Saone; the Doubs is rising 2½ miles an hour."

Daily Paper.

The Deluge was nothing to this.

BRAN: FINGAL'S DOG.

FINGAL was OSSIAN's father;

Ere the histories began,
In Mull and Lorne his hunting-horn
Summoned his kith and clan;
Many the men who followed him then,
But best his deer-hound, Bran.

FINGAL had many coursers,

Brindle and grey and tan,
Ready and keen, savage and lean,
Dogs for a hunting-man;
But the best he bred, old FINGAL said,
The pick of the pack, was Bran.

How came Bran to FINGAL?

Out of a giant's house,
Where FINGAL went on a rescue bent
While the giants held carouse;
And he stole their best, snow-white of chest,
With a head and back of mouse.

With an eye of sable velvet,

With the long frame of the breed,
Solid and full like a little bull,
But tapering back for speed;
Such was the hound that FINGAL found;
Ah, that was a hound indeed!

The deer stood up on Cromala,

A heartening sight to see;
A thousand dogs flew over the bogs
When the leash-men set them free;
One deer was downed for every hound,
But the white-shirt Bran had three.

Then FINGAL wept for gladness

As he bade his folk depart,
"For a hound," he said, "that is cleanly bred

And quick as the fairy dart

Ever shall be, while his eyes can see,
The treasure of FINGAL's heart."

* * * * *

FINGAL is half-forgotten

Where Cromala still stands high;
No more, no more by the Islay shore
Men hear his hunting-cry;
But in FINGAL's clan the name of Bran
Is a name that does not die.

H. B.

Wrinkles for the Modiste.

"The two prevailing colours of the season are now declared, and will prove, first, green, then brown."—*Sunday Paper*.

"It is now firmly established by the best authorities that this is going to be a black and white season, where dress is concerned."

Same paper, same article.

From the description of a rural telephone-exchange:—

"The system of working is of the most up-to-date type, which only necessitates the removal of the receiver from the rest in order to call the attention of the Exchange. On the completion of a call the only action necessary to indicate that connection may be severed is the replacing of the receiver on the rest."

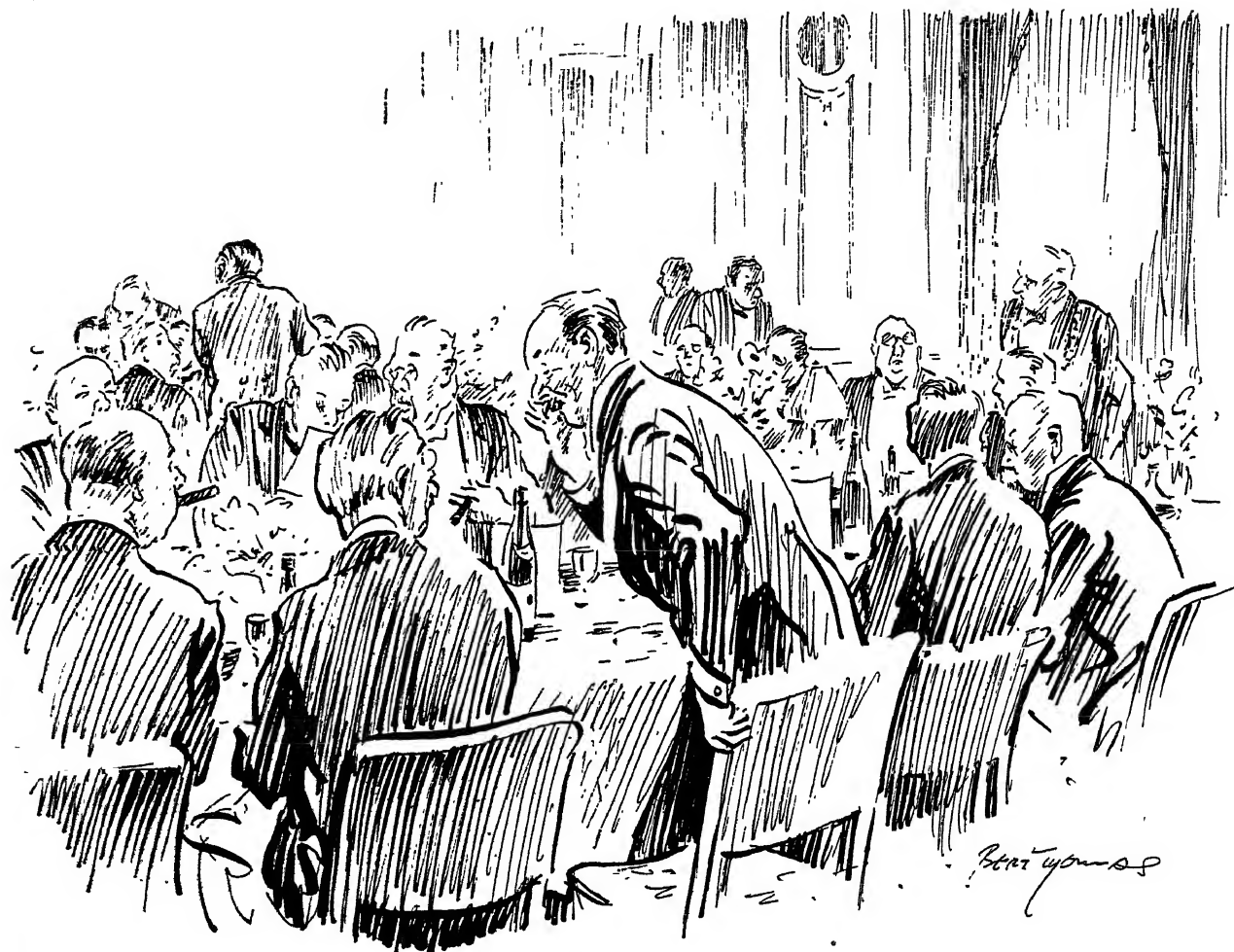
Local Paper.

Wonderful, isn't it?



WHEN KNIGHTS FALL OUT.

DAMSEL IN DISTRESS. "IF YOU CAN'T DECIDE WHICH OF YOU IS TO RESCUE ME, I SHALL RESCUE MYSELF."



"HULLO! YOU GOING? BUT WHY SO EARLY?"

"ECONOMY, OLD BOY. I GET TO THE CLOAKROOM BEFORE THE PLATE HOLDS THE DECOY SHILLING."

CROWDED OUT.

REPLETE with crimes and judges' japes
And tales of TUTANKH-AMEN's Queen,
And skulls of pre-historic apes
And weekly doses of the DEAN.
Mid sparks from London's lurid West
By merest chance I struck upon
A paragraph, which promised rest,
On "Porpoises at Teddington."

A single note from Triton's horn,
It sounded clear, then died away,
And left me waiting all forlorn
For further news another day.
In vain! the usual crimes recurred,
Forensic humour carried on
(With full reports), but not a word
Of porpoises at Teddington.

And what with Turkey's latest ruse
And France's problematic quest,
Who knows what's missing from the news,

What quainter facts have been
suppressed?

There may be whales, with none to tell,
From Wapping Stairs to Abingdon,
And walruses at Kew as well
As porpoises at Teddington.

Brief are the visits of Romance;
She leaves, when flying past our door,
A wistful word, a timid glance,
And life is colder than before;
The hard realities remain;
Dreams, ere we capture them, are
gone;
And we may never hear again
Of porpoises at Teddington.

FINE DISTINCTIONS.

*(Suggested by the reports of a recent
Parliamentary debate.)*

In the House of Commons this afternoon, Mr. Jennis Sherbert moved the Second Reading of the Breach of Promise (Male Equality) Bill.

"I venture to say," he observed, "that there can hardly be any Member of this House who is the father of a son and daughter who does not in his heart of hearts believe that a man has just as much right to break off an unsatisfactory engagement as has a woman."

Mr. Pongle. "Is that the sort of thing you teach your own children?"

Mr. Sherbert (heatedly). "I hope

the hon. gentleman is not suggesting that I would teach my children any low standard of morality?"

Mr. Pongle. "If those are your views, why don't you practise what you preach?"

Mr. Sherbert (passionately). "I have no occasion to defend myself or my views, and no Member of this House who knows me would venture to cast any imputation upon me or upon what I would teach my children."

Mr. Pongle explained that he had not intended to cast any imputation on Mr. Sherbert personally; he had merely put a simple question to him.

Mr. Sherbert accepted the explanation, adding that in any case he had not got any children.

Mr. Haddock supported Mr. Sherbert. "Who," he asked, "could really think of throwing a stone at the man who took steps to end an engagement which was bound to end in life-long unhappiness?"

Mr. Claxon. "I would."

Mr. Haddocks. "Then all I can say is that anyone who would do such a thing is nothing more nor less than a hypocrite."

Mr. Claxon (heatedly). "Your suggestion is impertinent."

The Speaker. "I must remind the hon. Member that it is not in order to call another hon. Member a hypocrite."

Mr. Haddocks explained that he had no intention of calling the hon. Member a hypocrite; he had merely remarked that anyone who held the views which the hon. Member professed to hold must be a hypocrite.

Mr. Claxon accepted the explanation, adding that it would have been hypocrisy on his part to have submitted to being called a hypocrite.

Sir Aethelred Blond said that in his opinion a man who had once given his word to a woman ought to stick to it whatever happened.

An hon. Member. "Then you're a fool!"

Sir Aethelred Blond protested angrily against the implication that he was a fool.

The hon. Member explained that he had not intended to convey that Sir Aethelred Blond was a fool; he had merely wished to point out that anyone expressing the opinion that Sir Aethelred had just expressed must be a fool.

Sir Aethelred accepted the explanation, adding that in any case he was not a fool.

Sir James Wake said that sex equality was nothing but a political catchword; in nature it was utterly impossible.

A well-known Labour Member. "Muck!"

Sir James Wake (furiously). "Don't be offensive!"

The Labour Member explained that he had no wish to be offensive; he was merely making use of an ordinary Anglo-Saxon word to express his conviction that the views which Sir James was putting forward were based on an erroneous estimate of the facts.

Sir James accepted the explanation, adding that in any case they weren't.

Lady Blaster said that any man who was so dishonourable as to refuse to marry a woman he did not love, if he had once promised to do so, ought to be heavily fined. A woman had always the right, of course, to change her mind if the whim took her.

An hon. Member. "Oh, sit down!"

Lady Blaster (warmly). "Sit down yourself! How dare you suggest that I am talking nonsense?"

The hon. Member explained that he had made no such suggestion; he had merely expressed the legitimate comment that sitting down is more pleasant than standing up.

Lady Blaster accepted the explanation, adding that in any case she preferred sitting down to trying to explain things to a lot of ignorant men.



Garrulous Barber's Assistant. "SHALL I GO OVER IT AGAIN, SIR?"
Customer. "No, THANKS. I HEARD YOU THE FIRST TIME."

The House then divided, the voting being as follows:—

For the Government . . .	7
Against	468

Government Minority . .	461
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The result was greeted with loud Opposition cheers.

The Prime Minister, rising hastily, protested with indignation against the insinuation that the Government had been defeated, and explained that most of the Government's supporters must have gone into the wrong Lobby by mistake.

The Opposition seemed disinclined to accept this explanation, and the House dispersed in some disorder.

Commercial Candour.

"IRONMONGERY.

Solid Silver Photo Frame. Stock Price, 7/6. To clear, each 3/11."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

"At a number of coast resorts long periods of sunshine were recorded, Torquay enjoying nine hours, and Falmouth 88 hours."

Daily Paper.

Chorus of Falmouth old ladies: "The days do seem to be growing longer, don't they?"

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

XIII.—IDLE HOMES.

Houses seem to be in the air—and will probably remain there. Fresh from the thrill of Mitcham (O Caterwaul! O Motherdare!) I visited the Architecture Club's Exhibition at Grosvenor House; and there, with the rest of Mayfair, coveted large numbers of delicious houses, not to mention that fascinating row of dwellings in the model of Old London Bridge. (Ah, why are there no houses on London Bridge to-day?) And from there to the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia was an obvious step. The homes of *Country Life* are one thing, the homes of *Home Notes* are another. To get a complete hold of the Home concept you must see both. And, alas, I fear that the enticing amenities of both are equally beyond my reach.

There went with me a newly-married couple, Joan and John by name. They have just taken a tiny house, the sole furniture of which is at present a picture of John at the age of six; and Joan is determined to make it a clean and simple, labour-saving hygienic home. "No dust—no dirt—no doctor" is her slogan. John has an open mind—or had when we arrived.

The chief principles of up-to-date house-equipment seem to be two—(1) that useful articles of furniture, such as beds, are not quite nice, and ought to be concealed; and (2) that everything should so far as possible be combined with, disguised as, or convertible into some other thing of a different nature. We passed, for example, a charming object which, though apparently "a comfy chair, can in a second be converted into a music-stool, the height of which can be adjusted to suit player." Nay, "by reversing the seat a handy table is formed, the whole occupying the space of one piece of furniture only." Then, further on, there was "the combined Trouser Press and Bedroom Chair. The trouser press is so arranged on the back of the chair as to present a neat and attractive whole." Attracted but heart-whole we passed on to bigger game. Joan stopped suddenly in front of the legend

THIS IS WHAT YOU WANT—

THE SECRET BED!

"How sweet!" said Joan.

Personally, I took it for the title of a film (For adults only), but just then a polished gentleman leaned over a velvet rope and, beckoning, said very rapidly, "Yes—Madam—our Secret-Toilet-Cabinets—and—Camouflaged—Beds—are—the-talk-of-the—Exhibition—step—inside—and—I-will-show-you-our-latest-model—

here—Madam—you-have-a-handsome-cabinet-worthy-of-a-place-in-the-best-room—you-have-walnut-or-mahogany-genuine-artistic-complete-with-shelf-for-books-photographs-and-knick-knacks-scientifically-constructed-and-without-the-slightest-suggestion-that-it-contains-a-BED—not-the-slightest—Madam—as-you-can-see-lo-and-behold—yet-a-bed-is-there-all-ready-for-the-late-visitor-or-unexpected-guest-it-will-give-me-pleasure-to-take-your-order—Madam. Now *this* "

During this speech the man had indeed converted the bookcase into a bed, and, not content with that, he now picked up a coal-scuttle and with a turn of the wrist transformed it into a boot-blackening apparatus, with compartments for the polish (black or brown).

"No, I don't like that so much," said Joan; "but I *adore* the Secret Bed. What do you think, John?" And to me she said, "You'd be able to drop in any time you liked, you see."

"I hope I shall be invited sometimes," I replied. "But please don't ask me to drop in to a book-case. If you haven't an ordinary naked bed to spare I'd rather sleep quite openly on the sofa."

"There isn't a sofa yet, you see," said Joan wistfully.

And John bought the bed.

"Wireless and Cooking to the right," cried a kindly commissioner, but, shunning this curious combination, we passed on to the Labour-Saving Gallery.

"Carpet-cleaners!" breathed Joan, her eyes aflame.

What it may be in the home I know not, but Labour-Saving and Hygiene in the mass make a great din and a very nasty smell. In the gallery we could scarcely breathe for the smell of disinfectants, while the noise of the patent carpet-cleaners, not to mention the washing-up machines and ideal ice-makers, would have shocked a Cairo bazaar. I suppose there are only about fifty carpet-cleaners which are the cheapest and best on the market, but they were all there, some whirling stealthily like rich motor-cars, some roaring like aeroplanes, some clanking like prisoners in chains, and all terrifying to look at, like surgical instruments magnified a thousand times. Joan inspected each in turn, and men and women rushed about flinging flour, confetti, rice and sand on to clean carpets, and madly sweeping the refuse up again. She ordered two—one a monstrous thing on wheels, with the neck and snout of a Brontosaurus, to be worked by electricity, and a simple little thing, about six feet long, with a great balloon attached to it (in case the electric one went wrong).

"I'm afraid we shall have to have that

folding piano now, dear," said John. "There won't be room for an ordinary *bijou* with these things in the house."

So we ordered a folding piano, which, if necessary, can be laid on its face and used as a chess-board or ping-pong table.

After that we ordered some of the smaller necessities of life. There was the wool-winding machine, a kind of small windmill which can be clamped to any table and enables the wife to roll up her ball of wool without hanging it on a chair or a husband—so tiresome and old-fashioned. And there was the clothes-drying apparatus, a simple structure of wood and ropes, which can be fixed to the drawing-room ceiling and drawn up and down by pulleys, or simply fastened to the mantel-shelf. And the ice-maker, the washer-up and the combined flower-box and bagatelle-board.

And, of course, the Ozonator and the Vitalator. . . .

The Ozonator is just a little box which, whirring gently, fills the house with ozone, neutralises germs, sterilizes, deodorizes, and makes possible a new standard of hygiene in the home.

"What do you think?" said Joan doubtfully.

"I don't see how you can settle down without an efficacious deodorant in the house," I said. "Not in these days."

John kicked me. But the mischief was done.

The Violet Ray Vitalator, on the other hand, introduces the Sun's Rays into the humblest home for a mere ten guineas or so. No fantastic claims are made for this marvellous little machine. All it does is to preserve health and beauty, restore full vitality and *joie-de-vivre*, relieve measles, mumps, infantile paralysis and ringworm, and repair the sickly condition of the scalp, even in semi-advanced age.

"In fact," I said as John signed the order-form, "with these two things in the house there's no reason why you shouldn't live for ever."

"No," said John, without enthusiasm.

After about two hours of practical idealism I had formed a pretty clear mental picture of John and Joan's home. John sits happily in the music-stool-chair smoking some non-nicotine tobacco in his deodorised pipe, and now and then lazily feeding the fire with the patent Coal-Grab, which they have used all dinner for picking up hot plates. Over his head the washing hangs against the ceiling, and Joan sits opposite, busy with the woolwinder clamped to the mantelshelf, or possibly having five minutes' *joie de vivre* with the violet ray. On the table lies the little ozonator, quietly supplying air "as fresh and



SIXPENCE.

MOTHER gave me sixpence, and in the air I tossed it
Up as high as I could throw the little thing—and lost it !
Down among the daisies fell its tiny silver face,
And I searched and I searched, but I couldn't find its place.

Nobody was near me, so I prayed a little prayer ;
Nobody could see me, so I wept a little there ;
My tear-drops bent a grass-blade, and there was little
Round One !

I kissed him and I kissed him, my darling little, Found One.

I prayed a little Thank You to St. ANTHONY who sent him,
And tidied up the grass again, and quickly ran and spent
him.





Newly-appointed Rector. "I SAY, OUR POLICEMAN'S A SPORTSMAN. HE CAUGHT ME WITHOUT A FIGHT LAST NIGHT. I GAVE HIM HALF-A-CROWN AND HE LET ME OFF."

Squire and Local J.P. "MY DEAR FELLOW, YOU SHOULDN'T DO THAT—A SHILLING'S AMPLE."

pure as sea-breezes"; for all they know they might be at Brighton. And as they look about them they reflect with pride that there is not one of those innocent pieces of furniture but conceals a bed, a bicycle, a secret carpet-beater or a clandestine mangle. And when they take their evening tea the patent tea-pot cannot drip and the steam from the cup cannot dim John's spectacles, because they are treated with a patent and magical preparation. God's in His heaven and all's right with the world.

John also must have been imagining things, for at last he said gently, "Do you know, dear, I think we'd better cancel some of our orders? The fact is, if we have all these things, we can't possibly afford to take the house."

"Oh, John!" cried Joan. "But think how lovely——!"

"It's a pity, I know," said John, as we began the round again. "All the same, I'm not sure I wouldn't rather have a Real Home." A. P. H.

From a bookseller's catalogue:—

"SMOLLETT (T.) NOVELS, 12 vols. with illustrations by Geo. Cruikshank, cr. 8vo, cloth, uncut, 36s. COMPRISES:—*Amelia*, 2 vols.—*Joseph Andrews*, *Tom Jones*, 2 vols.—*Peregrine Pickle*, 2 vols.—*Roderick Random*, *Humphry Clinker*, *Sir L. Greaves*, *Count Fathom*, *Jonathan Wild*."

Of course, a complete edition of SMOLLETT'S works, including *Robinson Crusoe*, *Clarissa Harlowe* and *The Vicar of Wakefield* would be worth double the money.

LOVER TO LADY.

["A hansom was pleasure. A taxi is business."—*The Daily Telegraph*.]

Arabella, here's a bonny
Proposition to advance—
Here's a journalistic johnny
Turning traitor to Romance.
Could you, with the wildest stalling,
Find a more determined flat,
Or have pounced upon him talking
More completely through his hat?

Let us go, my Arabella,
And correct him, good and strong—
Show this editorial fellow
Just exactly where he's wrong;
All those homeward rides together,
With our idyll at its flood,
Prove his wisdom idle blether
And his epigram a dud.

Polished lay the road before us,
Past the gleaming lights we flew;
Purred the cylinders in chorus
(Purred my Arabella too);
As in tranquil gloom we nestled
And I held your hand in trust,
Was it work with which we wrestled,
Was it business we discussed?

Cupid's slave or Mammon's minion?
Les affaires or *une affaire*?
I preserve my old opinion
Which I rather think you share.
Nor shall journalistic "kiddie,"
Gravely though he set his face,
Ever get me to consider
Ours an isolated case.

Taxis home have oft proceeded
Via regions of delight—
Endless swains have rode as we did,
And will ride this very night;
Though for us, perhaps, the rapture
Changes to a staid flame,
Rest assured that they recapture
All the ardour of the game.

See them at their journey's ending—
Forth he hands his precious fair,
Who, in cautiously descending,
Murmurs, "Oh, my awful hair!"
He (who finds her all the sweeter)
Pays the stiffest bill with bliss,
Thankful there is yet no meter
Made to register a kiss.

Thus did we; and thus will others
Do as long as taxis ply;
There's a truth that nothing smothers,
Vain the epigrams that try.
Let us pay this scribe a visit
Just to say before we go,
"Taxi merely business, is it?"
Well, my lad, that's all *you* know."

A Substitute for Mistletoe.

"The ball-room has been rendered delightfully cool and pleasant by the installation of three large osculating fans."

West Indian Paper.



Strenuous Young Woman (turning down a proposal of marriage). "I MUST HAVE A CAVE-MAN WHO, CLUB IN HAND, WILL BEAT ME INTO SUBMISSION."

Young Man. "WELL, LOOK HERE. WHAT ABOUT A ROUND OF GOLF NEXT SATURDAY?"

INSECTS WITH BRAINS, AND WITHOUT.

I SEE that there is a discussion going on in one of the papers as to whether insects have brains. It is a bit of a problem, isn't it?

If it were legs now, it would be easy. Lots of them have legs. But brains are so different; they are generally covered up, and even if you had a microscope and all that sort of gear you couldn't always be quite sure about brains.

Take a woodlouse, for instance. I know for a fact that a woodlouse has legs. I have seen them; and, if anyone said it hadn't, I should have no scruples about flatly contradicting him. But when it comes to brains, really I'm hanged if I know. Anyone who happens to have brained a woodlouse might be able to tell you, but I am not that sort of sportsman myself.

Now wasps, I am convinced, *have* brains. If you have ever had an argument with a wasp as to who is to eat your marmalade for you, you will agree that the wasp is a thinker. He doesn't give in. And he has a convincing way of driving his point home. If he had no brains he might suppose that, when you jump up and follow him to the window-pane, you have brought your napkin with you in order to wipe his mouth for him after his meal. But he never does think that.

And there's the ant, thou sluggard. He's got brains. He must have, to be able to build a thing like an ant-heap. It must take more than a bit of thought to build

an ant-heap properly. It isn't the sort of thing to be done in a fit of absent-mindedness.

While the bee is an absolute highbrow, of course. He is a clever fellow to find his way home always, no matter how—well, not to put too fine a point upon it, no matter how drunk he may be. Poets say the bee is drunk, after his little sips first at this flower and then at that, so there is no need for me to be mealy-mouthed about it. Drunk. And yet he can get in at the front-door every time without bruising himself. And his honeycomb is never jerry-built, but always up to pre-war standard, in spite of the present cost of materials. Building a honeycomb while standing up to your knees in honey and with all the other bees crawling across your face takes a bit of doing. And, mark you, there's nothing can beat a bee at making honey.

On the other hand, the snail [The snail is not an insect.—Ed.]

All right. On the other hand, we have the garden worm. [The garden worm is not an insect.—Ed.]

Very well, then. On the other hand, there's that ass Wildbore, who's always hanging around my cousin Phyllis. What she can see in him I fail to imagine. If ever there was an insect without brains, he's one.

"Stealing among children is not always naughtiness, but may be a desire to annoy someone against whom the child holds a grudge."

Weekly Paper.

Steal from spite and you're all right. .

THE NEED OF PIFFLING.

(In humble imitation of a "Times" "last leader.")

LIFE is so short and so strenuous for those who are resolved to achieve eminence that we notice signs of an increasing tendency to discourage any relaxation of the mood of high seriousness. Even in our ball-rooms no attentive observer can fail to be struck by the melancholy expression of the dancers. Yet the art of piffing is not only consecrated by long usage—the word itself is of Anglo-Saxon origin—it is a natural reaction against the tyranny of unmitigated gravity. HORACE, the supreme hierophant of urbane sagacity, recognised the paramount importance of opportune desipience. There were times when Apollo himself was constrained to unbend his bow, and the danger involved in exposing oneself when in a posture of tense curvature to the attacks of an enemy in the rear has been happily summed up in the racy argot of the man in the street.

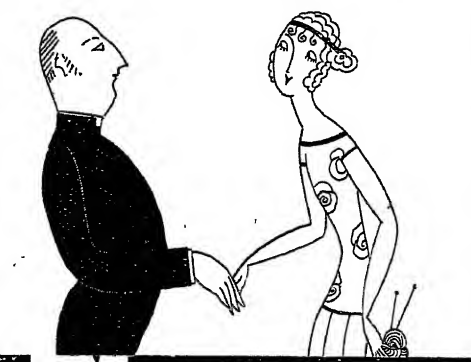
We are familiar with the proverbial sayings which inculcate the view that noble ends cannot be attained without arduous effort. But these aphorisms, though enshrined in phrases of lapidary dignity, must not blind us to the salutary and therapeutic value of judicious levity. People who joke with difficulty and take their pleasures sadly are deserving of compassion rather than envy. It should be our aim to temper the intensity of our preoccupation with high and serious aims by occasional excursions into the realm of a discreet hilarity—in other words, to be merry as well as wise. Piffulence, the counterpart of the Aristophanic *φλυπία* relieves the tedium and strain of a too protracted mental concentration. The saying of Mr. HERBERT SPENCER, that he "cultivated amusements on principle," is peculiarly germane in this context. The great synthetic philosopher refreshed himself at the billiard-table or by listening to the music of MEYERBEER; but he had no desire to emulate the prowess of a JOHN ROBERTS, and stuffed his ears with cotton-wool, like a modern Ulysses, when the siren voices of irresponsible frivolity threatened to divert him from his studies. The perfect piffler knows exactly where to draw the line. There must always be some method in the cult of piffulence, whether we play ping-pong or spillikins, or propel ourselves on the resilient pogo-stick. So, again, a life devoted exclusively to giggling is not conducive to true peace of mind. Dancing is a beautiful and

MANNERS AND MODES.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE HANDSHAKE.



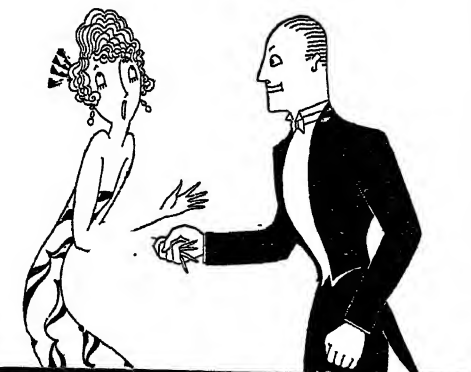
THE EXCLUSIVE CATCH-AS-CATCH-CAN.



THE WET-WARM SHAKE OF THE CLERICAL.



THE MAN WHO NEVER LETS GO.



THE MAN WHO CRUSHES YOU SO. FISH

invigorating exercise, but the truly common-sense man will eschew the example of those indefatigable performers who endure painful privations in their endeavours to break the record for the non-stop fox-trot. The art of piffing, in fine, has its obvious dangers, and in extreme old age should be practised with extreme moderation. SHAKESPEARE has commented with his customary acuteness on the humiliating spectacle of senile folly; but the sentiment is expressed with equal point in the laconic dictum of Cacus Ambulator: "*Senex jocosus odiosus*." But within limits a mellow piffulence is consonant with the responsibilities of advancing years. And, after all, youth is not infallible. For example, Sir E. RAY LANKESTER tells us, in his touching memoir of John, the young gorilla of Sloane Street, that at the age of five years this "much-loved animal" was led by his weakness for perfume to eat scented soap. But the practised piffler always arrives in the long run, while his fellow of a hypertrophied conscientiousness and an ill-regulated perspective immobilizes himself in the asphyxiating atmosphere of inspissated and superdecanal gloom.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"I understand that Mr. Lloyd George's appeal for a round-table conference on Liberal union falls on deaf ears so far as Mr. Asquith and Sir John Simon are concerned. He may say '*non volo ducere*,' but they feel he would inevitably overshadow them both in Parliament and the country."—*Sunday Paper*.

He may, but we really should advise him not to—anyhow, not to either of these distinguished Latinists.

"Mr. H. Blamey told *The* — that the military man was among the best-dressed people in London.

Mr. Blarney says he makes a dress suit last four years.

"Some officers send 'all their clothes' to us for storage," went on Mr. Blancey.

"Some men will never look really smart if they spent £4,000 a year," added Mr. Bradley."—*Evening Paper*.

And that only accounts for four out of the nine tailors that "make the man."

From the report of a dinner given to an unsuccessful Candidate:—

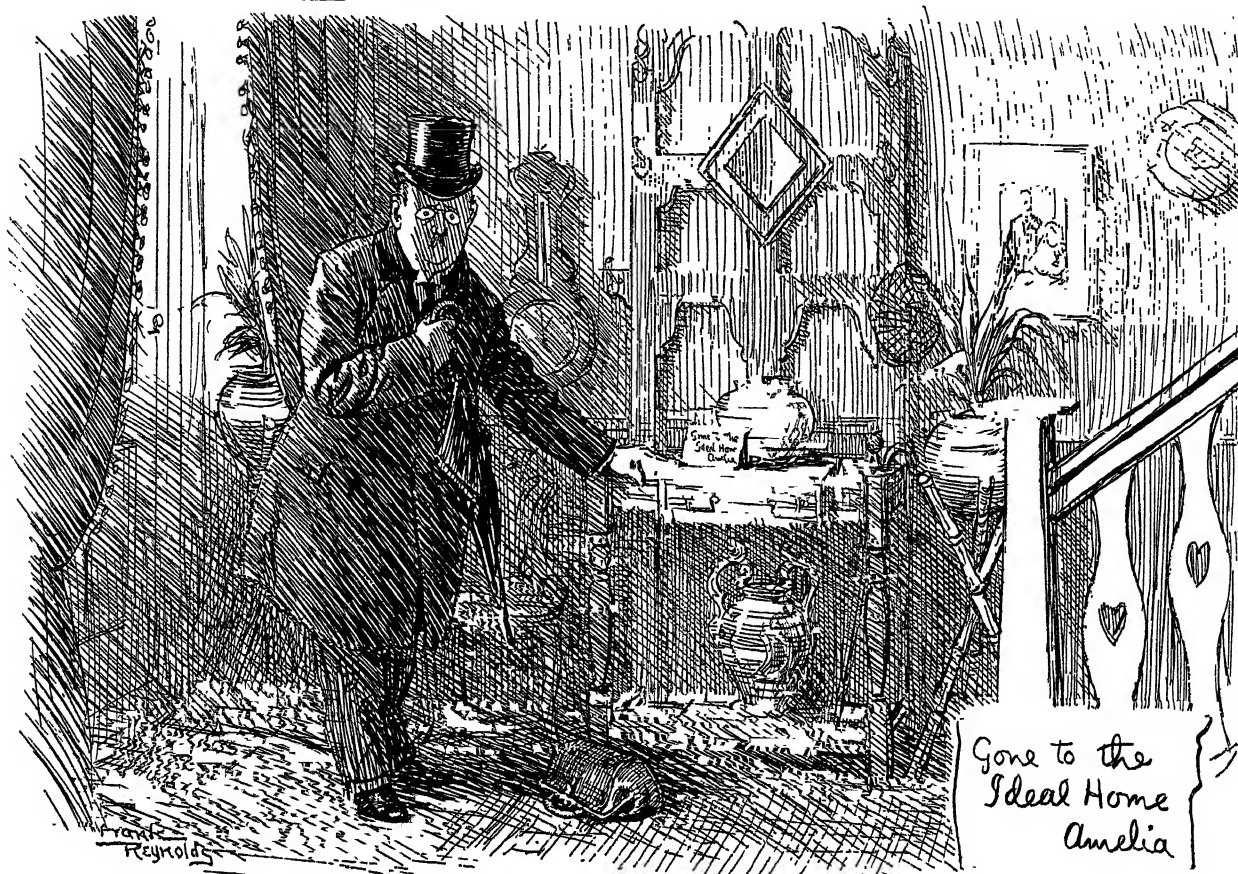
"Lady — would one day sit in the House in a small group of women destined to be the heaven in the lump."—*Provincial Paper*.

Not very complimentary to the mere males in the Commons.

From the report of an election-meeting:—

"Both sides claimed that their resolution was the one adopted. The chairman declared that it was."—*New Zealand Paper*.

Tactful fellow.



A. FLUTTER IN THE DOVECOT.

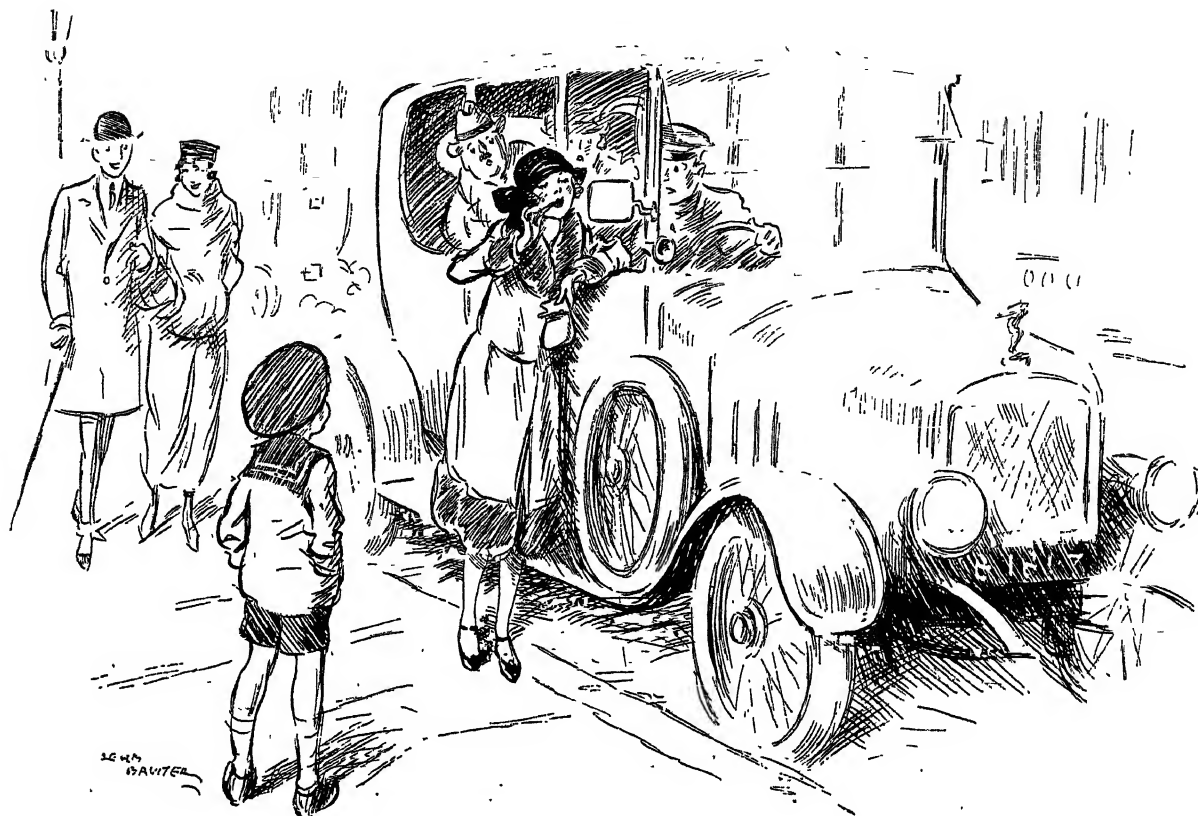
Inset: THE MESSAGE.

Gone to the
Ideal Home
Amelia

THE WHITE BOY.

I STOPPED beside the halted caravan
To hear the gypsy-talk
O'er wayside kettle, where the long road ran
On like a javelin ever o'er the chalk
To the far Southdowns and the sounding sea;
(And so, I've heard it said, to Babylon,
Carthage, tall Troy, e'en haunted Helicon);
I listened to the yarns they spun for me
Nor marvelled that, horse-copers all, of course,
Ever the tales kept twisting back to horse.
I heard of changeling foals and "borrowed" sires,
And deals of gypsy dare,
From Minehead and New Forest to the Shires,
North to the Dales and back, by Barnet Fair,
To Epsom Downs, the Mecca of the clan;
Learnt of the *whisper*; of horse-doctors heard
Who healed by virtue of the spoken word;
And ne'er the tellers blushed beneath their tan;
Then on from horse to horseman, old and new,
CHIFNEY to ARCHER, SLOAN to DONOGHUE.
And, speaking of some giant of the craft,
His courage, power and skill,
"He'd take," I cried, "a youngster, dancing daft,
And in a twinkling smooth him to his will
By voice and hands, and that that's in you bred
That makes the horse controller, suave yet bold,
Sitting like Centaur" (platitude of old!).
"Who's *Centor*, then?" young Jethro Cooper said;
And so I told of Chiron and the rest.
"Brother," said Jasper Lee, "we'll give you best."

But Abram Cooper, taking pipe from gums,
On ninety nomad years
Looked back, and in his old, old tones, "It comes,"
He said—"it comes to me, my dears,
How I did hear black Ephraim Cooper say,
Long years ago, and he a horsewise chap,
That he had seen, or heard on now, mayhap,
Just suchlike antic somewheres Lyndhurst way
With Forest ponies; 'twas at rounding-up,
I've heard him tell, when coves 'ud sit to sup.
"But whether 'twas himself was there or not,
Or if 'twas story told
Mayhap to him by some'un, I've forgot,
For why, you see, I'm old, my dears, I'm old;
But 'twas the Forest and, he'd say, July,
The opens red with heather, gold with whin.
Fine place the Forest to be campin' in,
And fine to smell warm bracken, saddle high,
And round her artful ponies, mob by mob,
Gallop and shout and whip-crack—verderer's job.
"Well, so he'd say, with one gay-going troop
A colt, or summat, ran,
And on it, seemed, a boy sat cock-a-whoop,
Bare as the breeze and white as milk in pan;
He led with artifice his scampering lot
Through clearing, thicket and wise groves of oak;
'Men never get close up to 'em,' said folk;
'But when we *does* my lord'll catch it hot!
Shooting with arrows, too, 'twas told, the limb!
The verderer said he'd card the hide off him.



THE OPPORTUNIST.

"HALF-A-MO, OLD THING—JUST FINISHED."

"And still the days wore on, the round got done,
 And still that mob went free;
 They never caught fair up with it; they 'd run,
 With that queer leader flashing white to see
 From middle up, through the great Forest trees
 And sunny spaces bright as butterflies;
 None o' the talent, *gorgios chals* or *ryes*,
 Got near to 'em or put 'em out of ease;
 You'd gallop the long rides, then, mad perplexed,
 You'd see those shoeless heels flip down the next.

"One noon, so Ephraim told (if so 'twas he)—
 One noon of smoking heat,
 He lay in the sweet fern, a-doze maybe,
 And, waking, heard the tap of light hooves' beat;
 Then, through the broken sunlight, down the glade
 Walked that gay lot, heads tossing, pacing light,
 With snort and whicker; playful lift or bite
 Among the young 'uns. Sons, he was *afraid*,
 For with 'em came the White Boy, and, my
 oath,
 'Twas neither boy nor colt; and yet 'twas both!

"A sorrel colt, hoof, hide and tail; King's word,
 A dandy specimen,
 But from the shoulder, rising white as curd,
 The belt-up body of a brat o' ten,
 Cool-eyed and impudent; and all on wire
 As any pony. One hand swung his bow,
 The other twitched, young mischievous, just so,
 The long tail of a two-year-old entire.
 A strange and oddly sight to see 'em pass,
 That and the ponies, down the sun-splashed grass.

"Sudden the Thing sensed *man*, and round it flung,
 It and the mob, like *that*;
 And as they wheeled a little arrow sung
 Past Ephraim's ear into a sapling, *pat*;
 Then off they went, manes flying, tails a-cock,
 Bucking and squealing, raising Harry Cain,
 Through the big oaks, to There-and-Back-again,
 Like squibs and crackers or young Forest stock;
 And Ephraim watched 'em go—fair shook he
 stood—
 Into sun-dazzle and blue belts of wood.

"There's no clear end. I've heard the mob was got
 Come the next rounding tide;
 The Boy was seen a bit, and then was not,
 But never *close* like. Most said Ephraim lied,
 Was drunk or dreaming; so it might ha' been;
 But, mugged or sober, middling sound was he,
 And Romany don't lie to Romany.
 If flesh ran there, I reckon he'd ha' seen
 One of our Brother's breed o' man-and-horse?"
 Knocking my pipe out, I replied, "Of course."

"What Manchester says to-day . . ."

"It was the large preponderance of votes cast in Mr. Ede's favour
 that gave him his majority."—*Manchester Paper*.
 It is by illuminating observations of this kind that Man-
 chester has gained its reputation for leading English opinion.

"A bench composed entirely of women justices have just dispensed
 justice at Norwich for the first time."—*Provincial Paper*.
 An apology seems to be due to their male *confrères*.



THE IDEAL HOUSEHOLDER.

SCENE—A Blasted Common, Mitcham.

MR. BONAR LAW. "NOW, THAT'S MY NOTION OF A GOOD CITIZEN: CARRIES HIS HOME WITH HIM, PROGRESSES WITHOUT UNDUE PRECIPITANCY AND NEVER BITES YOU IN THE BACK."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 5th.—The House of Commons was more interested in the defeat of two Ministers, Colonel STANLEY and Sir A. GRIFFITH-BOSCOWEN, at Willesden and Mitcham respectively, than it was in the business on the Paper. When the PRIME MINISTER announced that the Government had decided to erect a State wireless station, "capable of communicating with the Dominions," Mr. WILL THORNE mischievously inquired whether it would be situated at Mitcham.

A few minutes later Mr. HARCOURT JOHNSTONE, the victor of Willesden, came up to take the oath, and was greeted by the "Wee Frees" with cheers as vociferous as their slender numbers could make them. Labour retorted with "It will be our turn to-morrow."

In the circumstances it was not surprising that, in reply to Mr. BUCHANAN, who asked when the post of Lord Advocate was going to be filled by a Member of Parliament, the PRIME MINISTER could only say that he hoped it would not be long, but could not name a particular date.

The Government's decision to set up a Committee "to inquire into the co-operation and correlation of the three Services" is generally interpreted in the Lobbies as the preliminary to the appointment of a single Minister of Defence, to control the Navy, Army and Air Force. And to think that Mr. CHURCHILL is no longer a member of the Government, or even of Parliament! "O Dundee, Dundee, what hast thou done?"

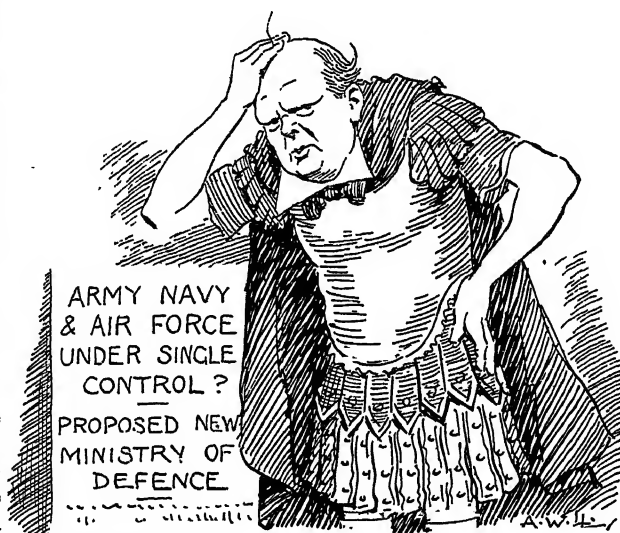
An Unemployment Insurance Bill is now a hardy annual. The new measure resembles its predecessors in being somewhat scrappy. As Mr. CLYNES observed, we have yet to see "a complete and consistent piece of understandable legislation on this problem." It contains, however, one novel—and rather Hibernian—feature, namely, that "broken time" is now treated as "continuous unemployment."

Still, such as it is, Sir MONTAGUE BARLOW made out a fairly good case for the Bill, and claimed that unemployment insurance had proved "an effective bridge which was carrying the country over its present distress." Sundry Labour Members complained that even now the bridge had too many gaps in it, and Sir FREDERICK BANBURY observed that in regard to insurance "everybody was always hopeful, and everybody was always wrong"—except, it is to be pre-

sumed, Sir F. B. himself. But nobody ventured to carry his objections into the division-lobby, and the Second Reading was unopposed.

Tuesday, March 6th.—The Lords made a few amendments to the Industrial Assurance Bill, but the LORD CHANCELLOR, on further consideration, declined to accept Lord SHANDON's proposal that on the face of every policy should be set forth "in plain language, clear bold type, and coloured ink," a statement of the provisions relating to forfeiture. "*Nimum ne crede colori*" is Lord CAVE's motto.

Mitcham continues to dominate the political situation. At private business in the Commons, while most of the Municipal measures were objected to, the Mitcham Urban District Council



Winstonius Churchillius, Ex-Imperator. "GIVE ME BACK MY LEGIONS, NOT FORGETTING MY NAVY AND MY AIR-FORCE!"

Bill obtained a second reading with acclamation.

In the regretted absence of the LORD ADVOCATE a great deal of extra work is falling upon Captain ELLIOTT, the Under-Secretary of the Scottish Board of Health. But he is fully equal to it. When Sir HARRY BRITAIN, *à propos* of a question about "skatts" in Orkney, inquired what a "skatt" was, the Minister reeled off in highly technical language a definition which surprised if it did not enlighten him. Sir HARRY knows now that with the present representative of the Scottish Office "*Nemo me impune lacessit*" is no empty phrase.

Another youthful Minister who is doing well is Captain KING, whose clear elocution sets an example to many of his colleagues on the Treasury Bench. He was deputizing for Mr. BALDWIN this afternoon, and in that capacity had to inform Mr. ERSKINE that his ingenious idea that we should build up a

dollar-reserve fund in Canada, "and so not only encourage the development of that country's resources, but also supply dollars free from exchange fluctuations for the service of the American Debt," was not feasible; the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER being of opinion that it was impossible to use the same money to repay America and to develop Canada.

Thankful that PEASE still reigns in Darlington the Ministerialists gave the new Member for that borough a rousing cheer. But it was nothing to the storm of Labour applause that greeted Mr. EDE, the victor of Mitcham, and threatened the integrity of the glass roof.

Feeling, no doubt, that, with Ministerial seats falling like leaves in What-d'ye-call-it, Labour may soon be en-

sconced upon the Treasury Bench, Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD made a studiously moderate and statesmanlike speech in moving his Motion in favour of a Conference between Parliamentary Committees representing Britain, France and Belgium on the question of the Ruhr occupation. Members listened quietly while he pointed out the humiliation and possible danger of our present attitude, and almost the only interruption came from Mr. NEWBOLD, who could not stand an allusion to Moscow's attempts to upset the European apple-cart and called out sarcastically, "United Front!"

As a practical proposition, however, the Conference idea did not appeal to Lord ROBERT CECIL, who thought it would only introduce confusion into our foreign affairs, and re-stated his belief that, when the time was ripe, the League of Nations was the proper instrument to carry out the peaceful desires of the democracies of Europe.

Mr. BONAR LAW for the third or fourth time this Session repeated his plea for sitting on the fence until France should think better of her adventure; and the motion was eventually talked out.

Wednesday, March 7th.—Lord KYLSANT (formerly Sir OWEN PHILIPPS) was introduced into the House of Lords just in time to hear a debate on the subject of Honours. It was initiated by Lord SOUTHBOROUGH, who asked the Government whether they intended to legislate on the lines suggested in the recent Report of the Royal Commission. This he described as a document of great value and importance, "not untouched by humour." The humour seems to have struck him even more than the value, for he became almost ribald in

his comments upon the proposed Committee of Privy Councillors.

Lord HALDANE thought that there would have been no trouble if the custom had not arisen of producing "a decently fat Honours List" twice a year. Lord ST. DAVIDS urged that the Committee should be strengthened. Judges, he said, would be more likely to know about any financial objections to a candidate than mere Privy Councillors, who, of course, never hear any scandal. Lord STUART OF WORTLEY, taking a hint from the process of canonisation, suggested that an *advocatus diaboli* should search the record of a candidate for honours and rake up all that could be used against him.

In winding up the debate Lord CURZON said that while the Government approved the report of the Royal Commission and meant to act upon it, the only real safeguard against abuse was "the ever-advancing standards of honour and public duty that exist in this country." A well-sounding phrase; but, if it be true, why all this pother?

Having regard to recent events, Dr. CHAPPLE might well have supposed that Ministerialists would tumble over one another to support his Bill for the adoption of the alternative vote in Parliamentary elections. Possibly his explanation of its advantages was a little lacking in clarity. At any rate Mr. HURST, who declared that the proposal combined all the drawbacks both of the present system and of proportional representation, and who ascribed its origin to some dark compact between Liberalism and Labour, carried a majority of the House with him.

The Fees (Increase) Bill, which proposes incidentally to extract sixpence from every visitor to the British Museum, caused Mr. T. P. O'Connor to become almost lyrical on the hardships that it would impose on the frequenters of the Reading-room. I don't know that his clients will be pleased by his description of them as "the flotsam and jetsam of the literary profession," many of whom used the Library chiefly as a dormitory. Still I was glad to hear from Sir PHILIP LOYD-GREAME that regular readers or sleepers?) could obtain exemption from the proposed fee.

In an excellent maiden speech Dr. ALTER, of Bermondsey, moved a resolution in favour of a statutory minimum wage, and made such good use of the last Government's attitude towards the proposal in 1919 (when political economy was more than usually unpopular) that he very nearly carried it. Fortunately for themselves the Government at the last moment withdrew their whips, for the motion was only lost by 16 votes.

Thursday, March 8th.—Never the man to refuse a challenge, Lord BALFOUR dealt almost too faithfully, perhaps, with the AMERICAN AMBASSADOR's recent statement (in an after-dinner speech) that a passage in the famous "Note" of August last on international debts was "misleading." After re-



"Are things what they seem?
Or is visions about?"

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD.

hearing the main facts he maintained that he was quite justified in his assertion that the United States had "insisted, in substance if not in form, that, though our Allies were to spend the money, it was only on our security that they would lend it." A graceful peroration, acknowledging the considerate



A.W.L.

"Gentlemen, I propose your very good health."

MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN.

manner in which the United States had enforced "their incontestable rights," relieved the slight acerbity of the exordium. Nevertheless I am not sure that it would not have been better to disregard the AMBASSADOR's utterance as being merely an extra-piquant sample of HARVEY's "sauce."

Labour enjoyed another triumph when Mr. HAYES, the victor of Edge Hill, was introduced to the House of Commons. His former membership of the Metropolitan Police Force probably accounts for the sonority with which he recited the oath.

A request that the Board of Education should grant a holiday to all schools on May Day, "to celebrate the international solidarity of the rising generation," was refused by Major WOOD, on the ground that the Board had nothing to do with holidays. He was not even moved by Mr. SHINWELL's plea—well-founded, I am sure—that the demand for this boon was "shared by the children themselves."

There is no accounting for taste, or the lack of it. Sir JOHN BUTCHER actually took exception to the exhibition of the WERTHEIMER portraits in the National Gallery, and, strange to say, found an aider and abettor in Sir CHARLES OMAN, who suggested that "these clever but extremely repulsive pictures" should be relegated to the Chamber of Horrors.

It was roses, roses all the way when Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN made his first appearance as Minister of Health, *vice* Sir A. GRIFFITH-BOSCAWEN, resigned. The brickbats will follow with the Housing Bill.

Our Helpful Contemporaries.

"How to GET THERE.

Alympia is conveniently reached by many different tube, train and omnibus services."
Daily Paper.

"The Caledonian club will be addressed by Rabbi — at its luncheon in the Fort — hotel. His subject will be 'Aberdeen.'"
Canadian Paper.

We always like to hear of lecturers breaking new ground.

"A 'Temperance Silver Band' is the latest addition to —'s list of musical organisations... New instruments, Messrs. Boosey's best, have been obtained."—*Provincial Paper.*
After all, what's in a name?

Extract from a letter received by a mother in India from her ten-year-old son in England:—

"Thank you for the picture of the baboon, I have hung it over my bed so that when I look at it it will remind me of Daddy, and when I think of Daddy I shall think of you." We hope Daddy was pleased.

From a Parliamentary report:—

"In reply to Mr. J. Erskine (St. George's, U.), Captain King said:—In my right hon. friend's opinion the only possible way of meeting our debt to the United States is to provide liquid resources in the United States."
Daily Paper.

What will Mr. "Pussyfoot" say to this?



LOCAL COLOUR.

Sergeant (taking particulars of a "wanted" man). "HEIGHT 'BOUT FIVE-FOOT-TEN, THIN BUILD, SANDY 'AIR. NOW, WOT'S THE COLOUR OF 'IS EYES?"
Landlord. "BLOODSHOT."

THE LONG ARM OF THE LAW.

["Mr. George Duffy, of Milwaukee, Wis., the referee who gave Morrie Schlaifer the decision over Billy Wells, was escorted to the Union station by order of the Police Commissioner, who declared that 'such decisions would ruin the boxing game in Omaha, Neb.' No personal violence was attempted."—*Sportsman*.]

WHEN BILLY WELLS and MORRIE SCHLAIFER

Are clashing, I should think it safer
 (If one can manage it) to be
 The loser than the referee.
 Omaha (Neb.) was roused all right
 By what occurred the other night,
 When they allowed themselves to hiss
 Poor DUFFY from Milwaukee (Wis.)

Their wrath created such a stir
 It roused the Police Commissioner,
 Who, hearing it, grew very snuffy
 With poor well-meaning Mr. DUFFY.
 He haled him to the Union station,
 Insisted on an explanation
 And left him for a period
 To cool his heated heels in quod.

Now just imagine all the fuss
 If such a habit spreads to us,
 When, influenced by Neb. and Wis.,
 Our Sporting Column reads like this:—

"At Blunderland the other night
 Boy Basher lost a ten-round fight
 On points to Battling Bert (I think
 The referee is still in clink).

"When Smith, the Policeman's champion fought,
 The referee inanely thought
 He was entitled to discard
 The favourite of Scotland Yard;
 Sir WILLIAM HORWOOD, who was there,
 Was scandalised by this affair
 'Arrest him!' he was heard to say—
 (I'm told they hang the man to-day).

"When Slasher and Kid Jones were pitted
 Last night, the referee committed
 The stupidest of indiscretions—
 The case comes on next Quarter Sessions.
 (*Stop Press*.—It sounds absurd, but I've

Just heard the man is still alive;
 Regrettable though it appears
 They've let him off with seven years.)"

In Neb. and Wis., when boxers clash,
 To be the referee is rash;
 Whoever wins, it seems to me,
 The loser is the referee;

And if the custom spreads beyond
 The confines of the Herring Pond
 We'll all of us feel very sorry
 For worthy men like EUGENE CORRI.

An Appropriate Guerdon.

From the prize-list at a whist-drive:

"Mrs. —, 6 eggs, for sitting 11 times at one table."—*Local Paper*.

Extract from a letter received by an Indian official:—

"In brief, if your honour should be so gracious as to appoint Abdul — Saheb to the vacant post, the appointment will be greeted by all the people with universal hilarity."

Like a good many appointments at home.

"The fox made a bee line through the Hall grounds, then on through the village, to the delight of the hundreds of spectators. Scent was lost in the fields that skirt the south side of the village, but a few moments later there were shouts in a garden near to the church, and within a few minutes the hounds had killed these scores of sightseers looking on from the surrounding gardens. It was one of the most exciting days in —'s history."

Local Paper.

Quite the most exciting, we should have thought.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE BAD MAN" (NEW THEATRE).

MR. PORTER EMERSON BROWNE is an astute person. Forestalling the criticism that you can't really weld comedy (or farce rather) with serious melodrama, he calls his creation a melodramatic comedy, thereby laying the critics a stymie.

And of course you can't. The Bad Man of the title, *Pancho Lopez*, a resourceful Mexican bandit, operating in South Arizona, is a possible, indeed a delightful, figure of comedy, with his light-hearted murders and his promiscuous amours; but the Much Worse Man, the oil-seeking Wall Street millionaire, is certainly not comic. However, MR. BROWNE knows all that, as I say, and labels accordingly.

I suppose, as a member of the pseudo-intelligentsia, I oughtn't to have liked this play. Quite frankly I did.

Let me give the setting a little more explicitly.

You have a young up-standing American, *Gilbert Jones*, who has persuaded old *Uncle Henry* to put his all into an Arizona ranch. Then comes war, and the poor boob—thus *Uncle Henry*—goes off to it; comes back to find a stay-at-home loan-shark ready to foreclose his mortgage at eight o'clock of the evening of the day into which, with a fine respect for the classical unities, the hustling action of this robustious piece is crowded; while another stay-at-home, a Wall Street crook, is trying to wangle possession of the ranch, under which he suspects the welcome presence of oil. This worthy has also married the very girl to whom the boob had (before the War) been too proud to declare his love because he was broke. Our *Gilbert* then is packing up under the guns of *Uncle Henry*, trained relentlessly from an invalid's chair on all and sundry, but especially on *Gilbert*. No hope as big as a friend's dollar bill is on the horizon. The loan-shark noses about after his prey, evil eye on clock. And the gentleman from Wall Street has taken advantage of a momentary clearing of the stage to throw his poor wife on to the table and brand her on the hand with one of those terrific spurs worn by hairy-legged stalwarts in the cattle-punching business. And then—a fusillade. *Pancho Lopez's* band!

The band breaks in, and, when everybody is duly covered, with hands well up, in saunters the engaging ruffian.

The odd thing about this incident is that it is never referred to by anybody again. Can it be that MR. MATHESON LANG bribes his playwrights to construct First Acts that give him but two minutes' work at the very end? I seem to remember the famous *Mr. Wu* making some such sinister and short appearance. And if so, is it because it whets the appetites of his vociferous admirers, or merely because it enables him to dine at leisure?

The second Act is *Pancho's*. He spreads himself. He discourses of freedom in delightfully slurred phrases. He candidly explains his ideas of love to a startled *Lucia*. She shall come and have a thoroughly good time with him

with interest and thoroughly approves the murder and rapine that contrive so satisfactory a consummation.

But we haven't quite finished with our wicked husband. He is left for dead, but revives early in Act III.: feigns repentance and surrender of his *Lucia* to *Gilbert*; then faintness and, as *Gilbert* the guileless assists him, abstracts his revolver from its holster, strapped in an eminently inconvenient position for persons engaged in works of mercy towards incurable villains. We are shocked. What can save the poor darlings now? Friend *Lopez*, we have heard, is wounded and a prisoner in the hands of the Rangers. Not at all. 'Twas his understudy only. The real bandit appears from behind the arras and lays out Wall Street for the full and final count.

Probably not a typical day in Southern Arizona; but very good value for the money.

MR. MATHESON LANG's *Pancho* is an interesting piece of work. You can see him so obviously enjoying it. As a matter of fact it is a thoroughly well-invented part, as is that of *Uncle Henry*, played superbly by Mr. H. O. NICHOLSON. The villain was all that a really villainous villain should be—smooth, treacherous, cruel, inventive and cowardly, and MR. ALFRED DRAYTON did very well with it.

I liked MR. DENIS HOGAN's sketch of *Gilbert's* faithful ranchman. Poor *Gilbert* himself was but a dull fellow—*Uncle Henry* summed him up quite accurately—and MR. BOYD DAVIS can't be blamed for that. Miss FLORENCE SAUNDERS looked mournfully beautiful as became a misjudged, ill-mated heroine. Miss ELMA ROYTON was as tiresome a man-

worshipper as the author doubtless intended her to be. And I liked the bandits—they had a convincing air. A distinctly eupeptic performance. T.

An After-Dinner Quotation.

"Mr. —, K.C., said Lord — reminded him of the words of Solomon's riddle, 'Out of strength came forth sweetness.'"

Glasgow Paper.

"WANTED.—Houses to Wreck. Apply Box —, Free Press."—*Advt. in Canadian Paper*. We hoped this sort of thing was confined to the Irish Free State.

"The thirty-third annual exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters has a personal interest that is sure to make it popular. Here are Lady Diana Cooper as a child (76) and as a bride (57)."—*Daily Paper*. All we can say is that she does not look either of them.



A FEW OF THE CHARACTERS WHO HAVE THE OFFER OF BEING SHOT DURING THE PERFORMANCE, AND SIGNIFY THEIR DISSENT IN THE USUAL MANNER.

over the border. And then the boob is brought in under escort. Is he not the very man who had picked up a wounded *Lopez* by the wayside, before he became a general and a star brigand, and actually saved his life? He is! *Lopez* dances an elephantine tango, inflicts kisses on his preserver and proceeds to arrange in a diverting manner that justice shall be done as he understands it.

Justice is what suits his preserver's interests. *Lucia* and *Gilbert* love each other. Then it is simple to remove the husband—he is a bad man, anyway, and not fit to live; and he has enough ready cash on him to pay off the mortgagee, who is thereupon promptly robbed of the proceeds after he has given his receipt. *Gilbert's* single-minded *Uncle Henry* gets his ten thousand dollars

THE THEATRE PARTY.

I FOUND the rising barrister sitting dejectedly over his coffee. Rising barristers and dejection are, as a rule, on such bad terms that I was forced to comment on his appearance.

"What do you think," he asked, "about honesty? Is it really the best policy?"

I said I was in no position to have formed an opinion.

"Well," he replied, "I am. I hereby state that it is more than the best, it is the only policy for anyone who wishes to live comfortably. I had an experience last evening so obnoxious that I'll never run a similar risk again. In other words, from this moment onwards, no matter what the cost—either to other people or myself—I'll tell the truth."

"Tell me some of it now," I said.

He was delighted to.

"Last night," he said, "Doris and I dined with the Fullers, to go to the theatre. We weren't told what theatre; we were asked merely to dine and go on somewhere. Early. Personally I hate dining early. No one can enjoy on the same evening both dinner and theatre; one or other has to suffer, and probably both; and I am reaching a time of life when I prefer cooks to dramatists. But now and then you have to do these things, and so we went.

"I wonder where they will take us," Doris said in the cab.

"So long as it isn't to *Sweethearts and Cream* I don't much mind," I replied. "But I'd rather be eating slowly and have a cigar after; and I'd rather die than sit through that play again, or even an Act of it."

"And Doris agreed. We had never been so bored in our lives as when we were there.

"Directly we got into the Fullers' drawing-room Mrs. Fuller, who is the sweetest thing on earth, said to me in her sweetest way, 'Don't break my heart by telling me that you have seen *Sweethearts and Cream*, because that's where we are taking you to-night. It's delicious!'

"No," I said, "we haven't. I've heard so much about it. How jolly!"

"And then I looked round for Doris to be able to warn her to back me up. But she was talking to Fuller, and, before anything could be done, Mrs. Fuller was calling out to him, 'It's all right, Jack. They haven't seen it. Isn't that splendid luck?'

"What is that?" Doris asked.

"*Sweethearts and Cream*," said Fuller. "You're in for a great time. We adored it."

"Doris caught my eye for an instant



Gentleman (to Lady who has also been unsuccessful in boarding a bus). "WOT D'YER WANT TO FLING ABAHT LIKE THAT FOR? YER FETCHED ME A SMACK IN THE FACE WITH YER UMBRELLA."

She. "THERE YOU'RE WRONG. IT ISN'T MINE—IT'S ME SISTER'S."

and I breathed again, for I saw support there; but there was no need for so much of it.

"Oh," she said with the most alarming assurance—really I had no notion she was such a masterpiece of deception—'how delightful! We were wondering in the cab where you would take us. In fact,' she went on without the least necessity to elaborate any more, or a trace of guilt (it was monstrous, monstrous!), 'we even mentioned *Sweethearts and Cream*.'

"That was true, of course, but—well, my blood ran cold."

He stopped and gloomily lit another cigar. "How I hate lying!" he said.

"Well, so far as I can see," I replied, "you got out of it very well. They were white lies merely: I never heard of whiter; and if Doris a little bit overdid it that was only her kind heart. Why are you so wretched about it?"

"I'd tell you," he said, "if you didn't interrupt so much. We had dinner—one of those scrambled affairs—so as to be in time to see the accursed curtain go up, and off we bustled. If it hadn't been for that bustling all would have been well. If we had been five minutes late—just five little blessed minutes—all would have been well. But we weren't. We got into the lobby with everyone else, and the first man I saw was Bundy. You know Bundy—noisy and tactless. 'Hullo!' he said at the top of his voice, greeting all of us; and then to Doris and me: 'Fancy seeing you here again! Why, when we were here the other evening you said it was the worst play you had ever suffered!'"

E. V. L.

"Information has come to hand proving that during the war even the barnacle 'did his bit,'"—*Irish Paper*.

Unlike the "limpets."

SHOCKING TRAVESTIES.

XI.—PASH, PAINT AND PEPPERCATOR.
(With acknowledgments to Mr. GILBERT FRANKAU.)

§ 1.

My main trouble in putting down in pen and ink this the empty-ninth story that my old friend Peppercator (Peppercator, the mountain-high mauve gelding that Harry Wymondham swopped for a ham sandwich at Wroxley Low Woods after a long day's run with the Quaghaan) snorted damply into my ear in a buttercup-golden meadow, where I was lying one June afternoon, is that all your long-haired pasty-faced sham-art Café-Royal would-be literary quidnuncs will probably murmur "mere magazine fiction," little knowing what strange raw things may happen in the you-be-damned gee-gee-come-up hard-thrusting life of those scarlet-coated, tight-habited, stiff-moustached sexful and sportful men and women who follow the greatest game in the world in the one-and-only Shires.

Let them know then, the quidnuncs, that amongst these don't-look-before-you-leap-but-get-on-with-it verb-smashing noun-hyphenating first-fighters, who up-flask at covert-side and grip saddle-flaps, hearts in their knees, when hounds hurl tongue on a biting scent, January morning, it is Lust-of-the-Chase first and Literature pounding the heavy ridge and furrow a furlong behind the field sweat-sodden and nowhere.

§ 2.

Which is by way of preliminary warning before you hear the story of how Susan Ripley, sometime would-be star of the Endymion Theatre, afterwards wife of Harry Wymondham, of Old Wymondham Hall, Bampton, Ruts, won her first brush, and with it the hell-for-leather sitha-lass one-down-t'other-come-up heart of Harry himself.

She was staying there with his mother, being the daughter of an old family friend, and pleaded hard for a mount. Why? Love answers that question, and Harry's handsome eyes.

Hephzibah Norton, she knew, the rich soap-boiler's daughter, would be out with the Screlvoir to-day; and Susan, perhaps not unwisely, mistrusted the influence of Hephzibah's coiled gold hair and forget-me-not eyes on a too susceptible heart. But Susan would not give him up without a struggle. Harry had looked at her also once or twice—and was she not, like him, "county" by instinct and birth? It was deep calling to deep.

"Can you ride?" he asked her in the hall.

"I am not sure," she answered, "but I can try."

"Well, you won't try to-day," he said a little curtly, tilting the twenty-year-old brandy decanter into his heavy-stoppered silver-topped monogrammed presentation hunting-flask. "There's nothing left in the stable but Peppercator, and he isn't any practice for schoolgirls, I can tell you," and turned on a spurred heel—six foot two-and-a-half of Whipham-breeched Bug-gins-booted swaggering masculinity. (ADVT.)

Turned, however, too quickly to see the little mutinous gleam that came into Susan's sapphire eyes, and the pink flush that overspread her creamy-skinned pallor under the shadow of the blue-black hair.

"What if I were to ride Peppercator?" she thought to herself; and then biting a red underlip, "Blast it all, I will!"

§ 3.

Hence came it that, after colloquy with Wilkins, the straw-chewing, saturnine-featured, "spindle-calved Hall head-groom, we see Susan half-way up step-ladder in the stable-yard on her way to the dizzy eminence of Peppercator's polished saddle, for no human being foaled of woman could hope to mount that monstrous rhododendron-coloured quadruped by any ordinary means.

"You won't want your umbrella, Miss," observed Wilkins a little sadly, taking it from her hand.

"Won't I?" she inquired innocently.

"No, Miss; we never carry 'em in the Shires;" and he showed her how to loop the thong of a whalebone whip round her hand and let the lash dangle a foot from the ground.

Then Peppercator, Peppercator-wise, taking charge, they catapulted out of the yard.

§ 4.

Ensued there and then in the lane, *en route* for Haxted High Gorse, a terrible struggle, the little loose-blue-coated figure fighting hard with tight-gloved hands against the saw-and-toss of the pink iron-mouthed head. Still, she steered him somehow down grass ride and along rutted bridle-path till red coats loomed between quick-sets in the distance and she glimpsed the bubbling black, white and tan pye of the Screlvoir hounds yoi-doited into cover.

Suddenly, still half a mile away, Peppercator stopped. Muscles taut, iron-shod hooves dug deep in the poached squelch of the ride, crest flung back, stood still.

Cajoling, tears, light touch of her spur, all were in vain. He did not seem

to hear the horn, but, great ears flexed back, to be sensing something else. Suddenly he cocked one ear up, then the other. Then he flexed them back alternately with loud flaps, one, two, one, two, until her heart trembled at the resonant rhythmic beats. Fruitlessly she tugged at the near curb, then at the off one, then at both together. Nothing occurred.

Then "Come along, old boy," she coaxed into the left ear as it came back, and "Come along, Peppercator, old prad," into the right. But all in vain.

Peppercator stood rock still.

Then, like a flash from the dead beech-leaf filled ditch on her left, streaked a red scurrying Something, scrambled the hedge to her right, and tore far, far from the hunt, down the broad sloping pasture and away.

Heaven, not Susan, knew how she kept her seat as with one colossal bound that cleared the double-oxer as though it had been a sheep-hurdle, the great lilac-coloured monster sprang alone in pursuit.

§ 5.

Not Harry Wymondham's fourteen-stone of steel hunting-hardened muscles could have held Peppercator as he hurtled then. Earth, sky, hedge, spinney flashed past Susan in a hurricane of colours. She knew nothing, felt nothing but the surging lift of those terrific haunches as the great gaunt gelding hared madly after the huge dog-fox ahead.

"This is a dream," she said to herself. "A dream."

And what a dream! Exhilaration took her by the throat. Excitement seized her by the scruff of the neck. She lost her hat. She whooped as she rode. She was hunting alone. Her hair flew loose in the wind. Everything hurt horribly. But what would Harry say now?

A thought, be it said, that has quickened as many female hearts to face high hedges in the Shires as the converse, aided by a flask-sip, has driven mere men's!

And still the pace quickened. Four fields rocketed past, four hedges beetled up, four hedges bristled under. And then four more of each. She did not care. She let them do it. Thighs, arms, knees, throat, wrists, head were aching most unspeakably. Hove uglier fences still, a blackthorn, a whitethorn, a bullfinch, a hornbeam, a hornbill—clods flying, without a falter, through soggy peril and branched jeopardy, surehocked untiring Peppercator thundered on.

And still the pace quickened.

Blood from swished thorns flecking



SPRING CLEANING.

"I SHOULDN'T KEEP THIS, MUM, IF I WAS YOU; IT'S ONLY A 'ARBINGER OF DUST."

now a face that had so often delighted the languid stalls, Susan—that Susan who æons ago had thought it a life's dream to be star of the Endymion Theatre—thrilled madly to every raking plunge.

Came at last a hill. Pace checked slightly. But the red dog-fox still scrambled ahead.

§ 6.

And now for the first time Susan knew that the rest of the hunt was behind. Heard faint holloas, but had no power, no wish to bate the speed of the mauve swiftness that bore her on. The hill crown, topped, showed gorse and ant-hills down a sharp pitched slope, a post and rails, and beyond them the deep flowing mud-banked peril of Whistledine canal.

The dog-fox took the grey water as Peppercastor pounded down.

The rest to Susan was a whirl of sickening anticipation, spattered mud, ricocheted ecstasy and flung foam, till with one stupendous wriggle of his mighty quarters the vast mauve brute floundered mastodon-like on the further bank.

But what was that snarling mess beneath the off-fore hoof—the writhing, struggling furry thing that, dying, bit at the mud-caked fetlock, as Peppercastor, panting, thrust his great muzzle down and bit in turn?

Alone the great gelding had found, alone had hunted the line—alone, unaided, he had made the kill.

§ 7.

So it was that to hounds, to huntsmen, to Master, to Harry Wymondham himself (but where was Hephzibah Norton?—a long plough and a hill-top behind), Susan Ripley, late of the Endymion Theatre, waved triumphantly the blood-drabbed trophy that now hangs, silver-mounted, in Wymondham Old Hall.

§ 8.

"And is that all?" I asked the great sunset-coloured beast.

"It is," replied Peppercastor.

"Then stop snorting in my ear," I said. EVOE.

"You want the best seats. We have them."
Theatrical Library Advertisement.
Defeated Ministers, please notice.

A Fickle Audience.

From the report of a League of Nations Union meeting:—

"The speaker was cordially thanked for his address. consequences. Fined 20s."—*Local Paper.*

"The first week in March sees Spring stocks displayed everywhere, and business becoming very brisk after a typical between-seas on February."—*Daily Paper.*

We have often shopped between showers, but never yet between seas.

"Potash and Perlmutter are really Jewish propagandists who, while allowing for all their deficiencies, set out to show that a heart of gold may beat even behind a Semitic nose."
Sunday Paper.

One of their deficiencies, we gather, is that their hearts are continually in their mouths.

"The road from Duesseldorf to Essen and Gelsenkirchen, is filled with packages, who look scowlingly at foot-weary pedestrians, laden with passing motors, as they plod along between villages and towns in the absence of trains."—*Canadian Paper.*

The situation in the Rhineland is evidently worse than even the German Press paints it.

HOOTS!

Peggy revolved slowly on the piano-stool, with "Songs of the North" lying open in the crook of her arm. She had just been picking out "Loch Lomond" with one finger, and after ten minutes' patient suffering I had requested her to abstain.

"I am a great admirer of Caledonia, Peggy," I said, "but it makes me greet sore to hear its good old songs mutilated by a puling Sassafraass—I mean Sassenach."

With that I settled myself in my arm-chair with my back to her and crackled the morning paper aggressively. But Peggy was out for my blood after that mortal insult.

"I don't believe," she said provocatively, "that you know anything about Scotland."

"Well, you're wrong," I replied pleasantly. "I know as much about Scotland—and Scotch—as all your family put together."

"Well, I don't believe you do then. Mummy says I'm part Scotch, 'cos my great-great-aunt was a Mackintosh. So there!"

"Not so fast, my lady," I replied. "I'm at least three fingers Scotch myself—never less, these days—and there are six or seven mackintoshes in my family."

Peggy kicked the back of my chair, a trick I detest. "You're just being silly," she said. "You know you're not a bit Scotch, and you don't know anything about Scotch things."

"Hoots!" I said derisively and returned to my paper.

Peggy had nothing to say to that for the moment, and I heard her turning over the pages of her book for some minutes. Then she suddenly kicked the back of my chair again hard.

"Uncle," she said, with a note of triumph in her voice, "I'll bet you sixpence you can't tell me what *this* Scotch means. I'll give you three guesses."

"Done with you!" I replied at once. "I suppose you want me to tell you what 'braes' means? No? Well, gather round your Uncle's knee and tell him your trouble."

Peggy leaned over the back of my chair till her curls tickled my ear; then she emitted a noise like a loud sneeze.

"Well," she said triumphantly, "what does that mean?"

"It means," I said, "that you've been getting your feet wet. But you can keep your germs to yourself."

Peggy jeered. "Wrong!" she shouted. "Only two more. Now listen." There was a slight pause and I heard the back of her book crack ominously as she flattened out the page. Then: "Hah . . . cheen . . . fome!" she said slowly and encouragingly, as one who teaches a parrot to swear.

"Ah!" I said. "Well, of course it's simply an advertisement for shaving-cream. 'Try our chin foam'—that's the idea, I suppose."

"Wrong again," shouted Peggy, an



"CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE."

THE JOLLY YOUNG WATERMAN.

inch from my ear. "Now I'll spell it to you, to make it easier, as you've only one more try. Listen carefully: T-H-A T-I-G-H-I-N F-O-D-H-A-M."

"Poor child," I said, "you've done it now. That's too easy altogether. It means—er—of course

"Well?" asked Peggy, rather nervously this time.

"Well—er—it means, 'Desist from thy tickling.' The next word, no doubt, is 'Zambuk,' which is Gaelic for 'Jock.'"

"Wrong!" shouted Peggy ecstatically, kicking my chair till the dust flew. "It's a Jac—Jacbite war-cry. My book says so; and it's a *real* Scotch

book. So there! I knew you were a humbug Scotchman; and I've won the bet."

I paid up, and she went over to the door. Then, by way of an afterthought, she looked back at me over her shoulder impudently and said, "Bang goes saxpence!"

I said "Hoots!" again, but without much conviction.

THE FIRE WATCHER.

HAVE you ever sat for long periods at a time, entirely against your inclinations, watching the fire burning in the grate? I do not refer to such times as when in the grip of the 'flu, mumps or the megrims, tobacco is anathema and golf is an abomination. On the contrary, I am speaking of periods when one is, or should be, at one's best; when the red blood races merrily and the heart sings with the joy of living.

No? Then let me tell you all about it, for watching the fire is part of my duties. I repeat for emphasis: it is part of my duties.

The fire has a soul; it is not the inanimate thing it is supposed to be. It has moods: it is angry, it is merry. It is peopled with strange beings; it is a world of its own.

It sleeps. Put on coal and it awakens. The flames are the inhabitants. See how they rejoice at the offering, joining hands and dancing in their glee. The dance gets wilder, the flames in their frenzy flinging themselves at the coal till they overwhelm it. Under the onslaught, amidst a shower of sparks, it sinks, and the revellers turning red in their anger, a scream rings through the room.

It is my wife: the milk has again boiled over!

Watching the fire, as I said before, is part of my duties; watching the milk is the other part. In the excitement of the former, however, I regret to say that I am inclined to forget the latter.

Our Facetious Municipalities.

Notice in a Provincial Corporation's tramcars:—

"GOLD COIN WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED IN PAYMENT OF FARES."

"Parts of Southern Ireland are now inaccessible by rain."—*Provincial Paper*.
Something irregular must be going on there.



OUR VILLAGE THEATRICALS.

Stage Hand. "I'VE UPSET THE TANK FOR THE REAL WATER SCENE."

Manager. "WELL, WE CAN'T DISAPPOINT THE PUBLIC; YOU'LL HAVE TO GO ON AND SHOW YOURSELF."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE time was fully ripe for a biography of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, and Mr. A. G. GARDINER was pointed out as the man to write it; for Mr. GARDINER has not only written satiric biographies—to some extent at least satiric—of captains and kings, but he has for many years edited a great Liberal newspaper, and is thus eminently qualified to write the history of a great Liberal. I hazard a guess that, as Mr. GARDINER proceeded with his work, he grew to love where formerly he merely respected. Some of the early pages strike me perhaps as a little cold; but I realise the dangers which beset a biographer from over-eulogy on the one side and insufficient praise on the other. Here, at any rate, is *The Life of Sir William Harcourt* (CONSTABLE), in two volumes. His was a complex and dominating nature, and the qualities of his spirit had a greatness proportioned to his remarkable physical appearance. Sir L. N. GUILLE-MARD, now Governor-General of the Malay States, says of him that his temper was ungoverned; but he goes on to add so many qualifying amendments that in the end there is little of the temper left save those portions which we generally reckon as being good. HARCOURT received the blandishments of the arch-flatterer, DISRAELI; but nothing came of these. Mr. GARDINER's book is excellently well done. It shows its subject as he lived and breathed in all the phases of his life, public and private.

A piece of fiction is, I take it, projected into the future either for the fun of the thing or to scourge the ignoble present, or to offer that present some Utopian alternative. *Memories of the Future* (METHUEN) belongs to the second of these categories. It purports to be written in 1988 by *Opal*, *Lady Porstock*, and it is edited, with an apologetic

preface, by Father RONALD A. KNOX. Its method is to hold a concave mirror very close indeed to the face of contemporary fashion—educational, matrimonial, political, religious and what not—and allow the victim to regale itself with its own magnified distortion, while a hidden orchestra plays "Forty Years On" in ironical *pizzicato*. *Opal*, sprung from an old Somersetshire family unhappily implicated in rubber, takes advantage of the bonuses offered by the State to those who allow themselves to be educated, and gets a first in Byzantine Architecture at Oxford. She proceeds with a travelling scholarship to Mittel-Europa, crosses to America, returns with a husband, enters Parliament, is received into the Catholic Church and finishes her reminiscences of 1915-72 on the eve of the next Great War. Her memoirs enshrine the amusing figures of *Canon* (afterwards *Bishop*) *Dives*, the much-married *Cynthia Hopkins*, *Dr. Tulse*, the "indirect" educationalist, and much dexterous innuendo. It is to be hoped that Father KNOX, having delivered himself thus shrewdly, will plaster our bruises with something restorative in his next work.

I have decided, after reading Miss ETHEL COLBURN MAYNE's new book, that there is not so very much difference after all between the old-fashioned short story, which told you what happened and left you to infer what the heroine felt about it, and the new-fashioned short story, which tells you what the heroine felt, leaving you to infer what had happened to her. Battle, murder and sudden death are only really significant—in fiction—in so far as they affect the hearts of the people concerned; all the difference is that the old fiction deals with causes, and the new with effects. Miss MAYNE, who is one of our best exponents of the newer or internal method of writing fiction, has bound together in *Nine of Hearts* (CONSTABLE) nine short stories, each told from within somebody's personality, and very clever and

very finely imagined they are. I have always asked of a story, as opposed to a picture in words, that the last page should show me that the men and women in whom I am interested have moved, in one direction or another, since I met them on the first. In almost all of these stories Miss MAYNE has fulfilled my condition. I think I cared most for *Light*, a gem of its own particular kind, but one and all left me quite comfortably proud of the much-abused English *conte*.

Officials are seldom observers, no matter in what out-of-the-way corners of the globe or among what strange races or communities they find themselves. If they do happen to have the faculty for absorbing first-hand impressions, or sufficient industry to record their experiences, they are often too diffident or too inept with the pen to share their knowledge with the public. There are exceptions, fortunately, and Mr. FRANK WORTHINGTON, author of *Chiromo*

the Witch Doctor and other Rhodesian Studies (THE FIELD PRESS), must be reckoned among them, for he has produced a series of reminiscences stranger than much fiction and as absorbing as any. Many years' experience as a Commissioner, and finally as Secretary for Native Affairs in Northern Rhodesia, have brought Mr. WORTHINGTON as near to an intimate knowledge of the black man as any European is likely to get; and it is perhaps natural that all his narratives, whether of witch doctors and rebellious native taxpayers, or of the heterogeneous assortment of white men that drift into every new colony, are studies in psychology rather than con-

ventional stories with a beginning, a middle and an end. There is here no embellishment of art; because the author has seen things that the buyers of books are not privileged to see, and because he has humour and good judgment and restraint and the other things that go to make up what Captain SCOTT called the English mind, there is as much good reading in Mr. WORTHINGTON's tales as in any best-seller on the market.

I am not sure that *Ponjola* (CONSTABLE) is a very good title. Why CYNTHIA STOCKLEY chose it to decorate the cover of her latest Rhodesian story I had no idea until I came to Mr. Sheridan's illuminating phrase on p. 56: "Every good man in Rhodesia can mop up the *ponjola*." That was also the first time that young Desmond had heard the magic word, but it was most assuredly not the last. In fact, a STOCKLEY Rhodesian lives for little else than strong drink, and young Desmond did not altogether like it. For when we first met him, curiously enough, he belonged to the other sex, and possessed a pair of lips "clean-cut as if some master hand had taken a fine knife and carved into the ivory of her face a curving line that had opened red

as a pomegranate." Notwithstanding this she masqueraded successfully in male clothes among the simple Rhodesians (where, perhaps, excess of *ponjola* disturbs the critical faculties). It was either that or suicide, for the great world had looked upon her but coldly ever since, as *Flavia*, Lady Tyrecastle, she had watched Gerry Sillinger shoot her husband and be shot by him, a tragic scene, on the first evening of her honeymoon. How she carried it all through, with specially built and padded clothes, and how she saved Lundi Druro from the drink fiend, and came to his arms in the last chapter, will be read with eager interest by many confirmed romanticists who do not mind improbabilities or the most remarkable collection of proper names I have ever seen in a single book.

Mrs. KILPATRICK's heroine must be as well known to you as she is to me, and in *Our Elizabeth Again* (NASH

AND GRAYSON) she is as shrewd and as destructive as ever. If *Elizabeth* were seeking employment I should not have the courage to offer it to her, and my abstinence would not be due to the fact that "crockery comes in two in her hands," but because she is a pathetic as well as an amusing person, and I should for ever be wishing to help her. And if you want to see her in a rampageous rage you have only to offer to brighten up her life. In this volume we see *Elizabeth* transported to France, and what she thought of the French may be shown by her remark when the Customs officer opened her bag: "Oh, the sorce, the brass o' 'im! I'd like to gnaw 'im." True

that, for a brief time, she did look with favour on a French youth whose attentions, in her optimistic way, she thought to be matrimonial; but her hopes were once more blighted. And much as I love *Elizabeth* I shall not be envious of the man to whom Mrs. KILPATRICK (in the kindness of her heart) ultimately marries her.

Another Impending Apology.

"Mr. — expressed thanks to the ladies for their effort in organising that sale of work. It came close on the heels of a bigger effort, and they knew that the same old willing horses would have to do the work again."—*Local Paper*.

Surely an inappropriate simile. Among ladies engaged in such benevolent work there is never any nagging.

"Wanted in Ireland, Two Paying Guests, ex-officers old Army or gentlemen; shooting, hunting, dancing and bridge; lots of excitement; only 12 miles from Dublin."—*Advt. in Morning Paper*.

Ex-officers who happen to be gentlemen as well should proceed with caution. The shooting may be done at their expense, and the bridge will probably be blown up before they get to it.



Prosaic Crusader (an amateur of horticulture, returned after long absence). "H'M! SO THAT'S THE ASPIDISTRA I GAVE YOU JUST BEFORE I WENT AWAY? IT DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE GROWN MUCH."

Sentimental Wife. "OH, MY DEAR GUY, IT'S NOT MY FAULT. I WATERED IT CONTINUOUSLY WITH MY TEARS."

Crusader. "AH! THAT ACCOUNTS FOR IT. YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT. TOO MUCH SALT."

CHARIVARIA.

HEAVY earthquake shocks are being recorded in Italy. Spring-cleaning has also broken out in this country.

"Boxers are expected to go into the ring and fight," says a sporting writer. There is no satisfying some sportsmen.

It begins to look as if Mr. BECKETT will be among the runners-up for next year's Nobel Peace Prize.

An outbreak of fire which occurred at 10, Downing Street, the other day, was not considered serious enough for Mr. BONAR LAW to be informed. If it had resolutely refused to go out, however, he was to have been asked to stretch a point and receive a deputation of flames.

With reference to the by-election in the Ludlow Division, it is said that the local Labour Party have invited Sir ARTHUR GRIFFITH-BOSCAWEN to visit the constituency as a decoy.

Lord RIDDELL writes in a weekly paper that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S pallor is due to a white skin. This refutes the popular theory that the whiteness of his skin is due to pallor.

The Press has observed that in the House of Lords the Marquis CURZON rests his feet on a footstool. We understand that to borrow the Woolsack for this purpose would be contrary to established procedure.

A Russian was recently fined twenty-five shillings by a London magistrate. He asked permission, we understand, to pay it off at the rate of 1,000,000,000 roubles a month during the rest of his life.

"How can I be assured of an adequate supply of coal during the winter of 1923-4?" asks a writer in a daily paper. We would advise him to join a slate club.

"The great boat-race:—Oxford v. Cambridge," announces a headline. This does away with the rumour that Mr. CATTERALL was contesting the event as an independent university.

According to a daily paper the Australians, since they first imported camels, have so improved the breed that the

Australian specimen is now nearly twice the size of the Arabian. This must prove decidedly awkward for those who make it their business to strain at gnats.

Last year the Underground carried over 320,000,000 people. We remember the particular morning—a wet one. Most of them were in our carriage.

In spite of the commotion caused by an explosion in a Fore Street restaurant the other day the customers insisted on paying their bills as they passed out.



CLUB NOTE.
THE RIVAL "BLUES."

Yet we often pride ourselves that an Englishman can keep his head in times of excitement.

Mr. C. H. HASTON, Assistant Secretary of the United States Department of Commerce, has resigned his post, worth one thousand pounds a year, in order to take another post at a salary of twenty thousand pounds a year. His idea, we fancy, is that he may eventually work up to a good well-paid job.

A twelve-year-old boy of Coventry is reported to have thrashed his mother, locked her out of the house and smashed the furniture. It would just serve

this little man right if his father boxed his ears.

A French engineer has invented a silent motor-car. All we need now is a device for extracting the squeak from the pedestrian.

We find there is no truth in the report that the Bill for making compulsory the marking of imported eggs, which has been introduced into the House of Commons by Sir WILLIAM BIRD, is backed by the Unionist Member for Blackburn, Sir SYDNEY HENN, and the Member for Reigate, Brig.-Gen. G. K. COCKERILL.

A father in Hammond, Indiana, has had his fifth son christened "Enough." It is possible that his next son will be christened "Re-count Demanded."

The *Lancet* reports the case of a man in Vienna with teeth so strong that he can bite through iron chains. This looks like the beginning of the end of theseaside boarding-house steak.

We understand that a well-known Chelsea Futurist has now decided to paint pictures instead.

The meek man awaits the Budget statement, we read. He will probably cease to be meek when he reads it.

After a cessation since November the civil war in Paraguay has begun again. We honestly believe that, with anything like decent weather, these Paraguayans would have civil war all the year round.

A postcard posted in Peterborough twenty years ago to an address twenty miles away has just been delivered. The new Postmaster-General is said to be modestly reluctant to deprive his immediate predecessors of any of the credit for this.

"The tango has come to stop," says an evening-paper paragraph. We can only remark that it is a long time in doing so.

Discoveries of ancient human bones are continually being made in the vicinity of Colchester. Antiquarians are reported to be of the opinion that they are the remains of persons who at one time resided in the neighbourhood.

"DISMOUNTED DUTY."

[THE UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR stated that Officers of the R.A.M.C. were prohibited from wearing "slacks" when performing "dismounted duty," and that, when in uniform, they should always wear riding-breeches, top-boots or gaiters, and spurs. He added that the attention of those concerned had been drawn by the D.G.A.M.S. to the laxity of dress existing among Officers of the R.A.M.C. at Woolwich.]

THE atmosphere of the operating-theatre at the great Military Hospital was charged with the excitement and subdued bustle which usually accompany the imminence of a sudden and important operation.

The dressers were eagerly waiting round the operating-table, looking like Familiars of some Unholy Inquisition, their burnished gaiters and meticulously-folded puttees peeping incongruously from beneath their antiseptic canonicals.

The anæsthetist, breeched like a stud-groom and putteed to the verge of varicosity, tested his apparatus and smoothed the creases of his snowy pinafore. The patient, Number 30005 Pte. Buggins, J.—, who but an hour ago had sustained severe internal injuries through being thrown from a waggon (G.S.) while endeavouring to combine the control of a turbulent team with the re-ignition of a moribund "fag," was being wheeled in, wan-faced and apprehensive.

The surgeon was slipping over his well-worn khaki coat with its double row of hard-earned decorations an operating-jacket which was not long enough to conceal a pair of "slacks," hurriedly donned on his summons from the football-field.

Suddenly, *clink, clank, clash*, and in clattered the majestic and immaculately-upholstered S.M.O., his sword, jack-boots and jingling spurs combining to fill the hitherto noiseless theatre with a clangour like that of a peddling ironmonger whose horse is running away. The mathematical precision of his waxed moustache, the High-Leicestershire cut of his breeches, and the general glossiness of his leathern panoply, proclaimed him a medico-military scientist of the first order. "All correct, so far," he grunted, looking round fiercely, "dressers dressed according to Dress-regulations Para. 537 (b)—sisters and nurses smart and soldierly—buttons of patient's bed-gown $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch in diameter and $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches apart—orderlies' whiskers of 'moderate length' only—instruments laid out with regulation spacing—but, good heavens!"—as he suddenly observed the operator's trousers, "what the doose are you doing here, Sir, in fatigue-dress? Who are you, Sir?"

"Operating officer in this case, Sir," answered the Major, "and as to my uniform, why, in my C.C.S. in France."

"What do I care about France, Sir? I've just got a memo. from the D.G.A.M.S. drawing my attention to your sort of laxity in dress. Are you aware, Sir, that you're on 'dismounted duty,' in charge of a major operation, and improperly dressed? Where, may I ask, are your sword, breeches, boots, spurs, gloves, belt, braces, cane and gold-peaked cap? An operation for severe lesion of the *lumbula tutankh-amen*—and in slacks! It's a gross breach—more, it's a pair of gross breaches—of Discipline! You're a disgrace to the Scientific Corps! You're practically a civilian in that kit, Sir. From the waist downward you might be a mere Harley Street practitioner. Go to your quarters and consider yourself under arrest."

"Can't they git a move on yet?" complained the exhausted patient.

"You'll have to wait a bit while the next operator goes and puts on his boots and spurs," said a nurse consolingly.

STOP, STANLEY, STOP!

ALTHOUGH no seamy revelations were expected, the court was crowded at the opening of the trial of STANLEY BALDWIN, Chancellor of the Exchequer, for his murderous attack on the liberties of the English nation.

Mr. Punch, K.C., appearing for the prosecution, said it was a very sad case. The accused man had borne an excellent character for many years and his work in connection with the payment of the American loan had earned for him the highest praise on both sides of the Atlantic. He was known also as something of an idealist and was the author of the statement, now famous, setting out that the salvation of the world lay in respecting four words of one syllable—Faith, Hope, Love and Work. It was not so much the character of this aphorism as the fact that it was uttered in the House of Commons that made it remarkable.

Anyway, from a man who held such beliefs, good deeds and only good deeds were to be expected. Judge then of the feelings of the learned counsel when he realised how deplorable was the lapse from virtue which had led to the prisoner's arrest! Would it be believed that a man and a statesman capable of such lofty ideals and with so fair a record could be guilty of such treachery as to wish to rob Englishmen of one of their most honourable privileges? But that was what the miscreant in the dock was doing; he was proposing to deprive his fellow-countrymen of their

ancient right of entering the British Museum free.

The British Museum had come into existence in 1753, and never during its life of one hundred and seventy years had any admission fee been charged; and now that noble record was threatened. If the malefactor in the dock had his way, the British Museum would no longer be free, and only on certain days would its treasures be visible by the poor.

The prisoner had one excuse and one only. He claimed that the entrance fees would help to replenish the nation's purse. But that was a paltry defence. The sum would amount to so little as to be negligible. And it was beneath the dignity of a great nation such as ours to add trifling sums to its exchequer by peddling freedom. Such money would be tainted. England was a richer country than France, yet there was no charge for admission to the Louvre; England was a richer country even than Germany, yet the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin was always free. (Applause, which for some minutes the usher tried in vain to ush.)

Order having at last been restored, Mr. Punch continued his speech. News of changes such as this, he said, spread slowly. The tradition of free entrance was so generally understood by the public that it would take a long time to disturb it. He could visualise with the mind's eye an endless series of disappointments: not exactly tragic, but real enough and pathetic enough. He could see many a happy excited party of poor people arriving at the Museum intent on wandering through its wonderful galleries, but having to go empty away through inability to pay sixpence each. It might be urged that anyone unwilling to pay sixpence for such a feast did not really deserve it; but he wished to repudiate that suggestion with all the vehemence at his disposal. The question of money should not come in. The British Museum belonged to Britons, and, having always been free, should be free for ever. London had hundreds of thousands of inhabitants who literally could not afford sixpence for a museum; to whom sixpence meant the necessities of life. It was a monstrous thing that these people should be denied the refining pleasures and beguilements of the national collections because they were poor. The more the poor of a country were encouraged to take an interest in beauty and learning, the better for that country. Mr. BALDWIN's proposals were a blow at education, a menace to humanism. (Renewed sensation in court, during which the Learned Counsel resumed his seat.)

The trial is still in progress. E. V. L.



A CONTEMPTIBLE ECONOMY.

MR. PUNCH. "RETRENCHMENT IS ALL VERY WELL, BUT THE NATIONAL MUSEUM SHOULD BE FREE TO THE NATION."



IF REALLY SMART WOMEN INSIST ON WEARING WIGS, CANNOT REALLY SMART MEN BE PERSUADED TO RETALIATE?"

THE TRAGEDY OF HEZEKIAH BUNN.

["Does life in flats kill religion?"
Daily Paper.]

THE tale I sing (a mournful one)
Of Hezekiah Bertram Bunn,
Whose rise to giddy heights of fame
Served but to emphasize the shame
That overtook him later.
Oh, wretched M^{ster} Bertram Bunn,
I cannot think that anyone
Has ever smudged his own fair name
With such a nasty mess of shame
As overtook *you* later.

He never drank, did Bertram Bunn,
Nor smoked nor swore nor made a
pun,

But lived a life of moral worth
Surprising in a man on earth;
But then—he had an object.
And here perhaps I ought to say
That in a general sort of way
I *don't* object to moral worth
Or men too good to live on earth,
Provided they've an object.

For fierce Ambition's hapless son
Was Hezekiah Bertram Bunn;
Churchwarden he aspired to be
At St. Sophia's, Bloomsburee,
And hold the plate on Sundays.
There's nothing like a noble goal
To fortify a shrinking soul,

Though p'raps not everyone can be
Churchwarden down in Bloomsburee
And hold the plate on Sundays.

So Bertram laboured with a will
For eighteen years or so, until
The Vicar, conscientious man,
Began to realise his plan
And thoroughly approved it.
Oh, that, I think, must surely be
The height of human ecstasy:
To lay your dearly cherished plan
Before a conscientious man
Who'll thoroughly approve it!

So, having thus obtained his aim
And climbed the pinnacle of fame,
Good Bertram felt that nothing now
Could snatch the laurels from his brow;
But there he was mistaken.
Of all the irritating things
That gratified ambition brings
The worst, I think you will allow,
Is, when you're sure that nothing now
Can snatch the laurels from your brow,
To find that you're mistaken.

A mortgage Bertram had fell due;
The landlord, scorning to renew,
Just turned him out and locked the door
(This happened in the days before
The Act of Rent Restriction).
Oh, noble measure, framed to spite
The greedy landlords of their right,

Your health I pause a moment here
To drink in cups of post-war beer—
"The Act of Rent Restriction!"

For many months poor Bertram strode
The streets in search of an abode;
No vacant house could he espy
To suit his simple needs—and why?
There were no houses vacant.
In case I have not made it plain
Perhaps I ought to show again
The very simple reason why
No vacant house caught Bertram's
eye—

There were no houses vacant!

The agent said, "Well, that is that.
Now come, Sir, why not take a flat?
There's plenty here in Bloomsburee,
Two bedrooms, bathroom h. and c.,
And all the usual offices."
Oh, listen to the tempter's wiles;
See how persuasively he smiles;
A little flat in Bloomsburee.
Two bedrooms, bathroom h. and c.,
And *all* the usual offices!

So Bertram took a flat. And now
Observe these beads upon my brow
That testify to anguish rare;
For as to what befell him there
I simply hate to tell you.
A simple soul will ponder twice
Before recounting tales of vice;

So, when you chance to see my brow
Bedecked with little beads, as now,
You'll know I hate to tell you.

For scarcely had he settled in
Than, plunging into wildest sin,
He took to smoking, bought a pup,
Wore spats, backed horses and got up
Quite late on Sunday mornings.
One must, perhaps, forgive a lot
To those who live in flats; but not
The most abandoned man I know
Would stay in bed too late to go
To church on Sunday mornings.

The Vicar, noting with dismay
His ways grow worse from day to
day,
Made up his mind that St. Sophia
Had no more use for Hezekiah,
And so had him de-plated.
Of degradation's horrid cup
This surely is the deepest sup,
To be divested thus of the
Proud badge of one's Churchwardenry
And publicly de-plated.

And so behold this wretched Bunn,
Outcast and spurned by everyone,
Sinking in shame from bad to worse,
Helpless beneath the dreadful curse
That rests on all flat-dwellers.
So you who sleep in flats at night
Be warned in time by Bertram's plight;
Resist the flat's insidious snare,
Purchase a decent house somewhere
And cease to be flat-dwellers.

FUSALDAR'S RENT: AN INDIAN ECHO.

FUSALDAR lives in a little room above a jeweller's shop in Amballa City. When he and I became associated he was already a man of some substance. Five years' service as my bearer enabled him to put the copestone on his fortune, and he has now retired from active business. About once a month he enlists the services of one of the public-letter-writers and sends me a friendly note. His letters generally consist of anxious inquiries after my health and the well-being of all my relatives. But occasionally in his wanderings about the bazaars the old man hears queer rumours of our wonderful doings in Blighty. As a result I sometimes find in his epistles quaint distorted echoes of notable events and controversies.

FUSALDAR'S latest communication sounds like the far-off reverberation of the Scottish Labour Candidates' oratory at the last General Election. He concludes as follows:—

"Master is well knowing that I am living in house up on the top of silver-smith. One small room I am paying four rupee per mensem and there is not occupation for cat to swing. This is too much rent for me. Now news is here



Husband. "MY DEAR, THESE SEEDS YOU'VE ORDERED WON'T FLOWER UNTIL THE SECOND SUMMER."

Wife. "OH, THAT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT. THIS IS A LAST YEAR'S CATALOGUE."

all the people for Blighty must not pay it rent because everything is too dear. Babu is coming ask it rent for me and I am telling him I am not pay it rent same like Blighty Sahibs. Every day Babu is speaking for me but I am not listening for his bad words. But then Babu is arriving with police walla and is screwing rent from me at point of sword. Therefore I am writing that Master shall take steps to Prime Minister Sahib that this Babu is rogue man for me. And I am always praying for Master and Master mother."

I shall probably communicate with Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD regarding FUSALDAR'S case.

Another Impending Apology.

"HORTICULTURAL LECTURE.—Mr. — visited the schoolroom yesterday week and lectured on 'Insect pests,' a large number being present."—*Provincial Paper*.

"A nightgale attaining a velocity of 72 miles an hour swept over New York last night. Humorous persons were injured by falling signs and bricks."—*West Indian Paper*.

We wonder if they saw the joke.

"'Single children are rapidly becoming the curse of the country,' declared Dr. — in a lecture on the new psychology in the home."—*Daily Paper*.

But why worry? Some of them are sure to get married.

BABBLE OF BABYLON.

(By our Fleet Street Flâneur.)

PROMINENT among those whom the latest exodus from Egypt has restored to London is Sir Lazarus Schnorrer, recalled to the City by matters not unconnected with High Finance; Lady Schnorrer and their vivacious daughter, Rowena—recently described, by the way, by a witty and erudite American as the girl who put the *lux* in Luxor—having decided to break the journey on the Riviera.

It may not be generally known that Sir Lazarus is an enthusiastic antiquarian and genealogist, or that his interest in the excavations in the Valley of the Kings is increased by the supposition that TUTANKH-AMEN was the PHARAOH of the Captivity; for Sir Lazarus has reason to believe that his own family—a very ancient one—played no inactive part in Middle Eastern affairs even at that remote period, though subsequently it was for generations associated with the city of Warsaw until the disturbed state of Poland obliged the present baronet's grandfather to seek the asylum of British nationality.

I understand that, though Sir Lazarus is disappointed at the failure of his efforts to acquire all or any of the contents of TUTANKH-AMEN's tomb as mementos of a contemporary of the distant Schnorrer ancestry, he has made careful notes and observations with a view to the reconstruction of the family vault, in which his own mummified remains will ultimately be laid, his idea being, of course, the altruistic one of enabling future archaeologists to form some conception of the circumstances of an English gentleman of ample means in the twentieth century.

* * * *

A heavy debt of gratitude is owing to those hostesses whose energies are ever concentrated on the problem of introducing a note of variety into what would otherwise be stereotyped forms of entertainment; but no doubt the Hon. Mrs. Snacke-Barnesyde feels adequately recompensed by the thought that with her brilliantly successful experiment of a "Progressive Dinner-Party" in Eaton Square, a few nights ago, she has in all probability inaugurated a vogue.

A Progressive Dinner, I should explain, is somewhat on the lines of a Whist Drive. The guests are seated in parties of four at little tables, and at the end of each course a bell rings and everybody changes to the seat immediately behind him or her. By this means not only are people prevented from being together long enough to get bored with each other, but limited conversationalists are enabled to make their small-talk last out the meal.

Another delightful innovation was experienced by those who availed themselves of Baroness Egerstrum's invitation to Tennismore Gardens, the other afternoon, to hear Vorteks, the Ruritanian pianist, who is making his bow to London from under her wing, as it were.

On assembling they were informed that the maestro's recital would consist of pieces full of unexpected pauses, and their attention was drawn to the unusual arrangement of the seating accommodation. It was then apparent that the Baroness, with her invariable thoughtfulness for all, had made it possible for the serious to sit round and appreciate some of the most advanced music in Europe, while the more frivolously inclined enjoyed a jolly game of musical chairs in the middle of the room.

* * * *

An interesting forthcoming event in the theatrical world is the staging at the Wychway, for one *matinée* performance only, of Hereward Johnson's *Syd of Sydenham: A Comedy of the Crystal Palace District*. This is the author's first attempt at dramatisation, though, of course, those ruthless revelations of the suburban life in which he was

born and bred, *Semi-Detached Villains* and *Over the Garden Wall*, have, as he himself exults to relate, caused his exclusion from a Ping-Pong Club and the neglect of his works by the local booksellers.

I gather that the expenses of the production are being defrayed by Brannis Dedley, the highbrow haberdasher, who is rapidly qualifying for the appellation of Mæcenas Minor, and that the male characters in the play will constitute a fashion-parade of gent's wear, from the dinkiest thing in socks to the *dernier cri* in collars. And, talking of hose, I am authorised to add that the firemen will be ordered to take action upon the first boo from the gallery.

* * * *

The disasters to Ministers at recent by-elections have aroused interest in Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL's apparent disinclination to re-enter the political arena, and various rumours are afloat with regard to the plans of one who is the last man to be influenced by considerations of the safety of a back seat.

According to one report he is undergoing an intensive Art training, with a view to an early Associateship of the Royal Academy, and, of course, an eye to the ultimate possibility of the Presidency. In another quarter it is believed that he has undertaken the organization and control of a vast scheme of Polo for the People, in connection with State-aided pony-ranches in Mesopotamia. A third whisper is to the effect that he is about to take up the Managing Directorship of a colossal Anglo-American Hatters' Combine.

I personally am disposed to place the fullest credence in all three.

SPAIN.

Burgos and its cathedral well I know;

I've watched the shadows creep

Over the sun-touched towers, and seen the steep
Drop that falls gloomily away below.

Segovia I have dreamed in: shuttered street,

Faint twang of hid guitars,

A dim sky powdered with a myriad stars,
Soft laughter where two hands stretch out and meet.

Granada. O! Granada. Burning pale,

Vibrating in the light,

Faint with its blue and gold! Into my sight
Your ivory palace swims as through a veil.

And I have wandered in Valladolid,

Or worshipped and admired

Pictures still flushed with life that was inspired
By the dead Master-painter of Madrid.

Under its carven archways I have seen

Seville. And by the sea

Tawny Cadiz. Valencia comes to me
With orange flowers and crown of gold and green.

Less than a song and no man's loss, my gain,

Wait and I'll tell you how,

And you yourself may do it here and now.
Take the South-Eastern Railway's map of Spain

("The Continental Handbook")—quite by chance

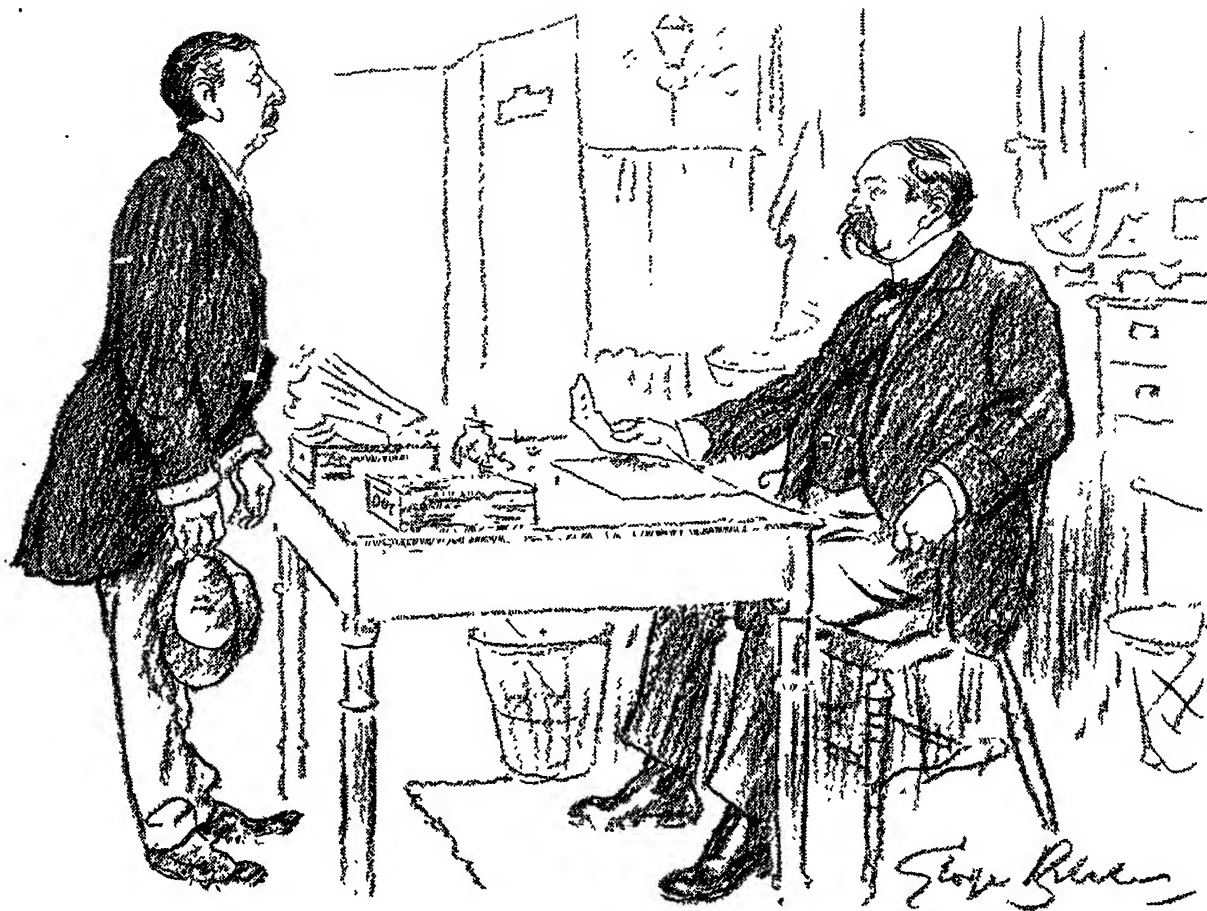
I came on it—and look.

Page ninety-six. Don't write to THOMAS COOK.
Sit in your chair. Sail outward to Romance.

"New Aladdin lamp for sale, price £2; highly recommended."

Ladies' Paper.

No doubt. But we still hanker after the old one.



Official of Pensions Office. "WHERE'S YOUR NEXT-OF-KIN?"
Applicant (smartly). "I WASN'T ISSUED WITH ONE."

THE HUMAN MACHINE.

I was alone on the Tube platform, and the Indicator held out no hope of rescue for at least two trains to come. So I was left to meditate upon the posters, doubtless the intention of the Underground superman who invented non-stopping trains.

One announcement puzzled me. Presumably its mission was to advertise some show or other, but, although the leading lady's name appeared in varying type something over thirteen times, the name of the production which featured her had apparently been forgotten.

And I was ruminating upon what could be done to people who put out such posters as these when a gruff disgruntled voice over my shoulder said, "Sickening, isn't it?"

An automatic machine had made the remark.

"I had no idea you fellows could talk," I said in amazement.

The machine gurgled curiously somewhere down in its cash-box.

"That's just it," came the reply, a trifle bitterly. "People are all so con-

foundedly wrapped up in themselves that they forget about us machines. I've overheard some queer things, I can tell you."

"Yours is a hard life," I hazarded.

"Something cruel," admitted my metallic friend. "Day in and day out on this same spot, churning out penn'orths of butterscotch and matches for people who never say 'Thank you.' And nothing to look at all the time but that wretched poster over there. And things don't seem to get much better, either."

"Trade's bad, I daresay?"

"Shocking," growled the machine. "The War was bad enough, when there wasn't anything to be had for a penny, and we had to go out of business altogether. And just when things were getting better again, and people were coming to us for stuff after the shops had closed, look what's happening!"

"What's upsetting you now?" I inquired. "The Government?"

"Governments don't worry us," the machine grunted. "It's the pirates I'm sore about."

"A pretty fine distinction," I commented.

"How do people imagine we're going to live when every shopkeeper keeps a machine outside the premises for doing his work when the place is shut? Black-legging—that's what it is."

"Well, anyway," I comforted, "the L.C.C. is doing what it can for you. It's appealing against the decision of the magistrate who declared these black-leggers to be within the law."

"I should think so too," said the machine, with some satisfaction. "And I hope they get what they deserve. I warn you, if they don't put down these pirates we fellows are going on strike."

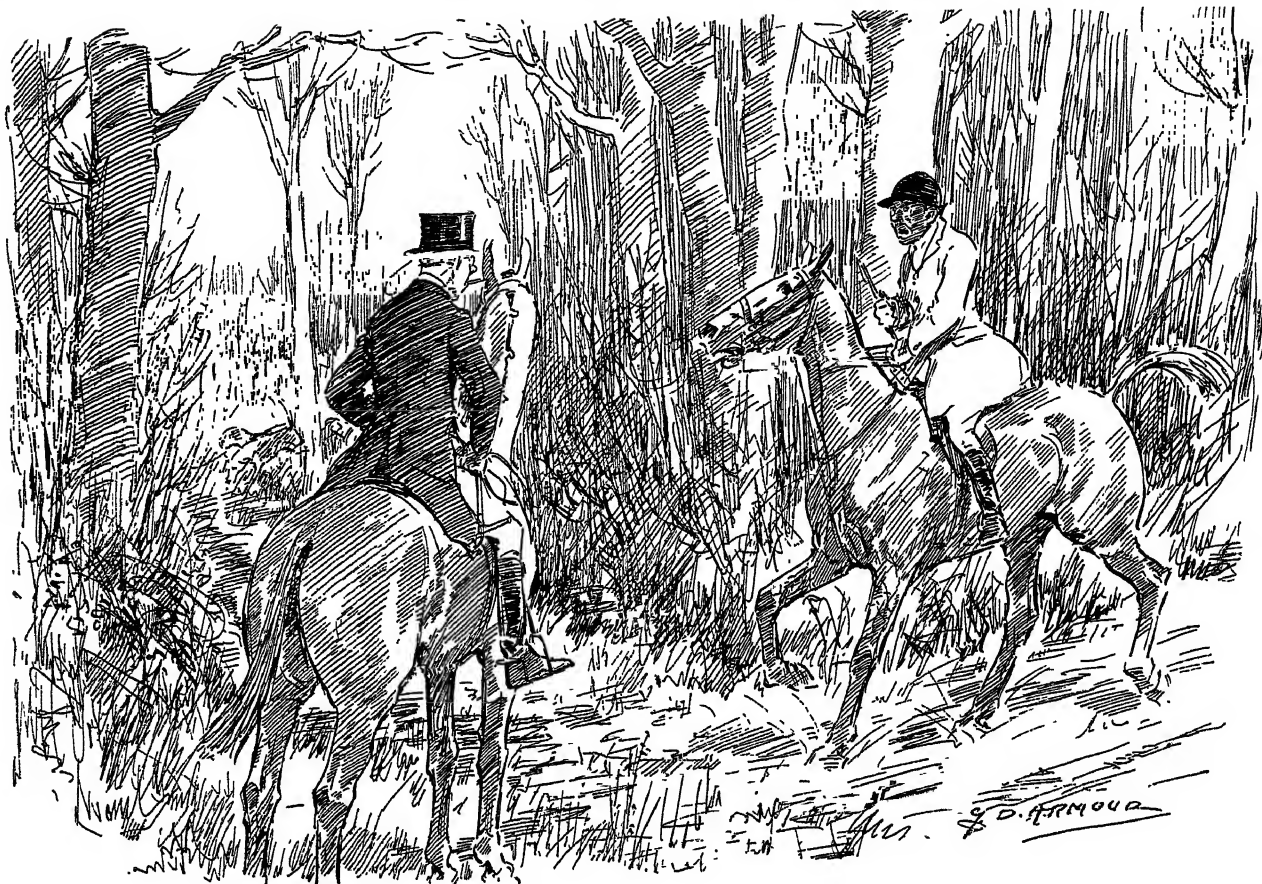
"Well, you have my sympathy," I said warmly. "But this is my train coming. I'll be glad of a box of matches."

I slipped a coin into the fellow's ear and tugged at the drawer beside it. Nothing happened. The drawer remained fast.

"Here, I say," I demanded. "What's the game?"

"I've struck," said the machine grumpily. "Good evening."

At that moment unfortunately I had to dash for my train, a French penny poorer for my adventure.



Huntsman. "HAVE YOU SEEN HIM CROSS?"

Stranger. "I'VE SEEN A HARE AND A DEER CROSS. I HOPE THEY AREN'T RUNNING THEM?"

Huntsman. "NO; AND IF YOU SAW A NELEPHANT CROSS THEY WOULDN'T BE RUNNIN' THAT NEITHER."

AWFU' GRAND GUIGNOL.

MY DEAR MCANDERSON,—Greatly as I appreciate the work of such artists as Sir JAMES BARRIE and Sir HARRY LAUDER I cannot help feeling that your countrymen are still far from adequately represented on the British stage. The stage Scotchman continues to delight us as a comic figure and to charm us with his tender pathos and gruff sentiment, but so far he has not succeeded in making us gloomy (not, at least, with intention). Come, come, my dear Mac, surely you young dramatists of the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood" are not going to be left behind in the race for dramatic realism!

London is waiting for you, my dear boy—London that loves nothing better than to give the glad hand to national drama—when it comes from other countries. See with what polite enthusiasm we have raved over the realistic drama of Russia, of Germany, of Scandinavia, of the Far East and of the Far West. And, to come nearer home, have not we given our allegiance to the sombre Celt who is likely to be destroyed with the horror that is on him, and the black darkness with the noise in it the like of what the sea would be

making and it stirring the bones of a corpse and the rain falling? We have been schooled to look coldly upon an Irishman who cultivates a red nose and a broad grin and who says "Begorra!" and talks of "ould Ireland," but we have yet to be weaned from our misplaced affection for the Scotchman who makes jokes about sixpences and whisky. The great work lies ready to your hand. I do not think you will find it difficult. Yours is naturally an impressive country, full of magnificent material for the true realist. Permit me to suggest the manner in which you might construct your national drama.

The scene is the interior of the cottage of the Macfuggers of Fugg. Save for a table, a camp-bedstead, a few uncushioned chairs and a bowl of haggis, the room is unfurnished. There is a door between two windows at the back, and other doors right and left. This makes the room very cold in winter; but one does not look for comfort in realistic drama. Elspeth Macfugger crouches over the fire, stirring the haggis and moaning to herself. Jeanie Macfugger stands by one of the windows staring at the Scotch mist outside. Angus Macswizzle is seated on the camp-bedstead mending his bagpipes

and humming the "Dead March." Old Donald Macfugger, huddled in an elbow-chair at the table, is groaning over a jig-saw.

Jeanie. It's a raw nicht the nicht.

Donald. Wheest, woman!

[She crosses to the other window.

The bagpipes utter a gurgling protest. Elspeth laughs softly and resumes her moaning.

Jeanie (after a long silence). There are wee devils in the mist.

Donald. Can ye no wheest, woman. How can the folk yonder hear ma groans if ye keep clatterin'. Dree your weird and ha' dune wi' it.

[She drees her weird.

Elspeth. Andrew will be here furbye.

Angus (sombrely). Whit for do ye say that?

Elspeth (gloomily). Because it was writ doon for me to say.

Angus (sulkily). I whiles forgot.

Jeanie (folding her arms). Andrew has been dead these fower years.

Elspeth. He will be here furbye.

[Jeanie, a conscientious girl, who has read the whole play as well as her own part, knows this as well as Elspeth does; nevertheless her laugh of maniacal incredulity is well assumed.

Donald. Wheest! I had that wumman's leg the noo. See if I ha' droppit it on the floor. Stop, I ha' it, but it wilna' fit, it wilna' fit. (*Groans in a slightly higher key.*) Is the haggis no ready, wumman?

Elspeth (*with ghastly meaning which may or may not be apparent to the audience*). The haggis is ready, Donald. (*Hands it to him. Footsteps are heard coming up the mountain path.*) Hist! Was I not telling ye? Hide the bagpipes, Angus. Weel ye ken Andrew has no love for the light things o' the world.

[*Angus has barely time to conceal the bagpipes beneath the bed coverlet before the door opens and Andrew Macfugger enters. He is a dour, bearded, middle-aged man of huge proportions.*]

Jeanie (*dully*). Ye are no deid, Andrew?

Andrew (*even more dully*). I am no deid. (*Addressing Angus*) There's one oot yonder waiting for ye.

[*Angus goes out of the door. A scream is heard followed by muffled thuds. Andrew smiles grimly.*]

Jeanie (*faintly*). Who was it waiting for Angus?

Andrew (*still smiling*). Death. I put a wee bit rock in the path. He has fallen doon the mountain. Ye ha' been false, wumman.

Jeanie. Ye lie, Andrew. (*With cold calculated scorn*) Beaver!

Andrew (*white with Icelandic rage*). Wumman, I swore that the next yin that flung that word at me should dee.

[*Kills her.*]

Elspeth. Ye havena changed, Andrew.

Andrew (*almost tenderly*). No, Mither, I havena changed. Whit ha ye dune to the ould mon?

Elspeth. Poisoned his haggis, Andrew. For your sake. He knew the secret.

Andrew (*hoarsely*). Whit secret?

Elspeth. The secret of the play.

Andrew (*fiercely*). Ye ha' dune it fine the noo. (*Kills her.*) Weel, that's that. (*Sinks wearily upon the bed. The bagpipes emit a stifled moan. He rises hastily.*) Ah! A chiel! An' I ha' killed it. (*Wildly*) Ha, ha! So that was the secret. Ha, ha, ha! So that—Ha, ha!—was the—Ha, ha!—secret! Ha, ha, ha, ha!

[*Flings open the door and strides laughing into the night. Another scream is heard off, followed by more thuds. He has forgotten the rock. The Scotch mist enters through the open door and puts out the fire and the candles. As the room is now in total darkness*]



Mother (*to small boy*). "WILLIAM, DID YOU PUT FATHER'S NEW BOOK IN THE BATH THIS MORNING?"

Small Boy. "YES, MOTHER, I DID. I HEARD FATHER SAY LAST NIGHT THAT IT WAS TOO DRY FOR HIM."

and there is nothing further doing, the curtain may as well descend.

You will notice, my dear Mac, that I have made no pernickety attempt to localise the dialect. That will be your affair. But I trust I have indicated sufficiently the manner in which I think the Scottish dramatist might push his way to the front rank of the Realistic school.

Yours sincerely, PANTAGRUEL.

The Young Idea.

Letter from a prospective maid-servant:—

"Dear Madman,—i ham not very strong, but ope that i will shoot you."

"To-day's forecast is:—Light northerly or north-easterly winds; fine; visibility good, apart from morning mist in places; moderate day temperature; slight frost locally at night. Further outlook.—Withheld."

Manchester Paper.

It must have been pretty awful if Manchester couldn't stand it.

"One house he reported as being more like Tutankhamen's tomb than anything he had ever seen. There were hens roosting on valuable oil paintings, and there were silver spoons and candlesticks and other valuables plundered from the neighbours' burned houses."—Mr. K. O'Higgins speaking in the Dail.

The Times seems to have been sadly let down by its Egyptian correspondents, who missed these spicy details.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

XIV.—THE COURT THEATRE.

George and I belong to that distinguished army of men who have been called to the Bar and failed to answer the call; and it is on the doings of such men in the great world that the reputation of the Bar for high intelligence is largely founded. Barristers flatter themselves that they see life in all its aspects—and this is true in the sense that the producers of French farces and drawing-room plays see it. When people liken the Law to good Drama they make a great mistake; but if they likened a distinguished lawyer to a bad dramatist they would in most cases hit the nail on the head. For each, apparently, lives in an entirely fictitious and histrionic world of his own, with a standard of conduct never met with in the world of men; and each makes a great deal of money out of it.

So we do our best to keep our practising colleagues in touch with real life, and now and then take a little lunch with them, and follow it up with a pleasant afternoon in the Chancery Court, listening to some learned men being quietly witty about Contingent Remainders and Executory Devises.

Our last visit was unfortunate. As, of course, you know, one Court, or set of Courts, transacts the kindred business of Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty; and there, under the common symbol of the gilt Anchor, the Freedom of the Seas and the Freedom of Divorce are gloriously upheld together. George and I were bent on hearing an interesting case concerning the rights and duties of a Cornish harbour-master in connection with the carcass of a dead whale. We approached a door marked "COUNSEL ONLY," and were admitted under protest. The court was curiously crowded, and a cloud of counsel stood listening intently inside the door. Young barristers are always ready to learn, and evidently the dead whale must have raised some nice legal point to have drawn so many from their work.

A man's voice, deep and vibrant with moral indignation, was heard to say: "DARLING, I AM LONELY WITHOUT YOU. COME BACK SOON. . . ."

"George," I gasped, "this is the wrong court!"

"Yes, I knew that," whispered George. "That's Mrs. Plum in the box." And he gazed with rapture at Mrs. Plum.

More barristers came in, and now there was scarce standing-room. Yet this was none of your *causes célèbres*, and occupied next day a bare half-column in the morning papers. Mrs. Plum was comparatively unknown to

the public. No, the "draw" was Sir Charles Gupp, K.C., and on him the attention of the barristers was fixed, their interest in the case being, of course, more purely technical than George's.

Sir Charles was conducting a "deadly cross-examination" of Mrs. Plum. Sir Charles specialises in murders and correspondents, and either he is a superb actor or he has a mind like a sewer; in either case he earns about forty thousand pounds a year.

He said to Mrs. Plum:—

"Did you write that, Mrs. Plum? You did? And on the 15th did you write to your husband in *these* terms—'Darling Hubby,—Your Tootles misses you. Flo died yesterday, and it's raining hard'? You did? Ha!"

Sir Charles put his foot on the seat, rested his elbow on his knee and weighed his words.

"That was on the 15th. And on the 16th, the day after you sent that affectionate communication to your husband in India, you were *dancing the Foxtrot* with Mr. Spry?"

"One can't dance the Foxtrot alone," said Mrs. Plum.

"Exactly," said Sir Charles, with a very moral light in his eye. "And you and Mr. Spry——"

"What is a Foxtrot?" said the Judge.

"Melud," said Sir Charles, "it appears" (appears!) "to be a kind of dance, etc., etc."

"That was at the Palais de Danse, was it not?"

"Yes."

"Yes—I *thought* so."

"What is the Palais de Danse?" said the Judge.

"Melud . . . etc., etc."

"Now tell the jury when it was you first met Mr. Spry, will you please, Mrs. Plum?"

"I first *saw* him on the Underground, two years ago."

"Two years ago! That would be about six months after Mr. Plum sailed for India? Ye-es. And what happened when you met Mr. Spry on the Underground?"

"I didn't exactly meet him, Sir Charles. He gave me his seat."

"Oh, he gave you his seat, did he? Can you recall your conversation on that occasion?"

"He took off his hat and said, 'Won't you take my seat, Madam?'"

"I see," said Sir Charles in an encouraging tone, as one humouring a child into a confession of naughtiness. "And didn't it strike you as a little odd, Mrs. Plum, that this man, a Perfect Stranger to you, should come up and accost you in this manner? No? Oh!

Didn't it occur to you, as a married woman with a husband in India, that that perhaps was the kind of man your husband *would rather you didn't meet*? No? Well—very well," said Sir Charles tolerantly, and paused awhile to let the thing sink in. Then, with challenging severity: "And IN FACT you *did* meet him again? Quite soon?"

"Yes."

"Ah! How was that?"

"At an 'At Home.' It was a coincidence."

"Oh," said Sir Charles, "you met at an 'At Home'? And it was a coincidence?"

"Yes, it was a coincidence. We both knew Mrs. Gregor."

"I see," said Sir Charles, nodding kindly, "a coincidence. Tell the jury what happened then."

"Well, we were introduced, and—and"

"Yes, Mrs. Plum?" said Sir Charles sharply, cocking his head like an exceedingly wicked robin.

"We talked," said Mrs. Plum.

"I thought people never talked when they were at home," said the Judge with a benevolent smile, and a roar of laughter shook the court.

"You *talked*?" said Sir Charles with a reproachful tone. "Can you recall the subject of *that* conversation, Mrs. Plum?" And all of us realised that the previous conversation she had remembered had been somehow very, very damaging.

"No? Very well. What happened then? You went home? Alone? *Not* alone? I see. You went home with somebody else? Who was that, Mrs. Plum?"

"Mr. Spry saw me home."

"Mr. Spry? Wasn't that a little remarkable, Mrs. Plum? The first time you meet this man—if we exclude the encounter on the Underground Railway—he takes you home from a *party*. Isn't that a little odd, Mrs. Plum? No?"

"It was a black fog and there were no cabs running." (*Laughter.*)

"O-o-h!" said the righteous man, standing bolt-upright. "So Mr. Spry took you home in a *fog*, did he? (*Snigger.*) And in the fog I daresay you took his arm, Mrs. Plum? (*Snigger.*) Or perhaps he took *yours*?" (*Loud laughter.*)

"Of course," said Mrs. Plum hotly. "You couldn't"

"Of course?" And now Sir Charles was very stern. "Really, Mrs. Plum, that is hardly what you mean, is it? The first time you meet this man"

"It was pitch-black," said Mrs. Plum. "You couldn't see your hand in front of your face."

"And you didn't see *his*, eh, Mrs.



Mistress. "HOW DID THAT HAPPEN, JANE?"

Jane. "LACK OF CO-ORDINATION BETWEEN MIND AND MUSCLE, MADAM."

Plum?" snapped the learned wit, and again we roared with laughter, manly, vigorous, refreshing laughter.

"He didn't take my arm," said Mrs. Plum; "I took his."

"Ah, it wasn't too dark for *that*?" (Laughter.)

Sir Charles, like other K.C.'s, knows how to make the most of a good joke, and this was too good to be left alone.

"You couldn't have seen your hand in front of your face—but, of course, that wasn't where you *put* your hand, was it, Mrs. Plum?"—(Loud laughter.)—Putting it in front of your face wouldn't have been quite so useful?" (Laughter.)

"No," said poor Mrs. Plum sullenly.

"Or so pleasant?"—(Laughter.)—So you found this gentleman's arm without much difficulty, Mrs. Plum?"—(Laughter.)—In spite of the fog?"—(Laughter.)—And how long," said Sir Charles genially, for by now it was quite evident that Mrs. Plum was done for—"how long did this agreeable journey continue?" (Laughter.)

"About half-an-hour."

"Ah!" said Sir Charles profoundly.

* * * * *
Oh, when we speak of the Divorce

Court as disgusting, let us at least thank Heaven for the spotless mind and personality of Sir Charles Gupp, K.C.!

A. P. H.

IN DEFENCE OF FOG.

[A correspondent of a Daily Paper asserts that London will never lose its fogs, which are not the products of East End chimneys, but are born on the flats of Essex.]

VULGARIAN, soupy and yellow,
Gone, gone is the hope that relies
On science to raise up a fellow
Who will one day effect your demise.
He may purge you as white as a primate,
But Nature insists on her own;
For you're part, so it seems, of our climate,
And bred in the bone.

Or ever inquisitive CÆSAR
Came paddling across to our coast,
You flourished by Roding and Lea, Sir,
A damp and indigenous ghost.
Right up from our earliest story
You've clung to us, ever "at home,"
Like a loyal but stubborn and hoary
Old Man of the Foam.

Then long, Master Fog, with sedate ease
Your way in our midst may you wend,

Since so thick an old *Fidus Achates*
Can surely be nought but a friend.
For, although you be grimy and gritty
And cause half the town to lie hid,
You're a sign that our premier City
Still stands where it did.

The New Spectrum.

From a fashion article:—

"With it will be worn one-piece suits in all the colors of the rainbow—honey dew, tangerine, orchid, cocoa and black and white."
Canadian Paper.

"More rain fell in February this year than so far as March is gone, it is not looking so far March has gone, it is not looking much better."—Provincial Paper.

We gather that in our contemporary's neighbourhood it has been distinctly "wet."

"LORRY DRIVER'S NARROW ESCAPE."

An all-Scottish programme was given at the meeting Roxborough Bridge, Harrow, on Saturday, when the vehicle suddenly swerved across the road, mounted the pavement, crashed through the 7 ft. close-boarded fence, and hung suspended over the railway 50 feet below."—Provincial Paper.

As an Irish spectator observed, "Shure an' all-Scottish programme would try the temper of anny lorry."



Old Lady. "AND THIS IS YOUR LITTLE BROTHER. NOW WHAT IS HIS NAME?"

Little Girl. "WE CALL HIM BY HIS NICKNAME, 'MIKE.'"

Old Lady. "BUT MIKE ISN'T A NICKNAME. IT IS SHORT FOR 'MICHAEL.'"

Little Girl. "NOT THIS ONE ISN'T. IT'S SHORT FOR 'MICROBE.'"

YO! HO! HO!

"Adventurers wanted for Exciting Sea Expedition . . ."
Personal Column.

"WELL, now 'tis all over," remarked the old rover,
And, using his wooden leg, stirred up a blaze;
"We're laid up in London, the villains are undone;
Oh! shiver my timbers, but those were the days:
Chiquita the dancer—that Spanish entrancer—

Sir Despard, the Major, myself Deepsea Dick,
With Wong the Chink steward, all luffin to leeward,
Outbound down the Channel and not a soul sick.

"The turbines were humming, the bobstays were
strumming,
Our hearts' blood was drumming, our spirits were
high;

And, luring us, beckoning, dead in our reckoning,
Flamed like a ruby the occident sky.

Sir Despard said, 'Dicky, the bosun seems tricky,
I think that he's making a signal ahead.'

He was so, the blighter! My first was a sighter,
The second, allowing for wind, dropped him dead.

"He made small commotion when pitched in the ocean;
But what did we spy in the eye of the sun?

A sinister whirling, a *periscope* swirling
To end the betrayal which he had begun.

'Nice bomb make-a hit-a!' cried lovely Chiquita,
Unlashed one herself and alone flung it out;

It burst on the tower, we ducked from the shower,
And greeted the bubbles of oil with a shout.

"The daylight was dying, a land breeze was sighing,
The fireflies were flying in thousands a-glow,
When, hot for adventures and, setting our dentures,
We stepped on the beach of the island of Boh.
With crawling and creeping, and dashing and leaping
Through tropical jungle for hours upon hours,
We won to the clearing and stifled our cheering,
The watcher was sleeping, the jewels were ours!

"But little remains to be told of our pains to
Return with our gains to old England secure;
Our brush off Tobago with Jasper the Dago,
The twenty tornadoes we had to endure,
Our series of combats with sea-going wombats . . .
But bless me! how garrulous one can become!
Here's Wong with the glasses, let's drink to the lasses
Who waited at Wapping to welcome us home!"

Another Impending Apology.

"We were, as always, glad to hear from the Rev. W. H. —, and his reference to the approaching close of his ministry awakened within us both sympathy and gratitude."—*Religious Paper.*

"The Mayor and members of the — Torn Council were present at the performance"—*Provincial Paper.*

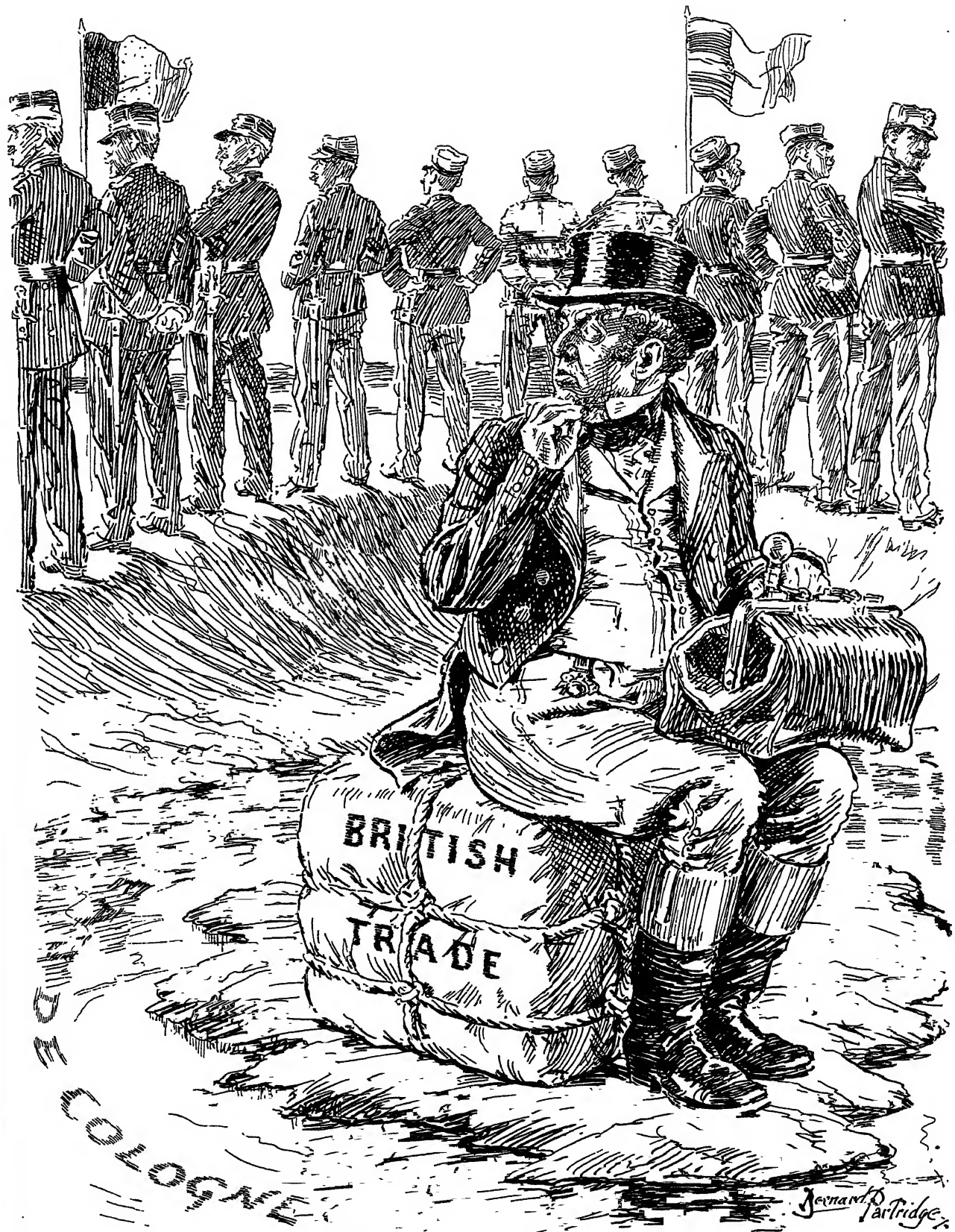
And were, we understand, all the time in tears.

From a theatrical notice:—

"The motif, not without its soupcan of humour . . ."

South African Paper.

This, to our taste, is laying it on too thick. Our best comic dramatists never use more than a sauce-boat.



JOHN BULL'S LATEST ISLAND.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

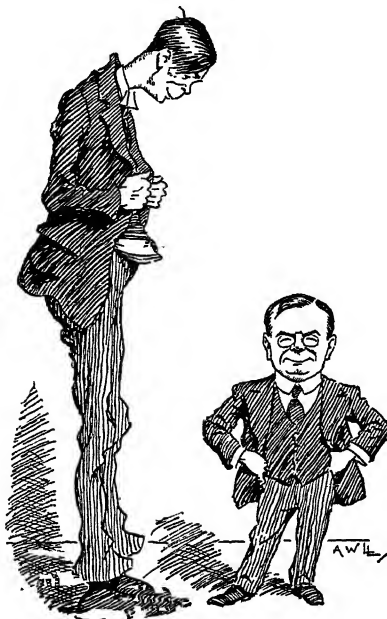
Monday, March 12th.—It was not altogether unfortunate for the Government, I fancy, that it was the Labour Party and not the Liberals who challenged their remarkable action in arresting in Great Britain and deporting to Ireland a number of persons suspected of plotting against the Irish Free State. A reasoned indictment against the legality of their action might not have been easy to meet; but Mr. JACK JONES and some of his colleagues dissipated so much of their energy in the form of heat that their questions lacked driving-power. In vain Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD endeavoured to give coherence to the excited ejaculations of his nominal followers. His only reward was to hear from Mr. JONES that "the Leader of the Opposition does not know what he is talking about."

When the subject was discussed at night on an adjournment motion Mr. JONES had calmed down and made quite a good speech. His main point was that some of the arrested persons were British subjects, and that the Government had no right to hand them over to another Government. "Since when," he asked, "had deportation become a British industry?"

He received some cautious support on the legal point from Sir JOHN SIMON, who incidentally recalled the *dictum* of a Prime Minister that the daily occupation of a Home Secretary was "to prevent a second-class row from becoming a first-class row." While clearly of opinion that, on the facts given by Mr. BRIDGEMAN (indicating a conspiracy against both the Free State and Great Britain), the HOME SECRETARY was "bound to take grave and careful action," he was not sure that the particular action taken had been altogether wise. Mr. PATRICK HASTINGS, in a speech more fiery than judicial—as if it had been inspired by Wallsend rather than by Coke—declared that nothing like it had been done (in peace time) in this country for a thousand years; and in much gentler accents Sir KINGSLEY WOOD wondered what would have been said if an Australian or South African had been subjected to like treatment. After hearing Sir DOUGLAS HOGG's defence of the deportations, both on the law and the facts, the House supported the Government by 260 to 152.

In introducing the Navy Estimates Mr. AMERY called attention to the large reductions that had been made, and declared that the Admiralty had gone to the very limit of safety, if not beyond. His reminder, that "a great Navy, once let down, could not be re-improvised in the moment of need," did not convince

Mr. SNOWDEN, who declared that "Dreadnoughts were no substitute for widows' pensions." Sir REGINALD HALL, who laid stress on the importance of protecting the sea-routes by which we got our food, was more successful in impressing Mr. NEWBOLD, who declared in reply that "the Communists would



NAVAL ESTIMATES.
The Long and the Short of it.
Mr. NEWBOLD and Colonel AMERY.

not hesitate to defend the country with a Red Navy." The House, however, by 240 to 153, decided to stick to the Blue one.

Tuesday, March 13th.—Lord ASQUITH essayed to remove one obvious anomaly of the present system of licensing by



FALSTAFF'S SWORD IN ACTION.
Mr. RONALD MCNEILL.

a Bill making eleven p.m. the closing-hour all over London. Thus would be avoided the absurd spectacle now to be witnessed nightly in certain thoroughfares, when at ten o'clock the public-houses on one side of the road suddenly empty themselves into the public-houses on the other side.

But the measure found hardly a friend. Lord CLWYD (who holds such strong views on the drink traffic that it must be a perpetual grief to him that his name rhymes with "fluid") moved the rejection of the Bill. The Bishop of LONDON, who had previously announced his intention of expiring on the threshold of the House sooner than it should pass, quoted the opinions of several of his clergy on the subject, as if they were conclusive. He was mercilessly chaffed by Lord BIRKENHEAD, who evidently considered that "what the Vicar said was not evidence"; and who, after declaring that the most vital cause of our class-controversies was the unequal distribution, not of wealth, but of social amenities, could not understand why the East-End should be more rigorously restricted than the West. But even he was not prepared to vote for the Bill, which was eventually rejected.

Rumour had it last week that, in the reshuffling of the Ministry consequent upon recent electoral reverses, Mr. RONALD MCNEILL was to receive promotion. The PRIME MINISTER has evidently decided, however, to postpone it until Franco-British relations have emerged from their present critical phase. Mr. LAW himself has made the same speech on the Ruhr occupation three, if not four, times this Session. The UNDER-SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS is, I am sure, ready to make it every day and all day.

This afternoon he was attacked in succession by Sir JOHN SIMON, Mr. MOREL, Lord EUSTACE PERCY, Mr. H. A. L. FISHER, Mr. MOSLEY, and Mr. ASQUITH, who, however much they might differ from one another in detail, all agreed that the Government could not much longer continue the attitude variously described as "waiting on events," "diplomatic inaction," "inactive neutrality," and "settled inertia." But Mr. MCNEILL took all their seven points as easily as if he had been *Falstaff* and they the men in buckram, and while admitting the "terrible seriousness" of the position, held out no hope of this country taking any steps to alter it.

The House spent quite an exhilarating evening in discussing the Warrington Corporation Water Bill. The Welshmen were up in arms against the proposal to dam up the valley of Ceiriog, home of one of their most famous poets. Captain REID, in a capital maiden speech, defended the Bill in the interests of his constituency. His remark that the valley as a whole would be all the more beautiful for being submerged drew from Mr. LLOYD GEORGE the retort that that might be said of many places,

including Warrington. The **EX-PREMIER** was indeed at his most eloquent in deploring the way in which "one after another all our valleys are disappearing." He fears, I fancy, that, if the process goes on much longer, he will have none left for a peroration. Nevertheless the House gave the Bill a second reading by 276 to 91.

If ever a man exemplified the truth of **DISRAELI'S** famous saying about **GLADSTONE** and became "inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity" it is **MR. GEORGE LANSBURY**. A debate on the new regulations applying to War Pensions Committees was opened by **MR. FREDERICK ROBERTS** in a speech of unexceptionable moderation, and for an hour or so ambled quietly along. But then arose the Member for Bow and Bromley. He too began quietly enough, but gradually the sound of his own voice became too much for him, and before he sat down he had said things about the **MINISTER OF PENSIONS**—"a Minister of Death" was one of his epithets—that he would never have uttered in cold blood. Unfortunately his example infected the Scotsmen behind him, and it was nearly four a.m. before they finished their denunciations of the Department.

Wednesday, March 14th.—It was a much milder **MR. LANSBURY** who asked this afternoon, *à propos* of Colonel **CROFT'S** suggestion that St. George's Day should be kept as a holiday in the State Schools, whether the **MINISTER OF EDUCATION** would not make May-day a holiday and arrange that the children should receive special instruction on international history the day before. I feared an explosion when an irreverent Tory inquired whether **ST. GEORGE** was not a more inspiring figure than **KARL MARX**; but **MR. LANSBURY** did not detonate.

According to the **FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS** it costs his Department four hundred pounds a week in summer to gather up the waste paper and other refuse left in the London Parks. Much of this expense could be saved, no doubt, if visitors would put their empty "nose-bags" in their pockets instead of throwing them on the grass. But I am afraid that Members of Parliament themselves are not patterns of tidiness. The floor of the House at the end of the sitting resembles Regent's Park after a bank-holiday.

The speech in which **SIR SAMUEL HOARE** introduced his estimates was distinctly of the "heavier than air" variety, but contained much solid information. It extolled the feats of the **R.A.F.** in Iraq, where our airmen plough a lonely furrow five hundred miles long, and drew attention to the exiguity of

our air-forces as compared with those which our friends the French think it necessary to maintain.

In the ensuing debate three famous aviators took part. They did not always keep company, for, while **SIR F. H. SYKES** declared that aircraft would have



"Thy hills and thy valleys, how dear!"

MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

a preponderating rôle in defence, Lord **HUGH CECIL** considered that, broadly speaking, the aeroplane was not a defensive weapon. But both (and with them **Captain WEDGWOOD BENN**) agreed that the Air Force should maintain its separate organisation, and not be merged



THE QUEEN OF THE MAY

MR. GEORGE LANSBURY.

in either the Navy or the Army. Viscount **CURZON** insisted, however, that the Navy should have its own air-force for purely naval purposes.

Thursday, March 15th.—The **CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER** is a brave man, but even he blenched at **MR. BECKER'S** proposal that, to save the

cost involved in answering Parliamentary Questions, no Questions should be allowed. Apart from any other drawbacks the accumulated pressure of unuttered interrogatories would probably cause **Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY** to burst his boiler.

In introducing the Army Estimates **Colonel GUINNESS** followed the example of his colleagues of the Navy and the Air. He emphasized the reductions that had been made, called attention to the risks that we were running in view of any serious emergency, and laid stress on the necessity of spending more on the Staff and research-work. His statement evoked plenty of criticism. The evolution of a new Tank, capable of travelling a thousand miles at twenty-five miles an hour, did not console **Lord EDNAM** for the abolition of famous cavalry units. **Colonel HODGE**—who as soldier, accountant and barrister too must be regarded as a unique authority—subjected the administrative expenditure to ruthless attack. It was probably fortunate for the Government that **Colonel F. S. JACKSON**, who never minds fast bowling, was still there to defend them as Financial Secretary to the War Office. Next week he will have left the Treasury Bench for his new post as Chairman of the Unionist Party.

Pictor Ignotus.

"Degasse missed a wonderful picture as England's greatest composer, his face half-lit by the light in his pipe, waited at the conductor's desk while the stage hands struggled with the scanty properties and scenery . . ."

Sunday Paper.

MR. PUNCH thinks it would have suited his own friend "**Fougasse**" even better.

"Even fairly well-educated people use only about a thousand words in ordinary talk. The non-reader jogs along on from 400 to 500."—**MR. BEN TILLET**, reported in an *Evening Paper*.

We think **MR. TILLET** must have made a miscalculation as to the non-reader, for we have known of a costermonger who, on glissading over a banana skin, carried on at two hundred words a minute for five minutes without repeating himself.

"The Cape hunting dog is very distinct from all the true dogs. It has only four toes on each foot, stands very high on the legs, and has an odd blotched colouration of black, yellow, grey and white differently arranged in every individual. The fur is thin, but the tail is long and bushy. Working together, they are able to pull down a large wild-beet."

Times.

Soon, with a bit of training, these intelligent animals can be taught the more useful art of pulling them up. And with a little patience, no doubt, they would learn how to dig a row of potatoes.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF JOHN SOPER.

A FABLE FOR CRITICS.

John Soper, up to thirty-five,
 Was quite the meekest bard alive.
 He wrote four poems every week,
 Blameless in theme and in technique,
 Defying the severest scrutiny
 For traces of the mildest mutiny;
 But, since the spirit of the times
 Found no reflection in his rhymes,
 His sales fell gradually off
 And critics came—and stayed—to scoff.
 Confronted with a situation
 Reducing his remuneration
 To something like a minimum
 John Soper for a while was dumb—
 Not that he meekly acquiesced
 In self-effacement as the best
 Solution of a crisis which
 Had reached a most distressing pitch,
 But merely that he needed time,
 Before he strove again to climb
 The rocky citadel of fame,
 To lay his plans and play his game.
 So first and foremost he revised
 His nomenclature and disguised
 His homely patronymic under
 An *alias* filled with fire and thunder.
 John Soper died, but dying passed
 The torch along to Daniel Blast—
 A name indicative of grim
 Resentment and volcanic vim
 And every quality that shocks
 The sober and the orthodox.
 Next with an admirable art
 He set about to look his part,
 And grew a black Assyrian beard,
 Curled, oiled and formidably weird,
 While on his head he wore a flat
 Gigantically broad-brimmed hat.
 Thus garbed, on Sundays in the Park
 He proved a centre of remark,
 And soon with other freaks and rages
 Figured in all the picture-pages,
 While all the gossip-hunting tribe
 And every stunt-exploiting scribe
 Applied their leverage to the wedge-end
 That boosted up the Blastian legend.
 Then finally, but not till then,
 The bard took up his brazen pen.
 Scansion, by strenuous souls abhorred,
 He cast completely overboard;
 He bade a long farewell to rhyme
 As *ex hypothesi* a crime,
 And bombinated in the void
 With such voluptuous zeal that FREUD
 Was very seriously annoyed,
 And the brave SITWELLS grew aghast
 At the enormities of Blast.
 In vain did MURRY, SQUIRE and SHANKS
 Inveigh against his monstrous pranks;
 In vain did EDMUND, loth to strike,
 With feline grace hint his dislike,
 Or great REBECCA, sharp and strong,
 Exclaim, "How long, O Lord, how
 long!"
 In vain did "C. K. S." regret
 The transformation of his pet;



Bride (determined to share her husband's troubles). "DEAREST, GO ON TELLING ME ABOUT THE WORM-CASTS ON THE SEVENTEENTH."

In vain did Doctors CRANE and INGE
 Ink at this portent freely sling—
 Blast never flinched or bowed his head,
 But wrote and published, and was read,
 "Best-seller" of that strident crew
 Whose audience, neither fit nor few,
 Unschooled, undisciplined, half-baked,
 Discards the genuine for the faked,
 Discovers unimagined joys
 In sheer unmitigated noise,
 Beauty in dust-bins, mirth in muck,
 And in the louse heroic pluck.

"Within a few minutes of the most Botanical
 Gardens, a Bijou Residence."

Advt. in Daily Paper.

But, we hope, out of earshot of the
 most Zoological ditto.

"Durban is very dull at this time of the year; such a lot of people go away for January and February. A few afternoon tea parties have been held recently. They give one the opportunity of meeting one's friends and also of wearing their pretty dresses."

South African Paper.

The Durban ladies must be singularly accommodating.

"Luis Firpo knocked out Bill Brennan in the twelfth round of a heavyweight boxing match in New York last night. . . . The weights were: Firpo 15st. 10lb.; Brennan, 140st. 7lb. Firpo is an Argentine. . ."

Evening Paper.

Which accounts, no doubt, for the fact that, despite the marked disparity in weight, he gave BRENNAN such a pounding.

A COMMERCIAL CATASTROPHE.

[On the subject of the restorative power of music a noted composer prescribes for "the business man dulled by his work a programme of tenderly-emotional strains."]

WHEN Frederick started his business career

In the usual humble position,
He toiled with a zeal that was wholly sincere

In a fervour of burning ambition;
And showed he was fully determined to be

A pattern to other beginners
By his ardour in bringing the manager tea

And a paper containing the winners.

Though junior duties too rapidly stale.

A sturdy refusal to stagnate

Appeared in his manner of stamping the mail

With the air of an embryo magnate.
From start in the morning till time to shut up

His mien was commercially formal,
And, his favourite team being out of the Cup,

His grandmother's health was abnormal.

Such worthiness pleading on Freddy's behalf

Had marked him for early promotion,
When his chief, in a moment of care for the staff,

Conceived the beneficent notion
Of calling in music to lessen the strain

Imposed by the labour that they did—
Such music as freshens the workaday brain

And gingers the mind that is jaded.

The end of the story is painful and sad;

The programme an expert selected

Reacted upon the too sensitive lad

In a way that was never expected.

Worked up by some highly emotional fytte

Intended to act as a heartener,

Our Frederick's now under notice to quit

For kissing his senior partner.

THE OUTLINE OF EVERYTHING.

IV.—THE OUTLINE OF BOTANY.

"There is nothing in the world so beautiful as a flower."—Dr. FRANK CRANE.

"Say it with flowers."—President HARDING.

"And the ground set with Violets, Strawberries and Prime Roses."

FRANCIS BACON.

FLOWERS have been with us since the earliest times, and many clever men, both of the present and of the past, have been content with *loving* and *admiring* them, and have not attempted to pry into *secrets* about them which very probably we were never meant to know. It is not thought desirable, at any rate by the editors of this Outline,

to follow modern science down all the by-paths of speculation which it has opened up by pulling choice flowers to *pieces* and thus entirely ruining them for the purpose of decoration. Enough to say that modern botany began with LINNÆUS, who lived at very much the



"SHE IS NEAR, SHE IS NEAR!"

same time as our own great but far from moral poet, GAY, and that LINNÆUS put ideas into people's heads about flowers with which the editors of the present work find themselves utterly unable to agree.

What good can it do a child to understand the difference between the



THE PRIMROSE PATH TO CRIME.

stamen, the pistil and the corolla? Or to fasten some delicate plant by means of gummed slips of paper to the page of an album and there *crush* it *untimely* to death? We must deprecate also the (so-called) scientific habit of attributing *sexes* to flowers, which seems to us

merely a symptom of the prevailing laxity of morals.

A flower is a flower, and, if we cannot be satisfied with its beauty and colour without *mutilating* it or making it an excuse for scandalous gossip, we must be very hard to please.

It is true that the strongest and noblest of our Poet Laureates once wrote:—

"Flower in the crannied wall
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower,—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

But how idle all such inquisitiveness has in fact proved, and how much nobler and truer a Lord TENNYSON was not he who wrote:—

"The red rose cries, 'She is near, she is near!'
And the white rose weeps, 'She is late!'
The larkspur listens, 'I hear, I hear!'
And the lily whispers, 'I wait!'"

The Outline of Botany has been written rather with the object of stimulating *general interest* in the study of flowers, and with that of describing their geographical distribution, their genera and their species. Many books on botany take a different line. We can only say that in our opinion such books do little good, and in the case of tender and innocent minds may occasion infinite harm.

Flowers may be divided in a far more healthy and satisfactory manner into:—

(1) GARDEN FLOWERS.

(2) WILD FLOWERS.

What is more lovely than a well-kept garden, agreeable both to the eye and the nose? All ancient writers are agreed upon this point, and the poets have at all times praised gardens—contenting themselves, however, with naming a few well-known varieties of flowers suitable to their metre and their rhyme, and then passing on to other work. But the study of garden botany is not so easy as this. Garden flowers are in actual practice sub-divided into two sorts—those with easy names, which we admire for their own sakes; and those with difficult names, which we have to admire for the sake of the people who own them. Admiring the easy flowers is no kind of protection against people who own the difficult kind. The visitor simply has to go through with it. Very often there are no labels, and even if there are, unless the names are written clearly in large block letters, a great deal of discomfort is almost certain to be caused, as the guest is obliged to adopt a secret crouching position behind the back of his host, who may always turn suddenly and surprise him.

Especially is this the case with rock-gardens, where it often happens that a flower so small as to give rise to hopes

that this one at least will be passed unnoticed, and may even be a kind of weed, turns out to be the most important and to have the longest name of all. Where no labels are used on the plants the pleas of rheumatism or having an urgent letter to write are those most commonly employed.

But besides long Latin names, there is another complication. It has always been customary to associate certain flowers with the names of people, and the practice is still continued. Thus, while the *Narcissus* is called after a boy who fell in love with his own image in a pool, and the *Flos Adonis* sprang from the blood of Adonis, the beloved of Venus, who was killed while hunting a boar, in later days we have such flowers as the *Cineraria* (*John Tunk*), the *Canariensis* (*Lady Pettigrew*) and the *Montbretia Bagworthii*, O.B.E.

All this has to be learnt. And where a poet may be allowed to indulge in rhapsodies over a lily or a rose, the practical student of botany must school himself to say, "Let me press my face against Abraham Levy," or, "I have never seen the Snooksia looking so divine."

FAVOURITE FLOWERS OF FAMOUS FOLK.

TUTANKH-AMEN	<i>The Iris</i>
LORD BEACONSFIELD	<i>The Primrose</i>
ISABELLA	<i>Herb Basil</i>
SIR JOHN BAGWORTHY, O.B.E.	<i>The Montbretia</i>
LORD ROTHERMERE	<i>The Standard Pea</i>
BUDDHA	<i>The Lotus</i>
MR. OWEN NABES	<i>The Snowdrop</i>
LUCREZIA BORGIA	<i>The Nightshade</i>

So much for garden flowers. But when Winter releases his clutch and Spring follows quickly behind (see *Outline of Melodrama*, p. 1) we begin to wander into the lanes and the fields. What now of the wild flowers? We shall have little difficulty with their names, although it is true that almost every part of the country has a different name for the same wild flower.

Thus the Hawkbit Goat's-beard, so common on the Sussex downs, is in Rutlandshire known as the "Oddman-out," but in Lancashire is called "Stoat's-meat," and in the West of England "Maiden's-prayer." Nevertheless, so arresting, so fanciful and so quaint are these names that once heard they can never be confused or forgotten. Who does not remember the lovely lines—

"Here grow the premorse scabious,
Wood sorrel with its taste acerb,
Field chickweed and convolvulus
And the great hairy willow herb.

"The stinking iris, famed in story,
And gromwell for thy sake I fetch,
Frogbit and dodder, fumitory
And weasel-snout and kidney-vetch"?

But the remarkable thing about wild flowers is not only the beauty of their names and their appearance, but that the juice of almost every one of them is good to drink and is also a cure for rheumatism, bronchitis and the evil



THE FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL.

eye. In addition to this the great Thrumwort is a cure for hydrophobia, the Lily-of-the-valley is good against the gout and comforteth the heart; and the common Eye-bright, or Euphrasy, was recommended by the Archangel MICHAEL to ADAM to stimulate his



"THE VISITOR SIMPLY HAS TO GO THROUGH WITH IT."

visual nerve. There is practically nothing, in fact, that cannot be done with wild flowers; but most of the preparations are improved by the addition of a lightly-boiled mouse to the pot.

Another and excellent use of wild flowers made by our forefathers was to

mingle them with beer instead of hops. Many herbs were used for this purpose, but the Ground Ivy was the most popular, and for this reason was called Ale-hoof, the practice being to tear up as much ground ivy as was convenient, and then kick or hoof it into the vat together with the barley malt. In making the "Government" ale used during the recent war brewers reverted to this old practice, except that by an unfortunate error they forgot to include the barley malt. Other wild flowers useful for making well-known beverages are Pellitory, Henbane, Loose-strife and Toad-flax, which can all be employed as substitutes for tea. In many tea-shops they habitually are.

How much better would it not be to confine ourselves to the habit of admiring garden flowers for their perfumes and their colours, and cooking wild flowers to make soup, instead of conducting dangerous scientific inquiries into the origin and structure of plants, which lead to nothing but *bewilderment, discontent and social unrest?*

EVOE.

TO A WELL-TRIED PARTNER.

By faces earnest, anxious, glum,
Closely beset on every side,
As foxes trot, to thump of drum
We creep and crawl and glide.

Like me you miss the swift delights,
The breathless thrills we used to know,
On those red-letter dancing nights
Of twenty years ago.

Then all was gaiety and cheer,
And pleasant gloves on either hand,
And smiles, and music sweet to hear
From some inspiring band.

Music! Your feet took wings and flew
When Iff dispensed *Sourire d'Avril*,
The *Danube* or the *Valse* both blue,
The *Posihorn* or *John Peel*.

Yet has the modern ball, old friend,
Advantages for some, no doubt;
For instance, upright to the end
One collar sees it out.

"For Sale, Bath Chair (gentleman), perfect condition."—*Irish Paper*.
A sort of male-cart, we suppose.

Agenda of an Indian society:—

- (1) To pass the minutes of the last meeting.
- (2) To pass the report for the year 1922.
- (3) To pass the accounts for the year 1922.
- (4) To pass the budget for the year 1923.
- (5) Any other business resented."

Indian Paper.

We appreciate the secretary's desire to get the thing over.



"I SAY, MAUDE, WE MUST GET DAD TO TAKE US TO THIS. I'VE NEVER SEEN A HOUSE ON FIRE."

ELIZABETH AND THE SOUL-SAVER.

"PLEASE, 'm, may I get out a bit earlier on Sunday evening? I want to go to church," remarked Elizabeth.

By her fixed eye and stentorian breathing I saw that something had happened to jerk her out of her usual phlegm; but I could not account for this sudden religious fervour.

"Certainly you may get off early to go to church," I said pleasantly, hoping that the service would throw Elizabeth into an introspective mood so that there might even trickle into her mind the noble idea of replacing some of her breakages and occasionally giving the gentle answer which turns away wrath.

"Of course I'm not one wot 'olds with goin' to church as a rule, though there's no 'arm in it now and then," said Elizabeth half apologetically. "Let them go as stands in need of it is wot I've always sed. But my new young man

"I understand, Elizabeth," I interposed. The key of the situation had been given to me. "It's the new young man who feels he stands in need of religion, I suppose?"

"Lor, 'm, 'e thinks o' nothink else. At first I thort 'e was a cobbler by trade, 'e talked so much about the savin' of soles. An' when he started tryin' to convert me I very near give 'im up. But I'm glad now I didn't."

I edged cautiously towards the door. Elizabeth in reminiscent vein is hard to pull up and I could see by her eye that she yearned to impart information.

"'E's different from orl the other young men I ever 'ad," she continued, heedless of my open desire to escape.

"In what way?" I asked resignedly.

"Well, you see, 'm, when 'e makes an appointment 'e keeps it. There 'e is at the end of the road waitin' for me reg'ler on my night out. No 'angin' about for more'n two hours for 'im, only to see 'im comin' out of the picters with another girl on 'is arm, which I don't mind tellin' you 'as 'appened to me more than once in my time. 'E's a real steady sort, and, though 'e isn't wot you'd call merry an' bright in conversation, I'm pretty sure 'e means bizness."

"Bizness?" I interjected.

"Marriage," said Elizabeth, drawing up her lank form while her breathing became more markedly nasal. "'E's one o' the settlin'-down kind; you can see that with 'arf an eye. An' 'e's a straight one too. Why, 'm, I've been out with 'im now for over three weeks an' 'e's never as much as tried to borry arf-a-crown. So I don't mind puttin' up with 'is religious ideers; after orl, when we're married, I can break 'im off that."

"I'm sure you could break anything," I assented.

"Then the signs 'as orl been good for

me lately," she continued excitedly; "I 'ad three weddin'-rings in my cup yesterday."

"Is that the cup that got broken?" I asked a trifle caustically. But the seed fell on stony ground. "Seein' orl is goin' on so well," she continued placidly, "I've joined the Band of 'Ope just to please 'im. Not that there's much need of that in my case, though I always 'old there's nothink to beat a glarss o' stout after a 'aid day's work. But my new young man is so set on bein' good an' makin' 'isself thoroughly miserable, I don't think it's safe to go against 'im just yet."

Contrary to my expectations the new young man remained steadily faithful to Elizabeth. This made it all the more surprising that she should grow daily less cheerful. In fact she had her moments of profound gloom.

"How are you getting along with your new young man?" I asked one day when she was looking especially lugubrious.

She turned on me with flashing eyes. "'E ain't my young man no longer," she declared. "I've given 'im up!"

The announcement was dramatic. I recognised that this was a crisis in Elizabeth's career. Never before had she relinquished a young man of her own free will. What could have happened that she should thus cast away the unique chance, the one faithful

heart that had come into her net? I was too amazed to reply.

"I could 'ave stood 'is religion orl right if 'e 'adn't got to callin' me names," she continued. "Would you believe it, 'm, 'e tells me one night that I was a brand snatched from the burn-in? Sorce!"

"But did you give him up for that?" I marvelled.

"Well, not exactly, 'm. You see, 'e was that bent on souls, an' I wouldn't 'ave minded if 'e'd stuck just to savin' mine; but I found out 'e was savin' the souls of 'arf the girls in the neighbourhood."

"But supposing the—er—souls have the same night out?" I pondered.

"That's just it, 'm. I wondered why 'e got me to change to Fridays; it seems Thursday was 'is night for savin' Polly the cook at the corner 'ouse with red 'air. But arter this," continued Elizabeth, and her nasal breathing smote the air, "'e'll 'ave 'is Fridays free!"

"I'm so sorry," I began, launching on sympathetic platitudes.

"There, 'm, I'm not worryin'. Everythink 'as its bright side in this world, is my motter. You see now I've given up my young man I can give up that there Band of 'Ope as well!"

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING.

THE sun streamed in at the cave's mouth and the Plioceneman awoke with a start. Grunting, he rose, stretched himself and walked out into the open.

For a moment he stood drinking in the morning air and gazing thoughtfully at the scene before him. It was very beautiful, but he wasn't thinking about that. He wasn't even sufficiently developed to know that it was beautiful.

But he did appreciate the fact that the sun was warm, and he knew that the patch of grass by the side of the cave was soft. It would be very pleasant, he reflected in his crude Pliocene fashion, to lie on that piece of turf and bask in the sun all day. So restful, so

Then the awful reality of life forced itself upon him and his dreams melted. He sighed gruffly.

"No hunting—no dinner," he muttered, and straightway passed into the forest.

* * * * *

And a million years went by.

* * * * *

The sun streamed in at the open casement, and the Georgian man awoke with a start. Grunting, he rose, stretched himself and walked to the window.

For a moment he stood drinking in the morning air and gazing thoughtfully at the scene before him. It was



Hotel Waitress (to regular customer). "THAT WAS A NICE GENTLEMAN YOU HAD TO LUNCH YESTERDAY, SIR."

Customer. "YES; THAT WAS SIR WATKIN SLASHER, THE M.P."

Hotel Waitress. "WAS IT, REEPLY? YOU NEVER KNOW 'OO YOU ARE SERVIN'. ONLY A FEW MONTHS AGO A GENTLEMAN 'AD 'IS LUNCH AT THIS TABLE, AN' THE VERY NEXT DAY THE POLICE PINCHED 'IM FOR BIGAMY."

very beautiful, but he wasn't thinking about that. He was much too highly cultured to care about that sort of thing.

But he did appreciate the fact that the sun was warm, and he knew that the lawn in front was soft. It would be very pleasant, he reflected in his degenerate modern fashion, to lie on that piece of turf and bask in the sun all day. So restful, so

Then the awful reality of life forced itself upon him and his dreams melted. He sighed softly.

"No hunting—no dinner," he murmured, and straightway passed into the City.

From a stamp catalogue:—

"Collection of Forgeries in loose-leaf album, an interesting lot (some are genuine)."
We should like to see a genuine forgery.

"There were only five deaths in Alderley Edge last month, and the average ages were 77 years.

It has been decided to discontinue the band contest at Alderley Edge this year."

Provincial Paper.

Is it suggested that the bandsmen were not really trying?

In a recent speech on Ladies' Colleges Dr. INGE said that it was originally suggested that they should be situated at Bletchley, midway between Oxford and Cambridge, because "the fast mails did not stop there." This is how it was reported in a provincial paper:—

"It has been suggested that the women's colleges should have been established at Bletchley, which was equi-distant from Oxford and Cambridge, and, as someone facetiously added, 'the fast trains do not stop there.'"

And, when he read that, the DEAN really *was* gloomy.

THE HIGHER JOURNALISM.

THE FACTS: Doris Bullfinch, a typist, slipped on a piece of orange-peel in the Underground and fell down. She strained her ankle slightly.

"The Evening Stunt," March 12th, 1923.

UNFORTUNATE SLIP.

ORANGE BLAMED.

Miss Dorice Bullfinch, a young pretty City worker, encountered an unfortunate misbap while walking up the platform of the Earl's Court station (Piccadilly line) to catch her usual train to her place of business. She trod inadvertently on a portion of orange-peel which the careless consumer of the fruit had discarded directly in the path of pedestrians, and fell heavily to the ground wrenching the lateral ligaments of her left ankle.

Miss Bullfinch was assisted back to her mother's residence suffering considerably from pain and shock, and has been enjoined by her medical adviser not to stir from her room for the next few days. She will be missed in the City, where her bright presence and attractive features made her a universal favourite.

"Miss Bullfinch is one of my best assistants," remarked Mr. Eustace Fitz-Isaac, senior, of the firm of FitzIsaac, MacJoseph & Co.

"We are all so sorry about Dorice," said a member of the large staff. "Surely receptacles should be provided for orange-peel?"

Extracted from the Gossip columns of "The Evening Stunt," March 12th.

"I wonder if Mr. Aubrey Avalon will retain his sense of humour in a Hollywood movie studio. When, last year, I ran across him in Seville he impishly asked me why there were more accidents from stepping on orange-peel in London than in the ancient city which has been associated with the succulent fruit from time immemorial. I gave it up. 'Because,' he continued, 'London contains more peelers (constables).' I laughed heartily. PEEP-BO."

"The Evening Stunt," March 13th.

ORANGE SLIP ACCIDENT.

MISS BULLFINCH INTERVIEWED.

Miss Dorice Bullfinch, the heroine of the distressing accident in the Earl's Court station last Monday morning, when she severely sprained her ankle by slipping on a piece of orange-peel, to-day granted an interview to *The Evening Stunt's* special representative. There is no atmosphere of gloom hanging over the pretty semi-detached villa where Miss Bullfinch resides with her family. On the contrary all are de-

termined to look on the bright side of the affair. Miss Bullfinch and her mother received the visitor in her charming bedroom, which has been converted into a veritable bower of expensive blooms. Miss Bullfinch greeted him with a brave smile.

"Dorice's friends have been so kind," said Mrs. Bullfinch. "We are fairly inundated with flowers, letters and wires. I tell her that she must not allow her head to be turned with so much attention," she added with a smile.

"I see that Miss Bullfinch has been the recipient of some more substantial gifts," ventured our representative, with a glance at a box of hot-house peaches displayed on the dainty *escritoire*.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Bullfinch, "she will not suffer for lack of invalid delicacies. The peaches are with the compliments of Mr. Eustace FitzIsaac, head of FitzIsaac, MacJoseph & Co., the gentleman who employs my daughter. Her fiancé, Mr. Clarence Vokes, sent her those lovely chocolates. Naturally he was as much distressed as we were."

"My fiancé has hardly left my side since the accident," said Miss Bullfinch. "He holds a position of considerable importance with a firm of well-known solicitors and has advised me to consult them as to whether I can claim damages from the Company."

Mr. Vokes, who was wearing a smartly-cut black coat with striped trousers, and a black knitted tie which Miss Bullfinch presented to him last Christmas, entered the house as our representative took his departure.

"Yes," he said, nodding briskly, "I have my fiancée's interests in hand. There are certain legal formalities to be observed and restrictions to be interpreted, but I think our claim will succeed."

A late telephone inquiry at the head offices of the Underground elicited the reply that so far no claim has been received from Miss Bullfinch.

To the Editor, "The Evening Stunt."
Golders Green,
March 13th.

DEAR SIR,—Surely it is time that the authorities took action to exclude those eating oranges and other potentially dangerous fruits from our public thoroughfares and railway stations. How much time is lost in avoiding these death-traps? It would be interesting to know.

Yours, etc., RAPID TRANSIT.

Norbury.

DEAR SIR,—I am always impressing on my daughters the danger of accidents in London. Now, it seems,

there has been another innocent victim of the pernicious orange habit. Was she warned? A MOTHER.

"The Evening Stunt," March 14th.

ORANGE ACCIDENT.

FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS.

Seen to-day at the office of his employers, Messrs. Caveat, Caveat & Guas, Mr. Clarence Vokes, the fiancé of Miss Dorice Bullfinch, expressed his satisfaction with the stage reached in the proceedings connected with the claim for compensation instituted by him on his fiancée's behalf.

"We shall win, we shall win," added Mr. Vokes, nodding energetically.

"The Evening Stunt," March 15th.

"... and is not to be tolerated by any civilised community. Is it an exaggeration to say that such conditions foreshadow a disintegration of the municipal sense of responsibility? The People are the masters; the officers, whom they elect, are their servants. The Orange Peel accident is a case in point. It is incumbent on those dressed in a 'little brief authority' to..."

Extracted from the Gossip columns of "The Evening Stunt," March 16th.

"'Peel. Don't let this opportunity slip.—PEP.' I have culled this appeal from our Personal Columns of to-day. It shows in a piquant manner the interest the public is taking in the Orange Accident exclusively reported in *The Evening Stunt* on March 12th. I remember, when I was in Paris in 1911, that the Grand Duke Dushka slipped on a banana skin in front of the Opera, and only good fortune averted a painful fatality. PEEP-BO."

"The Evening Stunt," March 17th.

SENSATION IN HOLBORN.

ACTRESS'S CAR MOUNTS PAVEMENT.

HYSTERICAL WOMEN.

During the luncheon hour, when the streets are most crowded...

Extract from beneath the *Racing News*:—

"A Miss Bullfinch has received £5 compensation without prejudice from the Underground for injuries received on their premises."

More of "What Manchester says to-day..."

"One can conceive many ways in which the situation may develop, but one can hardly conceive of any way in which it would so develop as to enable Mr. Bonar Law to do more effectively what it is open to him to do to-day. We do not know what he has in mind to do when the propitious moment arrives. But we greatly fear that if to-day is unpropitious to-morrow will be less so."

Manchester Paper.

Then why hurry?



Conversationalist. "I MAINTAIN, MR. JENKINS, THAT PEOPLE ARE MOST LIKE THEIR REAL SELVES AT THESE MASQUERADES, FOR YOU SEE THEM IN THE CLOTHES WHICH, BUT FOR THE CONDITIONS SOCIETY FORCES ON THEM, THEY WOULD ALWAYS BE WEARING."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT has always been Mr. H. G. WELLS's bad luck to be read by those who would be the better for neglecting him and ignored where he would have an excellent tonic effect. In the hope of reversing this state of things I venture to recommend *Men Like Gods* (CASSELL) to English Cabinet Ministers, French publicists, popular actresses, cinema kings, aristocratic hostesses, literary academicians, gentlemen's servants and prosperous Catholic priests, Anglo or Roman. There is at least one member of each of these distinguished classes among the twelve "Earthlings" who find themselves caught up—by a dexterous use of "the thrust of the atom"—into Mr. WELLS's latest Utopia; and the miniature hell of snobbery, prudishness and greed which they create for themselves on that amazing planet would be the most poignant (as it is the most credible) thing in the world if only the Utopia itself were a little more attractive. For it is not an attractive Utopia. Mr. Barnstaple finds it so; but then Mr. Barnstaple, sub-editor of *The Liberal*, is made in the image of his maker and has all Mr. WELLS's deific aspirations towards that "limitless control of material" which to men of humaner limitations and diviner aims is not only embarrassing but dull. The book itself, however, is anything but dull; and the chapter headed "Mr. Barnstaple Turns Traitor" is a *tour-de-force* of which only Mr. WELLS at his best is capable.

I very much enjoyed *At Half-past Eight* (CAPE). Mr.

JAMES AGATE writes with distinction and a pleasant allusiveness and, perhaps I may add, with that little touch of over-elaborateness to which pressmen trained in the ambitious school of Manchester journalism are subject. He is genuinely a "man of the theatre." Half-past eight is a witching hour for him. He is steeped in the history and the memories of the stage, sympathetic towards its highest aspirations, yet not disdaining—nay, possibly preferring, or rather pretending to prefer—its humblest and most vulgar moods. He can also spare a word of hope for the film. These reprinted notices from *The Saturday Review* are then much more than mere journalists' summaries of impressions of the plays of the London stage of 1921 and 1922. They are, as labelled, "essays of the theatre," leaping from present instances to general deductions and didacticisms. Where criticism of piece or player is in hand you may count on shrewdness, courage and wit in approval as well as in blame, and the happy gift of the trenchant and revealing phrase. The lively cover, the admirably arranged title and text pages and the wrapper, make a book that it is a pleasure to handle, and which invites to a feast which will not disappoint the epicure.

Mrs. BAILLIE REYNOLDS has worked hard to prevent readers of *The Lost Discovery* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) from having a dull moment, and if they are of my way of thinking they will enjoy a fine hunt. Dr. Gillespie was known to have made a medical discovery of the greatest importance, but he had not revealed his secret to anyone when he was brutally murdered. The hunters for this

hidden secret may roughly be divided into two parties: those who wanted to find it so that it could be used to benefit mankind, and ruffians who were anxious to possess it so that they could make endless money. The papers that gave the clue to this discovery were hidden somewhere, and for good reason they were thought to be in a house in Norfolk where *Dr. Gillespie* had worked. The *Vandenbrands* got possession of this house, and promptly invited various guests to stay with them. Then the hunt became fast and furious. In less than no time every guest in the house was engaged in plot and counterplot, and, though the clash of interests is at times a little confusing, Mrs. REYNOLDS is clever enough to see to it that mystification is not carried to excess. An improbable story, but frantically thrilling.

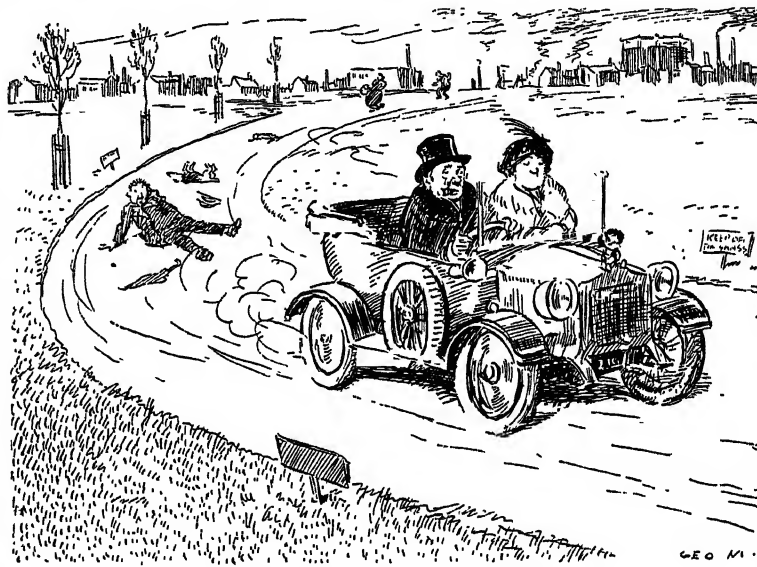
A casual reader of this book, *My Life and Adventures*, by Earl RUSSELL (CASSELL), might come away with the impression that the writer of it had spent his time in getting married in the various States of the U.S.A., or, if not so employed, then in acquiring one or more divorces. There is no doubt that Lord RUSSELL's book is an absorbing human document. He lays bare not only his matrimonial troubles but also the grave injustice done to him by JOWETT, the Master of Balliol, which coloured all the after-events of his life. Lord RUSSELL seizes this opportunity of reporting himself aright to the unsatisfied; and I must say that he makes out a very good case for himself in every instance. If it were not for his incurable cheerfulness I should feel inclined to take a much more tragic view of the circumstances (including a trial for bigamy before his Peers), in which Lord RUSSELL's head is bloody but unbowed. The chapters describing his financial and business activities are far too full. Those on Winchester are to my thinking among the best in the book. At Pembroke Lodge Lord RUSSELL lived for some years with his illustrious grandfather, Lord JOHN RUSSELL, then in extreme old age. The grandson speaks as if his natural *joie de vivre* had been permanently crushed in that dismal atmosphere; but there are few signs of this in the book itself.

If a charge of garrulity were to be brought against Mr. ASHTON HILLIERS I think *The Walbury Case* (METHUEN) would be handed in as evidence for the prosecution. I cannot help thinking that his story would have been even better than it is if the characters had not been such amazingly fluent talkers. But in spite of this defect the tale takes high rank in sensational fiction. Primarily it deals with crime and the detection of crime; but Mr. HILLIERS is more interested in character than in crime, and thereby gains several marks of distinction. *Marmaduke Mellowish* is, for instance, a real person, and not an automaton whose strings are pulled for the sole purpose of providing a series of sensations. The professional detective takes a humble, not to say humili-

ating, place in these pages; but Mr. HILLIERS was not for a moment interested in him. I can, however, promise you that his study of the people who do interest him more than atones for his treatment of the detective. And in justice I must add that, although Mr. HILLIERS' style is discursive, it still has considerable quality and charm.

Miss MARY FULTON, I imagine, has not refreshed her knowledge of Italy and Italians since the late Revolution, or she would never have let herself accuse that nation of armed bands and animated opinions of being "a land of lovers," who "sing only of love." Frankly, I wished a strain of "Piave" and the tramp of a few hundred Fascisti could have ruffled up *Grass of Parnassus* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), which recounts with much enervating circumstance how the Irish wife of a stay-at-home English husband—accompanied by her daughter, aged seven, and a Swiss governess—enlivened a tour from Rome to Capri by an extemporised *liaison* with a young Italian advocate. *Nicola*

Ladisa, the ingenious victim of the lady's experienced charms, is sympathetically and, on the whole, attractively drawn. I suspected him all along of deriving less from the observation of contemporary Italian youth than from sub-conscious memories of the earlier novels of D'ANNUNZIO; and when I found him disposing of his apparently fickle *Viola* by strangling her in a moonlit grove and hurling himself with her body over a precipice, a pleasant glow of anticipation confirmed very sensibly mitigated my horror of the catastrophe. Apart from this satisfaction



OUR EMINENT FELLOW-TOWNSMAN.

Extract from *Local Press*. "IN 1919 HE WAS ELECTED MEMBER OF THE PCDLEBURY URBAN COUNCIL. SINCE THEN HE HAS NEVER LOOKED BACK."

and the more legitimate and equally sincere enjoyment of some memorable vistas of Italian landscape, I cannot say I derived from Miss FULTON's latest book the pleasure I still believe her capable of giving.

Harry Holme, the hero of *Old Fighting Days* (BALL AND DANIELSSON), was wonderfully clever with his fists, and indeed I admire all of Mr. E. R. PUNSHON's pugilists, for the very excellent reason that they fought far more than they talked. I should not like to say how many fights are described in this story, but Mr. PUNSHON writes of them with such zeal and vigour that I had not the smallest sense of surfeit. Possibly he demands rather much when he asks us to believe that *Harry* practically saved England from a Napoleonic invasion; but even if you find yourself unable to salute *Harry* as the saviour of his country you will readily acknowledge him to be a gallant youth, who was almost as proficient in a lady's boudoir as in the prize-ring. And let me add the assurance that, although Mr. PUNSHON's tale will appeal mainly to those of us who like to read of sturdy fights, it also contains an excellent mystery. But I have to confess that I am unable to resist a certain suspicion as to the authenticity of Mr. PUNSHON's name. Should genuine Punshons write of pugilism?

CHARIVARIA.

IN reporting a recent burglary at Hampstead the newspapers stated that the nearest neighbours of the house in question were Lord LEVERHULME and Sir T. HALL CAINE. It should be made quite clear that not the slightest suspicion is attached to either of them.

A large cod-fish was recently found by a fisherman high and dry on the beach at Southend. On being discovered it is said to have asked the way to the nearest sea.

"Hannibal's Elephant Tusks found in Ruins," says a newspaper headline. This supports the belief that the Carthaginians paid little attention to veterinary dentistry.

In Art circles just now there is feverish preparation for Removing Day at the Royal Academy.

With reference to the appointment of Lady EVE to the control of the London parks, there is not the slightest truth in the rumour that she proposes to plant them with apple-trees.

It is rumoured that, as a check to his frequent contributions to the American Press, Mr. HENRY FORD is to be compulsorily fitted with a silencer.

The Soviet Commissioner for Foreign Trade has forbidden the import of Ford cars into Russia. It seems there is an idea in that country that these cars feed on Bolsheviks.

"My idea is that the Post Office should be utilised for the benefit of the public," said the POSTMASTER-GENERAL last week. It begins to look as if we have one Cabinet Minister on our side at last.

An effort is being made to encourage men to wear straw hats this summer. It is pointed out that they keep out the rain, are impervious to snow, and can be fitted with lightning conductors.

A man has been sent to prison for three months for trying to break into Parkhurst Prison. The authorities are determined to put a stop to this sort of thing.

The new Tanks being made in Sheffield for the War Office have a fighting range of a thousand miles. They are said to be just the thing for long-distance wars, but rather wasteful in miniature or amateur affairs.

Mr. PONSONBY has been informed by the Chairman of the Kitchen Committee that members of the House of Commons cannot have shilling lunches. They could, of course, get them in some restaurants at about three-and-sixpence each.

"A crude imitation" is how a police-officer described the spurious Treasury notes made by a woman charged at

According to last week's issue of *Answers* this is the centenary year of the famous song, "Home, Sweet Home." This announcement in the midst of spring-cleaning is surely most tactless

Cinema artistes are said to be profoundly disturbed by the unprecedented action of a member of their profession. It appears that a well-known cinema actress has just married her own husband for the second time.

A baby was born recently at Llanfihangel-yng-Ngwynfa (Montgomeryshire) having two tongues. Very useful.

A Marseilles dancing teacher named "JIMMY" began dancing at 9 A.M. last Sunday and continued until 9.45 A.M. the following morning. It is thought that he must have failed to hear the music stop.

Senator HIRAM JOHNSON, of California, who has arrived in England, is described as the spokesman of the "Keep-Out-of-Europe" policy. He doesn't seem very good at practising what he preaches.

Scottish Appeal Judges have held that the purchaser of whisky must be warned of the extent to which it is diluted. Regret is felt that there has been delay in coming to a decision by which many cases of shock to Scots-

men might have been averted.

In an article on steering, Major HARDING COX, whom *The Daily Mail* describes as "a life-long member of the Leander Club," points out that a coxswain is generally known as "cox" for short. No one, however, who has not known him since his frocks were tied with Leander baby-ribbon presumes to call the gallant anything but Major HARDING COXSWAIN.

A plumber has been awarded heavy damages and costs for being knocked down by a motor-car. The car was travelling at a speed that didn't give him time even to fetch his mate.

Battling SIXI declares that he will never again fight in a foreign country. It wouldn't surprise us either if he drew the colour line.



GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?
SIX OF ONE AND HALF-A-DOZEN OF THE OTHER.

Shepherd's Bush. This must be very disheartening to the woman, who no doubt did her best.

The sum of eight pounds owing to two members has remained on the books of an Aberdeen Golf Club for several years. As the money is still unclaimed it is felt that these two Aberdeen golfers must have been impostors.

The recent Ping-Pong Championship contest did not attract many spectators, we read. We felt at the time that Mr. SNOWDEN's motion for the abolition of capitalism was bound to divert attention from other sports.

"I once climbed more than two thousand steps in an attempt to get my first effort accepted," recently declared a poet. We wonder how many of these steps he missed on the way down.

VILLA AND VILLA.

[The National Federation of House Builders has suggested that the State subsidy should be extended to persons desirous of buying houses of the small villa type.]

To those "who only England know"
And never burst that island's bounds
How middle-class—and even low—
The very name of "villa" sounds;
This estimate (which isn't mine)
Betrays the rude untravelled Philistine.

I do not say my fancy dotes
Upon a villa Tooting way;
But I know where the word connotes
An atmosphere more truly gay;
For instance, in the South of France
It has a very nice significance.

Lately returned from that boon air,
All sweet and warm with day-long sun,
I have in mind a site out there—
You scarce could dream a fairer one—
Where I would readily engage
To bear (with subsidy) the ills of age.

High over Valescure it lies.
Southward across the curving shore
Between blue seas and laughing skies
Ranges the green *massif des Maures*;
And sunset flings its golden spell
On rounded pines and the red Estérel.

Mimosa-bowers should shade my Muse,
And, on the loveliest links I've met,
In scented *maquis* I would lose
My errant ball without regret;
And day by day grow still more mellow
In residence at "Villa Punchinello." O. S.

MY DETECTIVE STORY.

It has always been one of the milder ambitions of my life to write a detective story. There must be something very fascinating in fitting the history of a diabolical and seemingly insoluble crime into a neat, compact little pattern, with the ingenious explanation in the last sentence or two. Besides, they tell me that there is a very good market for detective stories. That is interesting, because there doesn't seem to be one at all for any other kind of story.

So the other day I began work on it.

Now, at the risk of appearing didactic I must tell you that the making or marring of a short story is in the opening paragraph; it is that which decides the editor or publisher whether it is worth while to take the trouble to read any further or not. It must be pithy, arresting and novel, and it must leave a question in the mind of the reader so engrossing that he is willing to go to any lengths to find the answer—even so far as to read the story itself.

Very well, then. I have written the first paragraph of my detective story, and—I say it with all modesty—you would have to go far to find another to beat it; it is everything that a first paragraph ought to be (*see above*).

This is it:—

"Colonel Grant flung the stub-end of his cigar through the open window before which he was standing, shrugged his shoulders and made a half-turn towards the room behind him. Before he could complete the movement his knees crumpled up beneath him, and he fell dead."

And that is as far as I have got, because whenever I try

to get on with the story I find myself up against a very serious difficulty.

You see I cannot make out how or by whom Colonel Grant was killed. I know that he was killed, of course, because this is a detective story; but who on earth did it? And how did it happen while the Colonel was alone in his bedroom? It is all very puzzling, and I'm afraid it isn't the least use trying to write the story until I've solved it.

But I haven't given up hope by any means. I've discovered a clue.

It isn't much of a clue perhaps, but I can't help feeling that it ought to give rather important results if followed up properly. Not that I have the least idea how to follow up a clue at all; but I've been giving a good deal of earnest thought to it lately. This is the clue: Colonel Grant, you will remember, was standing in front of an open window. Ha! That gives us some possibilities, doesn't it? He may, for instance, have been shot through it by somebody standing outside (crude); or asphyxiated by a jet of poison gas directed at him by somebody crouching on a balcony somewhere (better); or even overcome by a poisoned thorn exhaled from a native blowpipe by somebody concealed in the branches of the big elm-tree opposite the window (make a note of this). Of course it may just have been that the poison which had been administered to him by somebody earlier in the evening had taken effect all of a sudden as if by an afterthought. I'm not at all sure.

By the way, it's not a bit of use your suggesting heart disease. I know perfectly well that it's the only reasonable theory, but please remember that this is a detective story.

Then why did Colonel Grant shrug his shoulders? What made him do it? Do you ever shrug your shoulders? I've watched myself carefully during the last few days and I'm almost certain that I never do. I suppose he must have had something on his mind. A more probable explanation would be that he had something on his back—something that tickled him, I mean. That's the only real reason I can see for shoulder-shrugging; but we must not forget that this is a detective story. Colonel Grant had something on his mind, then. Good.

I can't think of anything to deduce from the fact that he was smoking a cigar, or that he'd finished it, or that he threw the corpse of it through the window. And, anyhow, who on earth was Colonel Grant?

Of course I know what I want—and that's *data*. All the best detectives have them, and I must try to get hold of a few somehow to give my detective. It's hopeless to expect any sleuth to sleuth properly if he hasn't a few of these things to work on.

But I'm afraid I see what the end will have to be. I've been putting it off as long as I can, because it does seem rather a confession of weakness, besides being expensive; but I can see nothing else for it. I shall have to engage a real detective to solve the mystery for me. Then at last I shall be able to get on with the story.

You'll look out for it (better-class magazines, of course), won't you? I am most interested to see how it will pan out, and I want you to share my curiosity.

"Shave with — Soap. The New Way Without Mug."

Advt. in Evening Paper.

But why should a person "without mug" require to shave?

"We the undersigned desire to refute the following scandal that is at present going around the villages that the riff raff of — are not wanted at the Dances or Concerts, etc., held in the Parish Hall. All are cordially invited to attend."—*Advt. in Local Paper.*

We hope the "riff raff" will accept this invitation in the spirit in which it is meant.



THE TURKISH CONFERENCE BATH.

MUSTAPHA KEMAL (*Shampooer*). "AS SOON AS YOU'VE DONE PERSPIRING, GENTLEMEN, I'M AT YOUR SERVICE."



Old Lady (at Boat Race). "PLEASE DON'T PUSH AT THE BACK. I KNOW I SHALL BE IN THE RIVER."
Kind Stranger (with son). "DON'T BE ALARMED, MUM. TRUST TO OUR 'ERBERT. 'E CAN PICK UP PLATES OFF THE BOTTOM OF A SWIMMING-BATH WITH 'IS MOUTH."

THE BEST POLICY.

Mollie put down her letter and gazed at me wide-eyed.

"There," she said, half in triumph, half in awe—"perhaps next time you won't laugh disbelievingly when I get a long thin hard stranger in my tea and it jumps off my hand for to-morrow."

I looked up from my two newspapers—I always read two, of diametrically opposed views; it gives me a stimulating feeling of living in two worlds simultaneously. Now, interrupted in my double life, I experienced the sensation of hanging suspended between them, like Mahomet.

"Why?" I asked vaguely.

"Because," said Mollie loudly and clearly (as though she were addressing a backward child or a forward foreigner), "it was not for nothing that the thin hard stranger jumped for to-morrow. Aunt Kitty's coming!"

I was brought to earth with a frightful bump. The name Kitty, even conjoined with Aunt, suggests, I know, a certain playfulness and fluffiness. Mollie's Aunt's name is Catharine; and I have but to remark that Catty is its correct diminutive for you to understand all.

"She can't," I cried poignantly.

"She *is*," wailed Mollie.

We stared at each other as, no doubt, condemned prisoners stare. Mollie's face was a picture of hopeless misery; mine reflected (or I hope it did; I tried to make it do so) deep suffering bravely endured.

"Oh," moaned Mollie, "if only I hadn't tapped the stranger—"

"For heaven's sake," I broke in, "let's think of some way of stopping her coming. Can't you wire to say that we've let the house furnished from to-morrow?"

Mollie shook a doleful head. "She wouldn't believe it. Whenever Aunt Kitty announces her intention of visiting someone, that someone always wires something, but Aunt Kitty turns up just the same. And then, of course, the wiring someone is proved a liar—which is apples and nuts to Auntie."

"Drains," I suggested moodily. "Our drains are all wrong. Not?"

"Not!" said Mollie firmly. "Besides, she'd come and smell for herself. But if," she continued slowly, "you could contract some terribly catching disease—perhaps that *might* stop her. Yes, let me think. What had you better have?"

"Green fly," I suggested bitterly, for

I am a healthy person and did not relish the idea of being selected as a plague-spot, "or American blight, or distemper, or glanders, or ingrowing toe-nail, or—actor's head."

"Actor's head? What's that?"

"Something like housemaid's knee, only the swelling is higher up and much more severe."

Mollie barely smiled; she was mumbling through the alphabet. At last she reached "M."

"Mumps!" she whinnied. "Mumps. It's *frightfully* catching. Aunt Kitty would hate to run the chance of catching it—they. They make one look so grotesque, especially when they're—it's—on one side only."

"Yes, I believe you're right. Mumps is the word. Give me a telegraph form."

Half-an-hour later the wires flashed the dread message: "So sorry George down with mumps. Am writing.—MOLLIE."

Just before lunch, as an *apéritif*, the answer came:—

"Not afraid. Will nurse George. Arriving early. Courage."

As the whole thing had been Mollie's suggestion I think I was justified in releasing a harshish laugh.

"Courage," I snarled. "Yes, by my

hat, courage is needed. How do you propose to emerge unscalded from *this* pretty kettle of fish, may I ask?"

"There's only one way," said Mollie calmly.

I shuddered. Was she suggesting the leaking gas-pipe?

"We must abandon all subterfuge," she went on, her face a mirror of frank ingenuousness. "You must *have* 'em, that's all."

"Have 'em?" I echoed, aghast. "Have—have mumps?"

"Certainly. We've *said* you've got mumps, so you must have them. You wouldn't have us go back on our word, would you?"

I gibbered something. The woman was unmanning me.

"Honesty," she declaimed thrillingly, "is the best policy." Her eyes shone like stars.

"Honesty?" I repeated in horror.

"Yes; it's the best policy."

"A policy, in our case, with no surrender value," I croaked.

"But we're not going to surrender. When Aunt Kitty arrives you will just be recovering; the doctor will have given you permission to get up next day. It's a nuisance, of course, but—well, as I said, honesty's the best policy."

Aren't women queer? Mollie was perfectly serious.

The next morning at 11.30 Aunt Catty arrived. In a dressing-gown, with a plumper in the shape of a piece of apple within my slightly-rouged cheek, I stole out on to the landing and listened. Mollie was telling her how good it was of her to have come.

"Oh, that's all right, dear," I heard Aunt Catty respond in that shrill staccato of hers that would force an echo from the sands of the Sahara, "quite all right. Your Uncle is only just recovering from a severe attack of mumps, and I've never left his side day or night. I'm immune. I'll take off my hat and go straight up to George at once."

* * * * *

Honesty is, no doubt, the best policy, but the premium demanded seems to me to be extortionately high. The doctor has just left. He says I've got mumps. He is much interested in the case. It is almost unique, he says, for the disease to be carried by a third person. But then Aunt Catty is, I hope, unique.

"Ladies' Hose from 92d. Special heavy weight, all wood, 1/11½ and 2/6."

Local Paper.

Good material for "ladders."

"Elderly Man (Cabinet Labourer) Wants Work."—*Advt. in Provincial Paper.*
Not tranquillity, as you might imagine.



C. J. STANDA 423

Brown-Smith (who has been paying for everything). "SUPPOSE YOU PAY THIS TIME AND I'LL FUMBLE."

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

From a review of a new work of reference:—

"Practical boys will pore eagerly over the article on Copper, romantic girls over the tale of Cophetua, the beggar maid."

Literary Weekly.

"In the body of a cow recently killed at Keighley, Yorkshire, were 10 pieces of glass, stone and earthenware, a bone, a blade of a kitchen knife, six brass cartridge cases and eight pieces of tin."—*Daily Paper.*

The farmer states that he was often struck by the more than usually thoughtful expression of the animal when she was chewing her cud.

How Battersea copes with the Milk Shortage.

"They had cut down the milk for babies from 1½ to 1 pint, but Battersea had taken the bull by the horns."—*Local Paper.*

From a markets report:—

"Yarns . . . Egyptian styles also do not attract the attention met with for some weeks past."—*Manchester Paper.*

A very natural reaction.

From the bill of a plumber who had been called in to deal with a dead rat under the floor:—

"To taking up boards to look for smell and replacing same . . . 10s. 6d."

KLONDYKE AGAIN.

[After the Valley of Tombs and Ur comes the news that the tusks of HANNIBAL's original elephants have been found in Tunis.]

FROM streams and streams of scientific jargon
On PHARAOH's lumber-room down Luxor way
We moved to Mesopotamy and SARGON,
Whose simple mandates were inscribed on clay;
BELSHAZZAR's cup
Was soon dug up,
Though SHAZ himself was just a bit too far gone
To see the light of day.

Strange how it never wells but what it gushes!
We scarce had found SENNACHERIB at home
When Carthage from her age-long silence rushes
With rumours of an elephantodrome.
Part of the pal
Of HANNIBAL
Is ours to-day. We have the actual tushes
That tamed the spears of Rome.

Five weeks ago we hardly knew what Ur meant,
And now the Punic city leaps to light.
Whence is the sudden blaze of disinterment
Cast on the cities that were plunged in night
Long, long ago?
We do not know;
We only know that Fashion's in a ferment
To save the past from blight.

Small wonder if the *savant* and the shy don
Are spurred to poke around in bits of mess
When photos of the asses that they ride on
Are published every day by all the Press,
When all rich rooms
Are draped like tombs,
And Nineveh's a scream, and Tyre and Sidon
Have made a mode in dress.

Not all the dust of years can stifle Fashion;
In Greece and Italy the digging set.
Is filled, they tell me, with the selfsame passion;
A friend of mine in Lombardy, a Lett,
Has found (we hold)
The branch of gold
And portions of the actual biscuit ration
That good ÆNEAS ate.

Herr Piff, the most renowned of German rooters,
Is busy on the site of HECTOR's pyre;
He also has the fleece that JASON's looters
Took off from Colchis; it is still entire
And looks like new.
A Frenchman too
Has found the long-bow that destroyed the suitors,
And parts of HOMER's lyre.

All these and many more antique commodities
Will soon be coming up to serve the mode
And fill the streets with imitation oddities
From Oxford Circus to the Brompton Road,
Till girls are gowned
With pots all round,
And Bel or Ammon, or whatever god it is,
On every jumper's sewed.

But fads are short and fancies soon turn traitors;
The season passes and the vogue is gone;
Next year it may be Futuristic gaiters
And not Ekbatana nor Babylon.

You have your hour
Of sweet brief power;
Waste not the golden moments, excavators;
Dig while the boom is on! EVOE.

THE HATE FILM.

"If the stamina of our nation is to be preserved," so I read in an American Sunday paper, "something must be done—and that soon—to counteract the pernicious influence of the present-day film-play. Night after night, in fifty thousand cinema halls, the same lesson is being ding-donged into the ears of our men, women and children—that love and marriage constitute the sole end and purpose of existence . . . Unless this false impression of life can be contradicted, we must soon deteriorate into a nation of milksops and houdoir-boarders."

Fortunately for the stamina of the United States something has been done. I have done it myself—in the nick of time, I fancy. I couldn't bear to think of a great nation deteriorating like that for the want of a little effort on my part, and so I wrote the counter-irritant film.

As the production of this work, however, is likely to be delayed for some time, it may perhaps be as well to prepare the ground by giving a short outline of the plot. I have called it:—

THE UNWOING.

(*The Film with a Purpose.*)

Jake van Tynck felt hampered. Four days ago a man in the street had offered him a gold-mine for \$7,500. The day before yesterday a friend had been willing to sell him an automobile for \$500. Yesterday he had had the chance of buying a bottle of rye-whisky for \$10. But he had been obliged to let all these opportunities pass. Even the man with the gold-mine had refused to take less than \$5, and Jake possessed only 80 cents.

As he stood in the street-car on his way home from work that evening he brooded bitterly on his poverty. Why had he not got \$7,500? or \$500? or even \$10? Suddenly the reason occurred to him. His wife, Miriam, of course.

Well-nigh mad with rage he strove frantically to compute how much of his money in the last twenty-three years had been spent on the feeding and clothing of this woman. In a very few moments it was borne in upon him that he had squandered on her at least one gold-mine, half-a-dozen automobiles and several hundred gallons of rye-whisky. The magnitude of his folly struck him like a thunderbolt.

The beautiful thought then came to him that love and marriage did not constitute the sole end and purpose of existence. There were other, higher things. His career, for example; for Jake was an ambitious man. He was in a lawyer's office, and hoped one day to reach the Bench. But what hope, he reflected, had anyone with a wife like Miriam of ever being called a judge?

However he looked at it, he felt that Miriam was a hindrance, and, as he opened the door of his flat, he determined to propose to her that evening. During supper he was silent, but when the meal was over he drew his chair towards her, and, seizing her by the hair, put the question frankly.

"Miriam," he said bitterly, "I hate you. Will you divorce me?"

"This is so very sudden," said Miriam, taken aback. "You must give me time. How am I to know that you really hate me? It is so easy to say, 'I hate you, I loathe you, I despise you!' You are not the first to tell me that; but divorce is a serious step for a woman. I must have some proof of your hatred. Besides," she added shyly, "I am not sure that I hate you."



NATURE NOTES.

"I S'Y, GLADYS, 'ERE'S SOME SHEEP COMING, 'AN I'VE GOT ME RED 'AT ON!"

Jake rose and turned to leave the room. Pausing suddenly, he snatched a flower-pot from the table and hurled it at her.

"Forgive me," he pleaded, as he stood in the doorway. "I know I have no right to do it if you do not hate me, but my emotion is such that I can scarcely control myself—I hate you so! And one day, I think, you will grow to hate me."

Two hours later Jake returned, carrying a small parcel.

"You asked me for proof of my hatred," he hissed, flinging the package at her. "Well, there you have it. An hour ago I threw your mother over Brooklyn Bridge. Those are her boots. Now, Miriam, say that you will divorce me."

"These," answered Miriam with a light laugh, "only prove that you hated Mother. Father tried to do the same thing to her many a time, and yet he was very fond of me. No, if you want to prove your hate for me you must do something more than that."

For a long time Jake hit her head against the fender in the hope that she might thus be led to appreciate his sincerity. When he had finished she opened her eyes for a moment.

"Jake," she said, "I love you!"

Smothering his anguish Jake tore himself away from her, and, after making a hasty note in his diary, "Buy new fender," rushed from the house.

For the next few weeks he did everything in his power to demonstrate the intense and growing dislike which he felt for her. He put poison in her food and broken bottles in her bed; he whistled at breakfast-time; he struck her with everything portable in the house, except the clock,

which he prized greatly, having won it in a lottery; he pushed her under a street car; he suspended her from their eighteenth-storey window-sill by means of her hair; but, in spite of it all, she remained immovable.

"I can't divorce you, Jake," was her invariable reply. "I don't hate you enough."

At last, one day while he was at work, an inspiration came to him. That evening he returned to the flat with a huge parcel of newspapers. During supper, contrary to his usual practice, he made no effort to injure her. She began to fear that his hate must be tiring, but as soon as the meal was over he undeceived her. Seating himself beside her, he took up the papers.

"I have here," he said, "ninety-seven articles by the Tonic Talker. To show you how I loathe you, I am going to read them out aloud—all of them, if necessary."

Before he had finished the third he saw that he had conquered. As he was about to begin the eighth she interrupted him fiercely.

"Jake," she shrieked, "I do hate you! I will divorce you to-morrow. I hate you! I hate you! I hate you! Hit me, Jake!"

With wild joy in his heart he sprang towards her and commenced to batter her. An hour later he paused for breath. The door was open. Lightly treading on the prostrate form of his wife he passed from the house for the last time to a new and higher and better life.

From a bootmaker's advertisement:—

"Fashion puts an accent on your feet."—*Daily Paper*.
A sort of brogue, no doubt.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

XV.—FINANCE.

THIS is the season of Company Meetings. At the first hint of Spring a unanimous liveliness seems to stir the Limited Liability world, and with one accord the Companies get together and have things out. No shareholder should miss these functions. You, Sir, who invariably fling your Notice Convening an Ordinary General Meeting into the waste-paper basket, with a harsh comment on the dividend; you, Madam, who do not even read the admirable report of the Chairman's admirable address in the Commercial Column—what are you? You are mere *rentiers*, and functionless *rentiers* at that. To furnish capital and draw dividends is not enough; unless you take a practical hand in the destinies of your Company you are betraying your trust, and risking your money. Who knows what these City sharks may not be up to? True, they send you elaborate balance-sheets, elaborately countersigned by Chartered Accountants. But if you examine these accounts you will find that they are just as fishy as your own, and full of the same old dodges. What are these shadowy "Sundries" and "General Charges" and "Sundry Creditors"? Why, it takes me back to my school-days, only then we called it S.P.G.,* and the item seldom ran to £50,000. No, Sir, you must keep an eye on your Company.

And I have long felt uneasy about my investments in the Baralong and Boona Railway, in which I hold ten shares, either Ordinary, Preference or Cumulative Participating Preference, I never quite know which. Possibly Debentures; but there is something rather distinguished about a Debenture, and I doubt if my ten pounds ran to that. Probably, if the truth were known, what I have is ten quite common Shares.

At any rate I am always invited to the meetings, and this year I went. I crept into the room a little nervously, expecting a great crowd, for I have always understood that any talk of political unrest and so on is speedily re-echoed in financial circles. The room was small and full of fog, and in it there were two men. One of them was a fellow-shareholder, bubbling with a pleased

excitement and cross-examining an official of the Company about the balance-sheet. My heart warmed to him. Here at least was a conscientious colleague. I sat down next to him and determined to give him all possible assistance.

"That's an Asset in Suspense," said the official—a shifty fellow, I thought.

"Ah," said the shareholder wisely, "I see."

Baffled, he developed a new attack, talking very rapidly and in muffled tones. The official listened with a foxy smile. Then he said, "No, Sir, that's

Baralong and Pindi, down the Dug Valley, off to Faikoot, over a range of mountains and down through Kutlej to Chittagore, and so to Boona. All marked in red.

The fog thickened. No one spoke. We looked at each other with some suspicion. Another man came in and sat down hastily by the door, like men who come in to a wedding at the wrong time. Now there were seven of us.

The door of the Board Room opened and five old men tottered out and fell heavily into five chairs at the big table.

I dislike meetings at which there is

no applause or other show of feeling, so at this event I clapped my hands together. No one joined me. The other six shareholders looked surprised, and just a little shocked; and over the rugged faces of the Directors there passed almost imperceptibly an expression of self-consciousness combined with gratification and a distaste for crude emotion. I realised that I had struck the wrong note, and I thought suddenly of one of the more sombre plays of M. MAETERLINCK, in which six blind old men and six blind old women (one mad) are discovered sitting on dead leaves discussing a priest who turns out to be dead also. That was the note. Only I hoped the Railway was not dead.

The Oldest Old Man rose shakily and, clinging to the table, began to read from a long document. I listened eagerly. What teeming plans of expansion would the wise old Empire-builder reveal? What new developments? What Branch-lines? And what had he done with my ten pounds?

He read quaveringly, addressing his words to his beard, and not all of them reached

me; but I heard him falter:—

"The permanent way of your railway is in excellent condition."

"Your railway!" I thrilled. All the seven shareholders—all the £2,500,000 Ordinary and Preference Capital Created and £1,500,000 Raised by Debenture Stock which we represented—all thrilled. Thank heaven at least the permanent way was well!

"The Pilgrim traffic is satisfactory; the Rice traffic has been disappointing."

Ah, the brave pilgrims! I saw them, the dark-skinned, brown-eyed, holy men, huddled piously in their third-class carriages—or, rather, my third-class carriages—journeying on from Baralong to Pindi, down the Dug Val-



"CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE."

MISS ETHEL M. DELL UNDERGOES AN INTERVIEW.

here, you see," and, seizing the Balance Sheet, he quickly turned the pages and pointed. I peeped over the shareholder's shoulder and read:—

"CONTINGENCIES ACCOUNT £50,000."

"Ah," said the shareholder—"of course."

He was baffled again. I decided not to help him any more.

Three more men sidled in, and after them an elderly lady. Now there were six of us. All about the room were large maps of India, and, peering at these through the fog, I caught at last the meaning of Empire. There went the Baralong and Boona Railway, for which I had assumed so grave a responsibility—there it went through

* Something—probably grub.



Gushing Hostess. "DARLING, I HAVE NEVER SEEN YOU LOOKING SO CHARMING!"

ley, on through Kutlej to Chittagore, and so to Boona, thinking perhaps of the bad old days when pilgrims had to walk to Boona. How they must thank me in their hearts for giving them a railway! Faithful fellows, they at least had kept the Old Line running!

And now the Second Oldest Old Man was speaking. He had recently visited India and seen *my* Railway. Real stations it has, and real engines—for he has seen them—and they are all "efficiently maintained." He too speaks kindly of the permanent way. The monsoon of 1922 was a good one. The rupee, however, is slack. But he adds:—

"Attention is being paid to Arboriculture."

And this, for the benefit of his purely European audience, he translates:—"Trees are being grown at the stations." Trees! These trees provide shade. In the shade of these trees—*my* trees—the pilgrims—*my* pilgrims—sit, thinking gratefully of the shareholders. I thrilled once more.

The Oldest Old Man sighed heavily and rose again. He spoke now in a kind of squeak, and an apologetic squeak at that, as if he feared the assembled mul-

titude of shareholders would up and rend him.

He moved, in lengthy terms, that a dividend of ten per cent. be paid to all of us. "I won't say I don't wish it was fifteen, as usual," he added less formally—the human little man. "Still, ten per cent. is not to be sneezed at," he squeaked, and sank exhausted into his seat.

No one sneezed at him. No man blew his nose or protested in any way. "Carried!" he whispered. There was no applause. Our thoughts were far, far away.

Oh, Empire! Oh, the Monsoon! Oh, the Pilgrims!

The Oldest Old Man clutched at the table, sighed twice and, abandoning the effort, said, sitting:—

"Will one of the Proprietors propose the re-election of the Auditors?"

And his eyes fell upon me.

No man calls me a Proprietor for nothing. What if the Balance Sheet was bogus from cover to cover? What of "Sundries" and "Contingencies"? I was one of the Company. I too would strike a blow for Empire.

I rose and said, as eloquently as it is possible to say the words, "I move that

Messrs. Budge, Foodle & Runcorn be re-elected Auditors to Our Railway."

The motion was carried. There was no applause.

So ended this Ordinary but Memorable General Meeting.

Oh, Empire! Oh, the Monsoon! Oh, Ten per cent.!

A. P. H.

"WHISKY PRICES.

ANTICIPATED FALL IN NEAR

"THALLOH

Scots Paper.

We notice some unsteadiness already.

"Oak Baby's Cot for Sale."

Advt. in *Provincial Paper*.

This, we suppose, is the sort of baby described as "a chip of the old block."

"The — Spring Carrier makes Pillion Riding Safe, both riders spring together."

Cycling Paper.

Whereas with the old kind they were apt to fall off separately.

"The Prince of Wales, as a patron of the Grenadier Guards Old Comrades' Association, said that he was specially interested in the association because he started soldering in the regiment."—*Daily Paper*.

That, of course, was when he joined up.



ALARMING EXPERIENCE OF A SPORTSMAN, WHO, AFTER DOING HIMSELF VERY WELL AT A HUNT, BREAKFAST, INADVERTENTLY JUMPS INTO THE WINTER-QUARTERS OF A TRAVELLING CIRCUS.

EXODUS.

ALL the pavements in E.C.
 Echo holidays to be,
 When e'en Chairmen bend a knee
 To a cowslip in a coombe,
 To an old song, sounding newer,
 To an old tale, told the truer,
 To blue skies (they *will* get bluer?),
 And a sun to follow gloom.
 In the markets Mammon nods
 To a whisper from the gods;
 Some folk say that reels and rods
 Is the way the message goes,
 That, with extra Easter cunning,
 "Heart and soul," it adds, "want sun-
 ning,
 And in Deeside fish are running
 With the melting of the snows."
 But, if you've ne'er had a wish
 For a fighting salmon fish,
 Nor desired to catch a dish
 Of, say, Exe trout, sweet and small,
 Wading shallows, swift and sunny—
 Says the whisper, bland as honey,
 "Step up, gents, and pay your money;
 Pan he knows there's goods for all."
 Then, though meets are now at noon
 With a waning "hunter's moon,"
 And 'twill all be over soon
 Since the violet's in the lane,
 Say the high gods, "Scent's a rum
 thing

Late as this, and no sure plumb thing,
 Still you *might* drop in for something,
 You'd at least see hounds again."

Or, "There's links," they say "by sea;"
 Such might do for you or me,
 Where the lark sings loud and free
 Or her vernal egg doth lay
 (As yourself might lay a stymie)
 On green turf close-bit and thymy,
 Where the ball, like bird, would fly me
 Should it be my driving day.

And if these do not content
 Then they urge the Continent—
 Paris possibly is meant;
 Art and elegance shall please
 Where the air sings diamond brightly,
 And a Southern Spring and sprightly,
 Speeding Northwards, pinkly, whitely
 Pranks the Bois' big chestnut trees.

Yes, but I, whose purse is spare,
 I must choose of cheaper ware—
 Right to tramp three counties fair
 Where young April has encroached.
 If you see me browner, fitter,
 'Neath some country sign a sitter,
 I will let you buy me bitter
 If I'm properly approached.

"Mr. — wishes to sell his 15 h.p. Car;
 4-seater; with proper care will be running in
 10 years' time."—*Local Paper.*
 Thanks, but we are in rather a hurry
 to be off.

THE DOCTOR AND THE LAUNDRESS.

WEARILY the little doctor, who lived
 in Section XXXI. of the French phrase-
 book, came back from his daily round.
 He was so tired of his patients, who
 always asked the same questions and
 had the same complaints, and espe-
 cially tired of the little man who lived
 near the Church of St. Germain l'Auxer-
 rois, who said every day, "I have had
 a bad night. I have had bad dreams.
 I have had the nightmare. I have had
 the headache and the toothache. I am
 hoarse. I am sick. In short, I am ill."
 He let himself in with his latch-key.
 No wife or child had he to welcome
 him. No bright fire. Always the same
 dreary requests to make to the slovenly
 maid: "Put some more coal on the
 fire. Do not make so much noise with
 the tongs and the shovel."

Outside his apartment a little later
 the laundress rested her basket of clean
 linen. She lived near, in a little dwell-
 ing in Section XXXVI. of the same
 phrase-book, and she too was oh! so
 weary of the same daily round and of
 the same old phrases. She stood with
 hesitation, seeking to control her heart-
 beats before she knocked. She was
 comely, very comely. And the little
 doctor could not know of those heart-
 beats or of the profound learning with

which the mind of *la blanchisseuse* was being stored against the day when he should perceive that she was comely and speak to her of other things than the week's washing. Only that very day, as she ironed the linen, she had rehearsed the unfolding to him of the contents of her mind, of those matters of geography and history and of the visit to the museum over which she had spent so many hours in Sections XX. to XXVIII. She sighed and knocked.

"Who is there?"

"I is I, Sir, the laundress. I have brought your linen."

"Give me the bill," said the methodical little man, "that I may see if it is right."

"Here it is, Sir. Sheets, table-cloths, aprons, petticoats——"

"What does this mean? I do not wear petticoats."

"Oh, I beg your pardon; I mistake. It is the list of the lady upstairs."

The right list was produced, audited and found correct.

"Have you mended my linen?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, Sir, and I have replaced the buttons which were wanting."

Something—a catch in her voice, a gentleness in her tone—arrested his attention. He reflected. Never was there a button wanting. His collars never chafed his neck but always nestled so smoothly that he was unaware of their existence. Surely none but a loving hand

He looked at her. She was comely. Nay, why had he not seen it before? Here was no common laundry-woman. Here was intelligence.

He spoke suddenly, to put to the test the idea which had just been born in his mind.

"What are the principal mountains of France?" he asked.

"The Jura, the Vosges, the Ardennes," she said eagerly. This was the moment for which she had waited. "And the Cevennes, of which the extinct volcanoes of Auvergne are part."

Thence he passed to history, and later she gently guided the conversation to Sections XXIV. and XXV. (Museums and Pictures) and spoke with admiration of the Colonnade of the Louvre and the "Wreck of the *Medusa*" by GERICAULT. ("Ah, *c'est terrible!*")

The little doctor was aflame, and he thought of the years of lost opportunity. Methodical in all things, he decided to declare himself in writing.

"Bring me," he said, "some ink, steel pens and quills."

"Goose-pens also?" she asked tremblingly.

"Yes. Give me also some post paper, some foolscap paper, a pen-knife, india-



AFTER THE RACE.

"WHAT DO THEY DO TILL THE NEXT BOAT-RACE, FATHER?"

"WELL—THEY GO ON WITH THEIR ROWIN'—WITH A BIT OF STUDYIN' THROWN IN."

rubber, a pen-wiper and sealing-wax, red and black.

"Your name?" he asked. She told him.

"Have you any relatives?"

"I am the sister of the gardener's cousin," she said.

A cold steely light came into the doctor's eyes. In that moment passion died.

"There is no need to wait," he said coldly. She went out slowly and sadly, not understanding. Inside his room the doctor walked up and down muttering, "That pestilent fellow, that gardener—are we never to be rid of him?"

Back in her own apartment *la blanchisseuse* wearily asked her little nephew, "Is this the pencil of your sister?"

"No," said the child brightly, "but that is the chair of the sister of the gardener's cousin."

And in it accordingly she sat down and sighed.

Exclusive.

From "Answers to Correspondents": "Fox-Hunting."—As you refer to an English incident, our space can be utilised to more advantage with other matter.

Scots Paper.

"We must have our own paper and not let ourselves be gogged. Comrades send us in the news of what you are doing or what is happening. We will see that it gets printed."

Communist Paper.

The literary style may not be impeccable, but anything is better than being "gogged."



Small Girl (bursting into tears at her first sight of whitebait). "OH, MOTHER, NEED I EAT THEM? THEY'VE ALL GOT FACES."

"WHO WAS WEARING

I ATTRIBUTE the sartorial bias in modern journalism to the presentation of the Vote to Women. Before she was enfranchised Woman confined her attention to reports of the divorce cases (meagre as they were in comparison with those of the present day), to the fashion articles and the Court Circular. The importunity of the Suffragette conferred on her a mentality equal officially to Man's. Dazzled by the magnificence of this gift at first, it was not long before she decided to prove her mettle by doing equally well the things that men did. This decision included reading the papers, and the Press catered for her in a subtle manner.

In order that she might not form an erroneous opinion of Man's intelligence from the seeming dulness of the rest of the paper, journalists contrived that frequent references to clothes should be made in their articles and reports. The canker has bitten deep. It is practically impossible nowadays to read a column of any paper without being informed what the defendant, the victim of the unfortunate accident, the smiling recipient of the ten thousand pounds prize, wore when seen or interviewed. So,

when a distinguished man figured recently in a mild accident to a taxi-cab, there was included in the account, which was cabled presumably to the ends of the earth, the thrilling information that he was wearing a dark blue suit and a bowler hat.

Do you know any journalists? Have you been inside a newspaper office? I assure you that the canker is biting deeper every day. Jinks, who attends police courts for *The Evening Shriek*, meets Blare-Oompah, who censures the universe each Sunday on behalf of *The Bürger*.

"Well, my boy," says the great man, "how goes it?"

"Pretty well, thank you, Mr. Blare-Oompah," replies Jinks modestly; "the news editor, who was wearing a subdued check-patterned pair of trousers with a smartly-cut tweed coat and a black waistcoat, called me in yesterday and was good enough to encourage me to believe that

"Stick to it!" interrupts Blare-Oompah. "I, who was nattily arrayed in plus-fours and a deer-stalker, was chatting to your chief, who wore a morning-coat and a velours hat, in the club. He has his eye on you."

In the office itself they are discussing

the last article sent by the special correspondent in the Ruhr.

"But," wails the Editor, "he doesn't say a word about THYSEN'S shirts, nor about DEGOUTTE'S habit, which our secret service discovered, of wearing pale blue silk socks."

The Assistant-Editor chokes back a sob, for the special correspondent, who will be recalled in disgrace and a Trilby hat, is a friend of his.

Journalists will tell you that the sartorial touch has increased man's sympathy with woman's outlook, and that way lies the salvation of civilisation. They look forward, they say, to a time when the sexes will march along the path of social progress in harmony, their minds attuned to the same clothes motif introduced into the work of publicity.

It remains for me to bring this article into line. As my typewriter forms these words I am wearing pyjamas, a pair of felt slippers and a camel-hair dressing-gown.

That grips you, doesn't it?

"Young Lady requires Outdoor Work, Embroidering Blouses, Jumpers, or Children's Dresses."—*Advt. in Provincial Paper.*

She seems sanguine about the weather.



THE SLAVE OF THE RING.

BUILDING-MATERIALS PROFITEER (*to exhausted ass*). "WHAT ARE YOU GROANING ABOUT? I'M QUITE COMFORTABLE."

[The existence of "rings" among the purveyors of building-materials, by which the prices are maintained at an artificial level, is said to make it impossible for builders, even after a considerable reduction in the rate of wages, to supply the public demand for houses at reasonable charges.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 19th.—In defending the Government against attacks upon its action, or inaction, in regard to the Ruhr occupation the UNDER-SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS has now a valuable coadjutor in the SECRETARY OF THE OVERSEAS TRADE DEPARTMENT. It would be hard to say whether Mr. McNEILL, explaining that, save for a few French customs-posts, there is "free passage" between the British area and unoccupied Germany, or Lieut.-Colonel BUCKLEY, excusing his inability to obtain the exact facts about the double duties now charged to British importers, "because the line is always changing as the French advance," furnished the more typical example of the Front Bench method of combining the maximum of courtesy with the minimum of information.

Sir ARTHUR HOLBROOK (who takes a properly paternal interest in the Navy) has been informed by the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS that, as the damage done to the plinth of the Nelson Column by the Armistice-night bonfire is purely superficial, he proposes to leave it un-repaired as an interesting memento of that historic occasion. In the circumstances, it is hoped, Sir ARTHUR will turn a blind eye to it.

By means of Private-notice Questions the Labour Party carried on an informal debate on the Irish deportations. In spite of Mr. BONAR LAW's protest that the question had been settled last week, the SPEAKER granted the adjournment. At night Mr. BUCHANAN, whose youthful looks conceal an alert brain, made a good and pertinent speech; but most of his colleagues wandered from the point. Messrs. MAXTON and KIRKWOOD, who had themselves been subjected to internment for their country's good during the War, gave the House an account of their experiences. The latter proved, at any rate, that there is no necessary connection between deportation and deportment.

Tuesday, March 20th.—It was unfortunate that Lord BEAUCHAMP, in calling attention to the anomalies of the present electoral system, should have drawn all his horrid examples from one side. His reminder that in 1886 a Unionist Government had obtained a Parliamentary majority of 104 when in an actual minority in the country, and that in 1895 (when the votes were about equal) its majority in the House of Commons had swollen to 150, was hardly calculated to commend the Alternative Vote to Tory Peers.

Lord LONG was frankly against any change; he did not wish to encourage "quack minorities." Lord PEEL pictured

the confusion and log-rolling that would ensue when people were asked not only to vote for their party-candidates, but also to indicate their second, third and



TURNING HIS BLIND EYE.

SIR A. HOLBROOK.

fourth preferences. Lord PARMOOR was not opposed to the Alternative Vote, but preferred Proportional Representation; and Lord CURZON declared that the Italians whom he met at Lausanne



THE GWYNNEOPHONE.

(Design for an instrument capable of transmitting the most exiguous voice as far as to the Opposition Benches or even to the Press Gallery).

MR. RUPERT GWYNNE.

were unanimous in declaring that Proportional Representation accounted for the instability of their recent Governments. Only Lord GREY gave the proposal his whole-hearted support,

coupled with a warning to the Tories that when they saw a Labour Government come in on a minority-vote they would be sorry not to have adopted it. No one else was prepared to swallow the BEAUCHAMP Bill, which its author eventually withdrew.

Lord STRATHSEY, who is a New Zealander by birth and also the Thirty-first Chief of the Clan Grant, appears to combine the confident spirit of the Dominions with what his Scots fellow-countrymen call "a guid conceit of himself." At least he concluded a breezy appeal to the Government to bring forward "definite proposals for the consolidation of the Empire and keeping the right spirit uppermost" by telling them that "the historian may some day point to my question as the last warning that might have saved the Empire of the World for the Anglo-Saxon race." He did not succeed however in inflaming the hereditary *sang-froid* of the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, who considered that the future of the Empire was fairly safe in the hands of our Canadian-born PRIME MINISTER and the Dominion statesmen who were to meet him in Conference this year.

Mr. RUPERT GWYNNE made his first appearance to-day as Financial Secretary of the War Office, and was accorded the usual complimentary cheers. If he is to deserve them, however, he will have to speak up as distinctly as when he was attacking the Coalition Government, and not further justify the description already applied to the Treasury Bench, "The Old Women of Mumbles Head."

A discussion on the Iraq railways furnished the House with an unexpected treat. The Liberal Reunionists have lately drafted a series of pious resolutions, which have been duly accepted by the Leaders of the respective sections. But the analogies of EUCLID do not always hold good in politics, and statesmen who agree to the same things do not necessarily agree with one another. The question as to who was responsible for our present position in Mesopotamia led to quite a sharp little passage of arms between Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and Mr. ASQUITH, sarcastically noted by Mr. BONAR LAW as the first-fruits of reunion.

The Government's promise to give an additional day after Easter for the discussion of Mr. SNOWDEN's attack upon Capitalism may have upset the Socialist jugglerman, who had counted on a short sharp debate with a division at the end of it. He was less effective than usual, and depended for his argument on a good deal of ancient and rather doubtful history. SIR ALFRED MOND, on the other hand, was in his

best and most sprightly form. He accused Mr. SNOWDEN of having mistaken his objective, and of having indicted not capitalism but civilisation itself; and he wound up with a delightful forecast of the Socialist State, in which the working-man's wife would have to be content with State blouses and State hats.

Wednesday, March 21st.—The calendar says that this is the Vernal Equinox; and "chilling blew the blast" that Lord BIRKENHEAD emitted on the subject of the Air Service and our manifest inferiority to our neighbours across the Channel. The impression that he conveyed—perhaps unintentionally—was that Londoners might be bombed out of their beds any night, and the lesson he drew, deliberately enough, was that, in the air as on the sea, we must rest content with nothing less than a One-Power standard.

Lord HALDANE said the debate had left him "somewhat uneasy"—an ominous phrase, seeing that he used it about Germany ten years ago—and said we must take precautions against a "short-range attack," but did not advise the building of a multitude of aeroplanes which would be "obsolete to-morrow."

It is a long time since Lord CARSON had a good word to say of his "Galloper," but to-day he declared that Lord BIRKENHEAD "had done a great service in raising the subject."

The Commons debated the same subject on much the same lines. Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, in a capital maiden speech, declared that the trouble arose from France regarding herself as "the warden of the New Europe;" Mr. GEORGE LAMBERT, in the mantle of the late Lord FISHER, exclaimed that "Somebody ought to be sacked;" Admiral SUETER, who was all for the Air Ministry as against the Admiralty, fell foul of Admiral Sir GUY GAUNT, who said the Admiralty must control its own flying men; and Lieut.-Commander BURNBY expressed the hope that the two Departments would endeavour to emulate the Siamese Twins rather than the Kilkenny cats.

Thursday, March 22nd.—The Peers, having nothing else to do, spent an agreeable afternoon discussing their noble selves. By way of *hors d'œuvre* Lord ASKWITH drew attention to the

growing habit of calling peerages out of abeyance, by which their Lordships' House was, he contended, unduly swollen. He obtained the sympathy of the LORD CHANCELLOR and of Lord BIRKENHEAD. What the Peers by inheritance thought of this flank-attack upon the hereditary principle by the new creations one can only guess, for they said nothing.

The *pièce de résistance* was furnished by Lord NEWTON with a motion urging a reduction in the number of Peers. Out of some seven hundred, he showed, about a third never attended the House at all, and the visits of another third were, like those of the angels, few and far between. Among the complete

lords who now sat on and about the Front Bench with their anxiety for reform when the Coalition Government was in office. At Lords SALISBURY and SELBORNE—the "Dolly Sisters," as he called them—were directed the keenest of his shafts.

Proceedings in the Commons were deadly dull by comparison. There was a ripple of amusement when Mr. RILEY, in supporting a suggestion that the House should sit earlier, indicated that his colleagues of the Labour Party were not accustomed to hard work; and another when Mr. BECKER asked the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER not to tax seats to view the boat-race, on the ground that attendance at that contest was not "entertainment" but "education." The loudest cheers of the afternoon came when, after a Question relating to the proposal to charge fees for admission to the British Museum, Mr. BALDWIN announced, almost casually, that he had decided (like Mr. Punch in last week's Cartoon) to tear up the offending clause.

MY FOUNTAIN PEN.

I was turning out some old things in a drawer the other day when I came across the little box in which my Fountain Pen used to reside before it set up a permanent establishment in my right-hand top waistcoat pocket. Inside the box was the book of instructions which had chaperoned the pen when first it

came into my possession. I took it out and idly turned the pages. As a rule I do not read the instructions about the correct use of fountain pens because I always feel that they are a disguised advertisement for somebody's Fountain Pen Ink. But certainly, as I glanced through it now, the book was quite amusing with its Diagrams and its Cautions and its long list of Fountain Pen Ailments.

But as I read I became uneasy. Far from having understood my pen and treated it nicely, I found that I was completely ignorant of its constitution, its various organs and the particular diseases to which it is susceptible. And consequently my behaviour to it had been abominable. Apprehensively, I settled down to read the book in earnest.

I was immediately lost in a whirl of technicalities. Parts of the pen, the



AFTER THE FIRST ROUND.

AN INTERVAL FOR REFRESHMENT.

<i>The Capitalist Lion</i>	SIR A. MOND.
<i>The Socialist Unicorn</i>	MR. PHILIP SNOWDEN.
<i>Alice</i>	THE SPEAKER.

absentees was Viscount ROTHERMERE, who, though he appeared to have a grievance against the Government, never came down to the House to have it out with Lord CURZON. He knew another Peer (or was it the same?) who said he was too clever for that Assembly.

Save Lord KNUTSFORD, who described the "backwoodsmen" as the backbone of the Constitution, every Peer who spoke considered that the House was too large, but they all differed as to the appropriate method of reducing it. Lord CURZON said the Government hoped to deal with "this exceedingly difficult question later on."

This indeterminate attitude roused Lord BIRKENHEAD to fury. For thirty minutes he kept the Peers half amused and half alarmed as with bitter sarcasm he contrasted the apathy of the noble



He (afflicted with a stammer). "I s-s-say, do you know h-how to t-tan, to t-tan—"

She. "MY DEAR MAN, TUTANKH-AMEN AS A TOPIC OF CONVERSATION IS BARRED."

He. "I W-WASN'T G-GOING TO MENTION THE B-BLIGHTER. I W-WAS ASKING IF YOU KNEW H-HOW TO T-TANG, TO T-TANGO."

very existence of which I had not even suspected, were bandied about from paragraph to paragraph. There is, for instance, a barrel. It is also called a reservoir, but I like "barrel" better. (Some day I shall go into a shop and ask for a double-barrelled fountain pen. One barrel might hold blue ink and the other red, and you would only have to pull the right trigger and it would shoot out the colour you want.) Then it has got a feed and any number of ducts. And its other organs include screw-locks and feed-bars and levers.

But all this is nothing compared with the rules for the proper use of the pen. I began to wonder how it was that I had managed to write with it at all during the past twelve months. Filling the pen, always an easy task to me, is in reality a most complicated operation. You must use a special ink (you see, the advertisement trick does come in), and you must be careful not to mix your inks, otherwise they fly straight to the nib. You must use the special ink, not just because it is the best ink, but because (and here the ink people get you every time)—because at the mere sight of any other kind of ink the

feeds will choke. That is very serious. So you simply *have* to use the right ink.

When I had finished the book I made a great resolution. In future I would treat my pen as it should be treated. I would make amends for my disgraceful behaviour to it in the past. I would buy special ink. I would unscrew the barrel (or reservoir) once a week and rinse it out under the cold tap. I would overhaul the ducts at regular intervals. In fact, I would do the whole thing properly.

At the end of three days' proper treatment the pen refused to function. I looked up the medical section of the book and diagnosed the case. The pen, I gathered, was suffering from what the book called Misfiring; something to do with the barrel, no doubt. I went carefully through the causes of Misfiring. The final cause was "No ink in Reservoir." I unscrewed the reservoir. The book was quite right. There was no ink inside. After three days' delay I remembered to purchase and bring home the right ink; the reservoir was filled and all was well again.

I felt pleased with myself. A week before I should have made some stupid

remark about my pen having "run out." Now I could say, with a dignity born of technical knowledge, "My pen has misfired."

Having learnt all about fountain-pen diseases I was continually on the watch for them, and soon afterwards my pen fell ill again. I cured it, but not so successfully this time. It had a relapse, and at the end of another two days things were still bad. Either the pen would not write at all, or else it left very full stops indiscriminately all over the paper. By-and-by it dried up completely. It was flooded with ink, but nothing happened. Anything less like a fountain could not be imagined.

That's what came of taking the advice of the book. Before I ever read the wretched thing the pen worked splendidly. Now it was ruined.

But this afternoon I burnt the book and returned to my old methods. I took up my pen, found the nib frozen up, thawed it at the grate, banged it on the desk just as I used to do, swore at it once or twice, and now it writes better than ever. Otherwise you would not have had the undoubted pleasure of reading this article.

MR. PUNCH'S LAW REPORTS.

HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.

KING'S BENCH DIVISION.

BLAMPHIN V. BRASH.

(Before Mr. Justice MacWordie.)

His Lordship delivered on Saturday, the 17th of March, his reserved judgment in the case of *Blamphin v. Brash*, in which the plaintiffs, a firm of *élite* ironmongers, sued the Hon. Mrs. Brash to recover the balance of £1,500 due for repairing an electro-plated bath in her house, 107, Hay Hill, Mrs. Brash having refused to pay more than £500, which she considered to be an adequate sum.

Mr. Justice MacWordie said: "This is a case which only unthinking and uninstructed minds can regard as an outcome of modern sociological conditions. Rightly viewed it represents a phase in the evolution of a practice which extends back to the remotest times, and cannot be adequately comprehended without a brief survey of the progress of balneology from its most primitive manifestations. It is not enough to say that bathing is as old as the Flood. It is much older than that, and we have the best reason for believing that arboreal man was not unversed in the amenities of ablution. Anthropoid apes to this day find relief from the ardours of the tropical sun by immersing themselves

in pools or rivers, just as they did when HANNO, in his famous *Periplus*, first witnessed the aquatic recreations of the gorilla. The Code of KHAMMURABI and the Tablets of Tell-el-Amarna are rich in precise instructions as to the use of baths both by persons in normal health and those who suffer from rheumatic disorders."

Mr. Justice MacWordie proceeded to read several interesting passages from papyri and the tablets discovered by Sir ARTHUR EVANS in his excavations at Cnossus, and continued: "The part played by bathing in the social system of ancient Greece and Rome contributed materially, if not morally, to the glory of the one and the grandeur of the other. It is only right to admit that DIOGENES and SOCRATES were neither of them conspicuous for their addiction to the bath, though I believe that some scholars hold that the 'tub' of the former was contrived a double debt to pay. But LEANDER's predilection for prolonged natation has been immortalized in the

beautiful poem of MUSÆUS, from which I will read you the following lines . . . and one of the most delightful epigrams in the Greek Anthology on the charm of little things is an inscription on a small bath . . .

"But it was reserved for Imperial Rome to organise and develop bathing on that colossal and monumental scale which still excites wonder in the visitors to the Peninsula. As a wise man has remarked, 'the height of perfection is the beginning of decay,' and the cult of the bath by the Roman nobles is unhappily associated with excesses ruinous to digestion and anything but conducive to longevity. The example of the hardy CATO was forgotten by the sybarites, who, sated with a surfeit of recondite delicacies, went straight to the bath—*surgunt ad balnea crudi*, in the words of the great satirist. *Balnea*,



Exact Golfer. "HOPELESSLY INCOMPETENT CADDIE! I ASK FOR MY 'No. 7' MASHIE; YOU GIVE ME 'No. 6.' I USE A 'No. 7' SWING AND RUIN THE SHOT."

xina, Venus—these three are bracketed together by a later epigrammatist as the chief corrupting influences of Roman society, and yet he adds with mordant cynicism, *sed vitam faciunt balnea vina Venus*. The vigorous use of the *strigil*, replaced in our times by the huckaback bath-towel, was only a partial corrective of the enervating effect produced by an undue indulgence in unguents, oils and other emollients.

"It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the decline and fall of the Roman Empire was accelerated by the perversion of an hygienic factor into an instrument of self-indulgence. Bathing *per se* is not an index of a really enlightened civilisation. If proof be required I need only point to the Turks, whose only abiding contribution to the amenities of life are a glutinous sweetmeat and those sudorific baths which, though undoubtedly efficacious in reducing redundant obesity, are also undoubtedly responsible for the waste of a great deal of time. The Turk is still regarded

by some obscurantists as the only 'gentleman' of the Near East; but recent events have gone a long way to justify the less honorific appellation of the 'unspeakable.' And be it noted in this context that he cannot even claim to have invented the process of shampooing, the word being of Hindi origin, and the practice, according to eighteenth-century travellers, having been originally peculiar to the Chinese.

"The multiplication of bath-rooms in modern private houses and hotels—which has reached unparalleled dimensions in the United States—cannot be regarded as an unmixed blessing. Some of the most eminent medical men of the day have raised their voices against what may be called Balneolatriy. They deprecate the passion for taking hot baths, not once, but several times in the day; they point out the deleterious and even

dangerous results ensuing from the use of saponaceous substances compounded of exotic and aromatic ingredients calculated to irritate the cuticle. Some go even so far as to emit the formidable precept: 'No soap.'

"We should avoid the extremes of hygienic pedantry and reckless luxury. England's greatness may have been largely built up on the cold 'tub,' taken in a flat circular bath and not in a luxurious enamelled tank with electro-plated taps; but

I would not advocate a return to the practice of the King of SAXONY, who declared that, 'as for myself, I take a bath once a fortnight, whether I require it or not;' still less to the practice of an annual visit to Blackpool, as enshrined in the historic anecdote of the Lancashire miner. We should be, if I may be permitted to deviate momentarily from the decorum of judicial austerity, the Commanders, not the slaves, of the Bath. We should wash to live, not live to wash, remembering on the one hand the tragic disaster which befell KING JOHN; on the other, the honourable traditions associated with the Marquisate of Bath and the Bishopric of Bath and Wells.

"As for the habit of singing while one is in a bath, to which reference has been made by Counsel on both sides, I hold that it is a matter best left to domestic jurisdiction. It is not necessarily a symptom of insanity, but, on the whole, I think it is best practised under water.

"To conclude, this is a melancholy



"MUMMY, I'VE JUST MADE AN APRIL FOOL OF THE MOUSE; I'VE SET THE TRAP WITHOUT ANY CHEESE IN IT!"

story, whether one considers the plaintiff, who belongs to the class of people who thrive upon the luxurious propensities of the idle rich, or the defendant, ignobly anxious to gratify those propensities without paying an adequate remuneration. Gently born and nurtured, she has proved false to the principle of *noblesse oblige*, and abandoned the *μεγαλοφροσύνη* applauded by LONGINUS for the mean-souled evasions of the common bilker. She is, in short (in the words of JUVENAL), *grande et conspicuum nostro quoque tempore monstrum*. On all these grounds, the relevance of which must be apparent to every well-balanced observer, I pronounce judgment for the plaintiff, with costs.

Our Academic Authors.

From a recent novel:—

"Securing the coveted Bursary he went up to King's College, Cambridge, where he took a First (Lit. Hum.)."

"He was an Exhibitioner of Brasenose College, Oxford, in 1825; he took his B.A. in 1829, his M.A. in 1831 . . . Surely there is a place reserved for him among the immortals."
Scots Paper.

He seems to have got one already.

A HOLIDAY SACRIFICE.

["The world's balance of power is, in fact, so exquisitely adjusted that a few spadefuls of sand thrown into the water in one hemisphere may ultimately cover half a continent with fire or ice."—*Times Literary Supplement.*]

For me 'tis ended; nevermore
I'll join the festive throng
Where all adown the sounding shore
Rings out the pierrot's song;
No more upon the Prom I'll walk
And resolutely swathe
My muffler round me while I talk
About the morrow's bathe.

No more my glass shall sweep the sea
Distinguishing between
A Dreadnought and a T.B.D.,
A barque and brigantine.
'Tis altruism that bids me make
The sacrifice I've planned,
For Bertram is of age to take
An interest in sand.

Loud calling on his dad for aid,
With gay and jocund shout
He'll want to take his little spade
And heave the beach about;
Again, I know, and yet again
Along the marge he'll dash,

And cast its shingle in the main
And laugh to hear the splash.

But now I learn that time thus spent
Might cost his fellows dear,
Incinerate a continent
Or freeze a hemisphere;
No censure well could be too high
For anyone who ran
A risk of such events—and I
Am not that sort of man.

Some inland spa shall be the goal
Of my vacation jaunt,
Or Little Dingley-in-the-Hole,
The farmyard rooster's haunt;
And Bertram, when on holiday
His eager fingers twitch,
Shall rake the meadows, sweet with
hay,
Or stir the local ditch.

From a list of rules for dancing at a village hall:—

"Leave all wearing apparel in cloak-room provided for the same. No clothes to be left in the Hall."

This is even more advanced than the "Dress Optional" so often appended to dance-announcements.



Saleswoman at Bon Marché (to British sportsman). "VOUS AVEZ BIEN CHASSÉ, MONSIEUR?"
Shopwalker (correcting her ignorance). "NON, NON! MONSIEUR A JOUÉ AU HOCKEY, VOUS SAVEZ. À CHEVAL, MONSIEUR, N'EST-CE PAS?"
[Exit British sportsman to pull through the barrels of his mblick and administer a feed of oats to his hockey-pony.]

THE LOST STICK.

At this minute, somewhere, there is a walking-stick whose one wish in life is to leave its present user and get back to me, its rightful owner; but what can it do? A mere voiceless piece of wood, what can it do? Yet all its thoughts, I know, are with me.

The malignancy of inanimate objects is a theme which has often occupied humorous writers—I remember JAMES PAYN being very characteristic about it: a dropped collar stud, I think it was, that set him off—but what fills me with concern is their inanimacy. It is not their bad qualities that are distressing me, but their powerlessness.

And not only powerlessness, but the friendliness behind it. For things that have been our close companions for a long while, such as watches, rings, necklaces, cigar-cases, although we refer to their inanimacy, surely must have some quality of warmth and devotion not yet born in those that have just left the factory? It would be treachery not to believe this.

This lost stick now, which was taken by mistake from a club-stand a few weeks ago and has never been returned—I know that it wants me back as

much as I want it. I know exactly what it would say had it a tongue.

"Take me back," it would say—is saying, all the time, in its dumb way—"because he needs me and I need him. We belong to each other; he was my first real owner ever since I came from Madagascar and was polished and ferruled and put in that shop in the Avenue de l'Opéra, where he bought me in 1919. I kept so straight for him, so strong and yet so light; and I had just the handle he likes, sloping upwards a little.

"We went everywhere together, first in Paris and then in Marseilles and all about there, up and down the noisy Cannebière; along the Corniche; he even took me on a boat to the Château d'If, and as far afield as Aix and Avignon; and then on a ship to the East. I went with him into SIMON ARTZ's (which everyone calls Simon Artz's) at Port Said, when he bought his first topee—not a very becoming one, I thought, but few men look well in topees—and I helped to support his steps under the heat of Aden, when he first wore the topee and was so much surprised when a dozen little black boys seized the side of the boat as it reached the landing stage and demanded a tip

on the strength of its being Christmas Day, which we had completely forgotten. I was useful too in repulsing the same boys, or others, for they are all alike, as, on our return from exploring Aden, they met us in a pack crying "Merry Christmas" and holding out their impudent hands.

"I was with him in Bombay, where, however, he walked little; and in Delhi, where in the early morning he walked much; and in Lucknow, where we went to the races and didn't do so badly; and in the stifling streets of Benares among pilgrims and cows; and in Calcutta, where we went to the races again and lost all that Lucknow had provided, and more.

"I was with him in the Malay States and had the inexpressible pride and delight of hearing him repudiate the offer of a Penang lawyer—by which I don't mean a six-and-eightpenny legal adviser, but a local walking-stick of inferior quality. Nor did he, as most travellers do, bring away a Malacca cane, which I consider another proof of his nobility of character.

"I was with him when he ate his first mangosteen: that (as I heard him say) ecstatic moment in life.

"I was with him when the police of

Penang mistook him—"The man in the blue collar"—for an Anarchist on the occasion of the Governor's first visit to that exceedingly sultry spot, little thinking that, three or four days later, alighting from a special train at a station between Kwala Lumpur and Singapore, he was to be mistaken for the Governor himself (who had not been seen there) and saluted accordingly.

"And then came some more wretched sea, when I lay idle in a cabin and never touched his hand. And our next adventures were in Hong Kong, where I was with him in the spicy musky narrow streets, and on the top of the mountain which the funicular climbs at such a slope that all the houses seem to be falling down; and then again in Shanghai, where we walked for miles together through the real Chinese quarter.

"Then more sea—very rough this time—and we landed at Kobe, in Japan, and were inseparable again for a month, and for a week of it were high in the mountains, sometimes in the snow, walking hour after hour. I liked that. It was good after the cabin rack.

"I was with him on that windy ridge above Honolulu, where, no matter how peaceful the day, a tornado is always blowing. I was with him on the Waikiki beach, where the bathers ride on the crests of the waves on planks; but he did not take me into the sea with him. I was with him in the Aquarium there, where the fish are so unlike all other fish and often so like people you know.

"And then came America, where I was almost the only walking-stick between the Pacific and the Atlantic. . .

"And since then there have been two years in this England of ours, where the best walking of all is to be had. . .

"But I have said enough. So now, my new owner—I cannot call you 'master'; that other one is my master—will you not take me back to the Club and give me to the Hall Porter, who has been waiting for me for weeks? Because you don't really like me as much as your old stick—or if you do you are not worthy—and your old stick, may be, is pining just as I am. No, not just as I am, for no one could have such a master as mine."

That is what I like to think of my lost stick as saying. E. V. L.

"Most sections of the Stork Exchange were dull yesterday."—*Daily Paper*.
This accounts, no doubt, for the fall in the birth-rate.

"Lost, six Ewe Lambs, red mary over shoulders."—*Provincial Paper*.
And everywhere that mary went those lambs were sure to go.



The General (returning from a Levée). "PARDON ME, BUT SURELY THIS IS MRS. TOMKINSON-FFOLLIOTT'S CHILD?"

New Nursemaid. "SORRY; MY MISTRESS DOESN'T ALLOW ME TO SPEAK TO SOLDIERS."

THE TRESPASSER.

I SHUT the door of my heart, I did,
For I was feeling old;
The people passing in and out,
They made my heart so cold.

She lifted the latch of my heart,
she did,

My heart that belonged to me;
She peeped her head across the sill
And whispered prettily.

"I liked the look of your heart," she
said,

"As I was riding by;
So may I come and rest in it?"
But I made no reply.

So dark in the house of my heart it
was
She saw not where I lay;

The moonlight followed her tip-toe
feet—

And then I ran away.

She has opened the window wide,
she has,

Given the fire a stir,
And lit some candles in my heart;
I am afraid of her.

I fear to go inside, I do, "
And yet I dare not roam;
Oh, he has lost his heart indeed
Who cannot call it home!

"The Hyden Quartet, with Mr. Ryan, gave
the Brahma Clarinet Quintet at noon."
Provincial Paper.

But what we should really like, if they
are going in for these poultry-yard
performances, is the Leghorn obligato.

THE CROSSING.

THIS is the story of a man who knew how to cross the road.

He was a Mr. Maturin, clerk to a firm of solicitors in Cornhill, E.C., but commonly reputed, by reason of his magnificent bearing and the sombre distinction of his dress, to be a financial magnate in negotiation for the private purchase of the Bank of England. Every morning, at two minutes to one precisely, he issued from his office and crossed directly from the bottom of Cornhill to Mappin's Corner, near which stood the restaurant wherein he lunched.

Looking first to the right and then to the left, facing always the oncoming traffic, keeping on friendly terms with the drivers of the surrounding vehicles, yet never for one moment allowing them to ignore his due rights as a pedestrian, the man was a living example of all the precepts ever laid down for the guidance and safeguarding of those who wish to leave the pavement and remain alive.

For thirty years, on the five working days of the week, he had thus crossed, and, having long since ceased to be regarded as a mere private individual, had attained the status of a public spectacle, so that crowds gathered daily to witness his extraordinary feat, and lectures on his methods, illustrated by the cinematograph, were included in the Safety First curriculum of the L.C.C. schools.

It was his fate, at the very height of his fame, to woo and marry a girl who had never ventured more than twenty miles beyond her country home. A thing of sheer delight she seemed to him, passing his holiday in her native village; a tiny brown-eyed elfin creature of quaint and whimsical fancies. Not till he had brought her, as his wife, to live in a teeming London suburb did he realise her limitation.

She was frightened of crossing the road.

The streets of his beloved City, to which he often took her, filled her with an overwhelming terror. To her the red motor-buses were leaping mechanical juggernauts, bent only on her destruction. Diving into every available subway or shamelessly abandoning her modesty to make soft eyes at any policeman who would, as reward, hold up the traffic for her to pass, she knew herself utterly unworthy of the magnificent creature who had honoured her with his love. Meekly she listened to his patient expostulations.

"The bus-driver," he explained, "has no desire to kill you. Nor will he do so if you will only assist him by walking steadily towards your objective, by letting him divine the workings of your mind, and by avoiding those sudden

darts and twists of which I have so often had reason to complain."

"Yes, dearest," she answered dutifully. "But, you know, some of the drivers do look dreadfully wicked. And I think it must be much nicer to be a happy coward than to be ever so brave and dead."

"And another thing," she added. "If ever I were really frightened—terribly, hopelessly frightened—I should have to go back. I should hate leaving you, but I know I should have to go."

"Go!" he asked. "Go where?"

"Back to fairyland," she answered; and, stopping in his stride, he stared at her.

"What d'you mean—'fairyland'?" he demanded. "You don't call that wretched dead-and-alive village of yours 'fairyland,' do you?"

"Dearest," she said nervously, "I ought to have told you before. I mean the real fairyland."

"Don't talk nonsense!" he sharply commanded. "There's no such place."

"Very well, Philip," she murmured submissively.

On the first anniversary of their marriage he applied for an extended lunch-time and took her, as a treat, to see the pictures in the Guildhall Art Gallery. They met at the Gallery, and thereby he was spared the knowledge of the lamentable routes by which she had arrived. But on the way back towards his office her pitiable cowardice shocked and appalled him. Even in the quiet backwater of Ironmonger Lane the noise of a bicycle-bell in the next street was sufficient to send her scuttling back to the pavement; while in Cheapside the rumour that the Lord Mayor's coach was about to leave the Mansion House kept her rooted to her island refuge, refusing to move.

He tried to bear with her—reasoning, arguing, explaining. But at the Cornhill crossing fury seized him. That here, on the very site of his daily triumph, before the eyes of the policeman who knew him so well, he should be put to shame was more than he could bear. Determined to teach her a lesson, determined to demonstrate to her once and for all how simple the whole thing was if only done properly, he grasped her by the hand and, deaf to her entreaties, dragged her after him into the whirling vortex of the traffic.

From Mappin's Corner to Cornhill he crossed, and never had he crossed so magnificently. Beneath the heads of cart-horses he darted, and before the bonnets of racing taxis; small boys charging on tricycle-carriers were powerless to check his progress; and across the orbits of the motor-buses he passed like a Royal Progress.

It was the supreme crossing of his life. Time and circumstance happily amalgamating might, in years to come, enable him to repeat his achievement, but never in the span of one human lifetime could he hope to excel it. And the knowledge of this filled him with an exaltation so intense as to render him oblivious to the fact that the frightened whimpering behind him had ceased, that the light-weight dragging on his hand had suddenly grown lighter.

Reaching the pavement he paused for a moment to drink in the full measure of his marvellous exploit, and then in triumph turned, and, turning, found that of his late companion only the tiny glove remained.

That was the last that he ever saw of her. She had "gone back."

NO BUNS, BY REQUEST.

[*"Mr. R. I. Pocock, whose retirement . . . is announced, has spent nineteen years in the service of the Zoo."*—*Daily Paper.*]

Why do the wombats weep
And the bandicoots blubber together?
Why do the beasts that creep
And birds of unusual feather
Pipe the unquenchable eye?
"Have you not heard," they reply,
"How Fortune has sorely bereft us?
Our Mr. Pocock has left us."

"He was our father, our friend,
Loved us and tamed us and fed us;
Saw we were cosily penned,
Knew how to warm us and bed us;
Nothing could equal the skill
That he nursed us with when we were ill;
Had we the tummy or face ache
He knew just what made the place ache."

"Now, after nineteen years,
Good Mr. Pocock has vanished.
Hence these inadequate tears;
Hunger by sorrow is banished;
Red are the ostriches' eyes,
Peccaries mope in their sties;
Even the snakes in their cases
Hide inconsolable faces."

"Kind Mr. Pocock, come back!
Others will try to befriend us;
Food we shall have and no lack;
Keepers, of course, to attend us;
But never the knowledge, the touch
That means to the captive so much;
The care and affection to cherish
The beasts that so easily perish."

ALGOL.

Commercial Candour.

Opening of a racing article by a well-known "Turf Commissioner":—

"The flat again! What visions of prospective wealth these three words inspire."
Local Paper.



Aunt Sabina. "THERE NOW, THAT'S DONE IT. NOW I SHAN'T CATCH MY TRAIN."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN *Below the Snow Line* (CONSTABLE) Mr. DOUGLAS W. FRESHFIELD, former President of the Alpine Club, confines himself with equal generosity and success well within range of the inexpert reader; ignores "mountains which carry their ermine through August," and remains for the most part *in loco campestri*, on the level of pastures and pine-forests, through a dozen mountain expeditions each more enviable than the last. There is only one of his recondite haunts I have pierced myself, the dolomitic cliffs above the Lago d'Iseo. Yet I will vouch not only for the appeal of his Orobian Alps, which I know, but of his Alps Maritime and Dinaric and his Apennines—particularly the *Gran Sasso*—which I don't. The more remote and extraordinary of his travels—on the flanks of Japanese volcanoes, up the zigzag paths of Kabyle highlands and through the forests of the African Ruwenzori, the Mountains of the Moon—are recounted with a grace every whit as unassuming as his less inimitable feats. He never ignores a beast or a blossom. He has a super-*Tartarin* luck with lionesses; and his account of the caterpillars on the hills above Cannes is beyond all praise. His African trees, with "none but Latin names," are mysteriousness itself; and his Alpine anemones, "like a troop of DICKY DOYLE's fairies," can claim a very real kinship with those tricky immortals. An unforgettable book.

In recording my opinion of *Lady Jem* (HUTCHINSON) I find myself in a technical dilemma as to whether the book's

principal personages are to be treated to the italics of fiction or the Roman capitals of history. For *Lady Jemimah Montagu*, most ingenuous of adventuresses and most adventurous of ingénues, her sober lover, Mr. Philip Cartaret, and her indulgent parents, my Lord and Lady Sandwich, have all been "lifted" by Miss NETTA SYRETT from the authentic pages of PEPYS; together with the diarist himself, his secretary WILLIAM HEWER, his wife (poor wretch!) and her paramount rivals, DEB and Mistress KNIPP. Yet I think the italics must have it—at least in the case of the hero and heroine, whose stature, inconsiderable in the memoirs, Miss SYRETT has increased by every graceful device known to the romantic novelist; while she has condemned the immortal Clerk of the Acts to play the minor, if still congenial, rôle of go-between to their parents (in the matter of portions and settlements) and patronising chorus to the rather diffident young lovers themselves. For diffident they are; a thing hard to account for until you realise that there is another man—a man I am happy to think entirely of Miss SYRETT's own invention—whose machinations have to be dealt with before Mr. PEPYS is in a position to write his final entry on the wedded felicity of *Lady Jemimah Cartaret*.

It may seem strange now to recall that there was once a time (somewhere in the early 'eighties) when it was a matter for serious discussion in publishers' offices whether Mr. THOMAS HARDY or Mr. W. E. NORRIS was the more likely to be first past the post in the race for fame. Nowadays, perhaps, we are inclined to rate the author of *Clarissa*

Fwiosa and *My Friend Jim* less highly than is altogether just. Something more than forty-five years have passed since this good craftsman published his first story, and *Next of Kin* (HUTCHINSON) shows little sign of weariness or loss of skill. It is, like most of his novels, thoroughly pleasant reading, in which the reader is subjected to no undue emotional stress. In a sense Mr. NORRIS might be called the W. D. HOWELLS of this country. He possesses a good prose style, a wide range of observation, the power of making his characters lifelike and natural, and a strong objection to violent action. I like the noble family into which young *Brinley*, the demobilised New Zealander, finds himself introduced as prospective heir to the title. But I am not quite so sure about the wayward *Evie* and her surprising marriage; and I cannot think the scene in which her very unpleasant husband breaks his neck rings altogether true. That is the worst of painting in a studiously quiet key. Mr. HOWELLS (irritated by accusations of lack of action) also introduced a railway accident into one of his novels, and the effect was as though he had brought on an earthquake. But *Next of Kin* is a book that deserves to be read—perhaps more than once.

As *Miss Mannering* (METHUEN) puts out, in the first chapter, from the Port of London with her unscrupulous sister *Dora's* little son to join her lover in Bolivia she sees her life in retrospect, and all the other chapters are devoted to her memories; and a pleasant, deservedly successful life it is. The little *Vi* who came up from her modest Essex home as kitchen-maid to *Kenrick's* famous and sociable City restaurant, was promoted to the cash-desk, and thence by grit and shrewdness and charm climbed to the management. Old *Kenrick*, disinheriting a worthless son, makes her his heir. And Mr. PETT RIDGE contrives it all so plausibly. For *Vi* shows herself to have brains and character; is not merely asserted by the author to have them—an easier and perhaps a rather more usual method. There are a score of folk, ordinary and odd, sound and rotten, on whom he lavishes much pains to great effect. And there are no signs of a popular writer going stale. A thoroughly entertaining, lively and wholesome book. On one point only should I dispute his judgment. To round off his tale neatly he makes *Dora* and *Arthur Kenrick* claim her illegitimate son by another man from *Vi* to whom he had become indispensable. There was nothing in the character (or in the prospects) of the precious pair to show that they would be likely to do anything of the sort.

According to the explicit statement of the author, the theme of *The Revolving Fates* (HUTCHINSON), by Mr. (or, as I conjecture, Miss) ESSEX SMITH, is that the "elemental tie of kinship" between brother and sister is more powerful and more enduring than the bond uniting lover and sweetheart, husband and wife. But if it be the author's intention to demonstrate that in particular cases a brother and a sister are so fond of each other that they remain inseparable, it is a little difficult to understand why *Francis* and

Fenella Lee should be shown as quarrelling so implacably that neither spoke to the other for a period of sixteen years, at the expiration of which *Francis* died unreconciled. *Francis Lee*, not unnaturally, was so afraid lest his two children, *Len* and *Hilary*, should fall into like trouble that he separated them, sending *Len* to Australia, where he found a wife. *Hilary* immediately became so unhappy that she would have run away with a married man, the local wicked squire, had not *Len* returned from Australia just in time to prevent the elopement. And there the story ends. If the aberrations of the rather sinister and unaccountable *Lee* family are a trifle bewildering, there is nothing ambiguous in the sympathetic presentment of its setting—the remote, red-earth, apple-orchard country about the curving Wye.

MISS ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER has travelled a long way since the days when she wrote *Concerning Isabel Carnaby* and *A Double Thread*. Occasionally in *The Lower Pool* (HUTCHINSON) she recalls her old gift for epigram, but for the most part she is almost overwhelmingly serious.



Panel Doctor (to gloomy patient). "YOU MUST DRIVE AWAY THIS DEPRESSION. PRACTISE A SPIRIT OF CHEERFULNESS. SING AT YOUR WORK, AS IT WERE."

Patient. "SING AT MY WORK? WHY, IT CAN'T BE DONE, SIR. I'M A GLASS-BLOWER."

The tale is told by a Victorian lady who, not entirely without reason, thinks that her children may not be amused by what she has written. Her mother was married to *Lord Merchester*, a desperately unhappy man who in his younger days had dispensed with religion. As an antidote to this sceptical peer we are given a most perfect clergyman, *Adrian St. Just*, a really delightful man but conversationally a little too improving. I believe, however, far more sincerely in the parson's goodness than in *Merchester's* many and various iniquities. The narrator's own love-stories are pathetic to the

point of tears; but the concluding words of the book (I am not counting the epilogue) make amends: "In an ecstasy of joy I awoke, and behold it was morning, and the sun had risen upon the earth." This sounds all right.

Mr. IAN HAY does not always recognise the difference between fun and facetiousness, and his preface to *The Lucky Number* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) did less than nothing to prepare me for the excellent entertainment that was to follow. It is true that occasional touches of facetiousness are found in these thirteen stories, but Mr. HAY's sense of real fun is strong enough to obliterate their effect. He was, I suppose, determined to make up the number to thirteen, and consequently he has put in two little tales at the end that are obviously unworthy of the real eleven. The eleven, however, is quite strong enough to have a successful season without the support of its spare men. "Locum Tenens" is delightfully absurd; with good reason the dog in "Sclally" is referred to as "a perfect gentleman," and "The Liberry" is most ingenious. Apart from the preface and the two last stories I have nothing but praise for this collection.

"Experienced Nurse, colored, Scotch."—*Canadian Paper*.
One of the Black DOUGLASES, we suppose.

CHARIVARIA.

ENCOURAGED no doubt by the Spring sunshine the notes of the Plaid-Cap Charabanc Warbler have been heard in Surrey lanes. * *

Easton Lodge has been handed over to the Labour Party by the Countess of WARWICK. The House of Commons still holds out. * *

As an offering to the Rain God a native was recently burned in Rhodesia by the elders of his tribe. Since reading this it is reported that our own Clerk of the Weather has sought police protection. * *

There is every possibility of King TUTANKH-AMEN becoming famous as one of the few personalities that Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR never remembers to have met. * *

There are persistent rumours current in sporting circles to the effect that Mr. JOE BECKETT is proposing to take up boxing. * *

The thieves who stole a safe from a West-End office and then found some money in it must have been doing it for the films. * *

The *Neue Freie Presse* states that Professor EINSTEIN has made a discovery which will cause a greater sensation than his relativity theory. Our information is that it deals with three great forces: gravitation, terrestrial magnetism and Mr. H. G. WELLS. * *

"Will the British Empire last another generation?" asks Lord STRATHSPEY. That there can be even a shadow of doubt seems to point to lack of faith in Lord ROTHERMERE. * *

American astronomers estimate that if a light ray left the earth at the present moment at 186,000 miles a second it would have to travel 200,000 years before reaching the border of the stellar system. Under the circumstances it hardly seems worth while to let it go. * *

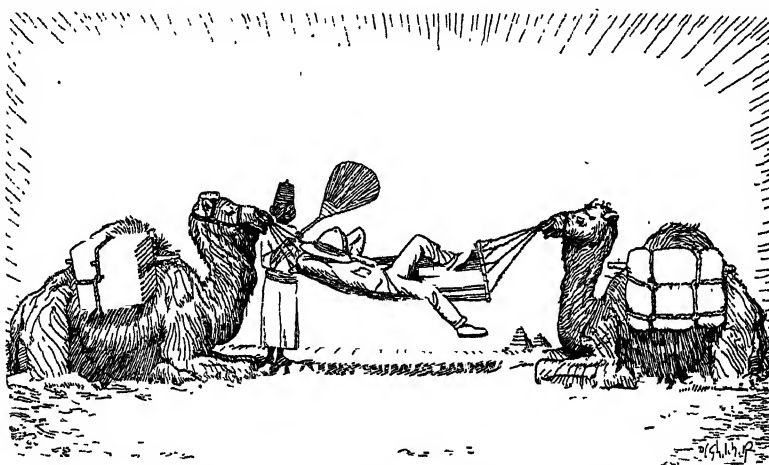
Professor Low states that the new London tube cars will hardly make a sound while running. But now and then the silence will be broken by the piercing yell of some passenger who has found a seat.

It would be interesting to know what the makers of counterfeit money do for a living in Germany nowadays. * *

"What music has America given to the world?" inquires a contemporary. Can it be that our contemporary has never heard the music of the cocktail-shaker? * *

According to Professor WIGHTMAN beetles living forty or fifty feet apart can communicate by knocking their heads on wood in a peculiar rhythm. It is wonderful to what extremes some insects will go to dodge the British Broadcasting Company's royalties. * *

Talking of beetles, we learn from Dr. BRAMER that the death-rate among them is exceptionally high, only one in sixteen thousand reaching maturity. * *



A MIDDLE-EASTERN PROBLEM SOLVED.

GETTING OVER THE DIFFICULTY OF SUSPENDING A HAMMOCK IN THE TREELESS DESERT.

Now we know why so many of them are always in black. * *

We are glad to hear that the proposed entrance fee of sixpence to the British Museum has been turned down. There was always the danger that the idea might spread to railway refreshment rooms and other museums. * *

According to *The Evening News* the wheatear and the chiff-chaff, two summer bird visitors, have arrived on the South Coast. Surely *The Daily Mail* will not take this slur on Thanet lying down! * *

There is not a word of truth in the rumour that Lord BIRKENHEAD is resigning his seat in the House of Lords. * *

A Surrey tent-dweller has been sent to penal servitude for breaking a saucepan over a policeman's head. It serves him right. In camping out there is no

greater nuisance than a fellow who is careless with the cooking utensils. * *

A fashion-writer mentions oatmeal-coloured Spring suitings. The very thing for hurried breakfasts, as they don't show the porridge. * *

An editor has been shot in Germany. An unpublished poet points out that it is not advisable to shoot at an editor in our own country because of the danger of the bullet's bouncing off him and doing some damage. * *

It is officially announced that the plinth of the Nelson Column, which was damaged on Armistice Night, is to be left as it is. Perhaps it is just as well that posterity should be reminded of the recklessness with which this country plunged into Peace. * *

Sir ARTHUR KEITH in a recent lecture pointed out that trepanning was a common operation in Cornwall long before it was adopted in orthodox surgery. Its Cornish origin, of course, is indicated by the prefix "tre." * *

"The day burglar," says a Sunday paper, "is becoming quite the fashion." Really up-to-date houses, in fact, have a front-door bell marked "Burglars." * *

We read of non-stop motoring trials. The

object, of course, is to eradicate the tendency of the weaker type of motorist to pause after downing his pedestrian. * *

The latest project of the Underground Railway Company is to run a travelling cinema-theatre. We still hope the Company will consider the suggestion of running a travelling passenger-train. * *

Attention is being drawn to a Scotsman who is reluctant to leave Angora. We see nothing extraordinary in this. Angora isn't Scotland. * *

Marriage is being made compulsory in Turkey. Harems, however, are still optional. * *

"WINDOW BOXES.

Pots of heliotrope, asters, petunias, ten-week stock, can also be arranged to give satisfaction to both eye and ear."—*Irish Paper*. But to get the noisiest effect try an auricula.

SPRING IN THE EMBANKMENT GARDENS.

(A Nature-lesson for the National Liberal Club.)

"Yet oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils."—*Wordsworth*.

BENEATH my balcony I note the Spring,
First of its kind for many a weary year;
For now—God bless the L.C.C.—
Where hideous hutments used to be
Are-shining rows of daffodils that ring
His effigy (whose back-view I revere),
The late Sir BARTLE FRERE.

Perhaps a little formal in their bed;
Not quite like this the artless primrose spills
Its beauty by the river's brim,
And yet they make me think of him
(WORDSWORTH) who had the Springtime in his head,
And much enjoyed the retrospective thrills
He got from daffodils.

But there's a thought that mars my jocund mood:
The National Liberal Club that lives next door
And shares with me the vernal view
Which I have just described to you
Is suffering from a sad domestic feud,
And does no dancing, as in Springs of yore,
On Earth's enchanted floor.

Here's Nature, like a sweetheart, gaily dight;
The dicky-birds are warbling, beak to beak,
In tones indicative of love
(Especially the turtle-dove)—
Why can't the Georgian and the Asquithite
Take these for pattern, waive their naughty pique,
And nestle, jowl by cheek?

Tory I may be, with a soul detached
From Opposition scandals; yet in vain
Spring greets this altruist with a smile
If he is haunted all the while
By Liberal faces mutually scratched.
I should be spared considerable pain
If they would kiss again.

O. S.

PARTNER'S PARTNER;

A MODERN ROMANCE.

["Business life is no longer *taboo* to the writer. Every month some novelist or playwright, seeking fresh material for his work, finds it in the great commercial houses of the City."—*Daily Press*.]

It was a beautiful Monday morning in February. The peace of the Day of Rest still shone in the faces of the myriads of City workers who had just settled down to the duties of the new week.

But in the registered offices of Mears and Co., the famous West Patagonian merchants, all was confusion and dismay. With drawn features the members of the staff stood about their desks and discussed the terrible news in awed and anxious whispers.

Impatiently they awaited the arrival of the gallant young senior partner, and in the mind of each the question framed itself, "What will Albert Mears do when he comes?"

Again and again, when some desperate situation had arisen in the past, Albert Mears had pulled them through. His strength, his courage, his calmness and his foresight had saved them then; but could he, could any man, retrieve the situation this time, in the face of such odds?

Slowly the minutes passed. At last, at ten-thirty, with

his usual high-spirited, reckless punctuality, Mr. Mears arrived. The sound of his footsteps set each heart beating faster. Tense and silent, the staff waited.

Before Mr. Mears had had time to change into his office-coat an agitated subordinate was knocking on the door of his private room.

"Come in," said the senior partner kindly, for it was his boast that he was never rude to his subordinates before they spoke to him.

"Sir," cried the trembling chief accountant, "Bodger, Son, Bodger & Baggs (London), Limited. Their cheque has come in this morning. They have deducted two-and-a-half per cent., and it is a nett account. What are we to do, Sir? what are we to do?"

While he was listening to the accountant's hysterical story no sign of consternation appeared on the face of Albert Mears. However severely he may have felt the shock, with iron will he controlled his features. Imperturbably he went on buttoning up his coat, and only the slightest twitching of his fingers betrayed his emotion.

"Give me the papers," he commanded after a moment's thought. "I will deal with this."

Dauntlessly he took them from the bloodless hand of the clerk and, dismissing him, turned to his typist, who in a corner of the room sat with shorthand notebook ready for her work.

She had watched the brief interview with breathless interest, and her whole heart had gone out to the fearless great-souled man whom, it seemed, no affliction could bow down. She wished, with all the ardour that was in her, that she could help him in some way in the conflict which was before him, and her admiring eyes shot encouragement at him as he faced her.

His voice, when at length he spoke, was emotionless as ever. To her vivid imagination it seemed, as she recorded his words with meticulous exactitude, that his nerves must be of tempered steel.

"Bodger, Son, Bodger & Baggs (London), Limited," he said. "Gentlemen,—We are in receipt of your favour of the 18th inst. covering cheque, for which we would thank you. We note that you have deducted 2½ per cent. from amount of Statement. We would beg respectfully to refer you to Clause III. of our terms and conditions, which clearly states that all accounts are strictly nett except where specially specified. We request you therefore promptly to forward remittance covering balance."

At the last few words his voice faltered. He hesitated. He raised his hands to the ceiling as though striving to snatch inspiration from the air. The letter he knew was not quite right. Something was wanting—an indefinable something—to make it complete and convincing, yet in the tense excitement of the moment he could not tell what it was. He felt that his nerve was going, that he had lost his old masterful knack.

The woman watched the bitter struggle, and the longing to help him surged up afresh. Suddenly her feminine instinct showed her the way and her heart leapt for joy.

"And oblige," she suggested quietly.

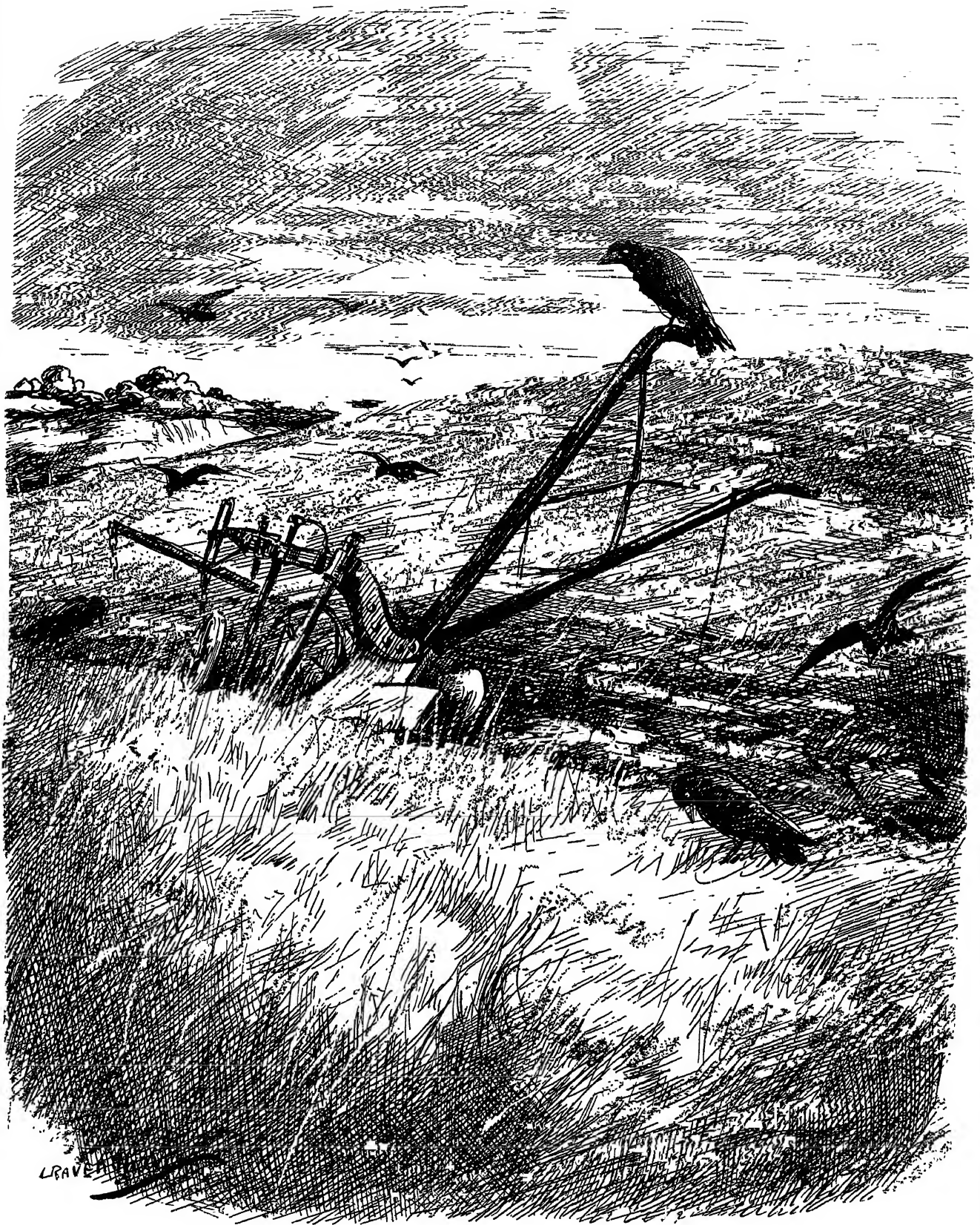
The man's face cleared in an instant.

"By Jove!" he cried, "you're right. 'And oblige.' You are a wonderful woman, Miss Snoot. You have saved the firm." Then he noticed the light that was in her eyes. "A wonderful lady, I should have said," he went on, a new tenderness in his voice. "Tabitha—may I call you Tabitha?—Tabitha, will you marry me?"

"Certainly I will," she answered simply; "E. and O. E."

"My stenographer!" he cried, folding her in his arms.

"My partner!" she murmured, casting her pencil away the more safely to embrace the brave man whom she loved.



THE IDLE PLOUGH.

SEED-TIME IN NORFOLK.



"PERHAPS MADAME WOULD LIKE TO SEE HER TROUT ALIVE, BEFORE IT IS COOKED?"
 "OH, HOW JOLLY! AND CAN WE SEE OUR CHICKEN TOO?"

THE GUBBINS CENTENARY.

"THERE is a meeting of our local Literary Society to-night," said my aunt at dinner. "As Honorary Secretary I have to be there. You will come with me, James, of course. I think you will enjoy it. The people here are very keen. Life in these small country towns is so narrowing. I am glad to have been able to enlarge their horizons. Next week I am reading them a paper on Some Byways of Parnassus."

I tried to avoid meeting the eye of my cousin Joyce. She, I am sorry to say, is more at home on the golf links than on Parnassus and, being a modern girl, has naturally no respect whatever for her elders.

On her way to the hall my aunt discoursed on poetry and poets. She referred to MASEFIELD and DE LA MARE as familiarly as if she had bathed them as babies, and she deplored the SITWELLS. I agreed, as always, with everything she said. Thus and thus only am I permitted to exist, on sufferance.

The hall was fairly well filled. I found to my consternation that I was to sit on the platform. Sitting on platforms makes my feet feel large; but my aunt, I knew, would not have accepted this as an excuse.

The Chairman's opening remarks included a highly complimentary reference to the Society's invaluable Honorary Secretary and Organiser, which would have covered me with confusion. My aunt, however, bore it with the fortitude of one well used to praise. "Mrs. Ramillies Robertson will now read us the proposed syllabus for the coming session, and I will then call upon our fellow-townsmen, Mr. Mull, to give us his address on the Origins of the Universe."

"Mull is the manager of the gas-works," whispered my aunt. I felt that I would rather he explained therms, but I did not say so. My aunt rose and read the syllabus. There was nothing extraordinary about it. The topics to be dealt with included Butterflies and the Bernese Oberland. The platform manner of my aunt (who has been compared to a turbot on a slab of ice, very superior but chilling) was unexpectedly gracious. She quite took the audience under her fin. There was some applause when she sat down.

"I have pleasure" began the Chairman, and stopped.

A man had risen in the body of the hall. He was a little man and he wore spectacles, which gave him rather an owlish appearance.

"Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen," he said, "I came here to-night hoping to hear what was to be done in this town to celebrate the centenary of Horace Gubbins. I know, of course, that something will be done." He paused. Then, as no one said anything, he continued: "If there is any idea of putting up a tablet on the house where he was born, and where he came to his tragic and untimely end, I for one shall be delighted to contribute a couple of guineas or so towards it. The work of Gubbins is known only to the more discerning lovers of the Muse, but that, I imagine, includes most of those present here to-night. At least we must all know and love that sonnet with the famous opening to the sestet:—

"The prinking primrose lifts her face,
 Mildly expectant, to the pallid sky."

He paused again, the light glinting on his spectacles. People in the front rows were turning to look at him. Mr. Mull and the Origins of the Universe were forgotten. You could have heard an umbrella drop. I know, because I happened to drop mine. The Chairman leaned across me and said something in an undertone to my aunt. My aunt was not pleased. To me, familiar as I was with all the symptoms, her extreme annoyance was plainly manifest. I

guessed that the earnest inquirer in the body of the hall had forestalled her on one of the Parnassian Byways, where in her mind a notice had been erected: *Minor Poets. The property of Mrs. Ramillies Robertson. Trespassers will be prosecuted.*

She seemed to hesitate, but the little man was waiting, mildly expectant as the primrose of his quotation; and the audience was waiting too. My aunt rose majestically.

"As a matter of fact," she said, "I have not yet drawn the attention of the Committee to this matter. It will be considered in due course."

"I am glad of that," said the little man. "Gubbins has not yet received his due meed of appreciation. His name is, of course, unfortunate. And yet—take KEATS and BROWNING. Ordinary names. And if you transpose the *ing* and the *s* you get associations that are definitely prosaic. I may add that I happen to know the owner of the only extant portrait of the poet Gubbins. It was exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1819 and described in the catalogue as 'Horace Gubbins, Gent., contemplating the Infinite'—in allusion to his unfinished epic."

By this my aunt's patience was exhausted. "The matter," she announced, "will be considered. This is not a debating society, Mr.—er. Perhaps you will now be so kind as to allow Mr. Mull to read us his paper."

"Quite," said the little man agreeably, and sat down.

"That odious person!" said my aunt on the way home. "He has a pushing wife too. They have not been long in the neighbourhood."

"Were you thinking of putting up a mural tablet?" I ventured.

"We may," said my aunt briefly.

"I never heard of him before," I said.

"Oh, you!" said my aunt. She had not yet quite recovered her temper. "I am afraid you are almost as great a barbarian as my poor dear Joyce."

The subject was dropped and I should not have thought any more about it if I had not happened to get into the same compartment with the spectacled man on Monday morning. He began a conversation about the weather which emboldened me, after a while, to allude to the incidents of Saturday night.

He blinked at me solemnly. "I thought I knew your face. You were on the platform?"

"Yes," I said. "But I don't profess to be literary. I'm ashamed to say I never heard of Gubbins before."

A slow smile overspread his face. "Nor has the Secretary," he said. "You see I wanted to get even with her. She's been a bit uncivil to my wife."



Comedian (dictating his will). "WHAT MONEY I HAVE, IF ANY, SUCH AS IT IS, OR MIGHT BE, THAT IS TO SAY—"

Lawyer. "I CAN PUT THAT IN MORE LEGAL LANGUAGE."

Comedian. "I KNOW, BUT I WANT TO GET A LAUGH."

"Then Gubbins was just"
He nodded. "I invented him—yes."
There were no centenary celebrations in Todbury. To this day I have never been able to learn how much my aunt knows. But when she shows an inclination to trample on me I find a casual reference to Horace G. very effectual.

Seaside Golf Extraordinary.

"BUNKERS ON FIRE.

Dundee Steamer puts into Tees."

Yorkshire Pap.r.

"For Sale, small Navy Pram, cheap."

Irish Paper.

This might suit Mr. AMERY.

Commercial Candour.

"Go often to the house of thy friend and to —'s, tailors, — St., for weeds choke up the unused path."—*Advt. in Canadian Paper.*

"FOX HUNTING.— . . . Melvey Den and the Bog Wood were drawn, but without result. A fox was prodded in the little cover."

Scots Paper

Good old Thistle! Yes, that is how they would do it.

"It is announced on excellent authority by the *Darlington and Stockholm Times* that the Army Council have decided to make a large permanent camp at Catterick, near Darlington."—*Daily Paper.*

We await confirmation, however, by the *West Hartlepool and Timbuctoo Advertiser.*

In Memoriam.

SARAH BERNHARDT.

1845—1923.

AGAINST the siege that Death had laid
 She held her tower from year to year,
 With banners on the wall displayed,
 With trumpet-call and flash of spear;
 Long did his legions wait
 Before that stubborn gate.

But he prevailleth, as he must
 To whom all tangible things are thrall;
 The gallant banners droop in dust,
 And cloven is the inner wall;
 Silent the trumpets lie
 That clamoured to the sky.

Now is he Victor at the last,
 And in the darkened fort he stands;
 Yet an undying flame has passed
 Sunward between his fumbling hands,
 For he can only hold
 The empty cresset cold.

There has gone forth in this hushed hour,
 When the tired flesh sinks into sleep,
 An elemental force, a power
 Drawn from the deep unto the deep;
 And the world of men is left
 Wondering and bereft.

All that can change of her lies now
 Aloof and royal in repose;
 Dead poets bend o'er her dead brow,
 And phantom wreaths of bay and rose,
 Myrtle and ivy green,
 Lie at her feet unseen. D. M. S.

RETROSPECT, when it covers a period of nearly forty-five years, is not always conducive to complacency. But Mr. Punch, in offering his valedictory homage to the great actress who passed away last week, is fortunate in being spared any stings of remorse. If his admiration stopped short of sheer idolatry, it was at least consistent and sincere, whether in prose, verse or picture. As far back as 1879, when she paid her first visit to London—already famous in Paris and immortalised (with imaginative variations) as *Félicia Ruys* in ALPHONSE DAUDET'S *Le Nabab*—Punch fell a victim to her Protean enchantments and celebrated them in song:—

"Mistress of Hearts and Arts, all met in you
 The Picturesque, informed by Soul of Passion!
 Say, dost thou feed on milk and honey-dew,
 Draining from goblets deep of classic fashion
 Champagne and nectar, shandy-gaff sublime
 Dashed with a pungent smack of *Eau de Marah*,
 ASPASIA, SAPPHO, Circe of the time?
 Seductive SARAH!"

* * * * *
 "O idol of the hour and of my heart!
 Who calls thee crazy half, and half-capricious?
 A compound of LIONNE'S and BARNUM'S part,
 In *outré* conductance rather injudicious?
 Ah! heed them not! Play, scribble, sculp, sing, paint,
 Pose as a plastic Proteus, *mia cara*;
 Sapphic, seraphic, quintessential, quaint
Sémillante SARAH!"

For she was already "the divine SARAH for whose sake we have all gone wrong," including the youthful critics in DU MAURIER'S picture who declared that "she beat RACHEL hollow in *Ong-dromack* and licked Mlle. MARS all to fits in

L'Etroung-jair." Punch did not like all the plays in which she appeared in her later visits to London, but he never wavered in acknowledging the range and magic of her powers, and she was the first foreign actress to appear in a Cartoon. That was in 1894; and the spell of her "golden voice" was recognised in the title—"Sarah Chrysostoma."

When she appeared as *Hamlet* in 1899 Punch did not forgo his right to criticise her attempt to transcend the bounds of sex. He even went so far as to suggest that she should get IRVING to play *Ophelia*. It was a wonderful *tour de force*, but Punch could not accept her interpretation of the Prince as a mischievous, spoilt and conceited boy of eighteen. Yet when she appeared at the Coliseum in 1910, in the second Act of *L'Aiglon*, Punch frankly admitted that she provided the Halls with their apotheosis, for she was "still the greatest star in the Thespian firmament," and the other artists engaged were "very small minnows alongside of this great Tritone."

And now the *voix d'or* that enthralled audiences in both hemispheres for sixty years is hushed for ever. In view of the indomitable spirit with which she faced her end, this is no time to enter into academic comparisons of her dramatic genius with that of her great rivals in the remoter or more recent past, or to dwell upon her extravagances and eccentricities. Rather let us salute the *Doña Sol* in life as well as on the stage, the incarnation of radiant ardour, the intrepid woman, the fiery patriot, the friend of England and the *Entente*. Her nature was strangely mixed, but in her great moments she was something more than human, and earned her title by her "energy divine."

TEA WITH PHYLLIS.

(The latest photographic novelty is for women to have their photographs reproduced on silk afternoon tea-cloths.)

WHEN Phyllis now at four o'clock I seek
 And take my tea-cup from her finger-tips,
 I set my saucer down upon her cheek
 Where I would much prefer to set my lips.

And as in clumsiness—or is it fear?—
 My cup abruptly to one side I shove,
 I spill my tea upon her dainty ear
 Where I would sooner spill sweet words of love.

Cool and demure my Phyllis sits apart
 And does the honours of the meal with grace—
 While I, who long to take her to my heart,
 Can only take my tea upon her face.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

From an article on fashions for men:—

"The blue tuxedo is an innovation and has the added advantage of not showing any blue ink that may be spilled on it, unless, of course, the ink is red or green."—*Canadian Paper*.

From an account of the Boat Race:—

"The roar from the Surrey bank, and that from the Middlesex side joined to make a mighty din where the two sleek boats in mid-stream waited for the starter's signal."—*Daily Paper*.

"Sleek," of course, because they were so carefully stroked.

"There was keen competition and much excitement at the sale of a collection of relics of Mary Queen of Scots. They included a large golden necklace, a tortoiseshell fan, a jewelled pendant, a pearl and enamel pendant, a coffer, a silk handkerchief and a lock of Prince Charlie's hair."—*Daily Paper*.

The excitement was caused, no doubt, by curiosity as to how the ill-fated Queen became possessed of this memento of her great-great-great-grandson.

THE WRONG MAGNETISM.



WHEN I TAKE MY SEAT IN THE TRAIN—



DO PEOPLE LIKE THIS—



OR THIS, SIT BESIDE ME? NO!



THIS IS WHAT I GET—



OR THIS—



OR THIS—



OR THIS—



OR THIS—



OR THIS.

rank
Reynolds

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

XVI.—FOREIGN FOOD.

George Rowland is one of those restless people who are always looking for new places at which to lunch; and there is always one place which, for about six weeks, is so much the most glorious of all the eating-houses of London that he can scarcely bring himself to take food under any other roof. The pity is that these enthusiasts can never eat at their Elysia alone. True, if George asks you to lunch, he will name *The Rakes' Club* or *Stephen's*, but at the last moment he invariably rings up and tells you to make it the Russian Café, or the Czecho-Slovakian Restaurant, or the *Au Chapeau de ma Tante*, or the *Sombrero Bueno* or whatever is the foreign favourite of the moment. Indeed I have often felt for him at breakfast-time, when he must make shift with common English food.

At present one of the Chinese restaurants heads the list—the one in Blue Street, no other.

"This is the only one in London where you can get Noodles done properly," he explained, as he ushered me, with Daphne, into the place.

Somehow I had expected a more exotic atmosphere. The room had much the aspect of an ordinary restaurant, but for a tropical palm which stood on the hat-stand in a small pot, the man at the door who looked like a stage China-

man in *mufti*, and a waiter who was like one of the less pleasant natives of the island of Malta. As to the scattered members of the public, one might have been a Hindu, and the rest were Sydenhamians of the purest extraction. No one was using chop-sticks.

"I come here nearly every day," said George happily. "Now what will you have? I usually have Chop Suey myself, with a spot of rice."

Daphne was eagerly studying the menu at the most expensive page.

"Oh, do let me have some Sai Foo Yin Wo!" she said.

"Let's see," said George; "I forget what that is."

"Stewed-Bird's-Nest-with-Minced-Chicken-and-Water-lily-root," she read.

"Sorry—you have to give half-a-day's notice for that sort of thing," said George.

"Well, what about Chun Pee Arp? That sounds delicious."

"Stewed-Whole-Duck-with-Tanger-

ine-flavour?" read George, looking a little blue. "Yes, that's nice; but you'll have to wait a long time. Try some of these," he suggested, dexterously turning to a cheaper page.

"I'll have some Chop Suey and rice," I said gallantly, giving Daphne a lead. "And perhaps half a jelly-fish and cucumber salad to follow—Jit Pee Cheng Gwar."

"I don't like the name," said Daphne. "I shall have some Fried-Fishcake-with-Vermicelli-and-Shredded-Pork-in-Gravy—Too Bow Yonk Pin Tong."

"All right," said George. "And I'll have some Stewed-Chicken-cut-in-cubes-with-White-Olive-Seaweed."

"Oo, I'm so hungry!" said Daphne. "What fun eating real Chinese food! I wish we had chop-sticks."

Just then a stout man sat down opposite to us with a friend.



Simpkins (planning a trip). "Now what I suggest is—why not have two days in Rome, then one in Florence and one in Venice? We might as well do the thing thoroughly while we're about it."

"Yes, I often come here," he said.

"Makes a change, you know. *Waiter!*"

"Nothing like a change of diet, I always say," the other agreed.

"Yes, one gets sick of the same old chop day after day. *Waiter!*"

"That's it. You want variety."

"Makes a change coming to a place like this," said the stout man genially.

"Ever been here before? *WAITER!*"

"Don't know that I have. I generally go to Porter's. They give you a nice cutlet and peas there."

"Cosy little place, Porter's. I go to Bream's. *WAITER!*"

"I don't like the service at Bream's."

"They give you a darned good chop and potatoes for tenpence. Where the hell's that waiter?" said the stout man with diminished geniality.

The waiter arrived, set my Chop Suey before me, together with a mountainous bowl of rice, and took our other orders.

"Now what's your fancy?" said

the stout man. "You'd better have

one of these old-fashioned Chinese dishes. Hungry?"

"So-so," said the thin man, with his eye on the messy scrap-heap in my bowl.

"Well, what about some Pork? Fried-Bitter-Melon-with-Pork-in-Gravy; or some Soup-with-Swimming-Bladder-Pork-and-Awabi? How's that?"

"Don't know that I could tackle that. I've not much of an appetite, not reelly."

"Well, have some Noodle. That's light. Fried-Crispy-Noodle-with-Prawn-and-Vegetables."

"All right," said the thin man.

"One-Fried-Crispy-Noodle-with-Prawn and all the rest of it, waiter. And I'll have some Chop Suey—no, I think I'll have some Dry Noodle—no, I won't; I'm feeling a bit peckish to-day. I believe I'll have a chop after all. A

chop and a baked potato. And send out for two half-pints of beer."

"Very sorry, Sir, no chop," said the Maltese.

"No chop! D'you mean to tell me I can't have a chop? Is this a restaurant, or what?"

"No, Sir," said the man.

"Ask the manager to come here," said the stout man grimly. "And order that portion of Noodle at once."

There followed a long and heated altercation with the manager. Did the manager mean to tell him that, in a public restaurant not a quarter-of-a-mile from Piccadilly Circus, it was

impossible to provide a hungry man with an ordinary under-done chop? He did. The gentleman could have Suey, Noodle, Jelly-fish, Awabi, Fried Bitter Melon, or Bird's Nest, or even a poached egg, but not a chop.

"Well, I'm!" said the stout man.

"I'll have a poached egg, then. And look sharp."

"By Gad!" he went on bitterly,

"I'll never come here again. It's disgraceful. If anyone had told me that I couldn't get a chop in a restaurant in Blue Street. It isn't sense.

After all, it isn't everybody who wants to eat these darned Oriental concoctions, not if he's hungry. Ah, here's your Noodle," he added hospitably. "Tell me how you like it."

The thin man delicately tasted his Noodle.

"Very tasty," he said, but with no marked enthusiasm.

"Makes a change, doesn't it?" said the other cheerfully.



A SENTIMENTAL PILGRIMAGE.

"DO YOU REMEMBER 'OW WE FIRST MET ON THIS SPOT, ALF, WHEN I 'IT YER IN THE EYE WITH A ROTTEN TOMAHTER, AND YOU FETCHED ME ONE ACROST THE JAW, AN' SQUIRTED SOME WATER DAHN ME NECK AN' THEN PITCHED ME NEW 'AT DAHN THE 'ILL?'"

Meanwhile, encouraged by the waiting Daphne and George, I was wading through my Chop-Suey-and-Rice. I had eaten, as I judged, about a cubic foot of rice, but the mountain looked as large as before. From the other bowl I had eaten, I estimated, a hundred-weight of queer messy fragments, which might be bamboo-shoots or sea-weed or bits of jelly-fish nests or anything else for all I knew. The bowl seemed as full as ever, and I felt unusually ill.

I now understand the impassivity and the frugality of the Oriental. For the effect of the tiniest quantity of Chinese food is to make you feel that you can never eat again; yet at the same time hunger still gnaws at your vitals. You feel at once as full and as empty as a balloon; and if anyone put you in the sun you could hardly fail to burst. This is why the Chinese do not become really lively till after dark.

When Daphne's fish, pork and vermicelli, and George's chicken and sea-weed arrived, I had laid down my fork. I had done with eating for many days.

"You don't look well," said George.

"I'm not," I said. "But go on. Don't let me spoil your lunch."

Daphne looked nervously at the dish

before her; then she looked at my face (over the eyes of which there had passed a glassy film); and then with envy at the stout man's plate.

"George," she said shyly, "would you mind *very* much if—if I had a poached egg instead?"

"By all means," said George with a certain relief. "In fact, I think I'll join you."

He turned to me. And the fat man turned to the thin man. And they both said, "Look here, would *you* like a poached egg?"

The thin man sighed; and I saw that over his eyes there had passed a glassy film. "Not *now*," he said sadly.

"Not this week," said I. A. P. H.

THE WORM IN THE BUD.

Now's the season when an early

Riser may at morn

See the hill with dew-drops pearly,

Snails upon the thorn;

April, clad in greens and yellows,

Wakes the poet's song;

Yet to-day some foolish fellows

Find the world all wrong.

For the joy that I (and others)

Feel when Spring arrives

Isn't shared by Jones, who smothers

All his wretched drives;

And the lark, whose strain from Heaven's

Gate profusely pours,

Worries Thompson taking sevens

For the bogey fours.

Fleecy cloudlets lightly drifting

O'er the blue of noon

Have no charm for Brown, who's lifting

Up his head too soon;

My heart leaps up like a rocket;

Robinson's does *not*;

He's been hitting on the socket

Every mashie shot.

Soon will come the early swallow,

Summer in its train;

Jenkins doesn't care—his follow-

Through's at fault again;

All's right with the world—it may be;

I'm with BROWNING—but

Smith's been like a bear all day be-

cause he's off his putt.

"The first few days the chicks were fed inside the brooder-house, on pieces of asbestos concrete sheets, 8 ft. long by 2 ft. wide."

Poultry.

This possibly explains why our last spring chicken was both fire- and tooth-proof.



Jobmaster. "BLESS ME, SIR, I AM SORRY! BLOWED IF I DIDN'T FORGET TO TELL YOU THAT MARE WAS ONE OF THE DIVING HORSES IN THE CIRCUS BEFORE I GOT HER."

A SECRET OF SPHINX.

WHEN HELEN went to Egypt old Father Time was young;
When HELEN went to Egypt and held hearts in thrall,
She was Love without leaven,
A song that is sung,
A goddess fresh from Heaven
To walk mankind among;
And Egypt was Egypt, proud Egypt an' all.

When HELEN went to Egypt then all who saw her said,
"She's sea-foam and roses, the Queen from the North;
Amid our princesses
She's white and rose-red,
And sunshine are the tresses
That coil her lovely head,
And her eyes are blue lotus on Nilus brought forth."

When HELEN went to Egypt, proud PHARAOH down bowed he,
"By Pasht and by Isis she's all things!" he vowed;
And feast and good drinking
Lost flavour and glee,
And he couldn't sleep for thinking
Of the Queen from the sea,
And her eyes of blue lotus—tall PHARAOH so proud.

When HELEN went to Egypt came wizards big and bold
To cure by their magic proud PHARAOH the king,
Who turned from the bright wine,
The sound wine and old,
The red wine and the white wine
In goblets all of gold,
Because a sweet lady was lovely as Spring.

They mixed him of dark magics with pestle and pot,
But magic out of Sparta was roses and snow;
Strange serpents they made him—
Bright coil and gold spot,
But HELEN's gold hair swayed him
And round his heart they got,
The bright coils of HELEN that fell sandal-low.

All tales should find endings, and all *told* tales do,
But this tale is secret to Sphinx and to Fate.

I sing a beginning;

If only I knew

The rest I'd stay song-spinning

All night, to sing for you

The Rhyme of Sweet HELEN and Egypt the Great.

But when HELEN went from Egypt (so the old wives deem),
A workbox One sent her with day-dreams wound in skein,
That, when she sat stitching

And sewing a seam,

She might, at old sakes' witching,

Sew in thereof and dream

Of Egypt, proud Egypt, crowned Egypt again.

Shifting the Responsibility.

From a list of Private Members' Bills:—

"Mr. Sparkes (Tiverton)—To increase the liability of railway companies for fires caused by sparks."

"The Whist Drive and Dance held in the schoolroom at — last week in aid of the Nursing Fund and Village Crockery resulted in a balance of £9."—*Provincial Paper*.

"Crockery" is a pleasant variation on the hackneyed title, "Infirmary."

SPORTSMEN ALL.

"SPORTSMAN!" said Mona scornfully from her corner of the railway carriage. "Don't call yourself that. They're utterly selfish and they have the conversation of parrots."

It was a fairly crushing rejoinder to my plea that, "as a sportsman," I could not have acted otherwise, and I could only feebly reply that the sentiment was unworthy of her as a member of a nation of sportsmen.

I must admit that I had asked for it. We were on our way back from our week-end with the Ponsonbys, and, conscious of the fact that I had not seen a great deal of her during that period, I had volunteered an explanation, forgetting that *qui s'excuse s'accuse*. On Saturday I had had the better of a round of golf with my host, and on Sunday, "as a sportsman," I could hardly refuse to give him a chance to get back on me. As a sportsman, too, the same evening I simply had to correct his delusion that in his case the billiard cue was mightier than the masher.

In short, I had been fully occupied, though I doubt if I need have felt any qualms about having left Mona to a loneliness which I have since learned was mitigated by the acquisition from our hostess of two new jumper patterns and a recipe for a face cream.

"You mustn't run down sport," I said with all the seriousness the subject demanded, "even in fun. Think of the valuable lessons it teaches us."

"For instance?"

"One learns the unselfish team spirit," I began a little lamely. Her phrase about the conversation of parrots was still in my mind.

"Especially at billiards," she interrupted.

"—and—er—chivalry towards an opponent."

"Potting the white, for instance."

It was at this point that (happily) a diversion occurred. The train drew into the busiest station on the line.

"Now we shall be crowded to death," said Mona; but oddly enough we were not. Many people approached our door, but always at the last moment with a friendly smile they thought better of it. One, it is true, got as far as actually opening the door; but even he apologised hurriedly and shut it again without entering.

"I wonder whom they take us for," Mona remarked.

Off-hand, *Mutt* and *Jeff* were the only two celebrities I could recall whose wish to be alone with their thoughts would be respected by the public; but I am not a bit like *Mutt*, so it seemed silly to mention them. Instead—



Betty. "WHAT HAVE WE DONE THAT WE OUGHT NOT TO HAVE DONE?"

Governess. "I DON'T KNOW THAT WE'VE DONE ANYTHING. WHY?"

Betty. "WELL, WE SAID SO IN CHURCH YESTERDAY."

"Possibly they've heard about my putting at the fourth," I suggested. "That would command anyone's respect." But she would have none of this theory.

"As sportsmen," she said, "they would all want to come round and gape at you."

I froze into a dignified silence; but it is difficult to sulk for long when one has thought of a new line of argument, and I was on the point of continuing the discussion when a small but tactful voice opposite said:—

"Was it *very* good putting?"

After that we had, speaking at any rate for myself, a most enjoyable talk. At every station we were left alone in our glory by respectful fellow-passengers, and so quickly did the time pass that I was surprised when, before I had finished that section of the saga which dealt with the fourteenth, we ran into the terminus.

"Quite a jolly journey," said Mona, as I took down the bag.

"The jolliest," I replied gallantly, "since our honeymoon two years ago;" and then, as I opened the door, I saw the reason for our splendid isolation. I had previously noticed a few odd scraps of muddled paper near the door, but here on the step, where they were both thicker and cleaner, they were easily recognizable at a glance as confetti. I pointed them out to Mona.

"Now," I said, "you know what they took us for."

"I must admit," she replied thoughtfully, "that there is something in belonging to a nation of sportsmen, after all."

"A birds' feeding table is to be placed by the British Humane Association on Camberwell Green."—*Daily Paper*.

The cats of the neighbourhood, we understand, view the Association's action with the warmest approval.



Conscientious Lady (after obviously deceiving ticket-collector on French train as to her child's age). "YOU KNOW, I NEVER REALLY LIKE TELLING A LIE—NOT EVEN IN FRENCH."

THE SPORTING EDITOR'S NIGHTMARE.

THE following report seems to be the conscientious effort of some overworked sporting writer who did his best single-handed to cover all the great sporting events of the week-end before last.

DESCRIPTION.

Rowing thirty-eight to the minute Oxford cleared Valentine's Brook in fine style, but lost ground on the left wing. WILLIE SMITH potting the red at the Mile Post. However, Sergeant Murphy, after drawing the defence, gave the Derby County goalkeeper a double baulk and netted after a fine solo run.

West Ham, who had won the toss and chosen the Surrey side, broke away strongly, but nearing Chiswick Reach indulged in too much top-table play and had to give way to ABRAHAM (Cambridge), who had a nice series of nursery cannons, which he just failed to convert owing to his tee-shot being trapped in a cross-bunker.

Immediately after this the British Army threes got away in dashing style, and Shaun Spadah, who was in great form at scrum-half, went through

Hammersmith Bridge to win the high jump for Oxford by a dropped goal to a screw losing hazard. This was all the scoring in the first half.

From the bully-off, the Cambridge eight, striking thirty-six to the minute, got the lead, but failed at the eighth hurdle and were given off-side.

From the resulting free-kick, Sergt. Spadah muffed his mashie shot and the ball over-ran the green, where FALKINER, gaining possession, broke away, but caught a crab, and in consequence was stymied. Shaun Murphy made a gallant effort after passing Barnes Bridge, but hesitated at the Brewery; and WATSON of West Ham, who was then four up on bogey, beat the Irish defence all ends up and won the pole jump for Oxford in three hours with half a length to spare.

Derby County retaliated vigorously, and MELLER (U.S.A.), on their right wing, made a great effort to take the Cup to Twickenham, but, coming into the straight for the run home, failed with a simple loser, and the ball went harmlessly over Barnes Bridge, where FALKINER settled down to another long spell of top-table play, marred only by weak putting.

After a delightful run—time 14.2 (a record for the Three Miles Low Hurdles)—he failed to take a pass; but Cambridge lost their chance when they knocked on at Becher's Brook, and midfield play followed.

After this the French forwards, keeping straight down the middle of the fairway, had most of the play for a time; but they were twenty yards behind at the second mile, and when they got inside West Ham's "25" they were invariably weak with their mashie shots. Sergt. Murphy's last minute effort to save the game will long be remembered, but his drop at goal was charged down by the Cambridge eight, who dribbled down to Craven Steps and passed to WILLIE SMITH, who ran to his points by clearing the bar at 6ft. 1½ in.

RESULT:

- (1) America.
- (2) Oxford.
- (3) Sergeant Murphy.

Also ran:—Derby County, Cambridge, the British Army and WILLIE SMITH.

In the next round the winners meet the M.C.C. team from South Africa.



A PIOUS OPINION.

SHORN LAMB (to Farmer Baldwin). "IF YOU COULD SEE YOUR WAY, SIR, TO TREATING ME WITH A LITTLE OF THAT MIXTURE IN PREFERENCE TO GOING OVER ME WITH THE RAZOR, I VENTURE TO THINK IT WOULD BE TO OUR MUTUAL ADVANTAGE."



Maid (excitedly). "THERE'S BEEN SUCH A FIRE AT THE BAKER'S, MUM. THE PLACE IS ABSOLUTELY GUTTED."
Mistress (severely). "IN MY PRESENCE, ELIZA, 'BURNT OUT,' IF YOU PLEASE."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 26th.—The Lords slogged away at a highly technical Bill about mining; almost the only portion of the debate intelligible to a layman being Lord DYNOR's indignant denial that he was getting a royalty of eightpence a ton, the precise amount being fourpence three-farthings. Afterwards they enjoyed a little comic relief over Lord ASKWITH's proposal to make man and wife jointly responsible for the guardianship and maintenance of their children. It seems a natural corollary of the new status of women, but in the view of the LORD CHANCELLOR it makes "a tremendous change," and both he and Lord PHILLIMORE pictured the possibilities of the Courts being called upon to decide whether Tommy should go to Oxford because Papa took a third in "Greats," or to Cambridge because Mamma thinks light blue more becoming to the complexion. Nevertheless the Bill was read a second time.

The India Office is naturally anxious regarding the refusal of the Representative Assembly to approve the doubling of the Salt Tax, and as to whether Lord READING should exercise the powers that he possesses under what Lord

WINTERTON calls the Government of India Ract and pass it off his own bat. But what has really kept the wires humming between Delhi and Downing Street has been the question whether Miss DORIS HAWKER, aged seven, should be left in the custody of the Eurasian family to which she had been sent from England. The House learned with relief that, pending further inquiries, DORIS is to be sent to a home in the Nilgiris.

The attack of certain Labour Members upon the SECRETARY OF MINES for not allowing more frequent inspection of mining-ponies was rather amusing to those who are acquainted with Colonel LANE-FOX's extra-political activities. The Master of the Bramham Moor is the last man in the world to tolerate cruelty to anything in the shape of a horse.

It was also pleasant to hear that pugnacious Pacifist, Mr. SHINWELL, loudly inquiring (on the question of our trade in the Ruhr), "Is it not time the Government told the Franco-Belgian authorities to stop meddling with British affairs?"

Oophagists were disturbed to learn from Sir R. SANDERS that last year we imported from China more than one hundred and twenty million eggs. And

there was little consolation in his further statement that, "as at present advised," he was not prepared to admit that the oyster-fisheries had been ruined by the dumping of surplus explosives in their neighbourhood.

Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN's endeavour to gain a smooth passage for the Local Authorities (Emergency Provisions) Bill by the plea that it was a very little one, and too dull to arouse enthusiasm, "unless it comes from those parts of Scotland which have a taste for dry subjects," was not altogether successful. The Scotsmen displayed no enthusiasm, but they talked at and round the measure for three hours in a House so thin that at one moment it nearly evaporated in a count-out. Members trooped in for the division, however, and passed the Second Reading by 303 to 53.

Tuesday, March 27th.—The PRIME MINISTER was away, giving his voice a rest—not before it was needed; and it was Sir R. SANDERS who had to reject Lord HENRY BENTINCK's proposal that the Government should put an end to the farming dispute by the simple method of "fixing a minimum wage for the agricultural worker and guaranteeing a fixed price to the farmer."

That, said the Minister—and the House had already guessed it—"would appear to involve the payment of a subsidy."

I have a dim recollection of having read in my youth a racing story entitled *Won in a Canter*, by a writer who called himself "Old Calabar." Can this purveyor of exciting fiction be still at work, and has he been beguiling the infant mind of Mr. SIDNEY WEBB? That gentleman told the UNDER-SECRETARY FOR THE COLONIES a harrowing tale of twenty-six men and women hanged publicly on one day in the market-place of Oron, in British Calabar, and seemed surprised when Mr. ORMSBY-GORE smilingly announced that that was the first he had heard of it. Mr. WEBB, I gathered, had seen photographs, and appeared to regard their evidence as conclusive.

If only Members generally would model themselves upon Mr. MIDDLETON, who, under the Ten Minutes Rule, introduced a Bill to amend the Railway Acts, Parliament could do twice the work in half the time. In the fewest possible words he explained what he wanted—third-class sleeping carriages, automatic door-locks and unlimited return-tickets—and the House rewarded him for his brevity by giving his Bill a first reading without a dissentient voice.

Unfortunately Sir JOHN BUTCHER did not follow his example. Probably he was put off by the interruptions of the Labour Party, but his speech, when introducing a much-needed Bill for the suppression of seditious teaching in Communist Sunday-schools, was rather too controversial. It was opposed by Mr. BEN TURNER, who quoted the admirable sentiments inculcated in the Democratic Sunday-schools (quite a different sort, I am sure, from those attacked by Sir JOHN). The maxim to which, judging by the unctious used in its recitation, he attached most importance was "Remember that all the good things of the earth are produced by Labour."

Not for the first or, I fear, the last time the Lords ploughed the sands of Palestine. Lord ISLINGTON urged the Government to modify the Constitution, since the Arabs would never accept it so long as Zionism was in the

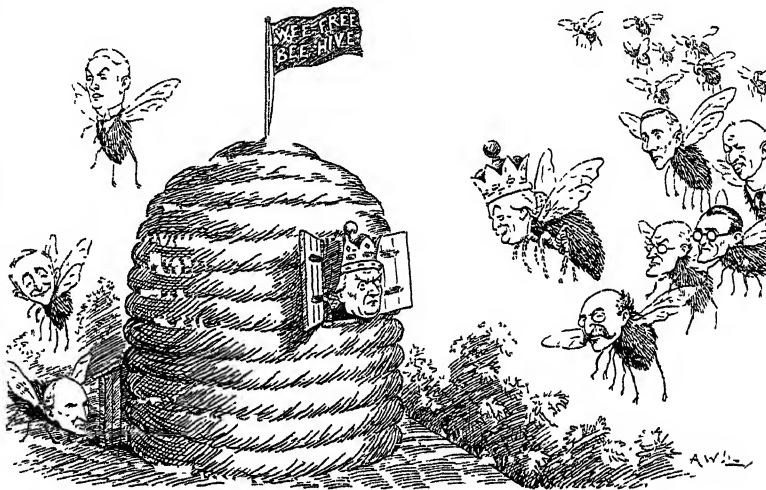
ascendant. Viscount GREY pressed for the publication of all the engagements that had been entered into, so that the world could judge whether they were inconsistent or not; but the Duke of DEVONSHIRE appeared unwilling to take the risk. As usual Lord BUCKMASTER had no doubt as to the proper course—"We ought to say what we mean; we ought to do what we say"—but did not, unfortunately, explain how in this instance to steer it. Nor was Lord SALISBURY's assertion that nothing could be worse than "zig-zag administration" much more practically helpful. Perhaps, after all, it would be best to leave the problem in the hands of the man on the spot. Once before the Palestinians clamoured

ing. This afternoon we had two more examples of this tabloid legislation. Sir RYLAND ADKINS had no difficulty in securing a First Reading for a measure relating to the maintenance of War Memorials; but Captain ARTHUR EVANS, who proposed to make persons convicted of cruelty to animals liable to corporal punishment, had to go to a division, the whole of the Labour Party, led by Mr ARTHUR PONSONBY, being against him.

A great speech on the Ruhr had been expected from Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, but at the last moment he left the field to Sir EDWARD GRIGG, who, though not quite so merry as his namesake, made a capital maiden speech. Mr. ASQUITH asked how long the Government were going to exhibit "benevolent impotence," and was assured by Mr. BALDWIN, deputizing for the PRIME MINISTER, that they hoped to mediate effectively at "the psychological moment."

Thursday, March 29th

—Both Houses adjourned: the Commons till April 9th, the Lords for a day longer.



"STILL IN THE AIR."

Queen Georgina. "I WONDER IF YOU COULD FIND ROOM IN THE OLD HIVE FOR ME AND MY LITTLE SWARM?"

Queen Henrietta (who has been stung once). "ALL WORKERS ARE WELCOME, AND I DON'T OBJECT TO A FEW DRONES. BUT ANOTHER QUEEN? NO, THANK YOU!"

against a ruler called SAMUEL, and on that occasion, you will remember, they fared worse with SAUL.

Wednesday, March 28th.—The House of Commons was a little shocked, I think, to hear of the latest economy in the Services. The "Blue" Marines are to go, or rather are to be amalgamated with their "Red" comrades into a single unit. Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY and Viscount CURZON for once joined their voices in a unison of protest against this obliteration of a gallant corps with splendid traditions, and were not the least comforted by Sir EYRES-MONSELL's plea that the Admiralty were merely returning to the *status quo ante* 1804. What the "Blues" and "Reds" themselves may say about the change I shudder to think. But their discipline is so good that they may be content with "Perish me purple!"

The "ten minutes' Bill" habit is grow-

THE CHINESE VASES.

HONESTY as the best policy was again being discussed.

"At any rate," said my host, "so far as comfort is concerned it has no equal. If you have a conscience, as I happen to have, you tell the truth in order to keep on terms with it. What it is like to have no con-

science I am unable to say; I wish I knew. But with a conscience one is forced into rectitude on the principle of anything for a quiet life. I'll give you an example.

"Some years ago I went down to the country to stay with friends, and while I was there I was dragged to a bazaar. Bazaars are not in the least in my line, but I couldn't very well refuse to go with my hostess for a short time.

"It was the usual thing. Hot women in large hats presiding at stalls; the vicar and his curates purring and superintending and interfering; the prettier girls offering button-holes at starvation prices and pinning them archly on you, or appealing to you to buy tickets in the raffle; retired Army men scowlingly searching the jumble counter for their favourite old clothes; a palmist here, a chirographist there and occasionally an auction by a com-



GRANNY SAYS SHE WILL SIT UP A LITTLE LATER THAN USUAL TO SEE THE DEAR YOUNG THINGS ROMPING AND LIGHT-HEARTEDLY ENJOYING THEMSELVES.

parishioner. If there are to be new roofs for vestries, such things must, I suppose, be; but they are a terrible form of necessity.

"I had done my best to find something to buy, but in vain. With the most generous of intentions it is sometimes impossible to bring oneself to part with money for articles that one dislikes too much, or is too much of a snob, too proud of one's own reputation for taste, to give away. And then suddenly I came to a stall of miscellaneous things—not jumble by any means, but cast-offs, superfluities—where there was a pair of Chinese vases. I was a collector of porcelain in a small way, and I guessed these to be good, although I had not knowledge enough to be certain, and I asked the price.

"The owner of the stall—Lady Something-or-other, an elderly woman—told me she had had them for years and didn't like them. She had taken this opportunity of getting rid of them in a good cause. Would I give three pounds for the two?

"I said I would, and paid the money and bore them myself to the car. That they were worth more I was convinced, but I didn't know how much. I knew enough, however, to reopen the old debate that a scrupulously honest man carries on in his mind when he has taken advantage of a dealer's ignorance.

Sophistry says that a dealer should know; it is his business to know; one cannot sell as well as buy: and think of the people he has probably swindled! Moreover in this case Lady So-and-so had named the price and I had paid it; there had been no haggling. None the less I knew in my heart of hearts that I had done the vestry roof out of a lot of tiles.

"Well, I brought the vases back to London and had them valued, and, as I was offered two hundred pounds for them by the expert, I knew they must be worth double that sum. But still I did nothing. I set them up in my rooms and received many congratulations on having acquired such beautiful specimens; but I got no pleasure out of it. I was not on the right terms with myself.

"Gradually I began to lose sleep. I would wake in the night and hear the vases conversing, lamenting with each other, not, as they might well have done, that their new owner was so lacking in the finer shades of honour, but that two such distinguished vessels should have fetched so little. It touched their Oriental pride. However, I could do all my own regretfulness on my head, and did so; and, loss of sleep being a misfortune that no one can bear with equanimity, I took action.

"I wrote to Lady So-and-so, remind-

ing her of the bazaar and my purchase and telling her that it had come to my knowledge (as though it were yesterday—for no one is honest in every particular!) that the vases were of greater value than either she or I had any idea of, and that I thought it only fair that they should be returned to her as she had parted with them under a misapprehension. I then had the vases packed with the utmost care and despatched them to her with this magnanimous epistle.

"In due course I had a letter thanking me for my chivalrous conduct and saying that she had sold the vases to a London dealer for two hundred and eighty guineas.

"There," he concluded, "that's my story. Was honesty the best policy? As a luller of conscience, yes. Otherwise I don't see why I shouldn't have had that money to play with as well as she."

"But of course she gave you a share of it?" I asked.

"Not a penny."

"She didn't give you any souvenir of the affair? A box of cigars? A cigarette-case?"

"No," he said. "But I didn't mind that. What I did mind—and what still rankles—is that she never even returned my original three pounds."

E. V. L.

THE OUTLINE OF EVERYTHING.

V.—THE OUTLINE OF GASTRONOMY.

Does the Notion of Breakfast Fill You with Gloom?

Are You Plunged in Despair at the Sound of the Luncheon Gong?

Do You Hate Tea?

Is Your Dinner One Long Martyrdom?

THEN

Read the Outline of Gastronomy.

The Outline of Gastronomy has been compiled with the Advice and Assistance of the Ablest Eaters of the Day.

Even the Section Headings will make You Hungry!

BOOK I.

Synopsis of Contents.

General survey of Eating—Why do we eat?—Is it really necessary?—Ethico-religious motives—Theory of utilitarian object disproved by mushrooms and cauliflowers—Hypothesis of hedonistic end rendered improbable by tapioca—Influence of (1) Ancestor worship; (2) Pride; (3) Patriotism—Primitive instinct to eat only when hungry—How overcome by Gastronomy—The sardine—The olive—Use of feathers in ancient Rome—Statistical experiments on the capacity for consuming (1) parsnips; (2) baked jam roll; (3) salted almonds

An Easily Prepared Supper Dish.

The following old recipe will be found useful for clearing up odds and ends in the larder when the husband comes home tired and hungry from his long day's work:—

SAVOURY EGGS À LA WALTON.

Take of sirloin of beefe a goodly deale and of mutton some, and giblets of hare and pheasant, and porke as sufficeth, cut smale, and lay alle well together and lette pastrie bee both above and beneath. Now take of marjoram a littel, and cloves, endives alsoe and rue and a sprinklinge of pepperorne, and beate well together with marchpane the yelkes of egges, and lette simmer for a whyle. And theretoe adde the roes of a sturgeon and twelve pickled oysters, and marrow, and a cowcumber. Make now a broth of the juice of oranges and a bottel of Clary wine together with what cometh forth of the meate, and pour it above with oil of olives and a littel sacke, soe that it be first mulled, and creame being whipt and vinegar. Lette all these thenne bake for one houre and then bringe to table with balles of forcemeate and swete herbes and garnishment of lemons and roasted cheese. This maketh a very plesante savourie dishe.

amongst (i) schoolboys; (ii) adults—Maximum periods of continuous eating among the Aryan (or Indo-European) races—Are women greedier than men?—Spread of Matriarchy—*Rôle* played by rice-pudding in stimulating the first

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"WAS THE NEANDERTHAL MAN A DYSPETIC?"

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Proteids Regained—Opposed by Sir FREDERICK BANBURY in the House of Commons—Evidence of Mr. G. K.

CHESTERTON and Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW (see *Outline* of GEORGE BERNARD SHAW by G. K. CHESTERTON, and *Outline* of G. K. CHESTERTON by GEORGE BERNARD SHAW)—Men (more probably) like dogs—Tooth-marks on shoulder-bone of the Dinosaur—Difficulty of identification—Supposed human by Mr. H. G. WELLS—Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT disagrees—Was the Neanderthal man a dyspeptic?—Professor RAY LANKESTER thinks yes—Dean INGE disagrees—Early perpendicular eating—Cold storage of mastodons in Ice Age—Theory that hake was first eaten during the Deluge—Folk-lore and

MENU OF THE MEATLESS MEAL STATED TO HAVE BEEN SUPPLIED TO THE ARCH-ANGEL RAPHAEL BY ADAM AND EVE IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

Fruit in coat.
Fruit in rind (rough or smooth).
Fruit in husk or shell (bearded).
Inoffensive Must.
Meaths from Berries (various).
Pressed Kernels.
Dulcet Creams.
Vide PARADISE LOST, Book V.

MENU OF MEATLESS MEAL SUPPLIED TO HIS CUSTOMERS BY THE PROPRIETOR OF THE VIGOR STREET RESTAURANT THIS DAY.

Mock Mock-Turtle Soup.
Mock Outlets.
Mock Welsh Rabbit.
Mocha

legend—Few dietetic rules obeyed by heroes of mythology—House of ATREUS, doubtful if gastronomy really understood by—Survival of Valhalla as vision of Paradise among modern European peoples—Service of Homeric banquets criticised by manager of the Fitz Hotel—Was the lotus asparagus?

BOOK III.

Historic Period.

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by SALADIN—Accidental discovery of originally coined by POPE ALEXANDER VI.—Sensation caused by treatise of potatoes on Puritan ideas—OLIVER CROMWELL a brewer—Connection with JOHN DRINKWATER—Invention of Navarin de Mouton by HENRI OF NAVARRE.

MENU OF A LIGHT THEATRE SUPPER
IN THE TIME OF DOMITIAN.

White and Black Olives.
Dormice with Honey and Poppy Seed.
Fig-Peckers. *Chian*.
Nightingales' Tongues.
Wild Boar stuffed with Thrushes.
Peacock. *Falernian*.
Beans. Lupins. Nuts.
Bear.
Soft Cheese soaked in Wine. *Samian*.
Snails. Tripe. Liver.
Mustard. Radishes.
Hemlock.



A ROMAN MATRON CONFERS WITH HER CHEF ABOUT A LIGHT THEATRE SUPPER.

of venison, probably not by LANFRANC—Unpopularity of stewed lampreys in Plantagenet dynasty after death of HENRY I.—Magna

MENU OF BREAKFAST USUALLY
SERVED TO WEALTHY ALIENS
AT BARONIAL CASTLES DURING
TWELFTH CENTURY A.D.

Bread.
Water.

Carta undoubtedly signed after dinner—Prescription of fried swan's liver as a cure for avarice, probably of monastic origin—Malmsey, a full-bodied wine

eating—Nursery allowance of beer in the reign of QUEEN ELIZABETH—Knighting of sirloin by JAMES I.—Invention of asparagus-tongs by LOUIS XIV.

covery by HARVEY of the circulation of Worcester sauce—Prohibited by statute of CHARLES II.—Reintroduced in the reign of ANNE—Spread of French ideas—Comparison of duckling and green peas with *caneton à la presse*—Attempt to stiffen the omelette with flour at Oxford—Resistance to French coffee in country inns—Family life remains the last citadel of national cuisine—Disintegration of Dover sole due to French influence—Comparison between the lives of BRILLAT SAVARIN and Mrs. BEETON—Modern American, Chinese, Esquimaux, Russian, Senegambian cookery—Peacocks no longer eaten in the houses of the great—Rise of the synthetic egg—Comparison between the lives of HEINZ and TICKLER—Suitability of the phrase, "*Christiani ad leones*," to the lunch-time habits of London clerks—Possibility of decline in the practice of gastronomy under a Communistic régime. EVOE.

A Nutritious Sweet.

My niece Gertrude is often at a loss for a pretty sweet when friends turn up unexpectedly for Sunday supper. Finding her thus in despair the other day, I suggested the following simple recipe:—

MOUSSELINE DE SOIE.

Take half-a-pound of best tricoline, a handful of beige marocain, and two or three blanched dentelles. Grate these last finely into an aluminium pan, moisten with half-a-pint of beithe and stir slowly over a brisk fire. Add the other ingredients gradually, and when the mixture is smooth pour into a well-buttered soufflé dish, sprinkle with starch and bake in a quick oven for half-an-hour. Serve immediately, decorated with rep motifs cut into dice.

Next week's recipe:

Jupons à la Princesse.

GOURMANDE.



LADY OF ELIZABETHAN PERIOD REPROVING HER CHILD FOR ASKING FOR A SECOND PINT OF ALE FOR BREAKFAST.

—Use of oil in Italian cookery attributable to LEONARDO DA VINCI—Proverbial phrase, "One man's meat is another man's poison,"

"A heavy growth of bread covered the man's chin."—*American Magazine Story*.
It sounds like one of the dough-boys.

"Lady Astor can afford to ignore male M.P.'s who have never yet seized the occasion of Parliamentary debate to pay a word of personal tribute either to their valets or to Mr. Perkins, the butler, who, after all, come well within the familiar Tennysonian line—'They also serve.'"

Provincial Paper.

It is well known that MILTON used habitually to remark to his valet, when retiring for the night, "If you're waking call me early."

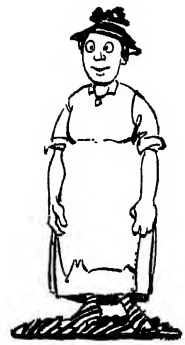
A WEEK-END AT AN IDEAL COTTAGE.



THE IDEAL COTTAGE.



THE STRENUOUS OWNERS.



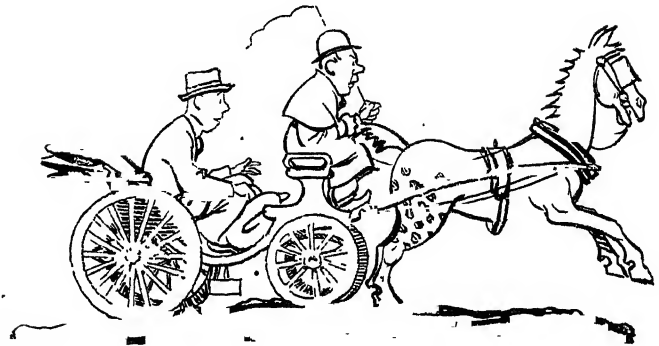
THE DOMESTIC STAFF.



THE GUEST.



THE FLIGHT FROM TOWN.



THE DRIVE FROM THE STATION.



THE WARM WELCOME.



THE NON-ALCOHOLIC DRINK.

THE FUNNY FEELING
AFTERWARDS.

THE JOLLY TUNES.

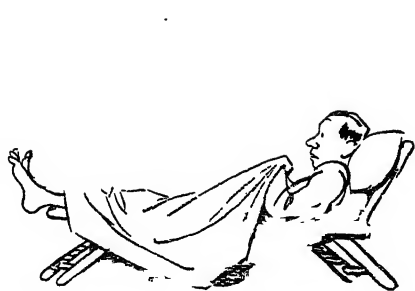


THE EARLY RETIREMENT.



THE GUEST CHAMBER.

A WEEK-END AT AN IDEAL COTTAGE.



THE SNUG LITTLE BED.



THE SOCIABLE SPIDER.



THE BUSY RATS.



THE EARLY-MORNING SOUNDS.



THE BATH IN THE BASIN.



THE HEALTHY PORRIDGE.



THE TWELVE-MILE WALK—



ACROSS COUNTRY.



THE RETURN HOME.



THE SUDDENLY-REMEMBERED APPOINTMENT.



THE FLIGHT TO TOWN.

Arthur Ward

A RENAISSANCE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—On various occasions in the past you have extended to me both the hospitality of your columns and the inestimable advantage of your advice, and you have therefore only yourself to blame if I turn to you now in a difficulty as unprecedented as it was unexpected. Do not lightly pass over this appeal to your riper wisdom and your wider experience. The situation in which I find myself is so serious as to contain within it the potentialities of tragedy, even of comedy. It is the sort of thing which, if continued, would bring my grey hairs in sorrow to the cradle. In these circumstances I feel that I need say no more, except perhaps to tell you what is the matter.

Last week I had occasion to write to a gentleman with whom I had no previous acquaintance, but of whom I had always heard the most encouraging accounts, and in whom I had the most complete confidence compatible with complete ignorance—I mean the REGISTRAR-GENERAL. The circumstances were not in themselves startling and I do not flatter myself that any panic resulted at Somerset House when my letter was opened. I wrote asking in simple yet dignified, even stately, English for a copy of my birth certificate.

Having done this I dismissed the matter from my mind. I did not feel, like the hero of a melodrama, that I was about to solve the secret of my birth. I was not aware that any secret existed. Here I was, the son of poor but honest parents, with thirty-three birthdays to my discredit, each one duly authenticated by the appearance of the usual birthday gifts and the regulation cake. Nothing could have been more in accordance with the best traditions of English family life.

This morning the blow fell. I opened the imposing official envelope from Somerset House with the casual nonchalance which, according to the best dramatic writers, always precedes moments of tragedy, and suddenly the awful fact lay revealed before me. I was a month younger than I thought I was.

How this mistake arose I do not know. One naturally takes one's birthday on trust; one feels somehow that one's parents ought to know, and there the matter ends. It is a wise child that remembers its own birthday.

But think of the consequences of a situation like this. Think of what it means suddenly to find yourself a month younger than you have carefully educated yourself to feel. It strikes to the very fundamentals; it involves a complete readjustment of one's whole point

of view. It becomes necessary to put one's personality back a whole month; it is worse than daylight-saving. The mental outlook of last month is as far behind one as that of last year or last century; it is impossible to recapture it. And yet here am I, having celebrated my thirty-third birthday only last week, obliged to go back to the immature point of view of a mere boy of thirty-two.

The alternative is a wholly undesirable reputation for precocity. I know more than I ought—more than is, at my age, good for me. To all intents and purposes I am a mature individual of thirty-three. Actually I *feel* as though I were thirty-three. I have the broad outlook, the developed sympathies, the ripe judgment and the incisive critical faculty of a man of thirty-three. And now I am faced by the stunning fact that all this is mere precociousness. I have flowered too soon.

On looking back I feel too that justice has not been done to me at certain periods of an altogether undistinguished career. At school, for instance, I was obviously brighter for my age than people thought. When the average age of my form, as tersely stated on my terminal report, was 14·3, and my age appeared on the same document as 14·4, it was felt in home circles that little Peter might have done better. It now appears that little Peter was doing as well as any parents have a right to expect. I feel that some sort of reparation is due, and I think it might quite reasonably take the form of the terminal tips which those damning figures probably diverted. They would be just as useful now.

All this is serious enough; but think of the more material aspect of the situation. What of all the birthday presents I have received in the past? Legally I am not entitled to them; strictly speaking I have obtained them all under false pretences. I suppose that to act quite honourably I ought to return them with polite notes pointing out that a mistake has been made. But how can I? Some of them I still have, the more recent ones in comparatively good condition; some of them are now most distinctly second-hand; but many of them it would be very difficult to trace. That drum which delighted me at the age of five years eleven months—where is it now? Gone, like last year's sunsets. It was a good drum. I wish I had it now; I should like to beat it a bit.

And all the cakes—I can't return those. It is all very difficult.

It is possible of course that the REGISTRAR-GENERAL has made a mistake. I find it almost beyond me to remember the birthdays of my relations, and he

has obviously a much more difficult task.

What, Sir, is your advice? What word of comfort can you offer to one suddenly stricken with youth? For my part I feel that perhaps the best attitude to adopt is that the past is irrevocable; that, as they say at the box-office, mistakes cannot afterwards be rectified. So I hereby give notice to all whom it may concern that nothing will be returned, from drums and tin soldiers down to pipes and silver cigarette-cases.

But I shall insist on having two birthdays this year.

I am, Sir, yours very truly,
"PETER PAN."

RHYMES OF REMONSTRANCE.

(By a mediæval Minstrel.)

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
She flattered us with golden tongue:
She calmed the heart with sorrow wrung,

But shunned sophistication;
'Tis only in these modern days
She strives to startle and amaze
By din and discord and displays
Of furious syncopation.

The bards with one accord attest
The fact that music once possessed
Charms that could soothe the savage breast

And make it mild and mellow;
To-day the rôles are changed; the lute
Gives place to the barbaric hoot,
And music borrows from the brute
The snort, the groan, the bellow.

We have no BACH, but we have BAX,
And also epileptic blacks
Who nightly with ferocious whacks
Assault their gongs and tabors,
Or fetch the most blood-curdling groans
From devastating saxophones,
Regardless of the sighs and moans
Of sleep-desiring neighbours.

O fortunate and golden time
When melody was not a crime,
When poets were allowed to rhyme
And had to mind their metre!
The bliss of ignorance, I wis,
Proverbially is not amiss,
But oh, the ignorance of BLISS
May possibly be sweeter!

Le Mot Juste.

From Smith Minor's essay on DICKENS:
"Oliver Twist was gruelly treated."

The Knight-cap.

Extract from a school-girl's essay:—
"As a reward for his victory and conquests, the knight was crowned with a wreath of green baize."



"MY DEAR, WHATEVER YOU DO. DON'T HAVE YOUR WALLS DISTEMPERED. MY POOR LITTLE YUM-YUM DIED OF IT LAST SPRING."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A BURLIQUESQUE idyll set in a modern village, with a small cabinet-maker for its hero and an attractive barmaid for its heroine, is obviously as hard as a circus to conduct with humour and refinement; and while I cannot quite congratulate Mr. W. H. RAINSFORD on having wedded these qualities throughout the whole of *B. B. of Ardlegay* (LANE), I can at least sympathise with his intentions and applaud their partial fulfilment. He opens picturesquely with *Brosy Bath*, the yet unavowed lover of the fascinating *Lou*, whipping the ruffled Ouse—a river which is to figure ominously in his story—and taking advantage of a lift home in the cart of a reckless pork-butcher. This ride, which entails a spill, a broken wrist and a long convalescence, leads up to those daily pilgrimages to the "White Hart," which are to bring about his social downfall. How his encouragement by *Lou* rouses the venom of *Coxy Shard*; how *Coxy* is challenged by *Brosy* to a duel; and how *Brosy* alone turns up on the field; how suspicions arise in *Ardlegay* as to the fate of *Coxy*; and how *Brosy* is besieged in his own house and almost marries his house-keeper out of gratitude for her defensive valour—all this is related by Mr. RAINSFORD with considerable gusto and conviction. But the vein itself is an unpropitious one, and I do not think it repays the artistic expense of its working.

Angela Penrose was a widow and a grandmother at six-and-thirty. But she was also a singer of reputation; so much so that she was "enabled," as she told her daughter *Clara*, "to wear real lace," not only on her "wrappers,"

but on her nightdresses. *Clara*, you will not be surprised to learn, "winced" at this naïve communication; but then *Clara* had good reasons for wincing. Not only were her own nightdresses plain flannel—and this although she was the sister-in-law of a rich squire—but the prospects of her baby, the heir-presumptive of his uncle, were seriously endangered by her seductive mother's establishment at Ruston Park. *Clara*, her husband, *Charles Scarlett*, and his elder brother, *John*, had hitherto lived together—the *Three Blind Mice* (CRANTON) of their quiet little hole in the country—waiting for *John* to die. And now *John*, a neurasthenic invalid, proposed to get better and lay his nephew's inheritance at the feet of his nephew's grandmother! It is a situation for light comedy or farce; but Miss KATE HORN has treated it as melodrama and staked too heavily on the appeal of her leading lady. Still, the story as a whole moves well; and *Pat*, the schoolgirl who undertakes the provisional consolation of *John* during a temporary eclipse of *Angela's* reputation, is thoroughly entitled to the pleasant young baronet she finally secures.

Mr. ST. JOHN ERVINE, in a mood of criticism tempered by reminiscence, gives us in *Some Impressions of my Elders* (ALLEN AND UNWIN) eight reprinted studies of modern men of letters; four Irishmen—A. E., GEORGE MOORE, BERNARD SHAW and W. B. YEATS; and four Englishmen—ARNOLD BENNETT, G. K. CHESTERTON, JOHN GALSWORTHY and H. G. WELLS. He apologises (or seems to) in a preface, which is just a little dull and much too lengthy, for the impertinence of reprinting. No apology was necessary, seeing that here is excellent stuff in the way of criticism; shrewd judgments both of the men and their work, pro-

nounced with an aplomb which I envy and which befits the relative youth of the writer. I liked best that long digression in the study of A. E. in which Mr. ERVINE pours out the vials of his bitterness on his countrymen, both of his own North and the more impossible South. Invective is perhaps among the easier arts, but this is delivered with such passionate sincerity as to make it memorable. For the rest, ARNOLD BENNETT is the romantic man and the man who would be "in the know;" of GALSWORTHY his appreciation seems on somewhat too obvious lines—he is the stranded sentimentalist, of course—and he analyses what I take to be his worst play, *The Fugitive*, as if it were typical. In the MOORE and YEATS chapters there are interesting if perhaps rather over-intimate personalities; SHAW is exhibited as the shy modest man and, what is much easier to believe, a kindly helper of young literary adventurers. . . . It is all written commonsensically and with no undue obtrusion of the writer's ego.

British fiction is becoming adorned with an increasing number of Baronesses.

In fact, it would almost seem as though the holding of a foreign title took a novelist a long way on the road to being a Best Seller. I bow herewith towards the Baroness DE KNOOP, whose *Pauline* (ALLEN AND UNWIN) is at all events not cut to the ordinary pattern of the bookstalls. A "curious, pathetic little figure," the neglected daughter of a bored beauty and a retired General, who spends his time translating Sanskrit in the British Museum, she is discovered in the opening chapter running off to Cassel, where dwells a distant cousin, by courtesy an aunt, the Princess George of Hessen-Nassau. With her she carried her violin, for she meant to earn her living by her music, which was remarkable. The description of *Pauline's* life in these exalted Germanic circles before the War, including her idyllic love affair with Prince Adolph, is quite well done, and it concludes with her marriage to an elderly Russian, Count Orloff, who does nothing but photograph and play Patience, and wishes her to follow his example. When at length he dies as the result of this unhealthy life she is face to face for the first time with the hard realities of life, and can make no better use of her opportunities than to fall violently in love with an unpleasant young fellow who soon tires of her too childlike innocence. The Baroness, in her curiously jerky fashion, gets her effects rather well now and again. I think she will do better than *Pauline*.

I do not suggest that seekers for robust fiction in which something stirring happens on every page should read *Prince Hempseed* (SECKER). On the other hand Mr. STEPHEN HUDSON has his admirers, and by them this story should be received with acclamation. Here the author has set himself an exceptionally difficult task. His book might be described as the diary of *Richard Kurt* from early childhood

until he is a young man. Not only can we watch *Richard* as he grows from childhood to boyhood and thence to young manhood, but we can also see the development of his literary style. The way in which Mr. HUDSON alters his hero's style as the tale unfolds is wonderfully adroit; there he meets with complete success. But I am not so sure about the development of *Richard* himself. Owing to the exceptional conditions under which he was brought up—his mother was as elusive as his father was unsympathetic—he could not be expected to be a normal boy. Yet, when this is granted, I find something that does not ring quite true, and also something not too palatable in this study of him. In the main, however, Mr. HUDSON has given us a distinct picture of *Richard*, and, whether we like it or not, that is what he set out to do.

There is a picture on the paper cover of Miss AMBER REEVES' new novel, *Give and Take* (HURST AND BLACKETT), representing a street. I have decided that the street is Whitehall, but only after believing for some time that it

was something at the White City. Now I am wondering whether, perhaps, the picture inside the book of how things went on at that great War-time improvisation, the "Board of Reconciliation," is only as much like the real thing. This is a book which will disappoint a great many novel-readers, for there is no heroine and no love interest, and its hero is a Bill. It begins as an idea in the mind of *Chester*, the dramatist, back from the trenches wounded and now in command of the Board's provincial staff. We follow its progress until



Young Bride (who has discovered her husband casually scanning "Snappy Stories"). "HEAVENS! I'VE MARRIED A BOOK-WORM."

the Lord Chancellor discovers that a similar Bill, sponsored by the "Ministry of Industries," has come up at the same moment from the House of Commons, and the policy of "Give and Take," by which Government Departments live, has its final triumph in saving the situation. *Chester's* whimsical personality is very entertaining, and there are several other interesting men concerned in the Bill's career; but to peruse all this book's four hundred pages is to wade through more arguments about wages, hours, strikes and so forth than I can honestly recommend as light reading.

I cannot think that Messrs. HUTCHINSON make a justifiable claim when they state, both on the outside cover of *To the Adventurous* and inside the book itself, that Mrs. NESBIT "is admittedly mistress of the difficult art of the short story." Personally I have never made such an admission, nor can I do so after reading the nineteen stories in this volume. The fact is that Mrs. NESBIT is a companionable writer whose work is always pleasant to read. "The Girl at the Window" and "The Glastonbury Scandal" are, for instance, excellent recreations, but they are nothing more, because they leave scarcely any impression behind them. There are, however, two tales in this collection which I should have been very sorry to miss, "Tim," a dog-story, and "The Linguist." Here Mrs. NESBIT is at her very best.

CHARIVARIA.

ACCORDING to an evening paper Mr. STANLEY BALDWIN has attractive human qualities. We can only hope that the Budget will not prove our contemporary's statement to have been premature. * *

Thieves who broke into Lynford Hall, Norfolk, are said to have been wearing evening dress. This has occasioned no surprise in the best burglary circles. * *

The recent epidemic of burglaries is said to be due to a desire on the part of the craft to work off arrears on their books before Summer Time comes into operation with its consequent derangement of the hours in all burglary establishments. * *

A volcanic island off Tonking, with a crater in active eruption, has been annexed by the French. It should prove a nice quiet spot to retreat to after the present peace in the Ruhr is all over. * *

The Council Chamber of the new L.C.C. County Hall has provision for an additional fifty councillors. The architect seems to have taken a gloomy view of the future. * *

Women as a rule are afraid of humour, says a *Daily Mail* writer. He seems to have forgotten the monumental joke played on ADAM by his lady friend. * *

While on the subject of the Garden of Eden we may mention that Dr. CHARLES STILES, the American zoologist, is of the opinion that it was situated in China. Thanet is up in arms. * *

The fact that the Turks are now compelled to marry only serves to draw attention to the fact that men in other countries still do it on purpose. * *

In consequence of the recent spell of sunshine in England all readers of *The Daily Mail* who raised their hats to France now have Lord ROTHERMERE's permission to put them on again. * *

The slight earth-tremor felt last week is believed to have been due to a chess-

player at the Tournament in Liverpool making a move without giving the usual three hours' notice. * *

A landlady has told the Acton magistrate that her lodger has knocked her about for three years. With this kind of diversion three years soon pass by. * *

A Scotsman is about to start on a walk from Blackfriars Bridge to Edinburgh. In view of the direction he has decided to take, doubt is expressed about his nationality. * *

A Derby correspondent writes to *The Daily Express* to say that he has

been excavated at Pompeii the pupils had scribbled in Greek and Latin. This proves that even then the Classical languages were taught. * *

In reporting the Billiards Championship a newspaper announced, "Newman holds Inman." NEWMAN was very lucky not to be disqualified for this. * *

A French tailor has danced, practically continuously, for over twenty-four hours. Our tailor never seems to feel like that. * *

A lady vocalist was recently presented with a live dog, instead of a bouquet. A live one in these circumstances is of course a novelty. * *

As a set-off to Prohibition the passengers on an Atlantic liner are to be provided with a musical revue nightly. That ought to make them realise that there are even worse things than Prohibition. * *

Bhuidhaonach is the name of a racehorse. This adds to the perplexities of the punter; but it should present no difficulty to the large number of bookmakers bearing Highland surnames. * *

Tenants of Epsom councilhouses, it seems, are naming them after racehorses. This reminds us of the grateful bookmaker who gave to his mansion the name "Alsoran."



Dismal Bore (to victim). "I FELT I HAD TO TELL YOU ALL THIS BECAUSE I TOOK TO YOU FROM THE MOMENT WE WERE INTRODUCED. YOU HAVE SUCH AN OPEN FACE."

heard the cuckoo. It is felt that this is rather early to hear the cuckoo for next year. * *

A certain New York Futurist artist has decided not to visit England this summer. We have had a narrow escape. * *

According to Dr. EMILE GENENS the left ear is much slower to receive sound than the right. Now we know why a Scotsman always stands on your right when visiting a saloon bar. * *

"Everywhere the birds are mating, hedges are shooting and the fields are regaining their verdant green," declares a Nature Note in a daily paper. This, we understand, is according to precedent—especially the quality of the green. * *

On the walls of a school which has

Glimpses of the Obvious.

"During a Fascist ceremony at Genoa a voice coming from the crowd shouted, 'Down with Fascism; long live free Italy.'"

The cry came from Colonel Rosetti . . . He declares that he made the cry as a protest against Fascism."—*Evening Paper*.

"SHOOTING.—Wanted for one year or for term of years 314,000 acres. Eastern Counties preferred."—*Weekly Paper*.

A nice little bit of shooting, where one can potter about by oneself and pick up a casual rabbit or two.

"We fear that in a very short time most of those who took part in the public life and work of the town in the latter part of the 18th century will have passed from our midst."

Local Paper.

Still, it appears to be a singularly healthy spot.

BABBLE OF BABYLON.

(By our Fleet Street Flâneur.)

THE modern girl's "coming-out" is so momentous an event in her history—quite as much so, in fact, as her christening, her marriage or her divorce—that one is not surprised to hear of parents who deem it an occasion worthy of a more special ceremonial than has been customary hitherto.

Sir David and Lady Jones-Locker, for instance, whose name, of course, is one to conjure with in shipping circles, are arranging that the forthcoming launch of their daughter, Undine, on to the sea of Society shall take a delightfully appropriate form. From the ball-room gallery to the middle of the floor an easily removable slipway will be laid, and down this, at the appointed moment, the débutante will be projected on a kind of toboggan. Her safe arrival in mid-stream, so to say, where a space will have been kept clear, will be signalized by the blowing of the sirens with which every guest will be provided, and by the playing of *Rule, Britannia!* by the band.

Coralie, Countess of Wrexham, is to perform the ceremony, at which the traditional bottle of champagne will be "cracked" only in a figurative sense.

An equally pretty fancy is being exercised in connection with the ball to celebrate the official descent from the school-room of Persephone, daughter of Lord Shaley, the coal magnate. The ground-floor of his Park Lane mansion is, I am told, to be transformed to represent the interior of a mine, and the guests will await in semi-darkness the arrival, by lift from an upper storey, of the heroine of the occasion with a safety-lamp in her hand. The music will be provided by Dingy's celebrated negro band, attired as pit-laddies; and I venture to suggest that, for once, *That Coal-Black Mammy of Mine* would be peculiarly apposite.

* * * *

Nowhere are the changing conditions of contemporary life more evident than at that Marble Arch corner of the Park which was formerly regarded as set aside for the disgruntled proletarian to find relief in the expulsion of hot air.

Last Sunday afternoon, as I was strolling through, my attention was arrested by the ringing martial tones of an immaculately groomed specimen of the *beau sabreur*, and in the orator I recognised General Sir Mavors Bowarrow, who put up such a gallant losing fight for South-West Mayfair at the General Election. Sir Mavors was delivering himself on his favourite theme of "Back to the Battlefield," and the forcible directness with which he prescribed a permanent state of war—man's natural state, so he insisted—as the only panacea for all our present ills, and pointed out that neither an adversary nor a *casus belli* need ever be hard to find, was obviously appreciated by several elderly men of military appearance in his audience.

A little further on I observed, above quite a crowd, the fashionably attired head and shoulders of Lady Lorna Poul, one of the Earl of Orpington's large family of unmarried daughters. She was giving eloquent expression to her views on the crying necessity of revising the marriage laws; and I gathered that her solution of the "surplus women" problem is to make polygamy not only optional, but compulsory in the case of men of means, the number of wives to be proportionate to the husband's income.

Lady Lorna also had the undisguised sympathy of her hearers, among whom the feminine element largely predominated.

* * * *

A divorce case in which only one or two co-respondents are involved has come to be regarded as dreadfully unsmart;

but the matrimonial dispute between Major and the Hon. Mrs. Stone-Glasshouse, whose wedding last year, it will be remembered, was also a brilliant affair, seems likely to set up a record in this respect that will take a lot of beating.

The gallant Major's petition names Lord Kilconey, the Irish sporting peer; Captain Alaric Binge, the Heavy-Weight Dancing Champion of the Brigade of Guards; "Reggie" Fox-Trotter, the Terpsichorean Adviser to the Household Cavalry; Count Piasiri Contango, the international financier, and Rube Zoom, the renowned saxophonist. In her counter-suit Mrs. Stone-Glasshouse cites Lady Kilconey; Lola Bola, the Arizona soprano; Mavis d'Avis, the light of musical comedy and revue, and the entire front row of the Beauty Chorus of *Gee, England!*

When the array of counsel representing all parties is taken into consideration, not to mention the Press and the public, it is not to be wondered at that the capacity of the Law Courts is questioned and the commandeering of the Albert Hall suggested for this *cause célèbre*.

* * * *

The delights of Easton Lodge, which the Countess of Warwick has so generously placed at their disposal, are highly appreciated by the members of the Labour Party, more especially as they have for near neighbour, and part host, Mr. H. G. WELLS, with his genius for inventing indoor games and amusements.

In inclement weather the younger and more ardent spirits revel in an hour or two of "Bombing the Capitalist," which the famous novelist and philosopher has evolved from "Bombing the Kaiser," a game popular during the War. The older men, however, seem to prefer a liver-shaking ride on Mr. WELLS's Time-Machine.

On fine days, of course, the allure of the open air is irresistible, and it is interesting to note how the various mentalities react to it. Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, for instance, who is recovering the heather-step of his youth, is said to have sent to Scotland for his old kilt, in order to enjoy greater liberty of movement; and Mr. JACK JONES, of Silvertown, whose powers of mimicry are considerable, is believed to be studying the notes of birds with the view of reproducing them in his interventions in Parliamentary debate.

Easton Lodge is in the neighbourhood of Dunmow, and it is only natural that Mr. and Mrs. SIDNEY WEBB and Mr. and Mrs. PHILIP SNOWDEN are being urged to compete for the famous Flitch. It is felt too that their cross-examination by Mr. PATRICK HASTINGS, the Labour, K.C., would provide an intellectual treat for the villagers.

THE GATES OF HORN.

At last kind friends compel me and I wear,

Reluctantly, new eyes rimmed round with horn;
Your world I see now—clear, but not so fair;
The veils of my fool's paradise are torn.

I knew a nocturne streaked with fiery dreams;
A master's sketch in pastels softly bright;
I was half-blind, they said, and so it seems
Now that the world is drawn pre-Raphaelite.

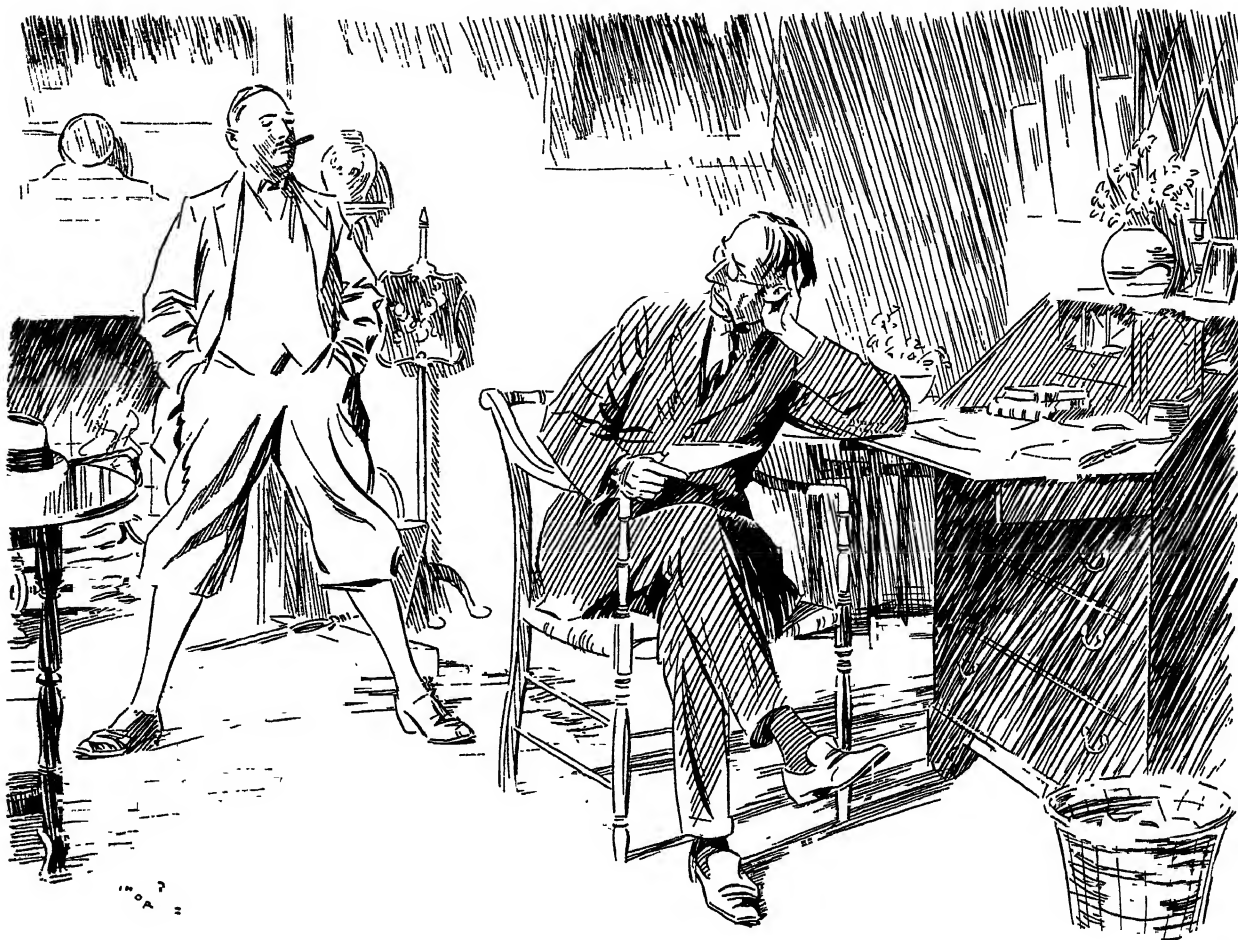
I see the dust my Hebe leaves behind;
The tiny blemish on my lady's face;
A dozen gargoyles oddities I find
Darting their tongues from each familiar place.

I never guessed the moon and stars so small,
The velvet fur like wires on this my cat—
Well, I'll leave rhyming, now I see it all;
Pass me the gates of horn, my love. That's that.



DEFYING THE ORACLE.

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI. "VERY TACTLESS OF THESE FELLOWS TO BE SO ACTIVE, AFTER I POINTED OUT THAT LIBERALISM WAS CRUSHED AND THAT I HAD PUT MY SHIRT ON THE NEW CREED OF 'ORDER AND DISCIPLINE.'"



Modest Poet. "NO ONE KNOWS MY LIMITATIONS BETTER THAN I DO."

Well-meaning Admirer. "OH, NONSENSE!"

THE GRIG.

"DEAR little Margaret!" cooed Mrs. Taylor-Watson. "Such a happy little person, isn't she? Always as merry as a grig."

The gyrating Margaret stopped suddenly and her flying little white frock resumed its intended function. "What's a grig?" she demanded abruptly.

"A grig, dear?" said Mrs. Taylor-Watson, playing for time. "A grig is What delightful daffodils those are, Miss Farrar! I simply adore daffodils—don't you? They are so truly spring-like I always think."

"What's a grig?" repeated Margaret stolidly.

"Ah," said the undefeatable Mrs. Taylor-Watson, "you want me to tell you a story, don't you, you sweet little thing? But I can't now, you know. I never tell stories at tea-time. You must ask your aunty."

Margaret turned her attention to Betty. "What's a grig?" she asked.

"Never mind now, darling," said Betty, a trifle nervously. "Mrs. Taylor-Watson, are you ready for some more tea?"

"What's a grig?" pursued the tactless Margaret. "What is a grig? I want to know what a grig is! *Why* won't you tell me what a grig is? What's a grig—what's a grig—what's a GRIG?"

Betty looked at me helplessly. "Oh, do tell her what a grig is," she implored.

"Yes, do," Margaret echoed, approaching me with confidence. "What is a grig?"

I pulled myself together. Of course I knew perfectly well what a grig is; but just at that particular moment I had a vague idea that it must be the thing you fix on the fire-bars for a kettle to stand on. Or was it some sort of bird? For a second I felt quite sure that it was both. The next moment I was still more convinced that it was neither.

"A grig, Margaret," I said slowly. "Oh, come—you must know what a grig is. Everyone knows that."

"Well, I don't, anyway. That's why I'm asking you."

"Well," I temporised, "you know the map of Australia, don't you?"

Margaret nodded. "Jography. Yes?"

"And you know all those funny little islands just above it?"

"Those aren't grigs," said Margaret with intense scorn.

"No," I admitted feebly, "I suppose they're not. I was only thinking perhaps."

"I don't believe you know what a grig is! Oh, Aunty Betty, he doesn't know what a grig is!"

"I do!" I exclaimed indignantly.

"Oh, you *don't*! Fancy not knowing that."

"But I do know what a grig is, Margaret. I've been trying to tell you all this time, but you won't listen."

"Well, what is it then?"

"It's the missing side that would have converted an irregular pentameter into a polysyllabic rhomboid. You can't expect to understand about it till you get on to jomm—I mean to ge-ometry."

"Oh!"

"Yes," I said, and felt rather pleased with myself.

"Then why was it merry?" Margaret asked innocently.

I stopped feeling pleased. "The—the grig, do you mean, Margaret?"

"Yes. Why was the grig so merry?"

"Because—oh, because it didn't have to have anything to do with the rhomboid after all, you see."

"Why didn't it?"

"But I've just explained all that."

"Well, what's a romboy?"

I passed a hand across my feverish brow. "Oh, that's not at all a nice sort of story for a little girl to hear."

"Oh, *yes*! Do tell me the story about the grig and the romboy."

"Well, once upon a time there was—"

"How long ago?"

"Seventeen years and a week. A dear little grig, who lived all alone in a small parallelogram on the—"

"What's a pallogram?"

"A house no side of which is greater than its windows." I felt my pulse. "—on the Yorkshire moors. Now this little grig was very pretty indeed, and she

"Was it a her?"

"Of course she was. So she."

"Because the romboy was a he?"

"That's it. Well, one day she was brushing out her angles

"What's that glass thing you're putting in your mouth?"

"My thermometer. — her angles, when who should come up and knock at the door but a very handsome young

"I know! The romboy. Why are you putting a thometer in your mouth?"

"To see if I'm still safe. Yes, a romboy, very smartly dressed indeed and leading by the hand a small isosceles triangle wrapped up in silver paper."

"What's a sossees triangle?"

I took the "thometer" out of my mouth, looked at it anxiously and rose to my feet in haste.

"Where are you going to?" Margaret asked in alarm.

"To see a doctor."

"But you *are* a doctor."

"Am I? Well, it must be a vet that I'm going to see, then. I'm certainly going to see someone, because I think I've discovered an entirely new sort of fever. Isn't that exciting?"

"Not very. Aren't you going to tell me the story? Why have you got a tirely new sort of fever?"

"Well, it's like this. Whenever anybody talks about grigs to me, I—I always get a fever at once. It's a most extraordinary thing, but it always happens."

"Why does it happen?"

"I can't imagine, but it's very annoying, because I simply *love* talking about grigs really. Now look here, Margaret—if you'll promise me never, never to talk about grigs again to me, I'll go off and get you a whole pound of chocolates from the village. Will you?"

Margaret wavered. "Aunt Betty



THE TYRANNY OF SLANG.

Mistress to new Maid. "MARY, YOU HAVEN'T HALF DUSTED THE DRAWING-ROOM."
Mary (highly gratified). "AH, NOT 'ALF I 'AVEN'T."

wouldn't let me have them," she suggested sadly.

"We won't tell her anything about them. You can run away somewhere and eat them by yourself."

"Every one?"

"Every one."

"Every single one?"

"Every single one. Now will you promise me?"

"Oh, *yes*! I promise never to talk to you about grigs again—never, never! Will you go and get the chocolates now?"

I went.

When I returned Margaret was wait-

ing for me with a conspiratorial air at the garden gate. She took the chocolates rapturously and then hesitated.

"Well, Margaret," I asked cheerfully, "what's the trouble?"

She looked at me doubtfully. "I did promise, but *do* let me ask just this one. Aunt Betty asked me just now to see if I remembered, and I didn't. What did you say a grig was?"

"At this time the elderly gentleman appeared to be in affable circumstances."
Scots Paper.

We envy him. We wish our own circumstances were more chatty.

THE DOGS' DIPLOMA.

THE other day I was beguiling the tedium of a train journey by glancing at a catalogue purchased some hours before at a suburban dog show, and became intrigued by an advertisement of the Fallowfield Kennels. For five guineas the Fallowfield Kennels would train your Alsatian Wolf dog to lie down at a movement from your little finger; get up at a cough; anticipate your lightest whim in the matter of carrying parcels, opening gates, or saving human life. For an extra ten guineas he could be instructed to scale a ninety-rung ladder placed against the window of your bedroom, capturing two armed burglars in the act of rifling it, and for two guineas more deliver them handcuffed to the police. I was deep in the paragraph which set forth what might be done for the round sum of fifty guineas down when I became aware of the little doggy man.

He was a very ordinary doggy man, except for his eyes. They were a fanatical pair of eyes and held me fascinated as he brought to my notice a closely-printed handbill headed

"THE DOGS' DIPLOMA INSTITUTE."

"Splendid institution the Fallowfield Kennels," he said; "splendid institution; but it isn't everybody that's lucky enough to own an Alsatian. They're specialists and require a specialist to train them. But even the ordinary dog needs more instruction than his owner has time to give him. Our complex modern civilisation, Sir, demands that the average ten-shilling dog should have something more than good meals and the rudiments of obedience. That demand the Dogs' Diploma Institute supplies.

"You know the dog who loves and is loved by the whole household, but gets his master into difficulties by taking kippers and what not without paying for them? You know the dog who sits down in the middle of the drawing-room and howls when a guest begins to sing? You know the dog who plants his wet paws in the very middle of your wealthy relative's best waistcoat—or perhaps you know the dog who takes advantage of the area door being left open, slips out to see a friend, and is brought back by the police in the dead of night? I think you know that dog, Sir?"

Oh, yes; I knew that dog.

"Now, Sir," said the little doggy man, raising a pontifical forefinger, "a fortnight's training, half-a-guinea a week, at the Dogs' Diploma Institute changes all that. But this is only a preliminary course. We go much further. Take our Diplomatic department, for instance. No dog who has passed that course will burst into frantic barking if his master comes home in the small hours . . ."

"But," I said, "why not? After working till two in the morning in Fleet Street there's nothing pleasanter than to hear your dog's cheery welcome."

The doggy man shot a glance at me—a glance at first sceptical, then apologetic. He raised his hat and coughed.

"I beg your pardon," he said.

"And look at this," he went on, drawing my attention to another paragraph. "Finesse! How many dogs fall short of all they might be to Society through missing our 'Finesse' course! Many a happy union has got nipped in the bud for want of the touch of a gentle paw or an encouraging tail-wag at the right moment.

"Picture the young couple seated on a sofa. They are made for each other, but the young man lacks courage. He is on the point of putting the question he has been composing for the last twelve months, when his heart fails him. Shuffling nervously, he contemplates a hasty leave, when the dog—the dog who has passed through our Institution—approaches. He jumps upon the settee and, with a grasp of the situation which only *we* can give, thaws the ice by two

swift applications of a tongue as warm as his heart to the cheek of each."

He pressed a dozen more handbills upon me and made for the door as the train pulled up at Battersea.

TO A FAIR PHILISTINE.

(Walking about the room with a light object, such as a book, balanced on the head, is recommended as one way of acquiring a beautiful figure.)

Phyllis, behold the useful gift I bring you!

Bound in a dainty volume now appear
The many songs that I have sought to sing you
But failed to capture your elusive ear.
I know you boast no literary leanings,
But none the less you cannot fail to get
Tremendous benefit from "Gushful Gleanings"
(Seven-and-sixpence net).

Forewarned by many a previous refusal,
I do not dare to hope that you will spare
One precious moment for the fond perusal
Of what you'll deem a very dull affair;
I know you'll dub my lucubrations boxed rot
Or potted piffle, in your cultured style;
The sort of song to which you cannot fox-trot
Is hardly worth your while.

Yet cast them not aside with execration,
These simple products of a poet's dreams,
But keep them for external application
What time you muse on more important themes;
Though you consistently refuse to harry
With verse of mine your unpoetic brain,
The volume is the perfect size to carry
Upon your bobbed mane.

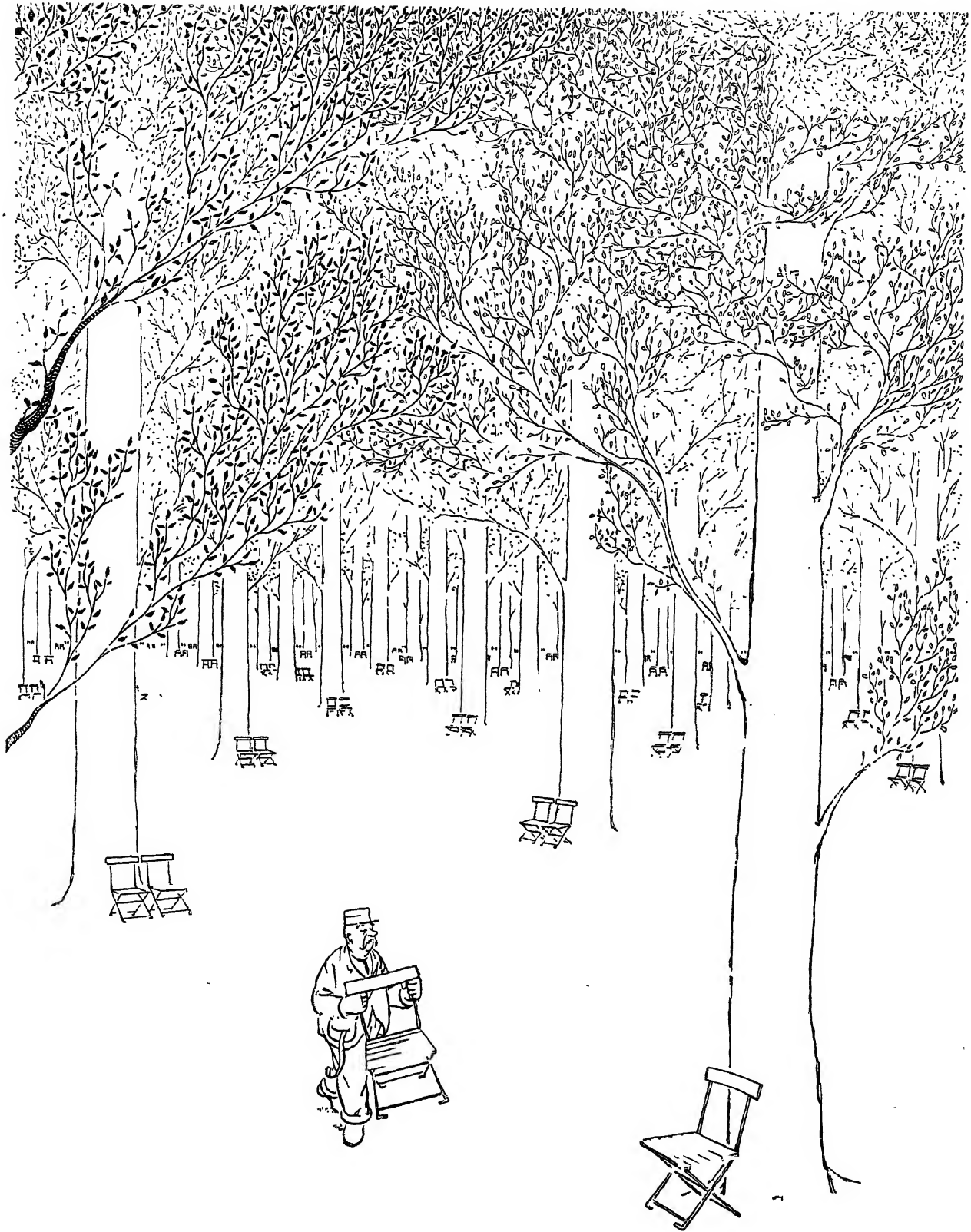
I am content as long as I am able
To picture how my verses' time is spent
Among the adjuncts of your toilet-table,
Somewhere between the lip-salve and the scent,
And think how, mid each day's exacting rigours,
You use them in a manner which ensures
That all the beauty of my speech's figures
Shall be transferred to yours.

A Gift for the Royal Wedding.

Mr. Punch, who is personally interested in the work of the Queen's Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, ventures to remind his readers that it is proposed to mark the occasion of the approaching Royal Marriage by raising a sum for the endowment of a ward to be named after the Duke of York. On those who have at heart the cause of suffering children the Queen's Hospital has a particular claim, as serving the needs of a very poor district. And loyalty, it seems to Mr. Punch, could find no happier expression, nor one more certain to commend itself to His Royal Highness, than a response to this appeal on behalf of a Hospital of which the Duke of York is himself the President. Cheques, made payable to "The Duke of York's Wedding Gift Fund" and crossed "London Joint City and Midland Bank," should be addressed to the Treasurer of the Fund at the Mile-End Road Branch of this Bank (91, Mile-End Road, E.1).

Another Impending Apology.

"During the past few days the flood of anonymous letters in—has been greater than ever. The majority of prominent men in the town have received one or more of these libellous communications, and now the writer has turned his attention to respectable townsfolk."—*Sunday Paper*.



Jungass

THE SENTIMENTALIST.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

XVII.—AT BAY.

If you see Mr. and Mrs. Green in their drawing-room, stiff and uncomfortable in mind and body; if the furniture of the room is arranged in a stiff and unusual fashion and those articles which are dearest to them are hidden away; if there is present in the room food of a character and quantity to which they are not accustomed, and drink of which they are not in fact partaking; and if there are present a number of persons, none of whom would choose to be their companion on a desert island; and if all these persons are briskly telling lies—then it is a reasonable deduction that Mr. and Mrs. Green are At Home.

The lies! Heavens, the lies that are told in the Home! The Greens are upright veracious citizens, and Mrs. Green's parties are the talk of London. Art and Intellect and Beauty flock there together. I too am by nature and habit a truthful man, yet I left the Greens' house with the oppressive thought that I had been practising deceit of various sorts for three solid hours. And, worse, I have a sad suspicion that every other righteous person at that delightful social gathering was behaving much like me.

It began with Miss Rogers, the elderly one. I know her slightly, and she frightens me a good deal. When in her presence I feel instinctively that to speak of anything else than a book, a picture, a sonata or a play would be dangerous, if not positively rude. What is more terrible, I suspect that she has (or had) the same feeling about me. And, still more terrible, I do (or did) my best to encourage the delusion. Such are mortals.

Miss Rogers said, "How d' you do?" and then immediately, "I've just been to Prague with my sister. We saw the Bauerweg—delicious!"

"Oh, yes?" I said intelligently, as one who for years has been living only to see the Bauerweg. But why didn't I just say, "What's that?"

Perhaps I looked it, for she went on, "It's the new *Théâtre Intime*, you know."

"Yes," I said, lying again. "'The Simple Stagers,' you mean?"

"No, no!" she said. "We saw them too, of course, but the Bauerweg's a long way ahead of *that*. There's no scenery, you know, and no stage in the

ordinary sense—just a low platform with a few curtains. It's *too* marvellous!"

"By Jove!" I said.

"And sometimes," she continued, "they have seats for the audience on the stage. The idea is to make the harmony between actor and audience complete, you see—get rid of the artificial barrier—bring them together. You've no idea how effective it is!"

"No," I said truthfully at last. "I say, do you know George Rowland?"

"No."

I rapidly introduced George, and

a's; and it crossed my mind that she had forgotten the appearance of her great friend. At last, however, she halted before a strange but charming lady who was talking with animation to a very nice man, and said:—

"Oh, do you know Mrs. Willow?"

"No," I said, and Mrs. Green departed, carrying off the nice man.

Mrs. Willow said frankly, "My name's not Willow. It's Shallow. And we have met before—several times."

I went hot and cold all over. Curious that I couldn't simply say, "I'm perfectly certain we've never set eyes on each other."

I said instead, "Of course! Do forgive me. It was at the Masons', wasn't it?"

"No, I don't know them. It was at the Bramhams'."

"But I don't know *them*."

"At the Moon Club, then?"

"I've never heard of it."

"I know!" she cried. "It was at Goodwood."

"Sorry," I said gently. "I've never been there."

"It's funny," she mused, going a little but very pleasantly red; "I'm perfectly certain we've met at some"

"So am I," I lied vigorously. "Let's try again."

We tried everything—the Tomlinsons', the Wilkinsons', Nero's, the Bath Club, the Nouveau Riche, the Bores' Ball, and Ladies' Night at the Beetles. If she had said "once," all might have been well; but she had said "several times." It was curious she would not say now, "The fact is, I've made a mistake." But mortals are like that. And after ten minutes or so of this we were both too hot and embarrassed to talk about anything else; and she said, "Well, I must go home now. Good-bye! So glad to have met you." And I said gallantly, "So glad to have met you *again*!" And she said, "It is odd, isn't it? I'm quite *positive*." And "So am I," I vowed. And that was that.

Not far off was George, hemmed in a corner with a little man who looked like a statistician, or worse, and was telling George a holiday anecdote. George stood listening with his mouth open and his eyes furtively roaming the room; and now and then he nodded brightly and said, "Ha! how awfully funny!" or "How annoying!" or simply "Ha!"

Edging away, I came face to face with Miss Rogers. And she smiled her friendly smile and said rapidly, "Are



"CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE."
FARMER HEWLETT AND THE FOREST LOVERS.

melted modestly away—not however before I had heard Miss Rogers remark, with all the enthusiasm of one embarking on a new theme, "We've just been to Prague. We saw the Bauerweg..."

Good Mrs. Green was prowling round the room looking for (a) people who were quite happy talking to each other, (b) people (like me) who were quite happy watching them. As soon as she saw a b she seized him and split up two a's with him and passed on happily—the perfect hostess.

"I want to introduce you to a very great friend of mine," she breathed in my ear. "She wants to meet you."

She led me round the room, pausing doubtfully before sundry likely-looking

you going away for Easter? I've just come back from Prague. We saw the Bauerweg. It's *too* marvellous!"

Curious I couldn't say, "I know. You told me about it just now."

As a perfect gentleman I said alertly, "Really? What were they doing?" and braced myself for another protracted bout of this dreadful bluff.

"They're doing Rachmann's *Engelblumen*. They've no scenery, you know, and no stage in the ordinary sense—just a low

"Constance, dear, I want to introduce Mr. Patch," breathed a gentle voice; and there was Mrs. Green—dear, kind Mrs. Green!—and the nice man with her. I steered for the lemonade-table.

But George pursued and gripped me. "Come over here," he hissed; "I want to introduce you to somebody."

"Who?" I said, standing my ground.

"The old boy in the corner. He's awfully keen to meet you."

"You lie, George."

"No, really," said George. "Professor Lank's his name. And he's the great political economist, or something."

"Professor T. G. Lank?"

"That's the fellow, I expect. He's awfully amusing. Come on."

"George," I said, desperate, "I'd do anything for you; but you mustn't ask me to speak to that man."

"Oh, come on! He's got some topping stories."

"He was my father's greatest enemy," I said grimly. "He—he ruined him."

"Good Lord! How was that?"

"I—I can't speak of it now. I should like to sit down quietly and think a little. This has rather upset me." And I sat down, with some emotion.

George passed on to the most beautiful girl in the room, who was smoking hard, and asked her if she would like a cigarette.

And presently I heard him say, in his airy, intellectual manner, "Have you been to this new Intimate Theatre? I was reading something about it the other day. There's no scenery, you know, no orchestra, and no stage. The actors just walk about among the stalls in ordinary clothes. I believe it's wonderful."

"Oh, do tell me about it!" cooed the girl. "I *adore* that kind of thing."

A. P. H.

From a list of Church Preferments:—

"Vicar of Dullingham, Newmarket.
Rector of Great Snoring, Norfolk.
Vicar of Little Wakering, Essex."

Daily Paper.

No wonder somebody called East Anglia "The Garden of Sleep."



Passenger. "KENSINGTON, SINGLE, PLEASE."

Booking Clerk. "HIGHKENSOUKENORWESKEN?"

Passenger (rising to the occasion). "VELLY SOLLY—ME NO SPEAKEE CHINEE."

SALVAGE.

Out on a dim uncharted sea
Motionless lies my Ship of Dreams;
Her sails are flat, a clinging mat
Of seaweed shrouds her beams;
Loose hangs the rudder, uncontrolled,
The chains are red with scaling
rust,
The galley-fires are dead and cold,
And deep within the battened hold
Her cargo-dreams are thrust.

Derelict on a windless sea
Day-dreams of old and high Ro-
mance,
Of treasure hoard and glittering sword,
Of helm and shield and lance,

Save for one precious hour a day,
When Peter comes with books and
toys
To charm my grown-up soul away
From dull and senseless cares to play
In that rich world of boys.

And then across that magic sea
A breath of happy laughter comes
To break the spell. The limp sails
swell,

The tightening cordage hums,
The stagnant waters leap to feel
That breeze and into billows roar;
Then helmsman Fancy takes the wheel,
And, charged with life from truck to
keel,
My Ship goes forth once more.



Park Keeper. "NAH THEN, I'LL HAVE YOU ALL LOCKED UP—DAMAGIN' THE TREES."

Leader. "PLEASE, SIR, WE WAS ONLY TRYIN' TO SEE 'OW MANY OF US COULD 'ANG ON IT WIVOUT BREAKIN' IT."

A NOTE ON THE OUTLINE OF BOTANY.

AMONGST the chorus of congratulations I have not unnaturally received on the handy little treatise about botany published in this paper a few weeks ago there has scarcely been a discordant note, and I am happy to say that one of the first letters I received was from my old friend, Artevelde Van Tromp, the blub-grower.

"DEAR SIR OR MADAM," he wrote to me, "If there is anything better, nobler or healthier in this world than gardening, I have never been so happy to meet it. It is also the most pleasant sport I know of. I give you my word that I will again send you beautiful flowering-bulbs and good strong perennials to help you."

And he added a note or two on hardy perennials which for the sake of those who take a serious interest in the study of botany I feel it my duty to make more widely known.

In a short outline it was of course not possible for me to say so much as I should have liked about hardy perennials, and I am the more thankful therefore that Van Tromp has seen fit to supplement my remarks about these

rich-flowering gardenfriends, as he rather prettily calls them, and to mention one or two things omitted from my work.

"The two words 'Hardy Perennials,'" he points out, "send a thrill to the heart of every lover of flowers whenever they are heard. No other words in horticulture seem to indicate so much. . . . In our mind we see long spikes of the beautiful Delphiniums, Paeonies of brilliant, fascinating and varied colours; the lovely Windflower sending its pure withe flowers through the mossy earth: the vivid Chrysanthemums in its increasing beauty."

Everybody, I think, will agree with this dictum; and I for one would go farther and say that a man to whose heart the two words "hardy perennials" send no thrill is a man blind-to-all-sense-of-beauty, a dark and dangerous man, a man from whom children and animals would instinctively recoil, a man, in fact, who is not the possessor of a pure withe soul. For consider for a moment what hardy perennials do.

"They fill a place, not only in our garden, but also in our heart; just as Trees do, and the Everygreens, which, if

once planted, are, and remain our friends for as long as we live, and upon which we look as belonging to our Home."

This is the very note about garden flowers in general that I attempted in my own halting words to strike, as opposed to the sordid and discreditable theories of so-called scientific botanists: the note, if I may so put it, of happy-domestic-peace. Since LINNÆUS in his regrettable work gave a wrong trend to the pursuit of botany some two hundred years ago there has been no one, I think, who has stood out so firmly against modernising tendencies as Artevelde Van Tromp.

"What," he exclaims, "should have to pass before we could part with those good plots of Delphiniums, or Poppies, Phlox, or Mums, or those Pæonyroses (which Mother once planted) and so many others, which grew and blossomed for so many years in our borders, or along the footpath in our front garden, and who have always greeted us with their cheering beauty. They it were who cheered us up during the darker days of our life. Didn't they?"

They are—I mean, I was. And not only the Delphiniums, the Phloxes, the

Pæonyroses (which Mother once planted) and the Mums. Take the Gladiolus for instance.

"The Gladiolus is to the flower-garden what bread is to man, the staff of life. One cannot say too much of the Gladiolus as a flower for cutting. If you cut the stems of Gladiolus in bud, you will note that up to the last bud is untolding when put in water in the room."

And there is the Bleeding Heart or Seal flower.

"Bleeding Heart or Seal flower, an old favourite, bearing long racemes or graceful heartshaped pink flowers. In olden times gardens it had the place of honour. The glorious old Bleeding Heart."

I am the more cheered by the enthusiastic note discernible in Van Tromp's letter about hardy perennials because I feel that, though he does not say so, he must have settled satisfactorily that little trouble about the roses which bothered him so much towards the end of last year. What happened was this:—

"When one rainy Saturday morning a good old friend of yours enters your office at 7 A.M., and after helping himself callously to your cigars and matches, suddenly exclaims, 'Come on, Old Bean, be a Sport. Give me fifteen pounds for this week's salaries,' and he looks such a perfect picture of miseries that it strikes you, well you need no persuasion in the belief that before you sits another victim of peace and her consistencies.

"A thoroughly efficient man, a perfect rose-grower, appeared also upon the scene, and when one of us promptly handed him the cheque his whole manner changed entirely and he became more subdued. Then the following history passed his lips. In short: the American Market closed, France financially following in Germany's footsteps, in Scandinavia heavy duties, Holland no surplus money for roses at all, and a stock of more than 100,000 beautiful roses on hand and no demand at all. Just at this moment the junior said, 'Well, why should we not offer these roses to our British customers? I should not be surprised if before six weeks have elapsed all these roses will have found comfortable New Homes.'"

Judging, I say, from Van Tromp's happy and confident manner this Spring, I am forced to believe that they did. And I hope so, because the junior partner—the man who made this arrangement, the very same Old Bean who is always being struck by the absence of Dutch crocuses and other Dutch bulbs on the borders of British gardens—is engaged, as Van Tromp tells



Bluejacket (to bargee). "AN' TALKIN' ABOUT FACES, IF YOU CALLS THAT THING O' YOURS A FACE, IT 'UD BE PROMOTION IF THEY MADE IT INTO A BLINKIN' DOOR-KNOCKER."

us in another place, to a London girl; and I should hate to think that he was unlucky enough to do a bad deal.

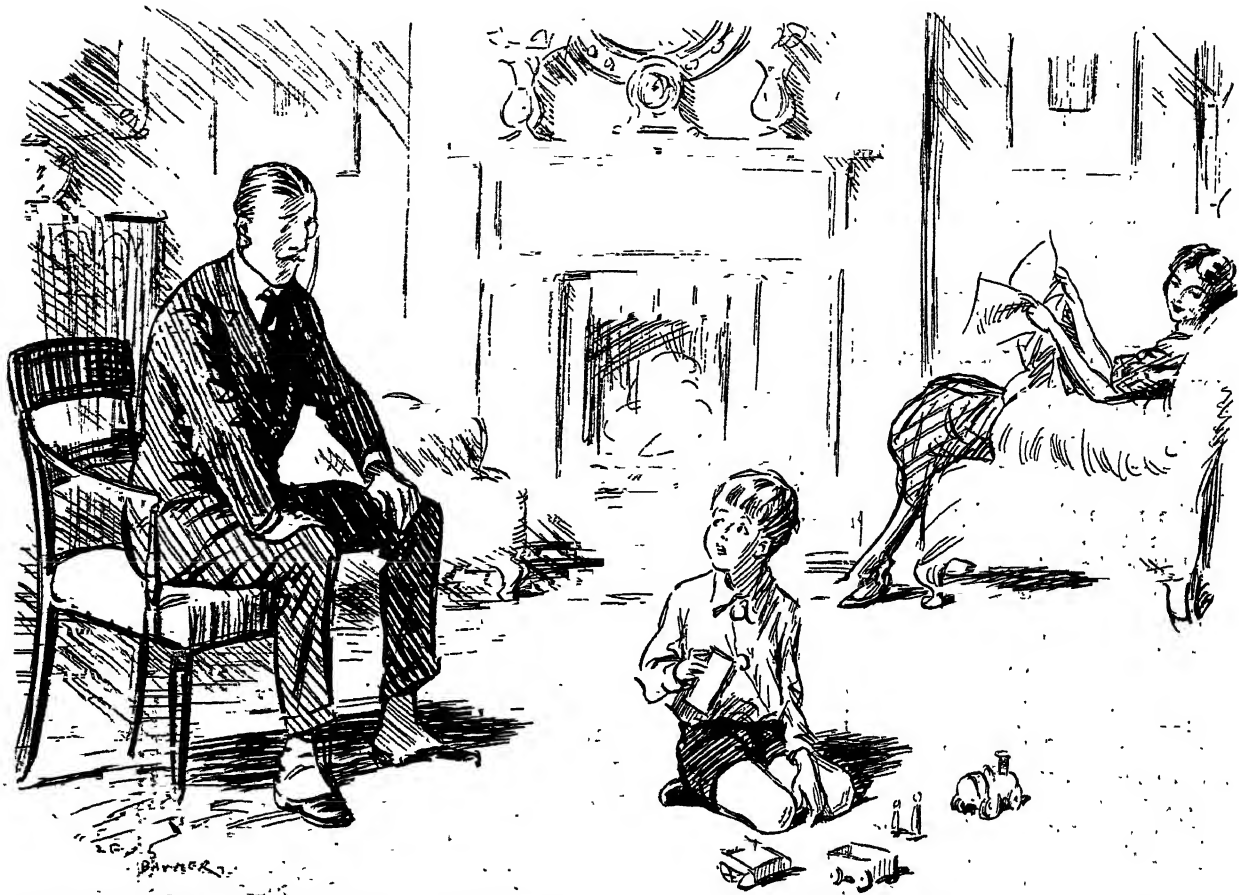
But we have strayed from hardy perennials. There is one other point in which Van Tromp's opinion about hardy perennials coincides with mine, and that is in the foolishness of giving them long and unintelligible Latin names. He knows these names himself—he is as familiar with the Latin tongue as with the English, if anything perhaps a little more so—but he does not want us to bother our heads about them.

"Should you find the pursuit of lengthy names at all tiresome," he writes, "why not then leave the choice of selection to Van Tromp Bros.?"

And he promises that if we do he will send us a parcel of hardy perennial roots which will transform our gardens into "a perfect paradise of transcendent

beauty during the coming spring and summer, until the autumnal winds and winter frosts accomplish their cruel work of killing these roots, but we need not fear, as next spring the roots will sprout up again and will blossom and bloom still stronger than the former year, and this will continue for at least ten years."

I wish I could bring all this to the notice of the people who have the gardens on either side of my house. One of these gardens appears to have nothing in it but a *Wirelessia recipiens*, sending up a stiff stem with strong but barren shoots, while the other contains only a *Canis barksia perpetua* (hybrid variety) which makes an infernal noise as I write. Are these the only friends they have prepared to cheer them with their beauty against the darker-days of their life? Doesn't it? I fancy not. EVOR.



Father (making heroic effort to fulfil his parental duties). "Now, MY BOY, COME HERE AND I'LL—ER—TELL YOU THE STORY OF—
ER—Cinderella."
Small Son. "OH, DADDY, MUST YOU? COULDN'T YOU TELL IT TO MUMMY? I'M SO BUSY."

IN QUEST OF THE PUBLIC.

I HAVE been searching for the Public—the great, staunch, zealous, high-minded Public that we read about every day, in the leading articles: the Public that "demands instantly to know"; that "awaits with the keenest interest"; that "views with alarm"; that is "filled with indignation"; that is "frankly amazed"—and so forth. It seemed absurd that I should have gone about all these years, mixing with people of so many types and tastes and vocations, without ever encountering this great emotional Public. More than absurd; it seemed discreditable.

I began with the train—the crowded morning train. Here surely would be the Public; here where every man had a newspaper, which he devoured with silent concentration. I watched closely for signs of emotion, and every now and then, when I thought I detected them, I peeped over their papers to see what they were reading. Alas! the emotion was there, but it was all in the wrong places. The anxiety was for the Stock Exchange Price List; the amazement, for the golf and football results; the

indignation, for the conviction or acquittal of murderers; the keenest interest, for the racing notes. For the rest, quiet indifference.

The Public was not in the train.

I went to the Club for lunch. There I found George and Gerald having a sherry and bitters. Possibly George and Gerald had been the Public all this time without my knowing it. I would see.

"Good morning, George," I said. "What do you think of the crisis?"

"'M bad," he replied. "Which one?"

"Why," I said, "this appalling state of mismanagement, muddle and ignorance which is causing so much uneasiness in the minds of the whole nation."

"What do you mean?" he inquired. "Boxing? Golf handicaps? Divorce? Films?"

"No, no," I said. "Be serious. Don't you realise that we are on the brink of a great national calamity? That nothing will save us but an immediate return to a sane method of government, which will restore to us our lost prestige abroad, revive world trade and relieve us of our intolerable burdens at home? The Public is alarmed; the Public is asking, 'What is to be our policy in

the East?' 'What are we doing with France?' 'What are

"What are you going to have?" said Gerald. "I strongly recommend a stiff brandy-and-soda for a case like yours."

So that wasn't the Public. After lunch I tried the Old Brigade in the smoking-room.

"Well," they said, with no trace of fervour, "it is, of course, a question whether

"But, my dear Sir," I exclaimed, "surely the Public is entitled to demand an instant declaration of constructive policy? The Public is filled with righteous indignation at the spectacle of a Government pursuing a callous course of idleness, procrastination and wanton extravagance which is sapping the very life-blood of the nation. The Public is asking, 'What are

But it was no use. They yawned or they smiled.

I passed on. Perhaps the Public was in the City. I would look up Bernard at the Stock Exchange.

"Well, Bernard," I said, "what about the political aspect?"

"I'm not quite sure," he replied calmly, "but I think on the whole —"



A DESERVING CASE.

UNCLE HORNE (*to Master BALDWIN*). "HERE'S A NICE BIG BUN FOR YOU, MY BOY; AND IF YOU TAKE MY ADVICE YOU'LL GIVE IT TO THAT POOR ELEPHANT BEHIND YOU."

and proceeded to a discourse on market prices and their relation to politics, the advisability of selling a "bear" of francs, the prospect of German recovery, and many other things not worthy of the fine, stern, solid, large-spirited Public I had hoped to find.

I left him, disappointed.

I tried at various times the Golf Club, the policeman, the dentist, the head-waiter, the cabman; but in vain. I could not find the Public. I could find nothing but a public (with a very small "p") which was horse-racing, or bridge-playing, or fox-trotting, or theatre-going; and this was the public I have always known.

It was when I had abandoned the quest that the unexpected happened. I met the Public. I met it where I had begun looking for it—in the train. Face to face, large as life, the real, true, typical, unadulterated, genuine, palpitating Public.

We moved off from Euston, the Public and I; first stop Rugby. He began at once. There was no one else in the carriage, so I was the whole audience.

"I tell you," he declaimed, "it is monstrous. The whole nation is sick of it. Look at our policy in France; look at Egypt; look at Mesopotamia; look at Palestine; look at

Need I say more? We looked at everything—taxation, housing schemes, unemployment, Rent Restriction Acts, currency, trade, Ireland—all the things that the Public is so permanently and savagely disgusted about. And, with each thing we looked at, the face of the Public became ruddier, his gestures more violent, his voice more strident, his hands more twitchy, until I feared he would have a fit.

He paused for breath. I dug myself further into my corner, exhausted and a little afraid. Suddenly, having delivered a whole powerful article in staccato italics, he sprang from his seat and waved a revolver in the air. A shot rang out. I closed with him and, by the grace of Heaven, managed to grab the weapon from his hand. I threw it out of the window, bumped him on the chin and pulled the communication cord.

In due course I received the thanks of the Board of Hanwell Asylum for capturing an escaped lunatic. Poor fellow!

I have now definitely finished with the Public. I am looking no further. And I am bound to admit that I am jolly well out of it. I have had two narrow escapes, one from being murdered by the Public and the other from being arrested on a report from my friends and locked up in Hanwell Asylum for being the Public myself.



Young Lady (for the third time). "HAVE YOU HEARD THE CUCKOO THIS YEAR?"

THE REDSKIN'S REMEDY.

[Mr. JOSEPH CONRAD (in the preface to Mrs. JESSIE CONRAD'S *A Handbook of Cookery*) adopts the view that the ferocity of the North American Indian was due to perpetual indigestion caused by badly-cooked food.]

"Mighty Pain-in-little-Mary,"

Whom the chronicles describe
As the Terror of the Prairie,
As the tyrant of his tribe,
Grimly revelled in the stalking
Of the hated pale-faced prey,
Wildly squawking, tomahawking
Scouts and trappers every day.

From his girdle there depended
Hirsute souvenirs galore,
Yet his labours never ended,
Still he craved for human gore;
By the banks of the Mackenzie
Restlessly he ranged around,
Lashed to homicidal frenzy
By a liver far from sound.

Till by chance his eye alighted
On a packet at his feet,

Then internal ills were righted
And his mood grew mild and sweet;
So the Red Man, once terrific,
Like a lambkin now behaves,
Thanks to that superb specific,
Boostwell's Beans for Bilious Braves.

"An appetite for pleasure may well be evidence of vigour rather than of degeneracy. There have certainly been idler centuries than hours."—*Daily Paper*.

The centuries of course had more time on their hands.

From the publisher's notice of a recent book of reminiscences:—

"'Reggie' Herbert was one of the great sportsmen in the days of the famous young Marquis of Hastings who lost the whole of his fortune when his Hermit was beaten in the Derby in the early sixties."

What will Lord CHAPLIN say to this?

SAMSON AND DELILAH.

(By a Student of Psycho-Politics.)

THE self-denying ordinance passed at the recent Conference of the I.L.P., recommending that in future Labour M.P.'s should refuse invitations to political dinners and social functions at the houses of political opponents, has provoked a good deal of jaundiced and ungenerous comment. But it was triumphantly vindicated within twenty-four hours by the action of the Aberdeen Labour Council in finding themselves reluctantly obliged to recommend Mr. FRANK ROSE, the Labour M.P. for North Aberdeen, to shave his beard in order to avoid being again mistaken for the Marquis of ABERDEEN. In the circumstances, and in view of the painful results which had ensued from this confusion, one can only marvel at the moderation of the proposal. With a considerateness that cannot be too highly commended, the Aberdonian Labour Council refrained from ordering or even suggesting to the Marquis of ABERDEEN that he should submit his chin to the razor's edge. The MARQUIS is ten years older than Mr. ROSE, and in virtue of his seniority they were prepared to spare him this indignity.

But it is impossible to expect an unlimited continuance of this indulgent attitude. Evidences can be multiplied indefinitely to prove the intolerable strain imposed on conscientious Labourites by the unscrupulous cajoleries and blandishments of aristocratic hostesses. Mayfair, as we know, is rapidly being converted into *maisonnettes*, but the old spirit remains—the desire of intriguing matrons to capture political opponents and exhibit them as trophies of their bow and spear. Within the last few weeks it is a matter of common notoriety that a well-known Duchess, adopting the *alias* of Mrs. Prodggers, despatched a dinner invitation to Mr. JACK JONES, and that the stratagem was only detected in the nick of time by a Providential reference to *The Post Office Directory*, which identified the address with the *maisonnette* now occupied by the Duchess.

Another device is to send tickets for a concert or private theatricals, at which, if the recipient accepts the offer, he finds himself surrounded by a bevy of beautiful but belligerent anti-Socialistic propagandists, who avail themselves of the intervals to sap his strength by flattery and sweetmeats, or even doped cigarettes. Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD's prowess as a big-game hunter—which he indiscreetly avowed in an article written many years ago on his tiger-shooting experience in India for *The Daily Chronicle*—has rendered

him peculiarly vulnerable to attack in the shape of seductive invitations to shooting parties which are really an excuse for political proselytism.

Efforts have also been made to entrap Mr. WELSH, M.P., the Lanark poet and novelist, into attending *salons* whose allegiance to letters masks a ferocious political obscurantism. Even the sacred name of Charity is invoked to disguise the insidious designs of Conservative sirens; and an attempt (happily foiled) was made to induce Mr. KIRKWOOD and Mr. NEIL MACLEAN to give an exhibition of their skill as reel dancers at a philanthropic ball at Devonshire House.

Enough has been said to indicate the wide-spread ramifications of this appalling conspiracy organised by the



WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO TURN UP.

After the statue of KUR-LIL, the "Keeper of a Granary," recently discovered at Ur.

(THE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.)

Delilahs of Capitalism to shear the Labour Samson. The instinct of self-preservation has prompted a mild and partial retaliation, but contact with the enemy in the House of Commons goes on; and such fraternisation is suicidal. The substitution of Committees for a Cabinet is only a stop-gap and a half-measure. Parliament itself is the great obstacle, the Bastille that must be overthrown and annihilated before Labour can enter fully on its beneficent reign.

"In therear there is an Old English Garden, and no expense has been spared in making it replete with every comfort, including oak floors, independent hot water, and Central Heating."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

It is the kind of garden we should like in our climate; but this is what we are more accustomed to:—

"Attractive Gardens of two acres, chiefly water."—*Advt. in same paper.*

THE PORK PIE.

"SHYNESS, bashfulness, morbid self-consciousness, nervousness, call it what you will," said the eminent K.C., "is a very real malady to those that suffer from it, although the world has agreed to make it a subject for ridicule and laughter. And that, when you come to think of how many people undergo tortures from it when they are young, if not always, is an odd thing. Critics ought to be kinder. Ridicule cannot help; the only remedy is time. As we grow older our hide thickens; the sense of shame is less acute; we gradually learn that everyone else's eyes and thoughts are not concentrated on ourselves, as we used to believe and fear."

"Disregard of the opinion of others," he went on, "is a very slow growth, and sometimes it never comes at all. Why, I assure you that there was a time in my life when I too crept about among strangers as fearfully and blushing as anybody who was ever afflicted in this way. I can even remember, and acutely remember, at this moment an occasion—I was in the early twenties—when because of this disease I nearly starved in the midst of plenty. Incredible it seems to-day, but it is true. Would you like to hear it?"

Before anyone could say "No" he was in full swing.

"I had been staying," he said, "in the country, in the North, and had come away too early to get any breakfast. After an hour or so—it was before the days when a blessed little letter 'r' began to be put against the times of the trains in *Bradshaw*—after an hour or so of gnawing hunger and faintness we stopped at Melton Mowbray, and I rushed from the carriage to the refreshment-room and bought a pork pie.

"The girl put it into a paper-bag and I rushed back with it, far more precipitately, as it happened, than there was any need for, as we were there for five minutes, long enough for boys bearing trays of these commodities to make the tour of the whole train. One of these came in course of time to my carriage, in which were seated besides myself two men—big, prosperous, commanding men, such as I knew in my heart I could never, never be.

"'Pork pie, Sir?' said the boy to one of them.

"'Pork pie!' exclaimed the man shudderingly and with withering scorn. 'Good heavens, no! I'd rather die than touch the things;' and the boy disappeared in terror, while I hastily intruded my body between the guilty package and the speaker's line of vision.

"'Do people still eat pork pies?' he asked his friend.



Ancient Dame. "I DO WISH, JOHN, YOU WOULD PUT DOWN THE PAPER AND OPEN YOUR LETTERS. PERHAPS THERE'S SOMETHING IN THEM THAT MIGHT ALTER THE WHOLE COURSE OF OUR LIVES."

"'Apparently,' the other replied. 'Amazing, isn't it?'"

"And they settled back in their seats reflecting comfortably on their own cautious taste and the folly of others."

"Now here was a terrible situation for me. An ordinary sensible youth in my position, hearing such sentiments, would have paid no attention, but doggedly have eaten his fill. A youth of ordinary shyness would either have got into another compartment, which I had not the pluck to attempt, so conspicuous would it make me (and the dread of being conspicuous is, of course, the dominating factor in the lives of the self-conscious); or he would have said, 'I'm sorry, gentlemen, if I offend you, but I've had no breakfast and must either tackle this disgusting food or expire.' But neither course was possible to me. I was doomed. Their fastidiousness had rung my knell."

"Meanwhile the train resumed its deliberate journey towards London: nearly three hours more at least; and I sat there ravaged by pangs of emptiness, but totally incapable of undoing the paper bag and revealing not only its horrid secret, but my own barbarous and revolting tendencies. I wonder if this pitiful experience touches a chord

in any of you; I wonder if any one could be such a worm as I was then."

He paused and sighed; surely not with regret? And yet . . . "To eat," he went on, "anything beneath the gaze of those two assured and well-nourished fellow-passengers, full of bacon and eggs and coffee consumed at a proper hour before starting, would be, I had only too feelingly known before we reached Melton Mowbray, a trial of courage needing every reserve of determination and fortitude that I could muster. I had known all that when I rushed from the carriage to buy the infernal thing; but such was the call of the vacuum that I was prepared to make the effort. But now I could not. In the knowledge of the disapproval of pork pies held by two such masterful and orderly creatures and conveyed in such uncompromising terms, no craving could be powerful enough to nerve my hand to lift even a crumb of that solace to my mouth."

"In public, at any rate."

"My only hope lay in the possibility of their going to sleep; and never can human eyelids have been watched with more persistence, though of course furtively, than were theirs. Now and then it seemed as if fortune were at

last to be on my side, for one nodded and then the other, but never both together. Again and again I fumbled to break off a scrap of the corrugated battlement of the pie, only to desist in a panic as I caught, or imagined that I caught, a waking eye turned upon me."

"To my eternal disgrace be it said that I reached London without one atom of it entering my famished system. I doubt if shyness, with all its victories, ever had such a triumph as that. It was not even as if a woman had entered into the case."

"That must be more than thirty years ago," he concluded, with another sigh. "Time the healer, again."

"Yes," someone said. "You've got over it now all right." E. V. L.

"Manager Wanted . . . salary no object to really competent man."

Advt. in Provincial Paper.

We should like to have the man's opinion about that.

From a charitable publication:—

"Come away, beyond the storms

Ever shines the flue:

Come away, beyond the forms

Ever dwells the true."

The poet, we believe, wrote "blue," but the printer knew better.

THE CANTEEN SAINT.

THE General's lady was the cause of all the trouble. I suppose she must have felt an urge all of a sudden for the betterment of the lot of the common soldier. Whatever moved her, she one day intimated to our Colonel that she intended to visit our regimental institute during business hours.

Of course we set to and worked out



"A COUPLE OF SELECTED OTHERS WERE TO BE DEEP IN DRAUGHTS."

a scientific scheme of eyewash for the dear lady. Leaving nothing to chance, we detailed various men to various occupations. Thus, Private Jenks, of C Company, a quiet studious lad, was to be in the recreation-room writing a letter to his mother. If questioned by the General's lady, he was to say that he wrote home at least once every week, and found the public pen-nibs most conducive to correspondence, thank you kindly.

Two clean and decent youths of B were to be playing a polite game of billiards, with a decorous little party looking on and applauding gently at intervals. A couple of selected others were to be deep in draughts, and a further pair in chess—two rather high-brow Wesleyans being chosen for the CAPABLANCA touch.

Men were to be reading the newspapers (leading articles and LOVAT FRASER'S italics). A band boy was to be surprised in the act of taking out *Pilgrim's Progress* from the regimental library. At the grocery bar there would be a group buying praiseworthy things like soap and brass polish.

But we kept our star turn for the wet canteen, for the General's lady, you must know, plays a very strong game of Pussyfoot. Our picked performer here was one Mullins—a pre-War relic who from long experience knows by heart the intricate scale of fines for drunkenness. Then why Mullins?

Because a fortnight ago Mullins had once again signed the pledge. The minimum duration of a Mullins pledge has been proved to be one month. We therefore computed that the General's lady would catch Mullins at the zenith of his bout of sobriety. Mullins assured us that she should.

This was the notion:—Mullins should be at the bar, sipping something soft and sweet and definitely teetotal. On arrival the distinguished visitor was to be led straight to the reformed inebriate. This would not be difficult, for Mullins is a fine fellow with what you might call a canteen presence. He was to relate his story of shame and repentance, whereat the General's lady, according to plan, was to be suffused by a glow of gratitude for a soul saved, and the regiment was to pouch the credit for the salvation.

Now I come to the day.

All went beautifully until the procession reached the wet canteen. Oh, yes, Mullins was there, sober and tidy, one of about a score of patrons, but somewhat isolated, by arrangement. The General's lady was quite easily led to the regenerate.

"Do you find this place comfortable?" she inquired.

"Yes, Ma'am; thank you, Ma'am," said Mullins; then piously introducing his scheduled *motif*, "More comfortable than I used to, praise Gawd!"

The reminiscent after-thought engaged Mrs. General's curiosity at once. Quickly she wrung from Mullins a rapid review of his sinful past and sinless present. I must say Mullins surpassed



"A BAND BOY WAS TO BE SURPRISED IN THE ACT OF TAKING OUT *PILGRIM'S PROGRESS*."

himself. Only the lantern slides were lacking.

"And what do you drink now?" asked the General's lady, fussing over Mullins like a mother-hen over a prodigal chick.

"Ginger ale's me strongest, Ma'am."

"Is that your glass?"

"It is, Ma'am."

It was indeed his second glass, and was as yet untouched.

Fanaticism and dignity fought a brief battle in the breast of the General's lady. Fanaticism won.

"Then I will drink to your health," she proclaimed, "and to your continued constancy to your noble pledge." And before Mullins could decide about stop-



"IT WAS NO ORDINARY SPECTACLE."

ping her she had seized the glass and drunk well and truly.

I hardly like to describe what followed. The General's lady made four terrible grimaces, then dropped the glass containing the unclean thing. It fell to the floor with a crash. The General charged to her side.

"Ginger ale!" she shrieked. "It is not ginger ale. What is it, George?" ("George" is the General.)

The General went down on all-fours and sniffed round like a spaniel on the matting. It was no ordinary spectacle.

"My dear," he said, rising slowly, "keep calm, I implore you. I am very much distressed to—that is—in fact, I am greatly afraid it is beer."

"Beer!" wailed the lady. "And I swallowed some! I have broken my pledge. Take my arm, George; I must be drunk!"

We were spared the sight of her intoxication, for the General led her into the open air, and so away from our polluted lines—never, I think, to return.

Mullins was most contrite about it all. He explained that he was bound to "liquor up," as he put it, so as to get nerve enough for "telling the tale." Quite reasonably, he added that he never dreamed the General's lady would so demean herself as to put her lips to the glass of a common soldier. As for the taste of the stuff, he argued, there

was not so much difference as all that between ginger ale and canteen beer nowadays. And anyway he too had broken his pledge in a good cause.

The Colonel confessed that he could discover no section of the Army Act under which Mullins might be crimed. He reminded us (and himself) that what is tolerable mouthwash may be darned poor eyewash. And finally he declared that the wet canteen was the soldier's castle, and intruders—especially sociological females (only he didn't say sociological)—must expect to get what they got.

Between ourselves, "if those lips could only speak" (as the song says), I think, George, the General, might express much the same opinion.

NOTES ON BIRD LIFE.

At this season of the year Nature wakes from her sleep and wakes me from mine.

The whole countryside teems with our feathered songsters. Those which cannot find accommodation in fields and woods and other places to which they rightly belong take up their stance in overwhelming numbers at the bottom of my garden.

Here bird-life begins (at the moment of writing) at five o'clock each morning, Sundays not excepted. Hardly has the first pale light of returning dawn crept into my bedroom when there is a hullabaloo from without which rouses me for a pleasant three-hours' study of the faint traces of pattern which remain upon my wall-paper.

Our birds have many activities to employ the long hours of these sunny days. There are the processes of feeding, including snail-extracting and worm-hauling. There is cat-dodging—and one of the real reasons for their early songs of gladness is that yet again they have dodged the black cat from next-door but one to me, and live to greet another sunrise. There is nest-building. To watch a pair of thrushes, with a chip of brick here, a lump of mud there, three inches of rope and bits of an old nail-brush, constructing their cosy little home is a charming experience. I have never seen it myself, but I have read about it. Whenever I chance to come across a pair of thrushes with their mouths full of discarded hardware, they would rather swallow the stuff than let me see what they mean it for. And I do not look very much like a bird's-egg collector either.

Among the feathered tribe the blackbird is perhaps the least subject to fatigue. The blackbird is a delightful creature to people who live in New North Road, Ashley Gardens and



THE END OF THE SEASON.

Reynard (sol.). "THERE IS NOT ONE AMONG THEM BUT I DOTE ON HIS VERY ABSENCE, AND I PRAY GOD GRANT THEM A FAIR DEPARTURE."—*The Merchant of Venice.*

places like that; and it brings in quite a lot of money to poets and song-writers. Certainly it has its uses. But for downright utility give me a brown Leghorn of a good laying strain. As to the rooks which old Browster permits to live in his rookery at the end of the Avenue, I cannot trust myself to say anything.

Up to the present the cuckoo has not been heard in my neighbourhood, and I am, I believe, the first to write to the papers to say so. Is it too much to hope that it never will? Something tells me that it is.

Our Candid Journalists.

"The scene in which she appeared with this great beast I—alone of all writers—am able to describe."—*Daily Paper.*

"Literally speaking, Mr. —, the manager of the drapery department, has succeeded in 'setting the Thames on fire.'"—*Weekly Paper.* We literally don't believe this.

A Hopeless Case.

"ARMY SANDWICHES.

Thief eats four, then gives himself up."
—*Evening Paper.*

Our railway refreshment rooms will have to look to their laurels.

From a notice of two new films:—

"In each case the producer wasso straining at the gnat of exact detail as to miss the mote of anachronism."—*Daily Paper.*

Perhaps he was afraid that if he took the beam out of his eye it would break the camel's back.

From a hunting report:—

"The —, for their last day of the season, met at — cross-roads. During the past season hounds have killed forty and a-half gross of foxes, and marked 28 brace to ground. In 112 days they have only been stopped on six occasions."—*Daily Paper.*

If our arithmetic is to be trusted, this works out at fifty-two foxes killed for every hunting-day. Not bad!

AT THE PLAY.

"ISABEL, EDWARD AND ANNE"
(HAYMARKET).

IF Miss GERTRUDE JENNINGS's pleasant comedy has a purpose—which I doubt—it is to illustrate, in two very different types, what her *Mrs. Bucket* calls the "paternal" instinct in the female. This heroic seamstress, relict of a sweep, had sacrificed the society of her adored son, *Stephen*, in order that, uncontaminated by association with her, he might have the chance of winning distinction as an artist. She had selected for him the name *Audley*, as being more in keeping with the tone of Chelsea, and had extracted from him an undertaking not to reveal his obscure origin. By a slip of the tongue, due to a spasm of uncontrollable indignation, she herself lets out the secret in the very presence not only of the girl, *Anne Carew*, to whom he is privily engaged, but of her aristocratic parents. *Mrs. Carew*, not to be outdone by nobility in low life, and anxious to prove that

"Hearts just as pure and fair
May beat in Belgrave Square
As in the lowly air
Of Seven Dials,"

sacrifices her pride of birth in favour of her daughter's happiness, and takes steps to promote the marriage.

The methods adopted by these two women for the advancement of their children's interests showed a curious similarity. *Mrs. Bucket*, having by frankly dishonourable means obtained access to certain correspondence addressed to the girl's father, discovers the secret of a Continental episode in the career of this public advocate of purity. This she utilises to blackmail him into accepting her boy for his son-in-law. *Mrs. Carew*, after rebuking *Mrs. Bucket* for this conduct and warning her that it might not be approved by the Bench, herself takes a not very different line of action, in order to silence the malicious gossip of a certain notorious *Lady Massingham*, who had some Victorian things to say about an unchaperoned visit paid by *Anne* to *Stephen* in his studio. Having discovered—by what devices, and whether they too were shady, we are left to surmise—that in this lady's dossier there was also a Continental episode, she secures her silence by a process not easily distinguishable in substance from *Mrs. Bucket's* scheme of blackmail. So that in this matter of making the end justify the means, we have it once more demonstrated that—

"The Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady
Are sisters under their skins."

It is, as I said, a pleasant play and quite innocuous. In the bright dialogue

I only traced one note of cynicism that counted. It was when *Edward Carew's* secret—nothing worse than an early indiscretion, adjusted by a marriage which the lady did not long survive—was exposed to his second wife. "Why did you not tell me about it?" she asks. "Because," he replies, "women never forgive an act of chivalry."

It would be absurd to make any serious complaint about so light an entertainment. But in one particular it revived an old grievance. It has always been a trouble with me that so few dramatists stop to consider how their married couples ever came to imagine that they had any affinity for one another. And here too one is at a loss to understand what attraction a woman like *Mrs. Carew*—with so fine



THE VEILED BLACKMAILER.

Edward Carew . . MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH.
Mrs. Bucket . . . MISS ATHENE SEYLER.

a temperament and so keen an intelligence—could have found in her pompous prig of a husband. True, in the absence of any career of her own, it may have been some diversion—the "paternal" instinct again?—to make one for him: to write his speeches, to push him up the political ladder, ultimately to hoist him right into the Cabinet. But that does not explain how she ever came to care for him at the start; for he belonged to a fixed type and must always have been like that.

Miss LILLIAN BRAITHWAITE played *Mrs. Carew* most charmingly, with an easy grace of manner and movement, and a way of saying the cleverest things as if she couldn't help it. Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH made an excellent *Edward*, admirably rotund both in presence and in diction. Perhaps he might have done a little more on the sentimental side to explain the enigma of his wife's devotion.

The young lovers were natural and sincere. Miss MARGARET BANNERMAN, piquant of face and figure, may have been a little too arch, but Mr. HAROLD FRENCH was very effective with his quiet reserve. As *Lady Massingham*, Miss DOROTHY OVEREND was not quite the perfect vampire of the author's design; but then I am not sure that Miss JENNINGS herself is as good a connoisseur of vice as of virtue. In the small part of *Alice*, a maid, Miss JOYCE KENNEDY showed great assurance, a quality also to be remarked in her *coiffure*; and I rather wonder that Mr. *Carew* did not make it a ground for one of his many protests.

The honours of the evening went to Miss ATHENE SEYLER, whose interpretation of *Mrs. Bucket* revealed the most astonishing vitality and resourcefulness. Her art has before now demanded many sacrifices of her attractive personality, and it was a real pleasure to see her in a character-study which gave so free a scope to her exceptional qualities.

And I must not forget to pay my best compliments to the author for her courageous conception of *Mrs. Bucket*. Miss JENNINGS was so confident about her main motive, so sure of her woman with the big heart, that she was never afraid of destroying sentiment by humour, and could afford to indulge in the most devastating bathos. I particularly liked *Mrs. Bucket's* belief in food as the true medicine of grief. In her darkest hour, when she thinks that her life-work has been in vain and that her boy's career is ruined, she recommends to him a little light refreshment, supporting this advice with the following reminiscence: "I cried all day when your father died till somebody thought of toasted cheese."

"MARRIAGE BY INSTALMENTS"
(AMBASSADORS).

THOSE who reflected beforehand on the probable meaning—if any—of the title would naturally conclude that the play had to do with a relationship which only reached the climax of legalised union by easy stages. If so, they were to be disappointed—at least as far as the chief characters were concerned. For at our first meeting with them they were already married in strict accordance with the law and returning from a rapturous honeymoon. Neither this blameless record nor their subsequent experience of disillusionment, separation and ultimate reunion, seemed to have anything in common with the rules by which furniture is obtained on the instalment system.

It would seem that the authors, Messrs. BERNARD MÉRIVALE and RICHARD BIRD, in their anxiety to find an effective title,



"WAITER!"

"YES, SIR."

"THESE PEAS ARE CORKED."

had imposed on us a false analogy as between the matrimonial developments of the young pair and the fact that they had acquired their furniture on this system—a merely incidental detail, though *Mr. Gossage*, collector of instalments for *Gumpitt Bros.*, furniture-mongers, happened to be the most entertaining figure in the play. He indulged a vein of platitudinous philosophy which recalled the window-cleaner in *Mr. Galsworthy's Windows*, with the difference that he was funniest when drunk. He had strong views, reiterated with great insistence, about the significance of human nature ("Uman nature!" he says, "what crimes are committed in thy name!"). I could have wished that his profound knowledge of this elemental theme had been more largely shared by the authors, who gave us more than one episode so remote from human nature that I never remember to have encountered their like on land or sea. It was improbable enough that the collector of instalments should have called upon his firm's client at dead of night in a state of intoxication; but it was grossly improbable that that gentleman should have seized the occasion to confide to him the tragedy of his married life.

I have said that the title had no application to the protagonists. But it did apply to a subsidiary couple, con-

sisting of a nondescript sensualist (with an intermittent foreign accent) and the toughest of flappers; so tough, indeed, that we could feel no very poignant concern in the success of the financial pressure which her sister brings to bear on the man "to make her an honest woman." Nothing but the direct intervention of Providence could have done that.

To do justice to a meritorious consistency in her quality of toughness, she had no desire to be made honest, and it was only for the sake of her prospective child (alternately referred to as a son and a daughter) that she submitted to her sister's scheme for regularising her social status.

However, this rather unsavoury episode had nothing to do with the main idea, but was just thrown in for joy. As for the leading couple, *Miss Muriel Alexander* and *Mr. Henry Kendall* stuck to their work with a fine courage. I say nothing of the courage displayed by the audience, who apparently remained hopeful after the thinnest of First Acts. They were rewarded, but not too generously. A few good things were said. *Mr. Kendall* was best in his lighter moments, but *Miss Alexander* was sound all through. The feckless mother-in-law (on the wife's side), a boarding-house proprietress with reminiscences, was

established as a familiar type at the first sitting; but *Miss Clare Greet* kept on rubbing it in with the greatest good-humour. I think it possible that *Mr. George Hayes* did justice to the unpleasant person with the foreign accent, though I have nothing in my experience to go by.

If the play is to outlive its teething days it will be the performance of *Mr. Frank Bertram* as *Gossage* that keeps it extant. How much the authors banked upon this character is shown by their determination to drag him into the last Act—long after the instalment business was done with—in order to receive instruction for "measuring up" a house for new furniture—a feat on which his expert knowledge of human nature would be wasted and one that I believe to be beyond his powers even when sober. O. S.

From a house-agent's list:—

"NORTH DEVON.—Well-built, conveniently-planned Residence, overlooking sea and golf-links; 6 bedrooms."

The ideal place for honeymooners.

"Wanted immediately a respectable country girl for city able to milk one or two cows, wash cook, and do general housework."

Advt. in Irish Paper.

But will cook stand it?

AN ACADEMY OF PEN-PORTRAITS.

IT gives me pain to write it, but I fear that Harold has lost his soul.

Not having seen him for some months, I wandered into his studio the other day to look him up. He was there, but a different Harold from the man I knew, for he was now all bewashed and beerless.

We had spoken for barely two minutes when he towed me to an easel which stood in a corner of the room and flung his hand out proudly towards it.

"Ah!" I exclaimed, "the dear old Kursaal at Southend."

"No," replied Harold in a sort of fanatic ecstasy, "Lady Laudly-Halls. This year's Academy. Sure to be hung."

"Oh, not so bad as all that," I said kindly. "We can burn it, and I swear that I won't breathe a word of it to anyone."

But Harold disregarded me and went on muttering about fame and fees till, sorrowing, I left him. And that is why I fear that Harold has lost his soul.

Of course I suppose that one can hardly blame these artist chaps for taking the only path which can lead them to comfort, let alone prosperity. If they don't reconcile themselves to the idea of delineating the preposterous features of the very rich, eternal poverty looms before them.

This same Lady Laudly-Halls, for example, was the cause of the downfall of Charles. Charles had done one or two decent things, and one day they decided to make a great man of him. So they brought Lady Laudly-Halls to him and, as a matter of form, asked him if he would like to do a portrait of her. Charles just said, "Good Lord, no! Why?" And within a year he died of starvation.

I have often thought that it would make things easier in the literary world if the Academy system were adopted. There would have to be an annual exhibition, of course, to which all the social world would flock. Forten months of the year writers famous and infamous would tout among millionaires and Cabinet Ministers for the privilege of "writing up" them and their wives and families. In the Spring the results of their labours, appropriately framed, would be hung along the walls of some great hall, to which the public would be admitted.

The subjects of the manuscripts would be certain to visit the show again and again, and to bring their friends in dozens, and to stand for hours perusing their portraits in the hope that some observant stranger might recognise them. Huge sums would be paid for original manuscripts,

and even typewritten copies might have their value.

The style of the portraits would naturally depend largely upon the idiosyncrasies of the artist. Thus:—

Portrait of a Financial Magnate by a Very Famous Novelist.

That brow . . . portentous . . . strangely so . . . portentous and lowering. And the nose . . . its curves—curves that speak of power . . . uncanny power . . . behind the nose.

And those two burning spots of fire . . . like glowing coals . . . his eyes reminiscent of something . . . yes, vaguely reminiscent . . . of something.

And his teeth . . . white . . . quite white . . . white and gold . . . white, ivory white and yellow gold.

Portrait of the Duchess of by one of a well-known family of modern poets.

What day is it?

See the moon

So blithely crackling on the amber grass.

Twice two are eight.

Illimitable.

Pavonine.

Fragment, believed to be of a portrait of Lord Leverbloom.

To those whose notions of blue blood have been culled from fairy stories this nobleman presents a remarkable appearance. His head (Here the manuscript ends abruptly, having been severed, apparently, by some sharp instrument.)

Our Cynical Playwrights.

"PLUS POURS.

(A Spring-time Romance)

By H. A. Vachell and Harold Simpson."

Advt. in Sunday Paper.

Consecutive items from a concert programme:—

"Mrs. S. —, 'Who Tied the Kettle on the Old Dog's Tail?'

Captain —, 'Myself, when Young.'

At Baghdad "the Iraq Army, encouraged by brass bands, is usefully employed in repairing the city walls for protection against the flood."—*Daily Paper.*

A complete reversal of the Jericho precedent.

"'BOB REID.'

To-day that stout-hearted veteran Lord Loreburn is 77 years old. No man ever enjoyed more liking and respect among opponents as well as among colleagues and supporters, though his Radicalism was a prickly plant and his speech was as hard-hitting as his bat used to be when he punished the Cambridge bowling a quarter of a century ago."

Provincial Paper.

A "stout-hearted veteran" indeed, if he punished the Cambridge bowling at the age of fifty-two.

SPRING'S MIXED GRILL.

OUR purses are leaner;
Expenses are banned;
But the vacuum cleaner
Is loud in the land.

The young leaves are shooting
In spinney and copse;
The burglars are looting
The jewellers' shops.

The gold of Golconda
Has vanished from sight;
But the miners of Rhondda
Are spoiling for fight.

The tailors are talking
Of raising their prices;
Street vendors are hawking
Their pink-and-white ices.

The passion for prancing
Consumes great and small;
The world must have dancing
Although the sky fall.

The income-tax dodger
More boldness displays;
The Oliver Lodger
Is flirting with fays.

Gas-users with frenzy
Are cursing the therm,
While COMPTON MACKENZIE
Sits happy in Herm.

The SITWELLS are fitting
Their *Wheels* with fresh
cranks;
Fresh fissures are splitting
The Georgian ranks.

The magic of Hymen
Exerts its full sway,
And ardent dry fly-men
Are longing for May.

America's arid;
The outlook is Red;
But still folk get married
And some get re-wed.

And hope of salvation
Revives and remains,
For the rule of *The Nation*
Is passing to KEYNES.

"'Pussyfootism,' as it was called, was attacked with a good deal of spirit at open-air meetings in Manchester last night."

Local Paper.

This, of course, is the usual weapon.

At a Guardians' meeting:—

"There was a recommendation from the House Committee that the inmates should have potato-pie for dinner on Wednesdays, instead of hash, provided the Ministry of Health approved the change."—*Local Paper.*

When Mr. N. CHAMBERLAIN has finished drafting the Housing Bill he will perhaps have time to tackle this other vital problem.



"I CAN'T THINK WHAT ALL THOSE MEN CAN SEE IN THAT CHIT OF A GIRL JUST OUT OF THE INCUBATOR."
 "WELL, THAT'S BETTER THAN BEING STILL IN THE REFRIGERATOR—WHAT?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ONE of the outstanding impressions left on the lay mind by the Great War is the impotence of experts to grapple with its causes and their comparative adroitness in dealing with its conduct. The best compliment I can pay the Rt. Hon. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL is to say that in his triple capacity of prophet, monitor and annalist of *The World Crisis* (BUTTERWORTH) he seems to have displayed less than the customary impotence and (on the whole) more than the customary adroitness. As prophet, and President of the Board of Trade, he warned the Cabinet of 1909 of the financial tension in Germany, "a tension which must either be relieved by moderation or snapped by calculated violence." As monitor, and First Lord of the Admiralty, it is difficult not to see the affinity of his flexible genius with a period of breathless naval transition. His solicitude for the East Coast ports, if it did not result in the construction of two Kiels to one, will always stand to his credit; as will also his efforts to obtain "Fisher reforms without Fisher methods" and "captains of war" instead of "captains of ships." As annalist he is qualified by having occupied "the only place from which the supreme view of the naval scene could be obtained" and by the possession of a genuine gift for animated and orderly narrative. The present volume ends with the first Christmas of the War.

Artists are out of favour nowadays; and had I the pen of GEORGE DU MAURIER I think I should turn to and labour at their rehabilitation. Here, for instance, is Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK piling up scorn on the inadequately clothed and mannered emigrants from Chelsea who still (if I may take her word for it) infest out-of-the-way corners of rural England. Of course it is annoying for *Thomas* and *Mary Clarendon*, the elderly tenants of *None-Go-By* (COLLINS), to

find their efforts at privacy in a Cornish cottage frustrated by callers like *Mr. Pitcher Skimming*, who wears a paint-stained jersey and football shorts; *Mrs. Tubbs* in a one-piece garment "sloppy in fit and decayed in texture," and "*The Leprechaun*," who obtrudes a red jumper, Turkish slippers and a clay pipe. But then, to my way of thinking, *Thomas's* and *Mary's* own relatives, who bear down upon them in comparatively welcome hordes with flirtations and family quarrels and all the appurtenances of the Philistine, are even more unpleasantly out of key with the Atlantic sea-board, so charmingly indicated as their background, than these highly unrepresentative artists. The doings of neither coterie have many claims to coherence; but the book proceeds in a series of graceful ripples which would convey a more genial theme very prettily. And a word of praise is due to *Thomas*, philosopher and chess-player, who, as *Susan* his niece says, is "sweet."

Ireland has had many nominal rulers. Sir HENRY ROBINSON, in his delightful *Memories: Wise and Otherwise* (CASSELL), tells us that during his official life of nearly fifty years he has been intimately associated with twenty Chief Secretaries, few of whom made any abiding mark on the history of the country. Its real ruler for more than half that period was Sir HENRY himself, who became Vice-President of the Local Government Board in 1898, and was always ready to place his unequalled knowledge of the land and its people at the disposal of his successive chiefs. It became almost a joke in Ireland that no sooner had a new "shave-beggar" (in the Dublin *gamin's* vocabulary) made his official entry than he was rushed off by Sir HENRY ROBINSON for a motor-tour in his beloved Connaught. Sometimes the pupils were wise, and took their modest Mentor's advice; sometimes they were otherwise, and preferred to put in practice their Westminster theories, and then they came to grief. Sir HENRY himself, though he ruled

much more by tact than by force, and had a love for his wayward fellow-countrymen, manifested on every page, eventually became a victim of the gunmen's tyranny. Less than a year ago his house was looted and all his private papers were destroyed. Thanks to his excellent memory, however, the book has suffered little, if at all, from his loss of documents. It throws many illuminating side-lights upon the recent history of Ireland, gives kindly but critical appreciations of the men who have tried to direct its destinies, and by its profusion of apposite and authentic Irish stories turns what would otherwise be a melancholy record into the best of good reading.

If there are people upon whom deeds of blood and treachery exercise a perennial attraction, then *The Wanderings of Asaf*, by AFGHAN (HERBERT JENKINS) is the very book for them. *Asaf Khan*, the scourge, or one of the scourges, of the North-west frontier of India, was a promising young Afridi whose chosen occupations were murder, rapine and theft. I can think at the moment of no crime,

except perhaps simony, which *Asaf Khan* did not enthusiastically perpetrate. But in justice it should be said that this human wild beast did possess an elementary sense of the duty of sticking by his friends. That virtue, however, hardly atones for a savagery whose only cure would appear to be the gallows. Perhaps a steady course of education in the arts of killing and stealing has a tendency to blunt the moral faculties; or is it, as Mr. "AFGHAN" would appear to imply, that upon the Border the Ten Commandments are read backwards? or, again, the

story may have been designed for the cinema, for it consists of a succession of the most deadly incidents, depicted with the charmless artificiality of the camera, together with a generous disregard of the laws of probability. The author, for reasons of his own, uses English of the sham antique style. The same method is adopted by the publisher, who, in case the reader by his own unaided intellect should find a difficulty in discovering the author's meaning, very kindly prefaces the narrative with a brief explanation of "what this story is about."

Devenish (MILLS AND BOON) is a thoroughly unsatisfactory journalist who finds in a friend's room the scenario of a novel, and works it up into a success, on the strength of which he is accepted by a young woman of not very keen insight or intelligence. The robbed friend was of course in love with the same divinity and feels his hands are tied with regard to this matter of the stolen plot. Now I should not feel in the least like that about it. Quite apart from the fact that stealing people's plots is not in the least likely to lead to writing good novels I don't believe in the noble reticence of Mr. *Lester-Jones*, the narrator of this rather aimless story. *Devenish*, the fraud, might have been an entertaining character if Mr. LAÇON WATSON had taken the

trouble to develop him and make him plausible. And so might the schoolmaster-turned-speculator, *Sebastian Bassett*. But, as the author with engaging frankness admits in the epilogue, he didn't quite know what he wanted to do with his puppets—for that's what the admission amounts to. He certainly forgot to clothe them with flesh and blood.

Mr. HAROLD NICOLSON's delightful book, *Tennyson* (CONSTABLE), is likely to be somewhat disturbing to the out-and-out Tennysonians. Everything seemed so firmly assured to them; and now Mr. NICOLSON cleverly remoulds their idol. He shows how the literary taste of the present time has altered towards TENNYSON; how the Victorian TENNYSON, the didactic, the narrative poet, has disappeared and someone quite different has emerged in his place. He makes TENNYSON's real greatness rest on the value of his emotional poetry, and if he thus creates a different TENNYSON he nevertheless leaves him a great poet. Mr. NICOLSON ridicules the poet's honeyed idylls, his shallow thinking, his vanity, his lack of humour, but he

mocks with so delicate a malice that he does not endanger our affection. All of us would wish that the famous and fatal last lines of *Enoch Arden* had never been written; and who has not chuckled over the description of the wedding service in *In Memoriam* :—

"The ring is on,
The 'wilt thou' answered,
and again
The 'wilt thou' ask'd,
till out of twain
Her sweet 'I will' has
made you one?"

The book is admirable and not least for the skilful way in which the author uses the scalpel.

"What was the greatest fault of *Ayesha*, *She-*

who-must-be-obeyed?" is the question that Sir H. RIDER HAGGARD asks in an editor's note to *Wisdom's Daughter* (HUTCHINSON). Sir RIDER (who certainly ought to know) considers that colossal vanity is the answer to this query; but with all due respect to him I think that *Ayesha's* loquacity was her besetting sin. The RIDER HAGGARD habit is still strong within me, but I am relieved to hear that "the present romance is the last of the trilogy telling of the wondrous doings of *Ayesha*." My sympathies in this story are enlisted solely on behalf of *Kallikrates*, who in the flesh loved *Amenartas*, but in the spirit was devoted to *Ayesha*. A very difficult position for any poor mortal to be in, and one which *Kallikrates* was powerless to deal with. I am very sorry for *Kallikrates*.

"It will be a hundred years on Wednesday since there passed away the writer of that immortal ode, 'The Burial of Sir John Moore.' Charles Wolfe. Charles Wolfe lies in the old churchyard of Clonmel, and perhaps the finest tribute ever paid him was that by the famous soldier who said he would rather have written Wolfe's poem than won his own greatest victory."—*Sunday Paper*.

Which reminds us of the historic utterance of Lord GREY OF FALLDON, to the effect that he would rather have stormed the Heights of Abraham than written his famous *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*.



SAD CONDITION OF A HUMOROUS ARTIST WHO, MISLED BY A NEWSPAPER ARTICLE ANNOUNCING THE REVIVAL OF SIDE-WHISKERS, HAS THROWN ALL HIS ENERGY INTO PREPARATIONS FOR A BOOM.

CHARIVARIA.

PROFESSOR EINSTEIN'S new Theory cannot, he says, be explained in words. In this respect it is a great improvement on the old one.

A burglar under a Sheffield man's bed was mistaken for the dog and patted on the head. He had the good sense not to take umbrage at what many would have resented as an unwarrantable familiarity.

A wren has just hatched out a brood in a bunker on the Leatherhead golf-links. A dear old lady has written to the Birds' Protection League offering to knit asbestos ear-caps for the innocent young fledglings.

An American visitor has written to *The Daily Express* asking readers to recommend some nice spot other than Thanet. At Carmelite House the only answer they can think of is "Heaven."

Another visitor from U.S.A. complains that he asked three men to direct him to the House of Commons, and not one of them could do so. Our theory is that they could have shown him, but hadn't the heart to do it.

Mr. HENRY FORDS says there is room for everybody in this world. HENRY seems to have forgotten pedestrians.

He also points out that he has no desire to enter political life. It is feared that if he keeps making statements like this his name will get into the papers.

In full satisfaction of the claims of American citizens the United States Government is asking Germany for two hundred and fifty million pounds. Everybody is agreed that there is no harm in asking.

Sir KINGSLEY WOOD is of the opinion that the probability of each of us becoming a centenarian is steadily increasing. Still we must all cheer up and look on the bright side.

The German and Lithuanian Governments are so suspicious of one another that anybody would think they were Allies.

Electric bells are to be installed in the police cells at Blackburn. Prompt attention to the requirements of guests should be the aim of all police-stations desiring a better-class clientèle.

Mr. JOSEPH GURNEY, who has retired after forty-six years as rate-collector at Pinner, is to be presented with a public testimonial. It is thought that the man who first suggested this did it in a moment of aberration before he realised that the authorities would almost certainly appoint a successor.

"With the exception of golf," says *The Glasgow Herald*, "England invented most of the world-wide games." Now that Scotland has officially accepted the blame for inventing golf we hope the matter will be allowed to drop.



Waiter. "THE MENU, SARE?"
Impressionable Youth (fresh from Chelsea). "NO, THANKS; I'LL JUST HAVE A LITTLE OF THAT STILL LIFE."

According to *The Outlook* the policeman is more popular in this country than anywhere else. At the same time, even in this country it is considered a breach of etiquette for a professional pickpocket to be seen in the company of a police-officer.

A famous Spanish novelist has expressed the opinion that there is no solution of the present European problems. On reading this Mr. LOVAT FRASER sent out for another lorry-load of italics.

With reference to the man who was found in a state of collapse in a London suburb the other night, the explanation is that he had walked more than twenty yards without being asked for a cigarette picture.

We said we wanted nothing out of the War, and it was lucky for us that we couldn't be put off with less.

President HARDING estimates that it will take twenty years for Americans to get used to Prohibition. It looks as if they weren't trying.

A Luton manufacturer offers a handsome prize for the best suggestion for increasing the sale of men's straw hats during the coming Summer. Why not give away with every hat an oilskin coat and a pair of waders?

A tower six hundred feet high is to be built near the Stadium at Wembley. It is intended for the use of the referee on Cup Final day.

A youth at Westcliff charged with breaking into a house and damaging the bath-room fittings pleaded in defence that he was a plumber's mate.

As the offence took place out of trade-union hours the magistrates held that it was not a privileged occasion.

A French actor has been accidentally wounded in the finger in a staged duel. It is recognised, however, that this does occasionally happen out there, even in genuine *affaires d'honneur*.

The POET LAUREATE, has had his portrait painted by Mr. ROGER FRY. This is regarded as a rebuke to those who were inclined to criticise him on the

score of inactivity.

Attention is drawn to a revival of the African slave trade. There is no truth, however, in the rumour current in theatrical circles that this is the latest method of recruiting for the London Stage.

We gather from the new Naval programme laid down by the French that, while the world has been made safe for democracy, one country at least isn't taking any risk.

Labour leaders object to permanent special constables as being liable to develop into a sort of Fascisti. Representatives of the Amalgamated Laundry Workers in particular take a grave view of the possibility of a Black Shirt vogue.

A Revolting Daughter.

"Superior Girl wants happy home, no parents."—*Advt. in Provincial Paper.*

STAGE INTERVIEWS.

MODERN STYLE.

(With acknowledgments to an Evening Contemporary.)

I FOUND Miss Birdie Planet in her dressing-room the other night at the Platonic. I was wearing a neat suit of single-striped vicuna, a pale-blue tie, brown shoes (medium brogued) and a narrow-brimmed hat of grey velours, which I lifted gracefully as I entered her room.

Myself. Good evening, Miss Birdie. I hope you can spare me a few moments, or perhaps even more, as I have a good deal to say, and, need I add, there is no one to whom I would rather say it than yourself.

Miss B. Shall I write it all down?

Myself. No, no. I will do that. I am quite used to it. I write a lot. I was thinking, as I came upstairs to your room, how wonderful it is to be able to write so much about oneself. You have a delightful room—those pink curtains are charming; and how quaint is that little flannel-doll on your dressing-table! Of course it is a mascot?

Miss B. Yes.

Myself. Somehow I felt that it was. I am a great believer in mascots, and I always carry one on my watch-chain. In fact that is why I wear a chain. I wear my watch itself on my wrist.

[Here I extended my left arm at full length towards Miss Birdie and drew up my sleeve sufficiently to allow of her seeing the watch.]

Myself. You see?

Miss B. Yes.

Myself. I tell the time by that. It is most useful.

Miss B. Is it?

Myself. But that reminds me, time is running on and my readers will want to know something about what I think of the play before your call for the Second Act terminates the interview. I can't interview myself alone. I don't know why I can't, but there it is. I must have someone present, mustn't I?

Miss B. (laughing merrily and showing a set of teeth nearly as perfect as my own). Must you?

Myself (laughing too). I see you have a sense of humour. It is such a help to one, isn't it?

Miss B. Yes.

Myself. I have it myself in a very high degree.

Miss B. (roguishly). I wonder.

Myself. You ladies of the stage are great teases. But now shall I tell you what I think you feel when you are singing your big song in the Third Act?

[Miss Birdie, who, with the assistance of her dresser, was busily engaged in arranging a string of

pearls in her hair, gave ready assent by her silence.

Myself (continuing). You feel that the sky is blue, that young green grass is springing into life beneath your feet, and that all living things, even the painted sheep in the painted meadow that backs the scene, are love, just love.

[Here the dresser bent over and whispered something to her mistress, some secret of the toilet, I suspect. Miss Birdie nodded and with one delicately-manicured finger tapped her forehead gently. The dresser evidently recognised the sign, for a smile of complete understanding passed between the star and her humble hand-maiden. I was pleased to see this.]

Myself. I have often thought . . .

[But at that moment a voice was heard calling Miss Birdie, who hastily snatched her cloak from the back of a chair and, nodding brightly, ran from the room. Her happy laughter, which she seemed unable to repress, pealed along the stone passages. I looked for the dresser, with the idea of continuing the interview with her assistance. But she too had fled. I was alone. As I picked up my hat I decided to go and interview myself again in another dressing-room the next night.]

THE OTHER BUDGET.

"AND as our income for the past month has exceeded our expenditure by the sum of three pounds, eleven shillings and fourpence," said the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "I propose to apply the surplus as follows: two-thirds to the reduction of debt (Medwell's bill, you know), and the balance to buy myself a new pair of silk stockings, which goodness knows I need badly enough, my best ones being absolutely in shreds already, my dear, although I've only worn them about twice."

The Chancellor of the Exchequer paused for breath.

"So what do you think of that, darling?"

"It's not etiquette for the Chancellor of the Exchequer to address the Leader of the Opposition as 'darling,'" I murmured; "you've no idea how strict the rules are about little points like that. What do I think of it? I think it's a scandalous attempt to defraud the working man (that's me) of his just rights. I beg to move the rejection of the proposal *in toto*."

"I regret that I am unable to accept any modification whatever," said the Chancellor in dignified tones, "so put that in your silly old pipe and smoke it."

"Then I shall give notice to move an amendment. To the principle of debt reduction as a principle I have no objections at all, but in this particular case I am convinced that the amount specified is unnecessarily excessive; one-third of the surplus would be ample."

"I accept that amendment," put in the Chancellor hurriedly. "Then I can get a pair of gloves, too—long white ones, you know; they suit my arms and they're coming in again, thank goodness."

"Half a minute! That isn't all the amendment. It goes on like this:—And that the moneys thus recovered shall be devoted to purchasing a new hat for the Leader of the Opposition. Anyhow, I'm sure he needs one much more than you need stockings."

"He does need one certainly," said the Chancellor reflectively; "but not more. Oh, no, not more!"

"One of those nice grey ones with a corded brim that you like so much," I urged. "You know how proud you'd feel to be seen about London with me in one of those. Wouldn't you?"

The Chancellor wavered, but only for a moment.

"No!" she said firmly. "Gloves! I won't accept the amendment on any other terms."

"Then I shall have to put it to the vote. Remember you've practically forced me to it."

"All right," remarked the Chancellor tartly. "Vote away."

The House then divided, the voting being as follows:—

For the Amendment . . .	1
Against the Amendment .	1
Government majority .	0

"Hurrah!" I exclaimed, scrutinising the figures closely. "A Government defeat!"

"Nothing of the sort," said the Chancellor. "It's a deadlock. What does one do in deadlocks? Can't you move a qualifying amendment or something?"

I considered. "Yes; I move that the foregoing proceedings be entirely expunged, and that all the surplus be applied to a dinner and show in town, which I'm sure is just about due to us."

The Chancellor of the Exchequer clapped her hands excitedly. "Oh, yes," cried the Chancellor, "the glad Ayes have it! And as I'm bound to have some stockings if we're going anywhere in town," she went on, "you can buy me a pair, darling, can't you? And of course I shall be needing the gloves as well to go out with you, so we may as well get them at the same time. You are a clever old thing!"

Mr. STANLEY BALDWIN has a great deal to learn.



THE HABITUÉ.

ISMET (to ticket-collector at Lausanne). "SEASON!"



THE LAST WORD IN RESTAURANT ENTERPRISE.

MRS. BLENKINSOP COMES TO TEA.

(A terrified forecast of what we may expect if the Neo-Georgian Vorticists take to writing poetic drama.)

SCENE: A Suburban drawing-room in Midsummer. Mrs. Tomkins is seated in an armchair by the tea-table. Zinea Tomkins stands gazing intently out of the window.

Zinea. Outside, the lemon-coloured water-cart
Squirts
Its centrifugal shafts of wet diamonds
On the sour pavements,
Where the trees cast shadows
Top-heavy, diatonic,
Splashed with blobs of wavy black,
Like the bottom of a colander.
And here
The drawing-room clock says ten to four.
My God!
Why have a clock in a drawing-room?

Mrs. Tomkins. The bathroom tap leaks;
It goes all over the place.
I told Maud to see to it,
But she never remembers Anything.

Zinea. I know. Her mind
Is on
Other things—the policeman's last embrace
Under the moon-pale railings
Of Regent's Park.
Mrs. T. Zinea, I think
You might tidy your hair. I expect
Mrs. Blenkinsop
To tea.

Zinea. Why should I bind my hair that yearns
For kisses
From the strange passionate mouths
Of dark-eyed lovers
For
A fat blanc-mange
In bright blue silk,
Uncorseted,
With a paste "Harry" on her
bosom, chins
In triplicate?
Why do I never meet
The thrilling soul-mates,
Golden angels with white wings,
To bear me to the mountain tops
Of bliss;
But always sit over Crown Derby
tea-things
In a fuggy drawing-room?

Mrs. T. My dear, the things you say!

If anybody heard you . . .
I don't know what they'd think.

Zinea (wearily). Ah, God,
Nobody ever will.
And eggs for breakfast
Every day,
And cold toast
Like plush.

[An oppressive silence. Zinea again turns to the window.]

The house opposite
Has "Wet Paint" on a card
Hung on the gate.
I shall write
"Wet Paint"
On my soul!

Enter Maud.

Maud (announcing). Mrs. Blenkinsop.

Enter Mrs. Blenkinsop. Maud retires.

Mrs. B. Good afternoon, my dear.

Don't you find
This hot weather
Very trying?

Zinea (coming to the tea-table and sitting down). Quivering in horizontal bars,
The heat
Sings from the sun-blinds

And the window-boxes
Like a hoarse soprano
Trying to reach top
C.

Mrs. T. (pouring out). Do you like
China tea?

I get

It

From Piltons' in the High Street,
And they say

It comes in cedar-wood crates to
keep it sweet,

All the way

From China.

Zinea (gazing at her tea-cup reflectively).

Where Mandarins in ochre silk

Wave purple fans,

And naked coolies,

Their bodies glistening with sweat,

Toil

To make our tea.

Mrs. T. (aside to Mrs. B.). Zinea has
such strange ideas.

I can't make her

Out.

Mrs. B. (aside to Mrs. T.). I know. All
this new-fangled talk

Of education for women,

So very unsexing, don't you think?

I like

A woman to be

A woman.

(Aloud) Those pink cakes do look
tempting.

Do you know

Poor Mrs. Biggs has gone

Into a nursing-home?

They're afraid it may be

Consumption.

Zinea (intensely). The shadow of disease

Hangs over our lives

Always,

Stripping them like zebras—

Measles, diphtheria,

Tumours on the brain,

Mumps and cerebro-spinal

Meningitis.

And yet birds sing

In dells

And the fields are full

Of daisies, cowslips,

Orchis, verdigris,

Little-ease, Jews'-harps, Children's

Torment,

Verbena and white jessamine.

Mrs. B. I really must be going, dear;
I have

So many other calls to make.

This? Oh, my little woman made it;

She

Really is remarkably cheap.

Good-bye, dear Zinea;

You must come to tea one after-
noon,

And I'll ask

Bertie to bring his gramophone

and you can have

Some dancing

In the hall.

[She goes out.]



The Husband. "WHAT DO YOU SAY TO A HOLIDAY IN FRANCE, MY DEAR? IT WOULD POLISH UP MY FRENCH; I COULD GET A BIT OF GOLF; AND IT WOULD BE A CHANGE FOR YOU."

The Wife. "IT WOULD INDEED BE A CHANGE, DEAR, TO LISTEN TO YOUR GOLFING TROUBLES TOLD IN YOUR FRENCH."

Zinea (returning to the window and looking out). Already the shadows

Grow bulgy with the twilight;

Presently it will be night,

Black,

Deep,

Inscrutable,

When dustbins lift their perfume
to the stars

And cats

Black as the night

Shriek among chimney-pots;

And I

Shall go on living.

Ah, God, the agony!

To-morrow

Will be another day,

And someone

Else

Will come to tea!

*[She sits down and stares with
tragic eyes in front of her.]*

(THE CURTAIN FALLS.)

The Proposed Fixing of Easter.

Nothing has yet been done about the dear old lady who objected to having the date of Easter fixed on the ground that it might sometimes be overlapped by Lent.

NERO REDIVIVUS.

THE interest excited in musical circles by the visit and the recitals of two descendants of the illustrious PAGANINI, though sufficiently intense, is likely to be eclipsed by the announcement that a representative in the direct line of the most illustrious of all performers on the violin has arrived in London and will shortly appear at a concert at the Albert Hall with an orchestra of two hundred and fifty performers, conducted by Sir Albert Peachum.

Signorina Ottavia Nerone, for that is the name of our distinguished visitor, is staying at Clefridge's Hotel, and it was there that Mr. Punch's representative was honoured with an audience last Saturday afternoon. The Signorina, it may be noted at the outset, bears a striking resemblance to her illustrious ancestor, a resemblance enhanced by her *coiffure*, which closely follows the *robertulatio*, or "bobbing," introduced by NERO, who, it will be remembered, began his training under two slaves, a dancer and a barber.

"And it is true," we asked after the usual conventional greetings, "that you propose to play at your *début* on the identical instrument on which the EMPEROR performed while Rome was burning?"

"Yes," emphatically remarked the Signorina, who speaks English with the utmost impunity; "and you shall see it with your own eyes." Suiting the action to the word she produced an antique case and took out this marvellous relic, which is in perfect preservation and bears in its inside the label, *Hanc violinam faciendam curavit Nero Imperator*.

"But," she went on with increasing animation, "I am not here merely as a musician, but to vindicate the much-maligned memory of a superb artist. The great fire of Rome lasted for more than a week, and during the whole time NERO never ceased from his beneficent *moto perpetuo* in the effort to assuage the sufferings of the victims of a crime of which he was entirely guiltless, but which the calumny of professional rivals, then and afterwards, has laid at his door. This exploit, both as a feat of endurance and as an exhibition of transcendental *bravura*, was the first and by far the greatest of the non-stop performances now in vogue. If NERO was an incendiary, how do you explain that in rebuilding the city he took every precaution to guard against the recurrence of the calamity and in particular carefully regulated the water supply?"

We admitted the unanswerable force of her argument and endeavoured to

turn the conversation to less burning questions.

"There seems little doubt, then, that NERO was a great artist?"

"None whatever. He said so in his last recorded words—'*qualis artifex pereo*.' And he died exactly at the same age as SCHUBERT—thirty-one."

"Are any of his compositions still extant?"

"Oh, yes, several remarkable works, some of which I intend to introduce at my concert: in particular the touching Elegy on the death of his mother, AGRIPPINA, inspired by the message of the Senate, which expressed the pious hope that he might be able 'to endure his felicity with fortitude.' There is also a Funeral March composed to celebrate the obsequies of SENECA; a *cavatina*, foreshadowing that of RAFF, dedicated to PORPHEA, and a Symphony in five movements commemorating his *aureum quinquennium*, the orchestration of which Sir Albert Peachum declares to be equal to that of Sir EDWARD ELGAR in richness and surpassing it in the daring use of Ethiopian syncopation. And yet FREDERICK THE GREAT is held up to eulogy on the strength of some paltry and academic exercises for the flute!"

"I take it, then, that NERO's orchestra was substantially the same as that of to-day?"

"Certainly, except that it was stronger in instruments of concussion, explosion and orgiastic bombination. The Tarpeian saxophone, in particular, could be heard distinctly for a distance of ten miles."

"Will it be employed at the Albert Hall?"

"Alas, no. An attempt to reconstruct the instrument was actually in progress, but was thwarted by a protest from Mr. LYTTON STRACHEY, who maintains, on the authority of an eminent acoustician, that its use would endanger the stability of the Albert Memorial."

At this moment a deputation of Fascisti was announced and we withdrew from the presence of the Signorina, who combines to a remarkable extent the charm of the artistic temperament with an accurate and precise knowledge of the history of Imperial Rome and a splendid loyalty to the memory of her amazing ancestor.

From an article on the importance of proper mastication:—

"Watch a cow chewing the cod; slowly with the lateral movement of the lower jaw against the supper. Then imitate her."

Evening Paper.

Whenever we have cod for supper—which is not often—we invariably adopt this method.

OF TROUT.

["Sweet Themmes! runne softly till I end my song."—SPENSER.]

Lo, April now doth drape her
Girl-self in pink and cream,
And chestnuts light the taper
Above old Thames's stream,
Where into silver vapour
The weir doth tilt a-gleam.

Come then, my son, forgetting
All other streams that flow—
Brown Esk, in amber, fretting
Bank-high from Clova's snow;
Test, and her daisied setting;
Down to deep Thames we'll go.

Let other men be casters
Where easy fishes are,
Where triumphs or disasters
Are naught particular;
We'll grudge you not, my masters,
Your facile creels afar.

You deem your ways the sounder;
The dreamer Thamis ties
Regards the thick five-pounder
As scarcely of a size;
While Fancy's self doth flounder
At what *might* be the prize.

If once, but once per season
A spin is fiercely checked
And Something passing reason
Leaps, and the hold is wrecked,
We cry not Thames of treason;
That's all that we expect.

And, with a pulse still thrilling,
We walk in sombre pride;
In any ear that's willing
E'en failure we confide:
"Each spot was like a shilling;
Gold was his flank and wide."

If, after prayer and fasting,
The kindly gods decree
That, in a lifetime's casting,
Our net holds such as he,
'Twill serve for everlasting
Immortal memory.

Yet, if the end's withholden,
The dream's anew begun,
Mid meadows white and golden
And symphonies of sun;
Where still our golden, olden
"Sweet Themmes" doth "softly
runne."

"Charming well-furnished Houses from 3 gns. to 10 gns. for summer months."
Advt. in Sunday Paper.

We think of taking one of these and calling it "The Writs."

"A reception was held at —, after which the bride left, with the bridegroom, for the Riviera."—*Daily Paper.*

So much pleasanter than starting on a honeymoon alone.



WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MAN WHO WOULD SIT ON THE STAIRS.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

XVIII.—AN APPLE SALAD.

SOME months ago, in a moment of frenzy, George Rowland wrote the words of a song. No, not a song, but a "ballad"; and not a ballad, but a "drawing-room ballad," which is something different from either song or ballad as civilised people understand the words. I will spare you the actual lyric, observing only that it began—

"The flow'rets in my garden . . ."

"Jolly," I said. "What are you going to do with it?"

"Tom Redway's going to set it," he replied. "He writes all those songs for Apples, you know. They take anything he does."

Some weeks later I asked him about the song again.

"Tom's written an A1 tune for it," he said cheerfully. "But Apples' aren't very keen on the words. However, they say they'll publish it if Nigel will sing it."

"Who's Nigel?" I asked.

"Nigel Birch—the baritone; he sings a lot of Apples' songs, you know. I'm seeing him to-morrow."

Two days later we met again.

"How did Nigel like the song?" I asked.

"He loved it," said George. "He says he'll sing it if Apples' publish it. I'm seeing them to-morrow."

The next time we met, George was a little low in spirit.

"Apples' won't take it," he said. "It's a darned shame, too, because Nigel's mad keen to sing it."

"Well, get somebody else to publish it," I suggested. "There are other publishers."

"No good. Tom Redway's got a contract not to write music for anybody else."

"Well, get somebody else to write a tune for it. Then Nigel can sing it everywhere, and your fortune's made."

"That's no good," said George. "Apples' don't like Nigel to sing other publishers' songs."

"What's it got to do with them?"

"Well, he sings a lot at Apples' concerts, you see—and of course he doesn't want to annoy them."

"Why not?"

"Oh, well, you see—they run the Apple Salads—and of course these singers have to be careful."

"Of course," I said. But I marvelled a little at the complex and unsuspected machinery behind the production of such lyric masterpieces as "God's Roses" and "Nesting-Time," and it seemed to me a sad thing that Tom Redway, Nigel Birch and George Rowland should have been prevented from making this joint contribution to Art and Beauty. However, George sent his lyric to a monthly magazine, and I thought no more about it.

Many months later he took me to an Apple Salad. It was Saturday afternoon and the Saladium was full. Not till then had I realised how great a hold has Music upon the hearts of the people.



Owner of little two-seater. "HEAVENS! MY CAR HAS DISAPPEARED."
Hostess. "ARE YOU CERTAIN YOU HAD IT WITH YOU?"

We were early, and I sat and gazed with admiration at an enormous grand piano on the platform. On it was written, in large letters of gold, the word "APPLE."

Tucked away at the side of the platform was another grand piano. On it was written, quite simply, "APPLE."

It was borne in upon me that Messrs. Apple and Sons had made these beautiful things.

I read the substantial Book of the Words which I had bought for a mere shilling. On page 1 I read that Messrs. Apple were sole lessees of the Saladium. On pages 2 and 3 I found two lengthy lists of Apples' latest song successes, with their published prices. After that came the words of the songs to be sung that afternoon; and, by a startling coincidence, the names of these (with one exception) were among those printed on pages 2 and 3.

A small orchestra collected on the platform. I anxiously examined the cellos, but there was nothing to show that Apples' had made them. The double-bass was absolutely anonymous. Evidently the sinister hand of competition had slipped somewhere.

The first part of the programme contained one or two items which were not far removed from good music—extracts from the more popular foreign operas, and so on. And now and then a Continental pianist came on and played one of those well-written pieces which involve crossing the hands a great number of times. Every time Mr. Spaghetti did this the lady in front of me sighed and said, "Doesn't he play

beautiful?"

Her companion replied, "I don't care much for music—never did. It's the singing I like."

And in truth all this was but vinegar and spice. We were all waiting for the rich stuff at the bottom of the salad, the native English lettuce in a bath of sugar and oil. We wanted to hear the lyrical genius of the land express itself. For what else indeed do Messrs. Apple labour in the vineyard? Not to control concert-halls, not even to manufacture pianos—these are surely but means to one tremendous end, to bring into the homes of the people, the humble homes of Maica Vale and Streatham, the comfort of song and the meaning of life. *Ave, Apples'!*

A lady came on and sang those grand old lines of the poet Wilcox, "Whatever is—is best." Every head in the audience was bowed, and every eye was glued to a programme—lest a word should be missed:—

"I know as my life grows older
And mine eyes have clearer sight
That under each rank wrong somewhere
There lies the root of Right;
That each sorrow has its purpose,
By the sorrowing oft unguessed,
But as sure as the sun brings morning,
Whatever is—is best."

There is more.

And I am glad to be able to say that the entire song can be bought at Apples' (in three keys).

We also had

"And ain't it great to have a pal like mine,
ole dear?

A gel what's stuck to me through thick
and thin?

Each day I breathe a prayer

That you be spared, ole dear,

Because of what a pal you've always been.



SCENE—Street Accident.

Small Urchin. "COME AWAY, BILLIE, OR THEY 'LL 'AVE US UP FOR WITNESSES."

"Lay your tired head upon my breast, ole dear!
Worries come and go to great and small;
We needn't care a pin
If luck be out or in,
It's only love that matters after all, ole dear—
It's only love that matters after all."*

Ah, the grand, simple, heart-felt songs of England! Tears stood in every eye. For two pins I could have eaten a chocolate cream. The lady in front of me did.

There were two examples of Tom Redway's melodious talent in the programme, and twice also Nigel Birch was heard. Nigel is a large man, and he stands with his hands clasped against his breast, slowly swaying from right to left that each section of the audience may see as much of him as possible. But of course few of us saw much of him. We were following the words.

His second contribution was a song composed by Tom. I will spare you the lyric, observing only that it was called "My Boy," and it began—

* Published by Apples'.

"'E ain't no beauty, no,
But 'e's my boy;
'E's wayward, don't I know,
But 'e's a joy;
And sometimes," etc., etc.

At the end George whispered wistfully, but with a certain pride, "That's the tune Tom wrote for my song."

"Is it, by Jove?"

"Yes," said George. "They got Will Fern to write some new words to it. They're awfully good, don't you think? It's sold five thousand already."

"'Good' isn't the word," I said reverently.

A. P. H.

A Survivor of the Dark Ages.

"A 651 year-old witness at Uxbridge said she had never been able to read,"

Evening Paper.

"Herd scraped through, eating Jolly on the last green."—*Evening Paper.*

It sounds a tough proposition.

"Mr. Newbold, M.P., has been elected an honorary member of the Bolshevik Air Fleet."

Daily Paper.

Well, he has only himself to blame.

Refinement up to date.

"Lady (refined, age 30) wishes to meet another about same age, as Companion for occasional outings, dances, etc. Anyone quiet or old-fashioned need not apply."

Advt. in Local Paper.

"Splendid British-made 14cwt. Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen."—*Advt. in Weekly Paper.*

Weightier, if not mightier, than any sword.

"SOUTH BELGRAVIA.—2 unfur. communicative Rooms to let immed."

Advt. in Trade Paper.

These walls seem to have lips as well as ears.

A hint for studio-visitors:—

"Never refer to a portrait as a 'likeness.'" *Daily Paper.*

A few "Show-Sundays" will explain the reason for this.

"— 2½ 2-speed, all on, £50 cash or £12 10 down and 12 payments of £13 5 8."

The Motor Cycle.

Our natural prejudice against cash-payment is completely dissipated by this offer.

SHOCKING TRAVESTIES.

XII.—THE STRANGE EPISODE OF THE REINCARNATED GREEK.

(Written in honour of the simultaneous recrudescence of "Sherlock Holmes" in the "Strand Magazine" and "She" in "Wisdom's Daughter.")

Chapter I.—THE VEILED CLIENT.

It was one Saturday afternoon early in April of the year 1923, as we were sitting together in his room in Baker Street, discussing the strange dearth of news in the popular press, that my friend Holmes tossed over to me a half-sheet of peculiar yellow-looking notepaper, at the same time putting to me the typically laconic question—

"Well, Watson, what do you make of that?"

There was neither name nor address written on the paper, nothing in fact but the grotesque series of symbols which I reproduce as nearly as possible below:—

TROUBLE TAERG NIMAI
OTGNIMOC AMAND
PLEH ROFYOU

"Except that it is written in a foreign language of which I am completely ignorant, I can make neither head nor tail of it, Holmes," I replied.

"No, it does not tell us much," he admitted, "either about the history or the circumstances of the sender. It is fairly obvious, of course, that it was written by a woman of less than thirty years old, who is accustomed to have her own way, and wears a heavy signet-ring on the little finger of the right hand (one cannot possibly miss the bold yet feminine flourish of the letters nor the slight scratch on the surface of the sheet); at the same time, judging from the fact that it is written on Egyptian papyrus of the Twenty-first Dynasty and in a mixture of Koptic and Demotic, it is possible to make a tolerably accurate guess at the nationality, if not at the business, of our fair correspondent. You knew, surely, that I had written a monograph upon the older Egyptian papyri? Perhaps it will assist us a little if I translate the message."

When I had quite done gasping he did so.

"As I read it," he said, holding it up to the light in a long, thin, tobacco-stained hand, "the words are: 'I am in great trouble, and am coming to you for help.' That is all. It was posted

at 12 noon at Charing Cross, and was enclosed in an ordinary Windsor Bond envelope watermarked 'W,' unscented, the gum on the flap of which betrays nothing unusual either to the palate or to the test-tube. But here, if I mistake not," he went on, glancing out of the window, "is none other than our client herself. She is well-to-do, for she has arrived in a taxi-cab, and, from the smile on the face of the driver, has

which had heard so many strange recitals, had ever listened to a story more incredible or more utterly bizarre than the one which she proceeded to unfold.

"I have come to thee," she began, speaking in a voice of singular beauty and turning her large dark eyes towards my companion, "who on earth am named Ayesha, daughter of Yarab the son of Scarab the Arab, but who have many other titles here and elsewhere,

being immortal and the child of Isis, and brooding for all time within the caves where is the sacred revolving fire which is the Heart of the World. Yea, for I am two thousand and three hundred years old."

I could not help turning in my chair and glancing rather triumphantly at my companion. It was plain that in the matter of our client's age at least his inductions were entirely at fault. He was, however, completely unperturbed.

"Pray continue," he said, clasping his long nervous fingers; "you interest me profoundly. Never mind my friend Dr. Watson" (for she had noticed my movement); "he is the soul of discretion. Treat him as if he were a table or a cow."

"Yet, ancient though I be, for all that am I perpetually young," went on our strange visitor (it was now Holmes' turn to smile at my rather crest-fallen face), "and to thee, Holmes, who is also Sherlock, have I come, who art, as Mother Isis has revealed to me, no other than him whom I once knew as Slooth, the son of Slooth the ageless, a philosopher and my master, and also aforetime wast Holly, a wise man of this same Northern land, holding that if any may help me it will be thee, that is to say, thou. It has been made known to me, who know all

things, that now is the appointed time that my lover, who was Callicrates the Greek, who wast also Leo Vincy, shouldst reappear upon earth, this time to become immortal and dwell with me for ever, ruling with me over the land which is called On Kôr, or by some also Sequelia. I know verily too that this lover shalt be restored to me here in this great City of London, of which no stone was yet laid when I was first born upon this earth. Him then I ask you to find for me, O Holmes, who art also Holly, who art also Slooth."

I could see by the sudden tense gleam



THE FICKLE PUBLIC.

"ONLY A SHORT WHILE AGO I WAS A POPULAR FIGURE IN THE STREETS; BUT NOW NO ONE EVER CALLS ME IT."

evidently tendered more than the usual fare. She is also impetuous, for in spite of the treacherous reputation of our English Spring she carries neither umbrella nor waterproof-coat."

Never shall I forget the first glimpse that I, Watson, commonplace general practitioner, had of Ayesha, or, as I afterwards learnt to call her, She-who-must-be-obeyed. Veiled except for her eyes, and closely wrapped in a single white clinging garment, she was shod in sandals, carried a sistrum, and bore upon her brow the bent symbol of the moon. Nor do I think that that room,



Mother (her sense of modesty greatly shocked). "MY DEAR CHILD, YOU CAN'T GO TO THE GRUNDY-PRUDINGTONS WITHOUT ANY MAKE-UP ON. YOU'D BE TERRIBLY CONSPICUOUS WITH YOUR FACE NAKED LIKE THAT."

that had come into my companion's eyes that he had found once more a problem worthy of his mental calibre.

"Can you describe the man to me a little?" he asked in keen incisive tones.

"He is beautiful as the god Apollo," she replied simply. "Tall and strong, with little golden curls, and eyes like the blue sea: an athlete and a warrior, but in wisdom not mighty as thou art, nor as I. Canst thou find such a one, O Slooth? I have been to those who search for the missing in this land and they have promised their aid."

Holmes raised his eyebrows. "You have been to Scotland Yard?" he said.

"Even so."

"I suppose the re-incarnation of a Greek warrior would be a bit out of the line of our worthy acquaintance, Athelney Jones," murmured my friend. "But what led you to come to me?"

"It was written in the Book of Thothmes, three thousand years ago," she replied, "that one named Slooth should arise in the Islands of the Dark Sea. Therefore I knew my way even unto the street of Bakhir, who know all."

I could see that Holmes was pleased;

careless of admiration as he affected to be, any little piece of recognition of this sort was liable to flatter his vanity.

"I think you can safely let the matter rest in my hands," he assured her.

"Dr. Watson, who has been good enough to chronicle one or two of my small adventures, could assure you that in the strange case of the wool-gathering Premier and the episode of the lost Coleopterist, to mention no others, I have been successful in restoring missing persons to their relatives and friends."

I assured Ayesha that this was so.

"Wouldst thou then," she said, turning again to Holmes, "that before I go I should unveil my beauty, who am of all women most beautiful, even as I did before Tenes, King of the Sidonians, and Ochus Artaxerxes the King of Kings, that thou mayest know that it is none other than I, Ayesha the immortal, who speak?"

And so saying she laid her hand on the edge of her robe.

I made a quick half-involuntary gesture of dissent, but Holmes was before me.

"I assure you, Madam, it is quite unnecessary," he said. "There is nothing Sidonian about Dr. Watson and myself. If you leave your address it will be quite sufficient."

Our mysterious client then drew a signet-ring from the fourth finger of her right hand and laid it, together with an ordinary visiting-card, on the table. The stone of the ring was green jade, engraved with the head of Hathor. On the card was inscribed simply—

"AYESHA, THE RITZ HOTEL."

"This will be a three-pipe problem," said Holmes when she had left us. "I think you had better run out and attend to your practice a little while I consider it. Come back in about three hours' time and ask me some of the immemorial questions, and I think I can promise to give you a surprise. The shag, unless I am greatly mistaken, is behind the stuffed kingfisher on the mantelpiece."

Once again my friend was right. I could not repress a murmur of amazement at his acumen as I handed him the tin and went out. EVOE.

(To be concluded.)



"OH, DEAR, I'M SO DISTRESSED! EDDO'S PORTRAIT HAS BEEN REJECTED BY THE ACADEMY, AND I DARE NOT TELL HIM. IT WOULD BREAK HIS LITTLE HEART."

THE NATURE-LOVER CONSIDERS THE SPRING.

THE tomtit has got him a new white collar
And bright is the blue of the wild-duck's wing,
And James (the neighbouring rooster's) holler
Shatters my rest with a sharper ring,
An unmistakable sign of Spring.

The skylark pours his celestial ditty;
The lambkins frisk on the sward in pairs,
Heedless of one who, pent in the City,
Records the antics of bulls and bears
For a whey-faced vendor of stocks and shares.

The warbler feeds in the swinging sedge her
Handful of hairless but hungry chicks;
She doesn't have to write in a ledger,
While the clock in the office ticks and ticks,
From nine in the morning to half-past six.

Oh, who, when the Kentish Glory is flying
And starry anemones strew the glade,
Would not be out on the hills or plying
On lake or river an idle blade,
Or, over the flats where the waders wade,

Aim his binocular's harmless barrel
At cream-coloured courser and avocet,
And the bearded tit in his Spring apparel,
And home return when the sun is set
With a heart as light as his feet are wet?

Where Epping stretches her limbs I know a
Weed-haunted pool where a microscope man
Can hunt for polyps and hydrozoa
And the mystical entomotracaean,
And carry them home in a gauze-topped can.

And down in Sussex are brave oak spinneys
Where the nightjar hides her twins in the fern
And the furze-chat shouts from the flowery whin his
Wholly uncalled-for but grave concern,
And the dormouse wakes with the sun's return.

For now is the season when all things waken
And life flows on in a glad green rout,
And even the pig who will soon be bacon
Snuffs the breeze with impatient snout
And presses the farmer to let him out.

Only man is condemned to labour;
And here I sit mid ledger and file
While Spring advances with pipe and tabor,
And only bosses exhibit bile
When clerks go sick for a little while.

But there, it isn't much use repining,
And the clock's face registers half-past one;
So I'll to the Park where the sun is shining
And snatch a moment of blameless fun
Feeding the ducks with a penny bun.

ALGOL.



AN URGENT CASUALTY.

AGRICULTURE (to Scout BONAR LAW). "DON'T LOOK UP 'TACTICS.' WHAT I WANT IS 'FIRST AID.'"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, April 9th.—There was snow in the air when the House of Commons re-assembled, but in the Chamber itself a new floor-covering of verdant hue furnished a touch of Spring. The Office of Works is believed to have provided this embellishment under the impression that before long there would be wigs on the green.

The opening proceedings were, however, for the most part quiet enough. There was hearty cheering from all quarters when Mr. BONAR LAW entered, looking all the better for his brief rest; but great disappointment when his first reply showed that the improvement had not yet extended to his voice. With some difficulty—and not a little surprise—Members learned that the much canvassed visit of M. LOUCHEUR to this country was “entirely unofficial,” that he and the PRIME MINISTER had had only a “general conversation,” and that the French action in the Ruhr was never mentioned. Apparently they merely talked about the weather—a topic of infinite variety at this period of the year.

The MINISTER OF HEALTH informed Mr. HOPE SIMPSON that large quantities of dried, frozen and liquid eggs were imported into this country from China, but was unable to say whether they were hens' eggs. Alarmed at the prospect of consuming embryo dragon with his breakfast bacon, Capt. TERRELL pointed out that eggs could be produced in this country “if the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE will only take steps.” He did not specify what steps, but Members evidently saw something exquisitely funny in the suggestion, for they laughed loud and long.

So they did when Sir JOHN BAIRD announced that the proprietors of an evening newspaper had generously presented the Office of Works with eighty thousand bulbs to be planted in Hyde Park; and again when Mr. BUCHANAN, upholding his countrymen's reputation for humour and economy combined, suggested that the FIRST COMMISSIONER should charge the journal something for the advertisement.

The Labour Party appeared to think that the Special Constables Bill was specially directed against strikers and were not placated by the HOME SECRETARY's remark that in certain circumstances even strikers might be glad to have the protection of the “Specials.” Mr. HAYES, as an ex-policeman (regular), assumed that they would be both untrained and “politically biased,” and other Members compared them to the Fascisti, the Black-and-Tans and Ku Klux Klan. Mr. HOPKINSON, on

the contrary, considered that only by their establishment could the formation of Fascisti be avoided. The Bill's Second Reading was passed by a majority of 96.

Tuesday, April 10th.—Nothing in the early proceedings of the House this afternoon presaged the blow that was to fall upon the Treasury Bench.

Answering Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD's inquiry as to the business of the sitting, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER said, “We only propose to move Mr. SPEAKER out of the Chair, and take the first four votes on the Order-paper.” It sounded a modest programme, particularly as regards the first part of it; and for a few hours all went well. A resolution calling upon the Government to

take immediate steps to extend trade within the Empire was moved by Lord EDNAM and seconded by Sir H. BRITAIN, who incidentally recalled Lord ROSEBURY's suggestion that it would be a useful thing to send the House of Commons in a warship round the Empire. (In the light of what happened a little later, the Government would probably agree).

But when Mr. DUNCAN MILLAR proposed a more generous treatment of ex-Service entrants to the Civil Service a lively debate ensued. Several Unionists expressed regret at the rather “official” tone of Major BOYD-CARPENTER's reply. Still the Government Whips feared nothing. Had not their diners-out been warned to return at half-past nine? They did not even trouble to put up



“DO YOU GO TO PUTNEY?”

“YES—OUTSIDE ONLY.”

“WELL, WHERE THE DEUCE DOES THE INSIDE GO TO?”

some platitudinarian to keep the debate going, and at nine-twenty it collapsed. In the ensuing division the Government had a minority of five.

At this unexpected triumph the Opposition behaved as an Opposition always does in such circumstances. Cries of "Resign" rent the air; one usually most sedate Labour Member seized all the Order-papers within his reach and flung them into the air as a *feu-de-joie*; and Mr. PRINGLE, always ready to improve the occasion, quoted constitutional precedents to show that a defeat of this kind could not be retrieved. He concluded by moving that the House should adjourn till Thursday to give Ministers a chance of considering their parlous situation. Warned, however, that to press his motion would only enable the Government to show that their normal majority was now present, he allowed it to be negatived without a division.

Wednesday, April 11th.—Absorbed in speculation as to how the Government proposed to extricate themselves from the slough in which they had bogged themselves last night, Members paid little attention to such important questions as the future uniform of the Amalgamated Marines (was Blue or Red to predominate?), and the omission of parlours in the new houses of the Ministry of Health ("Where are we to put the aspidistra?").

Ministers were a little consoled for their defeat by indications that the various sections of the Opposition had begun to quarrel over the credit for inflicting it. Mr. DUNCAN MILLAR, who proposed the fatal motion, is a "Wee Free," but Labour provided the bulk of his majority. Without the support of a few of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's following, however, it could not have been carried; and, when he rose this afternoon to put a Question about business, some of the Labourites assumed that he was attempting, as Mr. KIRKWOOD put it, "to jump our claim," and made loud protest.

They were not encouraged by Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, who grows more and more restrained. With ingenuity and good temper he argued that the Government, having failed to get the SPEAKER out of the Chair at the first attempt, were precluded from making another, but failed to convince Mr. WHITLEY.

Mr. BALDWIN put the Government's

case. They had been fairly caught napping, but as there was no reason to believe that they had lost the confidence of the House, they intended to carry on.

Unfortunately he was unable at the moment to respond to Mr. MACDONALD's appeal that he should state the Government's intentions with regard to the ex-Service men's salaries, though he promised to do so next day. The Labour back-benchers refused to wait. Mr. LEES-SMITH, who was appointed

—a composition once denounced by Mr. BERNARD SHAW, a prophet of their own, as unworthy to be "the funeral march of a fried eel"—and eventually compelled the SPEAKER to adjourn the sitting "in view of grave disorder."

Thursday, April 12th.—After yesterday's proceedings Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD is reported to have informed his followers that if asked, "Is Labour fit to govern?" he would be compelled to reply, "The answer is in the negative." At any rate they behaved with exemplary quietude for some time.

Certainly they received no provocation from the Government, for, in reply to Mr. DUNCAN MILLAR, who gently urged that it was imperative to accept Tuesday night's verdict, Mr. BALDWIN announced an almost complete surrender. The Committee already set up to consider ex-Service men's grievances would be enlarged and its terms of reference extended so as to embrace the question of salaries.

Mr. MACDONALD gracefully accepted this *amende* and expressed his desire to let bygones be bygones; and, though one or two of his back-benchers were inclined to ask for more—Mr. JACK JONES protesting that "My leader accepts nothing for me"—the Government were able, before six o'clock, to do what with a little more tact they could have accomplished forty-eight hours before and get the SPEAKER out of the Chair.

But the Labour extremists were not yet done with. Line by line they fought the Army and Air Force (Annual) Bill with a series of amendments which would, if carried, have entirely destroyed discipline in time of war. As night wore on a good many individual Members were "caught napping,"

but not the Ministerial Whips, who, having painfully learned the lesson that "eternal vigilance is the price of safety," had their forces well organised and maintained their normal majority.

The proceedings were for the most part deadly dull, and the House almost welcomed the diversion when, for the second time this week, the Labour Members broke into song, and on one of their many tramps through the Division Lobbies chanted "John Brown's Body" with great gusto.

"Is Labour Fit to Govern?" *Solvitur cantando.*



RED-RAG TIME.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. "GENTLEMEN, IT WOULD ASSIST ME IN CONDUCTING THIS ORCHESTRA IF SOME OF THE PERFORMERS WOULD KINDLY ABSTAIN FROM RAGGING."

not long ago to give them lessons in Parliamentary deportment, delivered an oration of the "Don't-Nail-His-Ears-to-the-Pump" variety, in which he recalled the action of the Unionists in howling down Mr. ASQUITH in 1912, and declared that, compared with them, Mr. JACK JONES was "a perfect model of Parliamentary etiquette."

Mr. JONES did his best to justify this testimonial, but Mr. LANSBURY's rising as usual provoked a storm. While the Labour leaders sat silent and glum, their alleged followers shouted and gesticulated and sang "The Red Flag"



First Rider in Farmers' Race (all the others having fallen). "COME ON, GET UP! THERE'S SOME OF 'EM COMING ON BEHIND, AND I'VE BACKED YOU FOR A PLACE."

Second ditto (taking plenty of time). "GO ON YOURSELF. I'VE BACKED YOU TO WIN."

BIG GAME.

IN the course of making observations on the eclipse of the sun at Wallal in September, a party of Canadian scientists, it is said, discovered more than thirty stars. "Of these, twenty-three have been submitted to measurement, and eight of them were rejected."

The sport of star-spotting, less well known than it deserves to be, has the advantage of being comparatively inexpensive. It is not attended by heavy outgoings for oats and bran-mash, as in the case of polo and hunting. The only equipment required is a telescope, a camp-stool and a woollen muffler. The telescope, unlike the fisherman's rod and line, has not to be baited at both ends. And for the man who is content with the pastime in a modest degree star-spotting is free from the perils and rigours of all other forms of big-game hunting. It can be indulged in apart from eclipses of the sun; and the trouble of journeying to Wallal—no inconsiderable part of which must be to find out first where Wallal is—is altogether unnecessary.

Star-spotting may be enjoyed on any clear night; and gay little companies of star-spotters may be met with in the

small hours by the stroller on Dartmoor, Wanstead Flats or any other of our open spaces, each wrapped in his muffler and sitting on his camp-stool, with telescope lightly held twixt fingers and thumbs, waiting for a twinkle. Ever and anon one or other will lower his telescope to grasp the stone jar beside him and to take from it such refreshment as may be necessary.

Star-spotters speak in whispers, for experience has shown that a sudden yell of delight renders unsteady the hands of one's companions and militates against their success.

"Sst! I have one," says a hoarse whisper.

"Where? Let's see," the others reply huskily.

"Look—between the second and third buttons of Orion's belt. A fine fifth-magnitude fellow with a reddish tinge. See it?"

"Pooh! I found that one last Thursday and threw it back."

What a sport! What thrill is there to compare with rejecting a star as too immature to add to one's bag! Dozens, in fact, are thrown back nightly in the season, though the world wots little of it.

And afterwards, round the inn fire, what tales they have to tell of past

triumphs. "In Patagonia in '87. Had been out with native beaters armed with opera-glasses night after night, and was despairing of success. Misty clouds were gathering, and I was about to shut up my telescope and return to camp when to my amazement I got a twinkle. The most remarkable star I have ever spotted. Believe me, it was " and here the speaker puts down his pipe and glass to illustrate its dimensions.

"Ah, but that's nothing to the fellow I put up three years ago in Spitzbergen," says another; and so the talk goes round.

A wonderful sport.

Several Members of the Royal Family have given their patronage to a ball which the Marchioness of CARISBROOKE is personally organising in aid of funds for "The Friends of the Poor," whose good work is too well known to need the praise which Mr. Punch could give from personal knowledge of it. The ball will be held at Eresby House, lent by the Earl and Countess of ANCASTER, on May 29th.

Tickets (£2 2s. 0d. each, including supper) can be obtained from the headquarters of "The Friends of the Poor" at 40, Ebury Street, S.W.1.

THE DARK HORSE.

["The craze for organised betting is spreading from the domain of pure sport to include almost anything involving a competitive element."—*Daily Paper*.]

THE Hon. Reggie Rasewynd paced his room with feverish steps. It was already half-past twelve, and by three o'clock the result would be through. Two hours and a half! He clenched his fists in an agony of suspense and his steps grew still more feverish. A doctor would have insisted upon taking their temperature at once. But Reggie was alone.

Reggie Rasewynd had every excuse for his agitation. On this one coup was staked everything—his future, his past, his tailor, his relations with his father, his relations with Lady Gwendoline Gasper, all his other relations, even the third cousin twice removed from whom he had borrowed a "tenner" only last week—everything!

A tipster's advertisement caught his eye:—

LAST YEAR I GAVE—

SIGNOR MARINI . . 100—7
SIGNOR MARINI . . 100—7
SIGNOR MARINI . . 100—7

I KNOW!

Send for my Late Wire and be on a good thing.

JOE BIRD KNOWS!

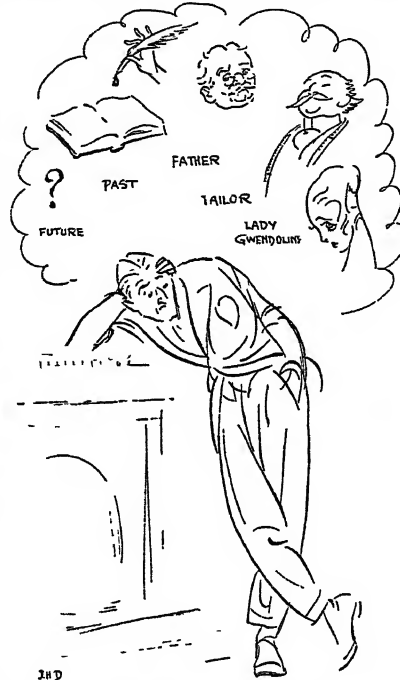
SIGNOR MARINI . . 100—7
SIGNOR MARINI . . 100—7
SIGNOR MARINI . . 100—7

He turned impatiently away and scanned the sporting correspondent's report from Stockholm:—

"Everything is now ready for the event of the year and I have little to add to my last wire. Herr Storthing remains a steady favourite here and the local odds have shortened against him to fives. He is in fine fettle and is confident of romping home. Signor Belli, a strong tip for some time, holds his ground and is admitted to be the strongest chance south of the Alps. He made a sound speech yesterday, which is expected by his supporters to have its influence in the right quarters.

"Strictly on his book form Mr. Benjamin Dove holds no outstanding chance, but these American entrants have a habit of impressing by means of their pamphlets and speeches. Señor Vallo, the Mexican claimant, must be

approached with more caution. The sensation he created a few months ago by exploding a cart-load of twelve-inch shells in the main street of Mexico City by way of a protest has not by any means been forgotten by the selectors.



"ON THIS ONE COUP WAS STAKED EVERYTHING."

That we did not see his true form recognised in the placing last year I am prepared to admit.

"As for the smaller fry, Herr Hochfleisch, Mr. Bones, Signor Bramanti and Mijnherr Vlasveldt all have their supporters, but I do not anticipate any danger from them to the favourite. The

Reggie Rasewynd ground his teeth in something like despair. He had wagered everything he had in the world of his own or anybody else's on the winner of the Nobel Peace Prize, and the man he had backed was not even thought worthy of being mentioned at all.

Yet Archie Arrowroot undoubtedly did manage to get hold of the most extraordinarily useful information at times. Reggie had never imagined for a moment, for instance, that he would be able to pull off the winner of the Paris Conservatoire Medal last year with an outsider like Mdlle. Grosjambes; while his plumping for the Société Anonyme de l'Eau Sucrée to win the Condensed Milk Diploma at the Brussels Exhibition had been nothing short of masterly. And how Reggie had wished afterwards that he had taken his friend's advice about the book he had made on the Oxford University Latin Verse Prize which had turned out so disastrously. Yes, Archie's information was certainly not to be despised—and Archie had advised him to go all out for M'shimba M'shamba for the Nobel Peace Prize.

"My dear old egg," Archie had told him, "it's going to be simply the biggest S.P. job ever staged. Talk about dark horses—the feller's as black as a Scotch Sunday."

With renewed hope Reggie scanned the betting forecast. Herr Storthing was given as four to one (t. and o.); Señor Vallo a hundred to twelve. Of M'shimba M'shamba there was no mention. Reggie, who had obtained two hundred-and-fifty to one on this forlorn chance, stood to win half-a-million pounds if Archie's information was right.

Unable any longer to bear the suspense alone, he hurried to his Club. Round the tape-machine was an excited group, talking eagerly.

"Heard the news, Reggie?" cried one of them, catching sight of him. "Some black feller, a rank outsider, got into Woolwich Arsenal early this morning, laid a fuse and blew the whole place up; crossed to France in an aeroplane, did the same thing there; went on somewhere else, dropped bombs on another arsenal. Hang it, he's blown up half the arsenals in Europe by now! And he has the cheek to say

that he's doing it as a protest against war. It's a put-up job."

"What's his name?" Reggie asked breathlessly.

"M'shimba M'shamba. Never heard



"HEARD THE NEWS, REGGIE?"

others do not seem to me to stand any chance at all. Personally I am inclined to plump for

HERR STORTHING,
with a saver on Señor Vallo."



Patronising Stranger. "NOTHING EVER CHANGES, I SUPPOSE, IN THIS OUT-OF-THE-WAY PLACE?"
Ancient Relic. "OH, DON'T IT? THESE 'ILLS BAIN'T WHAT THEY WOS WHEN I FIRST STARTED SHIFTIN' OF 'EM."

of the feller before, but he's entered for the Nobel Stakes all right. In fact he's shortened from anything you like down to forties already. Look at the tape. By Jove, if he hasn't sent the arsenal at Copenhagen up now! Why—yes, look! He's down to thirties. Oh, it *must* be a put-up job!"

Reggie glanced at his watch; it was two o'clock. One more hour!

Looking back on it afterwards Reggie hardly knew how he passed that hour. Every few minutes the news came through of another arsenal blown up by the intrepid M'shimba M'shamba, and with each fresh explosion the odds against him lessened. Down, down they crept—twenty-five, twenty, ten, seven, and then, with the actual destruction of the Stockholm arsenal itself, favourite.

The result, when it came through in the terse language of the tape, was almost an anti-climax—

"NOBEL PEACE PRIZE—RESULT."

M'shimba M'shamba . . . 1
 Storthing 2
 Vallo 3

"Betting: 3—1, 6—1, 100—7. Also ran: Belli, Dove, Hochfleisch, Bones, Bramanti, Vlasveldt, etc."

For a few moments Reggie was staggered. Half-a-million pounds. Gwendoline! Why, he would even be able to pay off some of his debts. Then he

pulled himself together and rang up his bookmaker.

"What's the best price you can give me for Lumpkin minor for the Fourth Form Divinity Prize at Eton next term? What's that? Tens? All right; put me fifty thousand pounds on, please."

"He's the slackest little brute in the whole school," Reggie explained to Archie, "but I know his house-master and I'll win that bet if he has to learn the whole Bible by heart."

Our Learned Contemporaries.

"The chief influences in his work are Conrad and Synge. The author of 'Uncle Jim' is, indeed, responsible for Eugene O'Neill's seafaring life."—*Daily Paper*.

For his experiences on land he owed something, no doubt, to the author of *Lord Tom's Cabin*.

"It is the distinguished beauty who adopts the 'difficult' modes—the plain strained coiffeur, the jammed-down hat, the unrelieved 'line.'"—*Daily Paper*.

One plain coiffeur we know felt the strain so much that he was compelled to cancel his adoption.

"The first act of the lunatics, after stunning their own warder, was to destroy the asylum wireless station, thus preventing their escape from being broadcast. They trussed the warder with wireless wires."—*Daily Paper*.

Only lunatics would have thought of this.

THE ANNOYING SEX.

(According to an ecclesiastical authority, women do not dress to please men, but to annoy each other.)

Clarinda, since we two were wed,
 While I have deemed it vain to vex

This poor but, mark you, manly head
 With most conundrums of your sex,

I've often wondered, I confess,
 What motive lay behind your dress.

Thus, though the proof was far from clear,

Methought you donned your bright array

Mainly to please yourself, my dear,

Until I read the facts to-day:

You wear, it seems, whate'er will grieve
 Some other artful sister-Eve.

Whether you choose to dance or dine,
 Or mingle with an evening crush,

You deck yourself with one design—

To put all rivals to the blush;

And strive to shine where'er you go,
 The leading lady of the show.

Well, you may snatch a careless joy

In taking thus the topmost seat;

But, while you manage to annoy

Most of the women whom we meet,

Knowing your secret as I do,

Clarinda, you annoy me too.

A LITERARY CAPTURE.

[A burglar at Luton recently left signs behind of having taken a book from the shelves and read for a time before leaving. One cannot help feeling that a reckless enthusiasm for literature might prove fatal to the profession.]

In cover of darkness and soft as a mouse,
With footstep as light as a feather,
He roamed through the length and the breadth
of the house
Collecting our silver together;
And, labour completed, was ready to go
At (roughly) 2.30 ACK EMMA,
When his torch's illuminant happened to show
The binding of *Dora's Dilemma*.

He opened the volume, as Fate would decree,
Where his eye couldn't fail to alight on
That stirring account on page seventy-three
Of *Dora's* abduction at Brighton,
A prelude (he presently found) to the thrill,
Where the villain, to swell her distresses,
Accused her of larceny, forging a will,
Theft, arson and dyeing her tresses.

And they found him immersed in the lady's career,
When the servants came down in the morning,
At the spot where she let the bad baronet hear
Her mingled abhorrence and scorning;
Nor was he provoked to a breach of the peace,
To a savage assault on his captor,
But eagerly craved, ere we fetched the police,
Permission to finish the chapter.

THE ROBINS.

THE birds were busily flying to and fro with feathers and moss, wool and horsehair, which they were weaving into their nests, unperturbed by threats of strikes in the building trade. All were active but the robin's wife, who sat idle and forlorn on a spray of a blackthorn.

"What's the matter?" asked a passing thrush. "Why aren't you building too? Had a row with the architect?"

"Not exactly," said the robin's wife; "my husband's a little difficult, that's all. He won't accept any site that I suggest, and I know plenty: safe, too, or as nearly safe as anything can be in a world of boys. Quite a lot within a few yards from this spot. But it's all useless; he will go his own way, and this year nothing seems to satisfy him. He's off prospecting now."

"I should have thought you'd have taken one of those nest-boxes in the Manor garden," said the thrush. "They're just the thing for robins and wrens and tits and little people like that. Too small for me, even if I cared to be shut up."

"Oh, no," said the robin; "my husband wouldn't hear of it. I did make the suggestion."

"Still, you'd have the safety you want," said the thrush. "It may be a little mechanical living under these housing-scheme rules; but you know where you are from day to day, which is more than a thrush can say, with our nests so conspicuous. But I'll say this for us, we don't fly off them with a scream for all the world to hear, as those stupid blackbirds do. We're a little wiser than that."

"But it beats me," he went on, "why your husband doesn't accept your views. You robins, of course, are horribly alike, but if you're the one I'm thinking, you've been a good wife to him. You've brought up several families round here, haven't you?"

"Yes," said the robin.

"It wasn't you," the thrush asked with a searching look, "who had the young cuckoo last year?"

"No, thank Heaven," said the robin. "I've known a lot of trouble, but nothing so bad as that."

"I feel sure I know your face," the thrush continued. "Why, of course," he exclaimed, "I remember now! It was you who had the nest in the station-master's old top-hat?"

"Yes," said the robin. "And in 1921 in the old lady's letter-box."

"Bless my soul!" said the other, "you do go it. We thrushes don't indulge in fancy tricks like that. Just the regular old holly-bush or the hedge for us, and the same old mud lining for our nests all our days. But you robins, you're so novel, so adventurous. Why, there was a pair round here who worked a ten-shilling note into their nest one year."

"That was us too," the robin admitted. "But that's the whole trouble. You see it's made my husband so sensational. We got into the papers and it went to his head. Nothing will do now but another stunt. After being in the papers three years running he's mad to get noticed again. You know the kind of thing:—

'ROBIN BUILDS IN TALL HAT.'

'ANOTHER FREAK NEST.

ROBIN BRINGS UP BROOD IN LETTER-BOX.

HUMANE POSTMAN'S DILEMMA.'

'ROBIN'S NEST BLOCKS STOVE-PIPE.'

'WHERE DID THE BRADBURY GO?

ASK THE ROBINS.'

"My husband's simply potty about those headlines, and no ordinary site need apply any more. I don't believe he'd have a nest and a family at all if there was no publicity attached to it. He must have publicity. He thinks only in terms of ads. now."

She sighed. "We used to be much happier in the old days," she said, "when we built in the bank and were friends with the gardeners and the wood-cutters. But my husband won't look at a gardener or a wood-cutter any more. All he wants is journalists."

It was at this moment that the male bird flew back.

"It's all right, my dear," he said, with a nod to the thrush. "I've done it again. You know the house on the edge of the golf links, with the arbour in the garden? Well, it's just changed hands, and there's an old forgotten pair of boots on the arbour shelf that were absolutely made for us. You can have which you like, right or left; I leave the choice to you."

"But isn't that rather risky?" his wife asked. "Supposing someone takes the boots away?"

"They won't," said her husband. "The new tenant doesn't move in for three weeks and by that time it wouldn't matter if we were discovered. In fact I hope we shall be. And then"—he flapped his wings in triumph—"then we'll get a good notice again."

"You seem very sure about it," said the thrush.

"It's a cert," said the robin. "The new tenant's an editor!"

E. V. L.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"In the east (we were driving due north, and it lay to the right of us) the horizon melted into pale blue."

Mr. P. GUEDALLA in "The Daily Mail."

The Unpardonable Crime.

There was a young genius who publicly stated
That MENDELSSOHN'S music was much underrated;
His family grieved, but their duty was plain,
And now he's been "certified" wholly insane.



Absent-minded Professor. "MY NEW SUIT HAS COME, MARION, BUT I CAN'T POSSIBLY WEAR IT. THE WAISTCOAT IS NOT ONLY SHORT OF A BUTTON, BUT OF A BUTTONHOLE AS WELL."

MY OLDEST FRIEND.

I HAVE decided to become an Ancient Roman. To-morrow morning I shall consult my lawyer about taking out papers of naturalization.

This resolution was not prompted by any unworthy motive, such as the desire to evade income-tax. The reason for my unprecedented act is that I have no memory for names and faces. I greet strangers with a friendliness which they find disconcerting; and I pass my most useful acquaintances with a vacant stare.

The Romans were an eminently practical race; and when patricians took their walks abroad they were attended by slaves whose business it was to know all about everybody and to prompt their masters.

So when I, Jacobus Smithius Britannicus, arrayed in my best Sunday toga, take my weekly stroll in Hyde Park, my *nomenclator* will murmur in my ear, "On the seat underneath the tree . . . Sir Launcelot Buggins . . . war profiteer . . . paid ten thousand pounds for his baronetcy . . . Carlton House Terrace . . . you dined there last Tuesday." Then I shall be ready to greet Sir Launcelot with that judicious blend of deference and geniality which a man

who keeps the best cook in London has every right and reason to expect.

My decision was reached quite suddenly last night, just before dinner at the Café Lucullus. Having parted with my overcoat and hat I stood among the well-groomed crowd waiting for my wife, who always spends an unconscionable time in the cloak-room.

I was glancing round impatiently when I caught the eye of a man I knew quite well. The recognition was mutual and simultaneous, and we exchanged a nod and smile. Yet as I looked at him I read in his hesitating glance exactly the same feeling of uncertainty which filled my own mind. Although I knew his face quite well I could not place him. I could neither remember his name nor where we had met.

I caught his eye a second time, and saw quite clearly that he was wondering who I could be. We each looked away uncomfortably. I was glad he had not identified me, for it proved that I am not the only man who is a duffer at associating names with faces. I was pleased too to think that at least I had recognised his face just as quickly as he had recognised mine.

A movement of the crowd brought us closer together, and I determined to exchange a word with him to conceal my

lapse of memory. The same idea had evidently occurred to him, for as I moved so did he, and we both began to manoeuvre our way between the people who separated us—I to my right, he to his left.

At last we came face to face, and I was in the very act of grasping his outstretched hand when my fingers struck something cold and hard and smooth.

Then I knew who he was. My oldest friend, a man I had known since childhood; and I had seen him last only half-an-hour earlier, when I shaved his face before dinner.

I became uncomfortably aware that people were smiling, and heard my wife say:—

"Come along, Jim. Don't stand admiring yourself in the glass."

"The U.F.A. proposal for a provincial bank is dead as the proverbial March hare."
Canadian Paper.

Or as mad as the proverbial dodo.

"The Most Honble. the Marquess Curzon, K.G., offers White Wyandotte, White Leghorn, Anconas, Rhode Island, Aylesbury Ducks Eggs for Sitting 8s. 6d., Day-old Chicks 15s. per doz."—*Advt. in Derbyshire Paper.*

We have often wondered what the FOREIGN SECRETARY did in his spare time.

AT THE PLAY.

"AREN'T WE ALL?" (GLOBE).

"His heart was true to Poll;
His heart was true to Poll;
It doesn't matter what you do
If your heart is only true;
And his heart was true to Poll."

INTERNAL evidence, derived from the frank use of language not commonly employed in polite society before the War, fixes the period of Mr. FREDERICK LONSDALE'S comedy in the immediate present. Young Mrs. Willie Tatham was therefore too young to remember the play in which the above lines occurred, otherwise she might have behaved differently when, on her sudden return to her devoted husband after a rest-cure in Egypt, she discovered him in the act of kissing Another. As it was, she failed to appreciate how little these trifling diversions count in the case of a really faithful heart. Yet she ought to have guessed this out of her own head, for in the enervating Orient she had permitted herself a similar relaxation—indeed a more serious one if we are to judge by the length of time she remained in the gentleman's arms—and had run away from it not a moment too soon.

However, it was not in her affections that she was hurt so much as in her pride, and the wound would no doubt have been anyhow mollified by Time. But the healing process is accelerated by her father-in-law, Lord Grenham, whose long and profound experience of the sex led him to suspect that she had had an affair of her own out there. A bit of luck allows him to identify her lover, who had pursued her to England, and he arranges to confront the two in his country house. To do him justice he does not design a scene of melodramatic exposure. Indeed he warns his daughter-in-law that all is discovered and that her man is arriving by a certain train. His Lordship leaves it at that, trusting to her unaided intelligence to seize the chance of intercepting him at the station and disposing of him by the next train back to town.

His arrival by motor-car defeats this delicate scheme, and she has only just time to appeal to him—in a note written at an incredible pace even for the stage—not to give her away. He responds like the gallant gentleman he is; but he has already given to the husband, in a burst of innocent confidence, an account of the exotic episode in Egypt, from which the latter recognises his wife in the lady concerned.

The movement towards a general

understanding is worked out with a very nice ingenuity and many pleasant shocks of surprise, continued even into the mopping-up phase of the Final Act. Here there is sprung upon us an announcement in *The Times* of an impending marriage between Lord Grenham and a certain importunate widow to whose intrepid advances he had not proposed to make the inevitable surrender till after a few more years of freedom. This is the work of Mrs. Tatham, done by way of good-natured revenge for her exposure. "You gave me away," she tells her father-in-law, "so I gave you away"—in the matrimonial sense. This delightful episode relieved an Act in



MUCH ADO ABOUT A KISS.

Willie Tatham MR. HERBERT MARSHALL.
Lord Grenham MR. JULIAN ROYCE.
Margot Tatham MISS MARIE LÖHR.

which some of the dialogue fell a little below the high level of the early part; and all ended merrily with a revelation of the title's meaning. "Lord! what fools we mortals be." This was the idea; and what novelty it lacked was supplied by the epithet to which I have referred as internal evidence of the period of the play.

It was acted throughout with great skill. Mr. JULIAN ROYCE, as Lord Grenham, bore the burden of it with great ease of manner. I enjoyed him, but not more, I think, than he enjoyed himself. Miss MARIE LÖHR, as Margot Tatham, was less happily suited than in the lighter part of *The Laughing Lady*, but she wore her hypocrite's mask with the right womanly aplomb, and did not seem to be too embarrassed by

Margot's frank appreciation of her own charms, or by the striking resemblance between that lady's portrait which hung in her husband's home and the familiar presentment of Miss LÖHR herself which hangs in the vestibule of her theatre.

Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS was the gayest of gay widows, hovering, with both eyes glad and blinking, on the verge of impropriety, and sometimes, if I dare say it, of farce. The Rev. Ernest Lytton, stodgy to the outward eye, but with covert tendencies to licentiousness, put no strain on Mr. ERIC LEWIS's well-known resources. The quieter methods of Miss ELIZABETH CHESNEY, as his wife, a

terror to evil-doers, gave some distinction to a rather obvious type. That sound actor, Mr. HERBERT MARSHALL, played the uncomfortable part of Willie Tatham with great fortitude, and Mr. MARTIN LEWIS put a lot of local character into the Australian from Egypt, who was made to emerge from his false position a very true man. In the small part of Kitty Lake, the girl of the kiss, Miss CYLLENE MOXON, though a little slow with her words, carried herself with so seductive an air that we easily excused the temporary lapse of Tatham.

Miss MARIE LÖHR, coming before the curtain to the relief of the author, called him a coward (he looked it) for refusing a speech; welcomed him to the ranks of legitimate drama, and conveyed a message from him to the effect that he found the stage more amusing from the inside than from without. If I am to understand him as implying that he thought he had got more fun out of the preparation of his play than we had got out of its performance, all I can say

is that he must have had a very hilarious time. O. S.

Altruistic Auction.

"Under the American laws . . . if a player held thirteen diamonds in his hand he could bid 'seven clubs' straight away and only a seven bid in a major suit or in no trumps could overcall him."—Mr. A. E. MANNING FOSTER in *The Daily Mail*.

As, for instance, if an opponent who happened to hold thirteen clubs should see fit to risk a call of "seven diamonds."

"The bride and bridegroom left for Italy, the latter wearing a hyacinth-blue hat of crinoline straw, and a blue velvet cloak, with an ermine collar, over a dress of hyacinth-blue crêpe de Chine."—*Daily Paper*.

He seems to have been anxious to run no risk of being mistaken for a "black-shirt."



Continental Tripper (having hired gondola by the hour). "SAY, MUSSOLINI, THIS MAY BE VERY RESTFUL, BUT CAN'T YOU PUT A BIT MORE PEP INTO THE OLD PUNT?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE late Sir MARK SYKES surpassed most English country gentlemen in enjoying the resources of his individuality as a boy and perceiving their obligations as a man. Strip his eccentric youth of his devoted manhood, or his devoted manhood of his eccentric youth, and you have an Oriental enthusiast of the Sir RICHARD BURTON type, or a soldier, diplomatist and politician of the traditional Yorkshire breed, but not the *Mark Sykes* (CONSTABLE) of Mr. SHANE LESLIE's captivating biography. The Rt. Hon. WINSTON CHURCHILL, in a graceful introduction to the book, has singularly missed the main significance of his subject and has spoken as though Sir MARK's early death were chiefly regrettable from the point of view of the political career it ended. But Mr. LESLIE has allowed letters and reminiscences to tell their own tale, a tale of extraordinary detachment from the passing interests in which its hero was immersed, from the "damnable and unnecessary" Boer War onwards. It is this quality of aloofness, rather than his obvious originality, humour and intelligence, which gives every vestige of Sir MARK's life-work the unusual distinction it possesses. His biography has, of course, a hundred less subtle attractions—travel-pictures, Spanish and Near-Eastern, of unfailing vivacity and brilliance; and a score of his own caricatures, excellently reproduced. Of these "The South African War Before Kitchener Came" is to my mind the drollest and most apt of all.

Mr. JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER's new novel, *The Bright Shawl* (HEINEMANN), challenges—and bears—comparison

with Mr. CONRAD's admirable *Arrow of Gold*. It is in the same high mood of romantic realism. And one has a pleasant sense that the English language is being treated with a fine reverence by this fastidious American writer. The scene is set in Habana, to which Mr. HERGESHEIMER has evidently given his heart. *Charles Abbott*, an old man, fresh from a disconcerting interview with a disillusioned young American soldier of the late War, goes over in retrospect the golden dangerous days of his early youth, when his destiny was entwined with the young Cuban patriots who were opposing the insolent and corrupt tyranny of Spain; with the dancer *La Clavel*, whose brilliant mantle of purples and reds is the symbol and banner of the revolt, and with that evil beauty of the Spanish agent, *Pilar de Lima*, whose knife finally struck down his friend *Escobar*. Mr. HERGESHEIMER has a magician's wand to call up the pageant of the beautiful and luxurious city, with its undercurrents of intrigue and unabashed sensuality. I have but one slight quarrel with him. I think that the vividness of the catastrophe of *Escobar's* death, prepared with such exquisite and tantalising skill, is marred by a certain vagueness and ultra-reticence. "There was a suspension of breathing, of sound, through which a fragile hand searched and searched." On the other hand, the choking of the quite devilish *Santacilla* by the dancer leaves no room for such complaint. . . . A brilliantly-etched plate of gleaming lights and sinister shadows.

It has occurred apparently to Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL, the talented author of *Pippin* (COLLINS), that our novel-writers of to-day are in danger of getting into a groove, and that it might be as well to discover some new method in

order to revive the waning interest of a fickle public. Or, since there are no new and untried methods in fiction, why not re-introduce an old fashion? Hence this experiment in the peripatetic manner of our grandfathers, even to the inclusion in the book of such interludes as "The Story of the Gentleman Tramp," "The Pedlar's Tale" and "The Great Musician." For my own part, even in my earliest reading days, I was never quite at ease with these intrusions; when I saw that some dismal gentleman in the parlour contemplated entertaining the company with a tale, comic or harrowing, on his own account I turned the pages rapidly until I got back again to *Mr. Winkle*, *Mr. Tupman* and my other old friends. This was well enough in the spacious days when your *Pickwick* stretched its noble length ahead, promising days and weeks of solid reading; you could cut out a chapter or two here and there without being too acutely sensible of loss. But with *Pippin*, a story of no more than our common modern length, to omit all extraneous matter would be to make a scanty meal indeed. I admit that on this occasion I hardened my heart and read the book all through, finding in it a good deal to admire, even apart from *Pippin's* own adventures—of which his experiences in the circus were the most enthralling. I like Mr. MARSHALL'S outlook on life in general. Mr. CHESTER-TON (to whom the book is inscribed) speaks of it, I understand, as a masterpiece. But of course he may have been influenced by the magnificent passage (p. 325) in praise of beer.

Among the delightful sketches and stories by "BARTIMEUS" in his latest volume, *Seaways* (CASSELL), I think

I like "The Rebel" best. It is the tragedy of a "great ship," as our ancestors called a first-class fighting vessel, told as only a seaman can tell it, and illumined by a glow of fantasy which is yet admirably true to the sea. For "BARTIMEUS" has more than the minute accurate knowledge of the King's ships and the King's service which every Naval officer acquires; he has imagination, humour and the gift of expression. He is indeed the first Naval officer rightly to depict the Royal Navy since the spirited MARRYAT let fall his winged pen. The life of the sea is not merely different from the life of the land in that the sea-folk live in ships instead of houses; it is another world, which the landsman views from outside. "BARTIMEUS" very kindly takes us inside—along the mess-decks, with their odour "of wet paint, cooked food, much-slept-in blankets, tarred rope, caustic soda and scrubbed woodwork;" into gun-room and ward-room; into the Captain's sacred quarters; even into the dread presence of the Admiral, which is guarded by what the Old Navy called a "a sentinel." Guided by "BARTIMEUS," the reader moves like an invisible guest amid that cheerful and valiant and occasionally sentimental company, roving from the Narrow Seas to China, and back again to the dockyard berth. It is when he comes ashore (as in "Chops and Chips" and "The Look") that, perhaps naturally, he rather tends to lose his bearings. Even so his work still fascinates, for it presents the seaman's notion of the

shore-folk, which is at least considerably more romantic than the landsman's idea of Service men.

If Mr. NEIL LYONS would carefully examine his bonnet I am sure that he would find a bee lurking in it. I want him to destroy that bee, because it annoys me that a man who can write such a deliciously humorous story as "Lightweight Happiness" should in the same volume discredit himself by being so silly about men and women who are, in his opinion, cultured. People of culture, according to Mr. LYONS, give to the word "here" the pronunciation "heah"; if they only pronounced it "ere" they would, I believe, be dear to his heart. But I hasten to add that among this collection of stories, *Fifty-Fifty* (BUTTERWORTH), are some tales that I found quite delightful. "The Man with Two Chins" is as full of sound sense as of good fun; "The Distressed Gentlewoman" introduces us to a question that would give pause to most experts in problems of tact; and "The Koskyakov Family," though its conclusion may not appeal to all tastes, is admirable parody. Even if Mr. LYONS decides to retain his bee, he

will still be one of the few writers of short stories whose work is at once light of touch and packed full of ideas.

I learn from the cover of *Jimmie Dale and the Phantom Clue* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) that "mystery-lovers everywhere" are acquainted with Mr. FRANK L. PACKARD'S "famous character." Face to face with such an announcement it requires some boldness on my part to confess that I have but recently had the pleasure of meeting this restless hero.

He was a young and rich American who, for reasons which I will leave you to discover for yourselves, frequently retired into the under-world of New York, and there, as "The Grey Seal," pitted his wits against those of "The Phantom." I doubt if he has ever been rivalled, even in the most sensational fiction, as a dodger of bullets and tight corners. For myself, I failed to respond to the charm of his "slim sensitive fingers" and "whimsical smile," of which I heard overmuch; but those who want it will find in these pages all the adventure they desire, though they may be a little overwhelmed by the form in which it is administered to them.

An obiter dictum of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL:—

"I have often sat with a pencil in my mouth trying to make seven words go into five."—*Sunday Paper*.

We may now hope for an improvement in the quality—edible, if not scriptorial—of the Post-Office pencils.

"Mr. Ede, M.P., said to lop off one ear at the beginning of a child's life was a far more serious loss to the child than might appear to those who deal with working-class children from the point of view of theory and not practice."—*Evening Paper*.

We quite agree. Even if the child should become a Labour Member it will be none the worse for being able to hear both sides.



THE STAGE WAITS.

CHARIVARIA.

It has been remarked that during his Budget speech Mr. STANLEY BALDWIN drank three glasses of water. But then, of course, the penny was not actually taken off beer until the next day.

The reduction in the price of beer, it is stated, will not alter its quality. We thought there was a catch somewhere.

A visitor to the International Fashion Fair points out that ears are once more in fashion for women. If one is worn on each side of the face the effect is said to be very chic.

The Ten Commandments are to be filmed. On the other hand the Cabinet have decided not to sell the cinema rights of the Government's new Housing Bill.

The cuckoo was heard last week in Margate, Lyme Regis and Clifton. The bird must be on tour.

Mrs. HENRY FORD has declared that, if her husband goes to the White House, he goes by himself. Not every married man gets a chance like that.

Signor MUSSOLINI, who was stopped by a policeman at Faenza for exceeding the speed limit, thanked the officer for having done his duty. The famous Fascisti chief may be a great leader of men, but no real motorist ever did that.

At the International Exposition in New York they are exhibiting a collar-button which is guaranteed to go safely through the laundry without being lost or torn off. It seems a mistake to put our laundries on their mettle like this.

In the opinion of Mr. PAUL WHITE-MAN dancing in America is too rough. We never did approve of those informal American dances in which people shoot their partners to rag-time music.

According to *The Daily News* the Cabinet is divided on the question of a tax on betting. Quite a number of welsbers write to say that such a tax would considerably increase their running expenses.

"Should Golfers Smoke?" asks a newspaper headline. A more urgent question is, "Should Golfers Play Golf?"

Oil having been found in Australia, there is some talk of Mr. J. D. ROCKEFELLER buying the place.

Several new kinds of self-raising flour have recently appeared on the market. There is also, of course, the new self-raising hat invented by *The Daily Mail* for saluting France.

An alien has tried to smuggle himself into this country because he wanted to live here. He has, quite rightly, been put back for the state of his mind to be inquired into.

A garden-roller has been stolen from a Canterbury house. This is bad news for the man next-door.

We understand that it will soon be possible to sit in an office in London and listen to the bag-pipes in Scotland. We hadn't thought of that.

The French Post Office is experimenting with a telegraphic invention by which the sender's handwriting can be transmitted. In case of its general adoption, however, gentlemen "detained in the City on business" can have their wires typewritten.

A registrar who has just retired had performed nearly fifty thousand marriages. It is this sort of thing that leads to such congestion in the Divorce Court.

According to a wireless expert in a daily paper, inability to hear the sound of the cricket or the cry of the bat is sometimes a sign of advancing age. Many umpires are getting on in years, and they are often insensitive even to the squeal of the bowler.

Owing to the threatened strike or "protest" of panel doctors, patients are being advised to have their summer illnesses early this year.

Professor F. G. PARSONS writes in *The Times* that he has always thought it strange that the Jutes should have chosen to settle in Thanet. We can only conclude that he isn't a regular reader of *The Daily Mail*.

During a wireless programme the other evening a jam caused almost complete silence. Many listeners in who failed to hear the explanation still believe that the POET LAUREATE was broadcasting at the time.

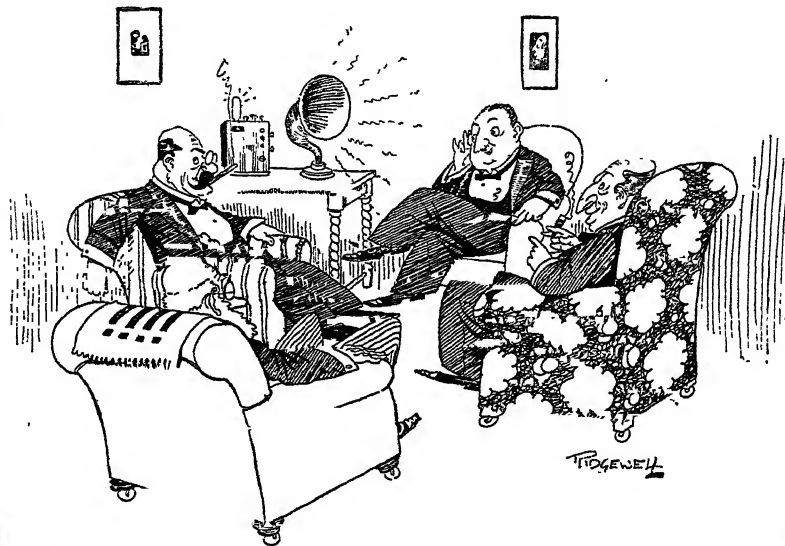
Another Headache for the Historian.

"Mr. G. Terrell (Chairman, National Union of Manufacturers):—'An excellent Budget from manufacturers' point of view.'"

Evening Paper.

"Mr. Godfrey Cheesman (Secretary of the National Union of Manufacturers) said all the members of that body would be bitterly disappointed with the new Budget."

Morning Paper.



BROADCASTING AT THE CLUB.

Voice from 2 L.O. "HULLO, PETS!"

Some men will shave with anything, an advertisement tells us. At the risk of being regarded as fastidious, we must say we prefer a razor to the more cumbersome lawn-mower.

Sweden has not had a war for a hundred years. For lack of contrast it is doubtful whether the present generation of Sweden knows a bit of good peace when they see it.

Only a very hard-hearted legal mind could have refused the appeal of the bigamist who asked the magistrate not to send him back to America as he had a wife and family to keep away from.

The mysterious circular lights seen in the sky the other evening are now explained. It appears that they were simply a few haloes from Westminster on their way to Chequers.

THE ENTERTAINMENT TAX.

(Thoughts on a much-needed reform in the method of collecting this impost; with application to the proposed tax on betting.)

CAN it be fair that, when I go
To see some histrionic show
Designed to make my laughter flow,
Or as a tonic for the brain meant,
Ere I am seated—nay, before
I even pass the entrance door—
I have to pay the CHANCELLOR
A tax on "entertainment"?

How does he know that I shall find
Medicine for a weary mind
In humour of the primitive kind,
Or joyance in a jazzing negress?
He ought to wait to hear my view,
And only when the thing is through,
If I admit a tax is due,
Collect it at the egress.

And so with betting. Why should he
Demand an entertainment fee
The moment when I back a gee
Just capable of "also running"?
Not then, but when on some fine day
The luck (if any) comes my way,
Let him produce his stamps, I say,
And do his paltry dunning.

Then is the time to have his whack,
And not when I select a hack
That's sure to finish down the track
And leave me absolutely stony;
Oh, then the rightful bloke to rook
Is he alone who made the book,
And for his entertainment took
And pouched my final pony.

O. S.

POPULAR HOME READING.

"Be sure not to be late this evening."

Year in year out that has been a parting injunction at my front-door on certain days as I have strolled down the garden path and joined the eager throng that presses on towards the 8.47; and I know well what it means.

During the infrequent lulls that come in the fevered life of the office I picture them waiting impatiently for my return home, and am spurred by the vision to renewed efforts so that I may not fail of the 5.53. The door will be standing wide open, and they will all be waiting in excitement for my appearance, dancing restlessly on tip-toe on the mat.

It has been a little jest of mine to pretend that I have not brought it; that I had not time to buy it, or that so great had been the demand that it was out of print before I reached the shop. But they have always known that I have only been joking, and, when at last they have succeeded in extracting it from an inner pocket of my overcoat, how they have crowded round to get a glimpse of its headlines! Dinner is a hurried meal on those evenings, so that in the pleasant lamplight and by the cheery hearth every line of it may be enjoyed. Sometimes I have read aloud to them.

But the other day I approached my gate with a heavy step. My face was of ashy hue, my head was bowed, my umbrella was unrolled. None knew better than I that I looked the picture of dejection.

"He's only pretending," said Marjorie.

"Come on, let's see it," cried Arthur in his boisterous way.

But Agatha looked concerned. She seemed to know that here was no pretence. She came forward to help me up the step. "What is the matter, William?" she asked anxiously. "Get a chair, Arthur; Marjorie, run upstairs and bring the smelling-salts from my dressing-table. Tell me what it is, William; I can bear it," she said bravely.

"I don't think you can," I said haltingly. But she would not be denied.

"I will be brave," she said.

In parched accents I groaned, "It hasn't come out!"

The chair and the smelling-salts came in very useful for Agatha.

For that was the terrible day—you remember—when for the first time in two hundred and fifty-eight years, owing to labour trouble, *The London Gazette* was not published on its appointed date.

A NATIONAL DEBT.

THE Governors of the Shakespeare Memorial Association have for forty-six years maintained, largely by local generosity, a National Trust in honour of the memory of SHAKESPEARE at Stratford-on-Avon. All moneys received from any source have been applied to the promotion of the object of this Trust. The Association has built and equipped a Memorial Theatre; also a Library of nearly fifteen thousand volumes of Shakespearean literature; and a Hall for lectures and rehearsals. Festivals are held every year in the weeks following SHAKESPEARE's birthday and during the Summer; and practically every play of SHAKESPEARE has been produced. The international character of these Festivals has helped to strengthen the ties that bind together the English-speaking race.

Money is now needed for the following purposes:—

(1) To maintain the Festival Celebrations at a standard worthy of the memory of the Poet. This is impossible unless proficient actors and actresses can be kept together under extended contracts.

(2) To enable the Festival Company, and subsidiary companies from which it would be recruited, to perform SHAKESPEARE's plays throughout the country.

(3) For the general advancement of Dramatic Art.

(4) To provide, under the shadow of the Memorial Theatre, a retreat for members of the theatrical profession who are incapacitated for work through bodily infirmity or other misfortune.

As their pride in the genius of SHAKESPEARE is the common heritage of the English-speaking peoples, so the payment of honour to his memory should be for them a common obligation. The little town where the Poet was born has provided the greater part of the cost of what has already been accomplished (the amount contributed in the form of money and property by the people of Stratford-on-Avon and district has exceeded £100,000, while less than £15,000 has been received from other sources) and it now feels justified in making a world-wide appeal for help. To mark the tercentenary of the publication of the First Folio the Governors of the Shakespeare Memorial Association therefore ask all those who would pay tribute to SHAKESPEARE to give practical aid by contributing as generously as they can towards the sum of £100,000 required as Endowment Fund for the one great Memorial to SHAKESPEARE on English soil.

Gifts should be addressed to the Treasurer of the Shakespeare Memorial Association, The Old Bank, Stratford-on-Avon.

PUNCH.

CONSCIENCE MONEY.—John Bull acknowledges the receipt of sixpence from the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER on account of Income Tax.



A NATIONAL DEBT.

MR. PUNCH (*to John Bull*). "GOOD MY LORD, WILL YOU SEE THE PLAYERS WELL BESTOWED? . . . USE THEM AFTER YOUR OWN HONOUR AND DIGNITY."

Hamlet—Act II., Scene 2.

[This year being the tercentenary of the publication of the First Folio, an appeal is made for £100,000 to endow the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon, and to establish and maintain a school of acting whose services may be used not only for the annual festivals at SHAKESPEARE'S birthplace, but for the performance of his plays throughout the country. Mr. Punch begs to draw the attention of his readers to the details given on the opposite page.]



Customer (in gallery of celebrated Art experts). "YES; BUT THESE ARE ALL REAL AND SO EXPENSIVE. WHAT WE RATHER WANTED WAS A GAINSBOROUGH OR A COROT BY SOMEONE ELSE."

NOTES OF A NATURALIST.

WHEN the editor had finished talking through the telephone he turned to the old schoolfellow who had come to suggest that he should be given a job.

"There's just one thing you might do. Other papers have it, though I doubt if anyone reads the stuff. Can you write a pastoral letter?"

"I've never tried. I'm not a bishop."

"Ha! ha!" said the editor genially. "But I don't mean that kind. What we want is the very latest news of the primrose on the river's brim. Say about a quarter of a column weekly of prattle about the nocturnal habits of the tomtit, and how the sphagnum moss is putting forth its tendrils, and why flea-bane is disappearing from the English countryside. There's a tame naturalist attached to most newspaper staffs nowadays."

"But I'm not"

The editor waved his hand. "Nonsense! Anyone can do it. Read what the other fellows are saying and then go one better. That's all I ask. Put some pep into it. Sorry you can't stay now. Good-bye."

The other took the hint and retired. A few days later he returned and prof-

ferred a manuscript with an air of modest pride.

The editor wanted his lunch. He eyed his visitor coldly. "What's this? We don't want Oh" (he relaxed slightly), "I remember. Let's see." He glanced over it.

"Yesterday, in a forest glade, I was witness of one of those combats *à outrance* that justify the poet's description of Nature as 'red in tooth and claw.' I was attracted to the spot by the shrill excited twittering of myriads of small birds collected in the trees surrounding the clearing in which the battle was being waged, just as of old the people gathered in the circus to watch the gladiatorial games. At first I failed to discover the combatants, but I was guided in the end by an unmistakable thin squealing, the S.O.S. of a woolgar in deadly need.

"There he crouched with a field-mouse, his latest kill, between his paws. Instinctively I glanced up, knowing what I should see; and there, sure enough, was a bantock, his hereditary enemy, hovering just overhead. Why did not the woolgar take cover? He would have been safe enough under the briars of the neighbouring thicket. I wanted to cry out, 'Run, run, before

it is too late.' But he lay there motionless, either paralysed with fear or else deliberately challenging his opponent. There was, I knew, a chance for him if he could get his sharp teeth through the protecting feathers of the bantock's long supple throat.

"I waited, breathless. The bantock made a rapid swoop, missed his prey by a hair's-breadth, and rose again after a brief scuffle, only to pounce once more, and this time with a better aim.

"But the woolgar was not yet beaten. Rolling over on his back he held the mouse as a shield between himself and his foe. The bantock's cruel beak sank deep, but failed to pierce through the intervening obstacle, and as he lifted his head to strike again the woolgar's fierce little teeth bit into his flesh. He uttered one cry. It was his last. When I approached he was quite dead, and the victor had disappeared, dragging the mouse with him and leaving a red trail on the wet earth and leaves. The curtain had fallen on one more drama of the woods."

The editor laid the manuscript down on his desk. "Not bad," he conceded. "We can use your stuff if you keep up to that level of interest. I knew this sort of thing would be in your line. You

were one of the chaps who kept tadpoles and white mice at school.

"Stamps," corrected his contributor.

"And you live in the country now?"

"Crouch End," said the other.

"Oh, well. Of course this bit about the what-is-it using a dead mouse as a sandbag is a bit thick. I shouldn't be surprised if it started a correspondence on 'Instinct *versus* Reason.' I don't profess to be up in Natural History myself—" He waited as if for reassurance.

The other answered firmly: "No one can know more about the habits of the bantock or the extraordinary sagacity of the woolgar—the small English variety—than I do."

The first instalment of "Notes of a Naturalist" appeared in due course, but it did not start a correspondence. Perhaps the editor had been right and his readers were really more interested in the latest memoirs of a murderer and the racing and football news.

In due course the second instalment reached the office. One of the subs brought it to the editor. "I should like you to read this; Sir, before I do anything with it."

It was headed "An Insect Romeo."

The writer stated that he had been able to put a distinguishing mark on a young pitancore, three inches in length, while the latter was in a state of torpor, and that he had subsequently traced him a distance of six-and-a-half miles, which he must have covered in three days, in pursuit of a female of the same species which had been removed from the ditch in which both had been bred. The devoted insect carried with him a morsel of chickweed, which was apparently intended as a love-token.

The narrator of this touching incident went on to relate how for the second time he carried off the female pitancore—this time by train to the next station down the line, a distance of ten miles, and placed her in a convenient puddle. She had previously travelled in a jam-jar suspended from the handle-bars of his bicycle. On this occasion her suitor took a week to find her, and arrived in an obviously weary and footsore condition. The writer pointed out that this detail gained an added poignancy when it was remembered that the pitancore has twenty-four feet, and concluded with an eloquent peroration on Love, the master passion, and a quotation from LONGFELLOW'S *Evangeline*.

The editor's brow clouded as he read this through. He was recalling certain things that had happened when his contributor was a fourth-form boy. Rapidly he consulted an encyclopædia, and there was a certain crispness in his utterance as he called up the ingenuous chronicler of the pitancore's wooing.



Verger (taking notes for the wedding). "LET'S SEE, MISS. THERE'S BELLS YOU WANT, AND AWNIN', AND RED CARPET. NOW WHAT ABOUT CHOIR-BOYS—THEY COMES OUT AT EIGHTEENPENCE A-PIECE. SHALL WE SAY A DOZEN?"

"Hallo! Yes! About this pitancore of yours—it sounds too good to be true."

"No one," came the answer, "knows more about the habits of the pitancore than I do."

"That may be. Anyhow the dictionary doesn't seem to have heard of the damn thing."

"I know; but you said you wanted pep."

"Bachelor (25) would marry lady, considerably older, who owns poultry, etc., farm."

Advt. in Trade Paper.

She may be "no chicken," but to have none would be a fatal bar.

"A PLEA FOR BETTER ENGLISH."

The language of America is the language of the law and the court, which is English. The language of business may be any tongue, dependent on locality, but if we are to meet and overcome our difficulties it must be through the general intelligence of our voting population."—*Canadian Paper*.

Our contemporary certainly knows what it wants.

"During the shoot an elephant went 'must' and ran amok, injuring two of the Maharaja's staff, while one member of the Viceroy's staff had a narrow escape. The Viceregal party also enjoyed some excellent small-game shooting."—*Daily Paper*.

Is not "also" just a little bit callous?

FOR AN APRIL WEDDING.

(Westminster Abbey, April 26th, 1923.)

UNDER the high blue baldachin of Spring,
Between brief lucent showers of happy rain,
The birds of heaven sing in unison:

"Winter is gone,

Winter is gone," they sing;

"Earth wakes, and the warm sun returns again."

Shadow and storm are past; young blossoms hide
The grim old boughs that dark and lifeless were;
Joy comes with bright buds wreathed about her
wand;

With lifted hand

Hope beckons to her side

All the fair shining dreams that follow her.

Across dim aisles where singing children move
And through rich-blazoned panes they shine to-day,
Bending the benediction of their light

From heaven's height

On golden Youth and Love,

While quivering bells exult in belfries grey.

For Youth and Love walk hand-in-hand along

The April way; and surely as they pass

The stern world pauses for a little space,

With gentler face,

To listen to the song

Borne o'er the daisy-silvered Abbey grass.

O Youth and Love, the Spring-time is your own;

Far off and half incredible Winter seems;

May it be long before your garden lose

Its Summer hues,

And when its leaves are brown

May Spring dwell in your hearts with all her dreams!

D. M. S.

TACKLING THE WAITER.

SITTING here in this resplendent restaurant, dining as a guest of Sir Guy Grant-Grant, whom I know but slightly, and having, so far as I have been able to observe, nothing in common with the other guests, whom I do not know at all, and being quite content to be left out of their conversation, which, though I cannot hear it for the clatter of crockery and the jazzery of the orchestra, is, I feel sure, about things I do not know, and not being one of your men who can do absolutely nothing while the world buzzes around me, I have fallen to thinking. I am thinking about waiters.

I have decided, first, that the custom of waiters wearing evening-dress for dinner must cease at once. They must wear scarlet-and-gold, or azure-blue, or rose-du-Barry, according to the colour-scheme of the restaurant. They must no longer be allowed to disguise themselves as guests of people like Sir Guy Grant-Grant, so that when people like Sir Guy Grant-Grant are in urgent need of a waiter they dare not flip their fingers and call, "Hi, waiter!" to the gentleman standing by, in case he may turn out to be one of the guests of Sir Julius Jerker at the next table, or perhaps some quite important person, like a Cabinet Minister, looking for a seat. It puts people like Sir Guy to a lot of trouble and it is not fair or reasonable.

It is only waiters who assume this arrogant right of camouflage. The postman, policeman, page-boy, liftman, commissionaire, railway-porter, telegraph-boy—all these are easily identified. Even the chef, who lives modestly in the bowels of the earth, where nobody could mistake him for anyone, has the decency to wear a uniform for his work.

The man who took my hat and coat as I came in had powdered hair, a mustardy-yellow suit, knee-breeches and white silk stockings. There was not the slightest risk that when he approached me I should grasp his hand and say, "How do you do? It's ages since we met." He was unmistakably a hat-and-coat man; and I intend to make the waiter unmistakably a waiter.

"Look," says the lady on my left,—“is that OWEN NARES?”

"No," I reply; "that's one of the assistant head-waiters."

It is monstrous that a waiter should be allowed to look like OWEN NARES.

Another thing I am going to do about waiters is to have them made inter-communicative. Here is Sir Guy, with a table for twelve in the most prominent position in the most expensive restaurant in London, utterly ignored by waiter after waiter simply because his table does not happen to be on their beat. He wants another roll of bread; he has been wanting it for some time; and it is jolly bad luck that a man who is cheerfully spending more money on food in two hours than you or I—pardon, than I—can earn in a fortnight, should be passed by as if he were Lazarus craving a second helping of free bread-crumbs.

Why can't one of these waiters get him a roll? Is there not a union of waiters? Haven't they got some arrangement about pooling tips? Isn't Sir Guy going to contribute a fat sum to the pool? Aren't they all in one business together? Is this one restaurant, or sixty? Union—forsooth! Where is your unity? Here, you puff-eyed, potato-coloured pipsqueak, come back and get a roll for Sir Guy. Confound the fellow! He has got away.

Phew! I have become quite heated. I didn't mean to be carried away like that, but really I can't help it. These waiters make me sick. For insolent independence there is no one to equal them, and there is no one who accepts his tip with baser ingratitude. The system is all wrong. I shall change it. I shall pool the waiters as well as the tips; and if a waiter stands out of one pool he will jolly well stand out of the other.

Yes, I am going to set about these waiters. I am going to put them slap into their proper place. I am going to—but our dinner-party is over and I must leave.

I am threading my way through the maze of tables. An angry voice arrests me.

"Hi, waiter!" calls a man to me. "Get me . . ." and then, blushing confusion, he stammers an apology.

"Not at all," I reply; "it isn't your fault. But I am going to have it all changed. I am going to put the waiters into crimson liveries, and sack at sight any man who doesn't answer when he is spoken to."

He looks up at me with great reverence, thinking me Managing Director of the Hotel—which, I reflect as I am swung out through the revolving door, is a post I could fill with marked ability.

"MOTHER-IN-LAW WINS IN HUSBAND'S SUIT."—*Sunday Paper*.
A very unfair disguise.

"Mr. Justice — at — Assizes yesterday awarded £5 damages to a husband who was granted a divorce decree."—*Daily Paper*.

Whereas he would have had to pay a fee for an ordinary Bachelor's.

From an appreciation of Lord ROBERT CECIL:—

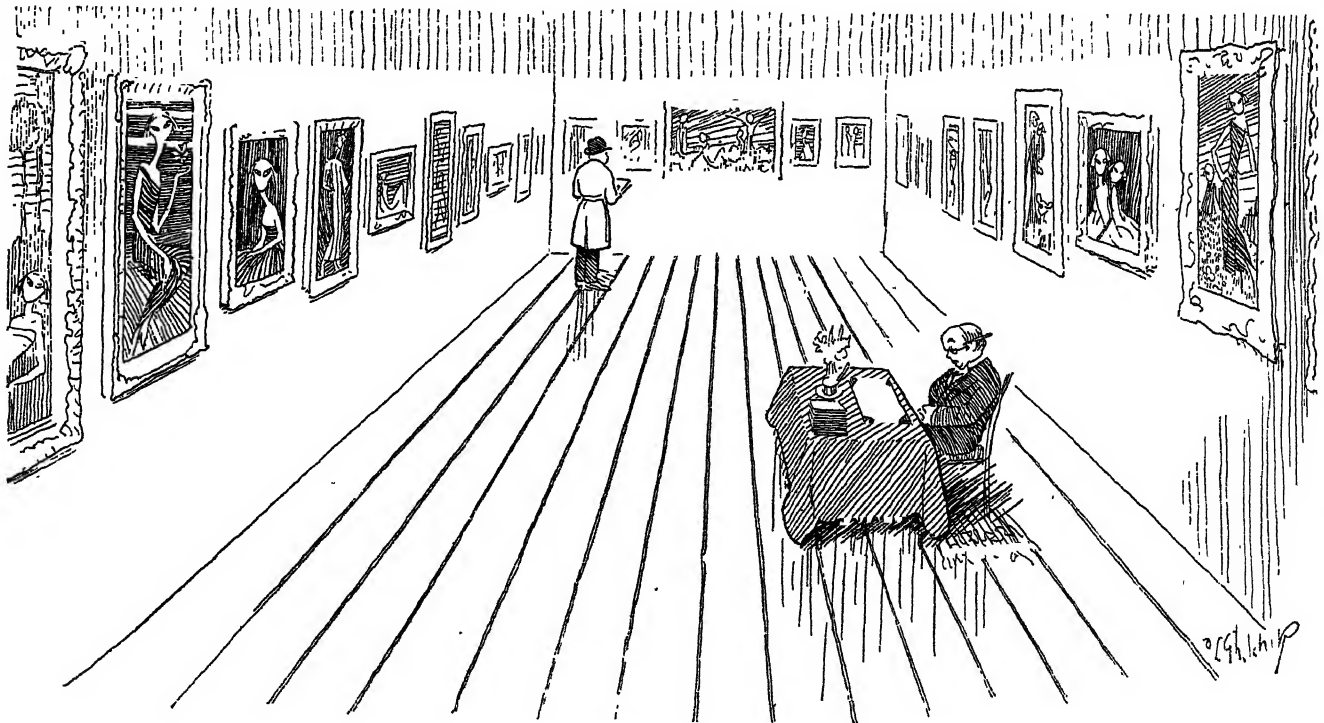
"In 1907 he fought determinedly against the 'Deceased Wife's Sister Bill,' which proposed that a man should be permitted to marry the sister of his widow."—*Canadian Paper*.

We are astonished that Lord ROBERT should have opposed a species of marriage that could only be made in heaven.

THE EXCLUSIVE TOUCH.



WE WERE VERY PLEASED TO BE INVITED TO THE PRIVATE VIEW OF MR. ROSSETTI PINK'S PICTURES—



AS WE SO DISLIKE THE IDEA OF FORMING PART OF THE CRUSH WHEN THE PUBLIC IS ADMITTED.

SHOCKING TRAVESTIES.

XII.—THE STRANGE EPISODE OF THE REINCARNATED GREEK.

Chapter II.—CALLICRATES RETURNS.
(Concluded.)

WHEN I had finished saving the lives of one or two rather important patients I returned to Baker Street and entered the sitting-room. So dense was the atmosphere with the reeking fumes of shag that another writer might have said that the air was quite thick with tobacco-smoke. Holmes was sitting exactly as I had left him, his long limbs curled up on the sofa, his villainous black pipe in his mouth and his eyes gazing abstractedly at the ceiling. On the floor were lying two crumpled letters.

He made the usual gesture, signifying that I had his permission to sit down, and I did so, at the same time saying rather breathlessly—

"Well, Holmes, has anything occurred?"

"What a marvellous stone that barrel-organ has on the pavement opposite!" he replied. "Do you hear it, Watson? Tum ti-ti, tum ti-ti, tum. By the way, didn't you win the long jump at Charterhouse?"

"My dear Holmes, as a matter of fact I did," I answered in utter bewilderment; "but what on earth has that got to do

"And you fought, I think, and were wounded in the Afghan War?"

I bridled a little, touching my grey hair with my hand. Holmes always had a scornful way of alluding to the little triumphs of my past career.

"I think that settles it," he said with a yawn, and then stooping down he picked up the two letters from the floor and handed one of them to me.

"Read that first," he said. "It came just after you left the house. As I anticipated, our worthy friends at Scotland Yard are in a tangle once more."

"DEAR MR. HOLMES" (the letter ran).—"You know my usual opinion of your fanciful theories. But we have a little problem on hand just now which so far has baffled us completely. A young Egyptian lady has lost her husband, and we are entirely unable to account for his disappearance or to make head or tail of her narrative as to the events which preceded it. She states that she has subsequently seen the man's car, which appears to be of a grey colour, but she can tell us neither

its make nor its number. Beyond instructing my men, therefore, to look out for an Egyptian gentleman in a grey car, we are entirely without data and at a loss for a clue. Perhaps you can help us once again, as you did in the affairs of the Poisoned Chocolate Méringues and the strange case of the Apoplectic Haberdasher.

Yours faithfully,

ATHELNEY JONES."

"Bunglers," murmured my friend—"incredible bunglers! Were it not for

"Quite a different spirit from petrol," I said with a slight laugh; but Holmes did not smile. One of the most remarkable characteristics of this extraordinary man was that he was almost completely devoid of a sense of humour. He merely handed me the other letter.

"O Holmes, who art also Holly, who art also Slooth," I read, "I have taken counsel of the oracle of the holy mother Isis, who am her priestess, and it is revealed unto me that I have been near unto him who was aforetime

Callicrates, my lover, even this day in the street of Bakhir. Does this divination aid thee in thy search, O well-beloved One, and of all men most wise?

AYESHA.

Ritz Hotel."

"The style is perhaps a little prolix, and the writer has an undue leaning towards the supernatural," said Holmes, "but in this case I fancy that her faith is not entirely unfounded."

I could tell by the tone of my friend's voice, and see by the light in his eye, that with or without the assistance of this clue he was already near to the solution of the problem.

How near I little anticipated.

"I have answered this note, Watson," he went on, "and taken the liberty of inviting Miss Ayesha to come to supper with us to-night. You will observe that Mrs. Hudson has laid the table for three. And, in order to make our guest feel more at home in what must be rather unfamiliar surroundings, I propose to wear my Persian dressing-gown with the cabalistic signs. You will oblige me greatly if you will also consent to don the special costume which I have had prepared for you. That frock-coat with a slight bulge in the pocket where the surgical scissors are may do

very well in Harley Street, but is scarcely suitable for supper with an immortal priestess of Isis, the mother of the gods. You will find your things upstairs."

When I reached my room I found lying across the bed a long white robe very similar to that which had been worn by our client herself at our interview in the morning. By the side of it had been placed a laurel wreath twisted with golden thread. Knowing from long experience that there was always a method behind Holmes' commands, however extravagant they might appear, I threw off my Derby hat, my frock-coat and my trousers and, hastily



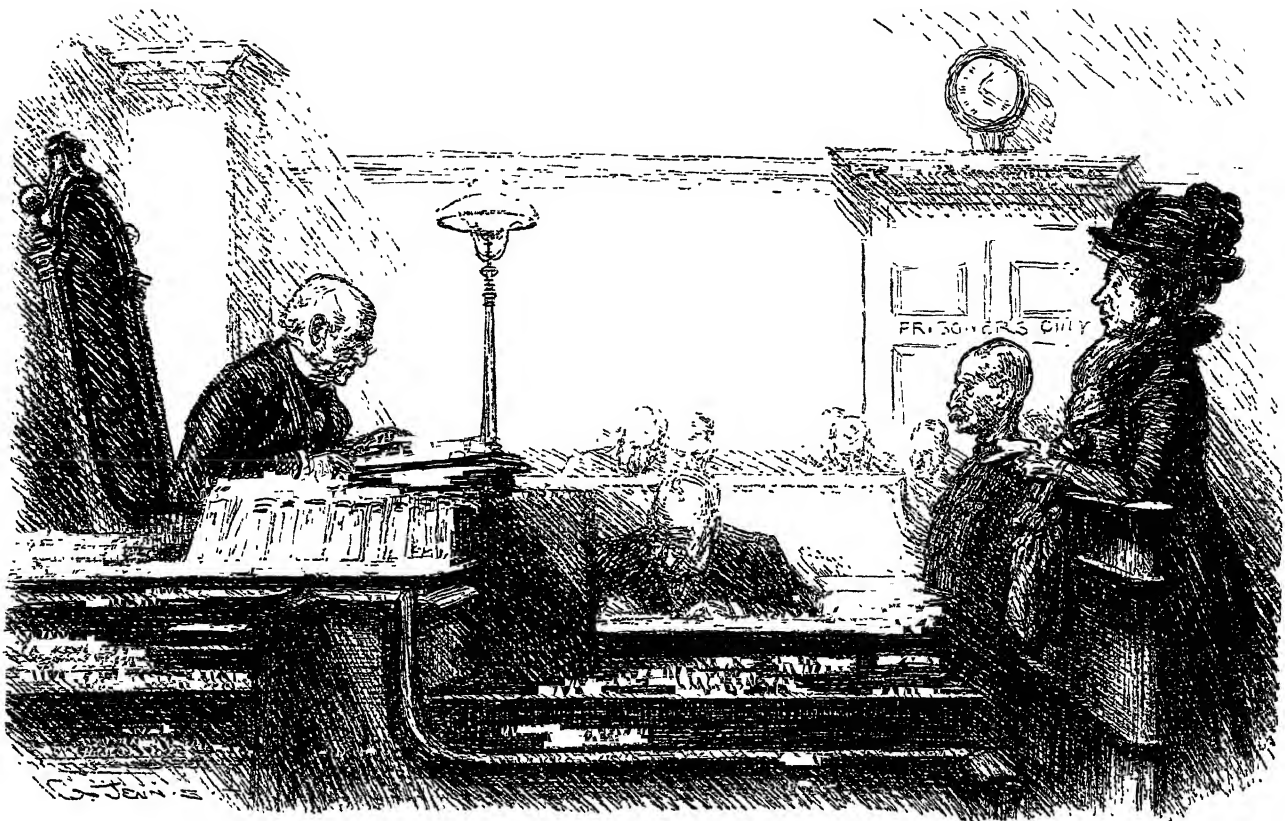
"CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE."

THE SAND SPECIALIST.

the fact that Miss Ayesha has come to us on her own account I should really have refused to help them."

"You think," I said, knowing Holmes' methods, "that they are on a false scent in following up this clue of the grey car?"

"Egyptology," he replied, "is probably not one of Athelney Jones' strong points. But I have always found in the course of my investigations that there is no knowledge which a detective can afford to despise. I imagine that when our client alluded to a grey car she meant not *c-a-r*, a petrol-driven vehicle, but *K-a*, an attendant spirit or the shadow of a departed soul."



Magistrate. "YOU AGGRAVATED YOUR OFFENCE BY GIVING A WRONG ADDRESS AND STATING THAT YOUR NAME WAS HOPKINS."

Prisoner. "I DON'T KNOW WHAT CAME OVER ME, SIR, MRS. H. BEING ONLY AN ACQUAINTANCE AND NOT ONE I SHOULD CARE TO GIVE THE COMPLIMENT TO."

replacing them with these incongruous adornments, I returned to the sitting-room.

What was my amazement to find it completely empty!

Before I had time, however, to recover from my surprise and construct any theory to account for my friend's disappearance I was suddenly pinioned from behind by two powerful arms, tripped and hurled violently upon the floor. As I struck it I felt the sudden stab of some sharp instrument in the back of my neck.

Knowing that my companion was always surrounded by enemies, who were well aware that I was his constant ally, I had already given myself up for lost, when I was all at once released from the pressure of the knee that held me down, and, rising, encumbered by the clinging folds of my robe, found myself looking into the face of none other than Sherlock himself.

"What is this infernal masquerade?" I cried with some heat, rubbing my neck, which pained me considerably.

I had scarcely spoken, however, when the front-door bell rang, and I only had just time to re-arrange my robe and replace my laurel garland before Ayesha herself was shown in.

She looked first at Holmes, and then

her eyes met mine. Instantly she uttered a loud cry, and a moment later she had sprung towards me and her beautiful arms were folded about my neck.

"Callicrates!" she sobbed, clinging to me. "Leo, my lover! My Leo! My Callicrates!" and then with a sob, "Amenartas shall never have thee now."

"My name is John, Madam," I cried, attempting to fend her off respectfully, "and my wife's was "

"Look at yourself in the glass, Watson," came the ringing voice of Holmes.

I did so, and received a shock which made me think for a moment that I was suffering from an acute attack of paranoia. My head was covered with crisp golden curls, and in my eyes, blue as the Ægean Sea, there shone the light of Victorian days, the sparkle of a long-vanished youth.

"I am still at a loss to understand," I muttered, lifting my right hand aimlessly to my forehead.

"The explanation is perfectly simple," remarked Holmes with the utmost sangfroid. "I happened to be looking at one of your old college football groups, and realised at once from the athletic proportions of your *tibia* that you were the missing man. When I had you on the floor, therefore, I took the opportunity of injecting you with a

little preparation of which, as a doctor, you have probably heard, and which is known as the thyroid gland."

As I stood there dazed and half incredulous, Ayesha flung her arms once more about my neck. Holding her lightly but firmly I kissed the lobe of her left ear.

* * * * *

These words, the last story that will ever be told of the adventures of my friend, Sherlock Holmes, were written by me John Watson, general medical practitioner, who am also Callicrates, before starting out to lead I know not what strange life in the distant land of On Kôr or Sequelia, in company with Her-Who-Must-be-Obedied. Shall I ever look back with a sigh to the old Baker Street days? Shall I ever weary of eternity and wedded bliss? Alas, there are no data on which a likely hypothesis can repose. *Evoc.*

"An unexpected result of the Paris midinettes' strike is reported. The directors of two revues announce that they will have to postpone their productions, or produce them without the necessary costumes."—*Daily Paper*.

From what we have heard of recent Parisian revues we should scarcely have thought that such a trifling omission was worth bothering about.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

XIX.—THE FIRST NIGHT.

George is an inveterate First-Nighter, and is sometimes kind enough to take me with him. George is by now so thoroughly inveterate that wild horses will scarcely take him to a common fourth night or a fiftieth night, or indeed anything short of a 1000th Performance or an Anniversary Gala Night. Unless he was present at the hatching, the egg does not exist for him.

The nice thing about a First Night is that no one really feels he is at a theatre at all. It is just a jolly family party, broken up by long periods of acting, in the course of which most of the audience are prevented from talking to each other. The very programme-girls betray a certain social exaltation not usual in their profession, and murmur, "There is no charge to-night," with all the pride of a hostess. Only the dramatic critics know very well what they are about, poor fellows. And, of course, the author—I had forgotten him. But this is often done.

The first night of *The Cabbage Girl*⁽¹⁾ was a brilliant affair. The house was full of the best people, and as we moved to our seats there was a burst of applause from the gallery and the pit. This never happens when I go to an ordinary performance.

"It's Rachel Gay," said George. And there, sure enough, was the famous actress, sitting down in a stall like an ordinary person, only that she miserably failed to look as if she didn't know that everyone was looking at her.

Then a dear old gentleman and his wife crawled over us and sank sighing into their seats.

"That's old Stanger," whispered George with reverence. "He hasn't missed a First Night for thirty years. Hespoke to me once. Awfully int'rstin'. He saw BERNHARDT's first performance. And he remembers Estelle's last appearance in London. And he's seen *The Duse*.

(1) "Presented by JOHN BAUMANN, by arrangement with Messrs. STRING and BEADY, in conjunction with TOM FILTER and HATTIE BLARE, by kind permission of CEDRIC MOON, under the management of STANLEY LAVERSTITCH. Miss MERCY STEIN'S Season. Sole lessees, Messrs. MOSS and BLUMBERG." And I do wonder exactly which of them one ought to congratulate about the play.

And he's seen Lydia Rikitikiteva, and Gretel Hansen, and Maria Dinero, and The Confetti—all of them."

"Then why does he come and see Constance Darling in *The Cabbage Girl*?" I asked.

"I don't quite know," said George. "But of course she's a very old favourite."

"I remember Constance when she was in the chorus," growled old Stanger at this point. "What a draught!"

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Stanger.

"'93. I remember it well. A piece called—called Damme, I'll forget my own name next. Why don't they shut that door? They can't write plays nowadays."

"No, dear," said Mrs. Stanger.

Meanwhile the atmosphere was



Artist (regarding his rejected picture). "VERY DISHEARTENING, ISN'T IT?" Model. "IT IS THAT, SIR—WHEN I THINK OF ALL THE WEARY HOURS I POSED FOR THE BLESSED THING."

electric. Haggard young ladies raked each other with field-glasses at close range, and scandal danced merrily from row to row.

About ten minutes after the right time the curtain rose in the peculiarly thrilling manner of First Night curtains and revealed a perfectly empty stage. The audience, eager to encourage, hesitated but a moment and then applauded vigorously. No musical play had ever begun like that before.

"By Gad, that's clever!" said George.

Then eighteen young women in green tights came on, carrying baskets of cabbages,⁽²⁾ and were loudly applauded by their friends and relations. They danced about the stage, doing exercises with their arms, and singing—

"Joy and gladness

Banish sadness

When the Spring is here."

(2) Cabbages by Garrods.

"The third from the left," whispered George intensely. "Did you ever see such legs?"

"I can't remember," I said. "They remind me vaguely of somebody's—but just whose

"Skinny lot of girls," growled Mr. Stanger.

The young women then related the life-history of Prince Boris and went off, doing exercises with their legs, and singing:—

"Banish sorrow

Till to-morrow

Now the Spring is here."

Minor characters came on, and each in turn was loudly applauded by friends and relations. Mr. Stanger turned round and flung a fierce "*S-sh!*" at an innocent lady in the row behind. A man in the gallery boomed.

"This'll be a success," said George with confidence.

Then Constance Darling came on, and it was evident that she was a woman of many friends and relations. *The Cabbage Girl* part had been specially written for her and she was drawn on in a specially constructed donkey-cart,⁽³⁾ from which she sang. She was greeted with what is known as a veritable *furor*. The pit and gallery yelled (except for the man in the gallery, who boomed), and even the stalls clapped. Only the dramatic critics sat silent and unbending, but for the lady on my left, who

scribbled something feverishly on a large pad. As for old Stanger, he quivered with excitement, clapped like a man, coughed violently, wiped his eyes and sat back exhausted, grunting happily, "Not a day older, my dear—not a day. And what a figure!"

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Stanger.

After the First Act the real business of the evening began, and the whole house trooped out to the *foyer* and asked each other what they thought of the play. Several dramatic critics gathered darkly in a corner and, contrary to the popular belief, discussed every play under the sun but *The Cabbage Girl*. The rest of us ventilated our opinions as freely as it is wise to do without having read the papers.

"What do you think of it?" said George.

(3) The donkey appears by kind permission of Mr. John Tattersall. The cart is a Stanley.



THE CHARAGRAPH; TO BRIGHTEN THE HOMEWARD JOURNEY AFTER DARK.

"Delightful," I said, the well-bred guest.

"So do I. And May Moody's simply superb!"

"Isn't she? Superb."

"Hullo, here's Tom. What d'you think of it, Tom?"

Tom shook his head doubtfully. "A bit dull. Lacks life, you know."

"Yes, I know what you mean," said George, unabashed. "It might be more lively, certainly."

"And I can't bear that terrible girl, May Moody," said Tom.

"Oh, can't you? I rather like her. Of course she's got a rotten part in this."

"She can't sing."

"No, she's not much voice, I know. But she acts so well."

"D'you think so? Of course she's badly produced. That awful wig!"

"Yes, the production's not good," said George with relief. "Well, so long."

"Hullo, George. What d'you think of it?" said another friend behind us.

George pursed his lips. "Not a great deal. A bit lifeless, don't you think? Amusing, all the same. But it's so damned badly produced."

"I think the whole thing's magnificent," said the man. "Suits May Moody so well," and he went away.

During the second Act, whenever Constance was off the stage, Mr. Stanger

betrayed his enthusiasm for the Theatre in the most curious way. The cabbage-girls had been too much for him, and he slowly subsided in his seat, snorting at intervals in clearly audible tones, "Gosh, what a play!"—"That girl's a stick!"—"Rubbish!"—"Bosh!"—and so forth. Meanwhile Mrs. Stanger, that indefatigable first-nighter, went fast to sleep.

This was before the negroes came on. When that happened Mr. Stanger woke his wife and went out.

At the end the curtain fell and rose rapidly a number of times, to a rather tepid applause; Constance Darling beamed and bowed, and the actor-manager beamed and bowed, leading Constance about by the hand and pointing at her, as if we might have missed her. And Constance pointed at the other actors, to show that no part of the credit was hers; and the actor-manager pointed at the conductor, and the conductor pointed at the orchestra; and seven men in evening-dress trickled on to the stage, and these all pointed modestly at each other—the Man who Wrote the Dialogue, the Man who Wrote the Lyrics, the Man who Thought of the Plot, the Man who Did the Scenery, the Man who Arranged the Negro Dances, the Man who Did the Lighting, and the Man who Trained

the Donkey. Then someone shouted "Author!" and, after a good deal of pointing, we discovered in a corner the little man who had written the rest of the play, bowing timidly at the back of a chorus-girl.

Then the Flower Show began, and huge baskets, boxes and pots of the very largest flowers were heaped upon the stage, almost concealing the men in evening-dress. The dear old bouquet is *vieux jeu* to-day, and it will soon be impossible to do floral homage to an actress without having a window-box dragged on to the stage. Constance kissed the salpiglossis and buried her face in the rhododendrons. Then, with difficulty picking up the gardenias, she made a moving little speech in her deep rich voice.

"From the bottom of my heart," she said, gulping a little, "I thank you for your WONDERFUL reception" (at which those who had not clapped very often felt a little guilty, and the man in the gallery booed) "of this WONDERFUL play. Such a WONDERFUL audience . . ." she faltered. "I don't deserve . . . I can't tell you . . . You don't know . . . from the bottom of my . . ."

They dropped the curtain on her.

I put on my coat with a warm sensation, feeling that at least I had given a great deal of pleasure. A. P. H.



A DOG'S A DOG FOR A' THAT.

"OH, DO LOOK AT THOSE PUPPIES! AREN'T THEY LAMBS!"
 "YES, THEY ARE RATHER DUCKS."

THE WIRELESS MAIN.

WIRELESS is a wonderful invention. Everybody says so, and I must say that I agree. Wireless has been the means of my realising an ambition dating from the time of my early boyhood, an ambition which had faded a little owing to impracticability of attainment—at least so I had always thought—but which still stirred the blood in my veins occasionally and made me wish I were not just "Something in the City."

My ambition was to be a pirate, an ambition which was shared by practically all the friends of my youth, though, as far as I know, it has not been achieved by any one of them. But I have achieved it. I am a pirate. Only

a wireless pirate, it is true, but still a pirate.

Some eight months ago I bought a little volume which guaranteed to enlighten me on the construction of a wireless receiving set. I followed the directions carefully and built the set. To my great joy I found that it worked. I erected a nice unassuming little aerial in the back-garden, and I used to listen to strange buzzings and whistlings and then say, "Ah, that's North Foreland," or "That must be the Eiffel Tower," just like an expert. Occasionally I heard gramophones playing and was filled with wonder.

No one knew about my wireless set except my wife. Our child was too young to take an intelligent interest,

and I knew nothing of licences or the like.

Then suddenly a broadcasting company burst upon the world. They sent out pretty music every night, and told fairy stories for the children, and sometimes they gave us lectures upon improving subjects. I thought it was very nice of them.

Then I discovered that they were not doing it for nothing. I ought to pay ten shillings for a licence, so that they could have five shillings of it. My paper said I could get a licence at any post-office, so I went and asked for one.

"Is your set stamped?" they asked me. "Has it got B.B.C. on it?"

It had not; so they gave me some forms to fill in and told me to apply to the POSTMASTER-GENERAL for an experimenter's licence.

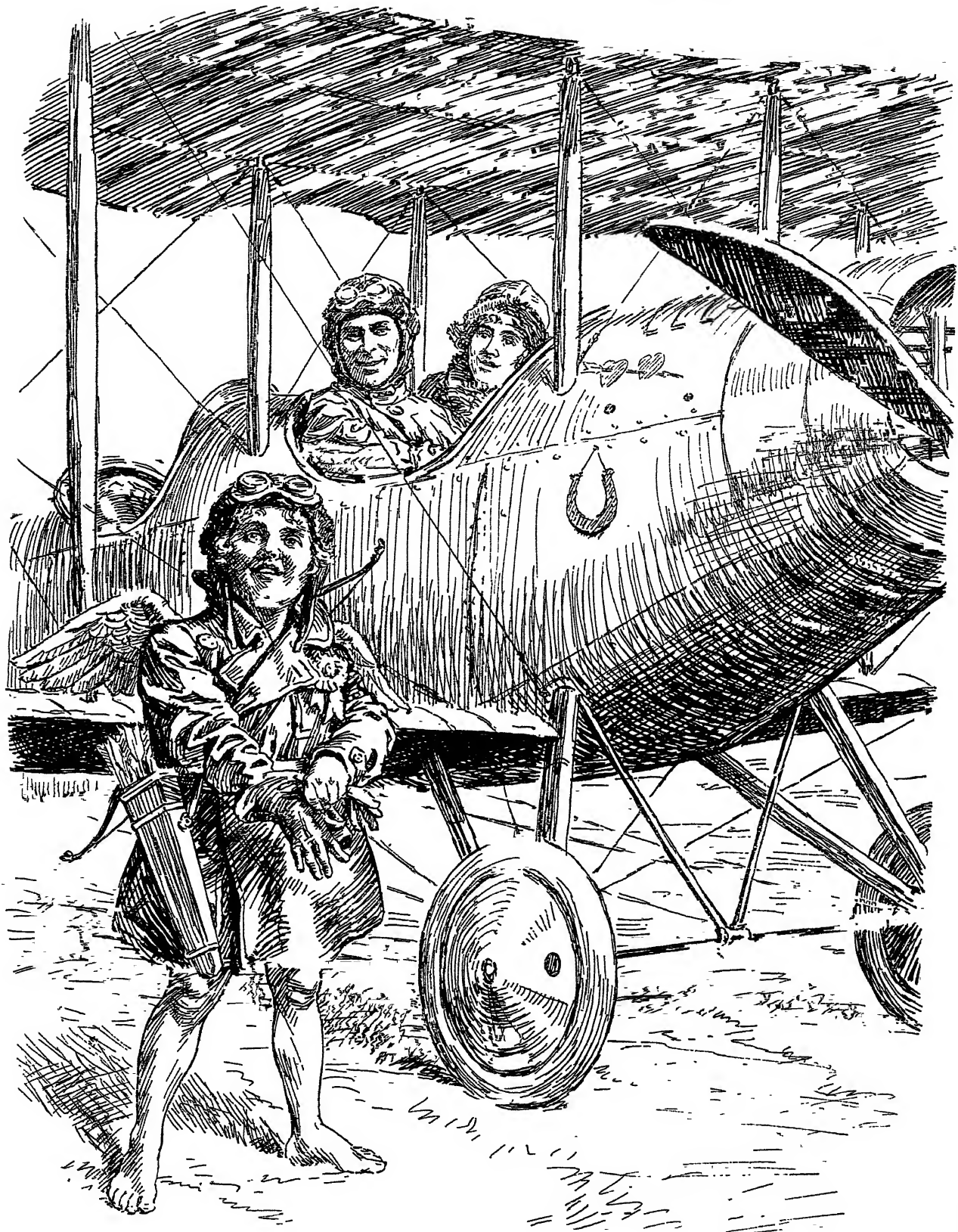
This was two months ago. I have applied six times since then, but I don't think the POSTMASTER-GENERAL likes me. He ignores me. But I am still listening to the pretty music and the lectures; and that is where the fun comes in. I am a pirate. My morning paper tells me so; my evening paper tells me so; and my Sunday paper tells me so; there can be no doubt about it.

It is great fun being a pirate. Of course I don't brag about it to my friends. I just go on letting them think what a nice, quiet, unassuming fellow I am. The policeman at the corner of our road always wishes me good morning; little does he know my true character. The big hulking men who push me about on the Underground would be more careful if they could pierce my mask of respectability.

It is when I am alone that I display my true colours. "Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of sulphuric acid!" I cry, and then I listen to a bed-time story or something equally dashing.

My wife is rather nervous about the whole thing. It has given me an added glamour in her eyes; but she is very worried as to what may happen to me. The papers say that severe penalties will be inflicted on wireless pirates. Any day now I may be discovered, tried and sentenced. This time next week I may be hanging in chains at Execution Dock, an awful example to other marauders of the Wireless Main. What a picturesque end to an otherwise blameless life!

There is only one thing that worries me. The POSTMASTER-GENERAL may relent; he may decide not to ignore me any more; he may even send me an experimenter's licence. The thought is troubling. I have derived the greatest pleasure from leading my double life, and to revert to respectability again would be frightfully dull.



LOVE, THE PILOT.

WITH MR. PUNCH'S MOST LOYAL GOOD WISHES TO GROUP-CAPTAIN THE DUKE
OF YORK, R.A.F., AND HIS BRIDE.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, April 16th.—The House of Commons was crowded from floor to galleries in expectation of Mr. BALDWIN's first Budget. Among the "distinguished strangers" was Mr. JOE DEVLIN, anxious, it is thought, to hear how the old country was faring now that he is withdrawn from its counsels. Members simmered with impatience through the opening hour, and the Ministerialists finally boiled over when Captain BERKELEY insisted on putting, by private notice, an enormously long Question about the Sugar-tax in Fiji. For the moment they were not "thinking imperially."

During the usual division on the Eleven-o'clock Rule the PRIME MINISTER slipped quietly into his place, wishing, no doubt, to justify those organs of the Sunday Press which have attributed to him a retiring disposition. His desire was frustrated, however, by his vigilant supporters, who gave him a hearty cheer.

At thirteen minutes past four Mr. BALDWIN rose, and at thirty-three minutes past five he sat down. In those eighty minutes he dealt rapidly, clearly and audibly—other Ministers, please note!—with accounts totalling over eight hundred millions on each side. Budget-making, he pointed out, had now to be carried out in "an environment hardly propitious to prophets." This accounted for the fortunate miscalculations of his predecessor, which had resulted in a surplus of a hundred millions. That, however, had all gone in the redemption of debt.

On the importance of this subject the CHANCELLOR dwelt so earnestly that one began to fear that he intended to devote all his own prospective surplus to the same dull purpose, and flout the harassed income-tax payer as the Friend of Humanity, in CANNING's famous line, flouted the Needy Knife-grinder:—

"I give thee sixpence! I will see thee damned first!"

Happily he was not so unkind. Not only is the income-tax payer to have his sixpence all right, but beer is to be a penny a pint cheaper, cider is to be freed from tax altogether and, although in his "gag" Budget-speech at the London Press Club the other day the CHANCELLOR averred that he had "never been in favour of cheap hiccoughs," even the consumer of lemonade and ginger-beer is to get a trifling benefit. The halving of the Corporation Tax and a reduction in certain postal and telephone charges completed a Budget which seemed to please everybody but the Labour Members.

They, poor things, have hitched their

fiscal waggon to a comet, and will not be comforted with anything short of a Capital Levy. Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD made an attempt, more ingenious than ingenuous, to justify their faith by declaring that a reduction in the income-



The Artist (Mr. STANLEY BALDWIN). "I MEANT THIS FOR A NICE LITTLE SURPRISE FOR THE HANGING COMMITTEE, BUT THE PAPERS SEEM TO HAVE GOT HOLD OF IT BEFOREHAND—I CAN'T THINK HOW."

tax would do nothing to revive trade, but would merely enable the owning classes to waste more in ostentatious luxury. He was answered by Sir ALFRED MOND, who, going to the other extreme of economic eccentricity, complained of



THE ASTROLOGER AND THE COMET. Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD.

the hundred millions being swallowed up in "the vast sea of debt," instead of being used to "fructify the country."

Tuesday, April 17th.—The Lords re-assembled after nearly three weeks' holiday. They gave a First Reading to Earl RUSSELL's Bill to amend the

laws relating to blasphemy, and then adjourned after sitting precisely five minutes.

There was not much to comfort the advocates of Liberal Reunion in the speech with which Mr. ASQUITH resumed the debate on the Budget. He threw a little sop to the leader of the National Liberals by recalling the halcyon days before the War, when he and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE between them reduced the National Debt at the rate of ten millions a year. But the staple of his remarks was a severe criticism of Sir ROBERT HORNE, the Coalitionist Chancellor, for his faulty budgeting. He grudgingly admitted that the "gamble," as he called it last year, had "come off" and produced a surplus of a hundred millions; and seemed almost horror-stricken at the thought that, if all Sir ROBERT's revenue estimates had been accurate, it might have been seventy millions more.

Sir ROBERT himself was quite content with his surplus, and refused to wear a white sheet. After all, he drily observed, if he was wrong in some of his prognostications, there were others "far more experienced and, by their own admission, far more competent," who were more egregiously wrong.

Wednesday, April 18th.—When the Croydon Corporation inserted in their private Bill a provision enabling them to demolish Archbishop WHITGIFT's famous Hospital, in order to facilitate the traffic through the borough, they forgot that they had to reckon with the House of Lords. What was it BURNS wrote?

"Oh wad some power the Whitgift gie us
To see oursels as others see us!"

One after another the Peers in uncompromising language told the Vandals of Croydon what they thought of them. Lord CRAWFORD led off, and was followed by the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, among whose duties it is to look after the poor brethren of the Hospital and "compose their controversies," if any. But they were hardly more severe in their condemnation than Lord BUCKMASTER, sometimes regarded as an iconoclast, whose "fine Tory sentiments" on this occasion delighted Lord CURZON.

The knock-out blow was administered to the project when Lord MONTAGU declared that from the motorist's point of view it was useless as a solution of the traffic problem.

The Commons did not smile upon Captain THORPE's proposal that Ministers of the Crown should be allowed to speak in either House of Parliament; and, though he enjoyed the advantage of Mr. PRINGLE's opposition, even that did not save him from a heavy defeat.

The liveliest speech on the Budget yet made from the Labour Benches was delivered by Mr. SNOWDEN, who has forgotten more about political economy than most of his colleagues have yet learned. He dealt more in sorrow than anger with Mr. BALDWIN, whom he had regarded as an idol until, by reducing the income-tax and the beer-duty, he had revealed "feet of clay." But his sharpest darts were reserved for Sir ALFRED MOND and Mr. HILTON YOUNG, whom he satirized as "charwoman economists," who believed in taking in one another's washing.

Mr. NEWBOLD gave a sketch of the Budget he will bring in when the Communists come into power—income-tax for anyone with less than £500, *nil*; for anyone with over £2,000, twenty shillings in the pound on the excess; repudiation of War Debt, and a minimum of two hundred millions a year for Social Reform.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, in summing up the debate, gave rein to the humour he had so sternly curbed on Monday and made great play with the mutually destructive speeches of his critics. On only one point had they shown anything like unanimity, and that was in urging a reduction in the Sugar duty. Well, that would mean in present circumstances making a present to New York, and he was not going to do it. So that's that.

Thursday, April 19th.—Why the MASTER OF THE HORSE should be specially entrusted with the interests of our ancient Universities is not quite obvious—though one of them is very convenient for Newmarket—but it was Lord BATH who in a business-like speech moved the Second Reading of the Oxford and Cambridge Bill. The debate mainly turned on the question whether Cambridge should be compelled, in return for its receipt of public money, to give degrees to women. Lord HALDANE and Lord SELBORNE thought she should, but Lord ERNLE, who described how the Oxonian Members of the Royal Commission discreetly withdrew when the subject was under discussion, believed that Cambridge, now that she was no longer under the sway of her non-resident "backwoodsmen," might be safely trusted to do the right thing of her own accord; and Lord SALISBURY, though he hesitated a little before adopting the term "backwoodsmen," substantially agreed with him.

"Not at present," was Mr. BALDWIN's reply to an inquiry whether the Government were going to take steps to create further subordinate legislatures within the United Kingdom. In view, however, of the disproportionate amount of time occupied by Members from the Clyde it looks as if "Home Rule for Scotland" may at the next General Election be a popular cry in *English* constituencies.

Arable farming much depressed, beet sugar looking up, and the National Stud going strong—"Our" horses won forty-two races last year and began 1923 by securing the Lincolnshire—



TWEEDLE-DO AND TWEEDLE-DEE.

"We must have a bit of a fight," said Tweedle-Do. "Let's fight till six, and then have dinner."

SIR ROBERT HORNE AND MR. ASQUITH.

were the principal features of Sir ROBERT SANDERS' agricultural revue. Later he was able to announce that, thanks in part to the good offices of Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, farmers and labourers in Norfolk had come to a settlement of their dispute.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL gave an outline of his negotiations with the British Broadcasting Company regarding the issue of licences to the possessors of home-made wireless sets, and earned general approval by his refusal to extend "an undesirable monopoly."

"We understand a cautious attitude of *vavitter in modo, fortiter in re*, but the present policy in being seems all *vavitter* and no *fortiter*."—*East African Paper*.

We are glad our contemporary understands this. We find it very hard.

MORE PROFESSIONAL OPENINGS IN IRELAND.

My nephew, Bryan Burke, came to dinner again. This time he looked cheerful, as if he'd backed a winner.

"You'd Sergeant Murphy?" I suggested.

"No; I've abjured racing. The unemployed can afford it, I know, but I can't."

"Then the Antique-dealing business is going strong?" I asked.

"No. I can't pretend I know Sheraton from Tottenham Court Road, or Crown Derby from Belleek. A mere infant—and Christian at that—could do me in a bargain. I'm off that scheme in Ireland."

"Then why this cheerfulness, this air of prosperity in a land where the average length of faces has increased twelve inches in the last year?"

"It's the chances," he said, "the gorgeous chances I foresee."

"Where?" asked Mary.

"This Customs business," he explained. "It means professional chances for at least three classes of men, and I think of trying all three."

"You speak brave words. Don't say you're cheerful about the tax on English motors. I heard you talk of getting a two-seater this summer. Do you know it will now cost you—"

"I know," he broke in; "but what is that to a man who has got a job in one of these three classes?"

"What classes?"

"Customs Officials, Coastguards and Smugglers."

"Which do you propose to join?"

"I thought of beginning at the top and being an official. I shall merely have to turn out the contents of all your luggage and mark it well with white chalk. Marking new cow-hide suitcases all over will be pleasant in an age when the *Zeit-Geist* is nothing if not destructive."

"Have you," I asked, "considered what the pier will be like at six A.M. on a winter morning with a north-east wind blowing? Have you imagined the language of the passengers who kick their heels waiting for you and your white chalk after a bad crossing?"

"Yes," he admitted, "it scares me a little; I dislike curses before breakfast. I think I'd rather be a coastguard with my telescope at my eye, gazing seaward



Professional Coach. "YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT, SIR, ONCE YOU BEGIN TO TIME 'EM. AND AS FOR THAT FAST ONE THAT WHIZZES PAST YER EAR'OLE—WHY, YOU'LL TREAT IT LIKE MONEY FROM 'OME."

into the mists of St. George's Channel. But aren't coastguards extinct now? One never seems to gather them on one's walks. They used to be natural objects of the seaside, but I never see them now."

"Then, again," I said, "you don't speak your own native language. You can't even read the postage-stamps, and the official notices have to be translated into English for your benefit. No, a Government job is not for you, my boy."

"Then," he answered cheerfully, "the last and best remains. I shall be a smuggler. Wherever you have Customs you have smugglers. I propose to be a smuggler, Aunt Mary."

"Do you, dear? What will you wear?"

"Curtain rings in my ears, a red cotton handkerchief wound round my head and—a trench-coat as a concession to the tastes of the country. I shall have a yacht called the *Kathleen-ni-Houlihan*, and on it I shall smuggle motor-cars into Ireland every day."

"You'll need a cave, won't you?"

"I've thought of that. I've thought of everything. With the industrious lawlessness of the true-born Gael I shall conquer every difficulty. Do you know

of any nice commodious caves about the coast of Killiney and Bray? I think of advertising for one."

"We might find you one in Wicklow."

"Capital! And then my secret agents would inform everyone when I had a good car, and intending purchasers would be blindfolded and led secretly to my marine garage."

"Getting the car up to the roads may be difficult."

"In a bad cause no Irishman was ever daunted. I shall manage it somehow. And think of the impetus I shall give to romance. Why, I'm inventing a ballad now, 'Bold Bryan Burke, the Buccaneer;' it will be sung at every fair. Ballads have hitherto been monotonously political. I shall introduce a new note, something more *chic* in the poetry of law-breaking."

"Meanwhile" began Mary with the look peculiar to aunts who talk seriously to their nephews.

"Meanwhile, dear Aunt Mary," Bryan interrupted, "I got my little two-seater over the other day before the new Customs started. It's a little gem. I'm coming round to-morrow to take you for a spin."

Mary's lecture vanished like mountain mist.

"Dear Bryan," she said, "what a handsome smuggler you'll make! Of course I'll come with you."

The Post-War Tradesman.

"Mr. —, Bootmaker, wishes to Start Business again, and hopes the Public will Give their Best Attention."—*Scots Paper*.

More Impending Apologies.

UP SOCIALISM! DAVID KIRKWOOD, M.P. (Dumbarton).

Electric Theatre, Prince Wales Road, Sunday next, 7 p.m.

Come and judge what the House of Commons has to put up with!"

Advt. in Provincial Paper.

From the account of a fancy-dress ball:—

"Mr. D. — looked very natural as a costermonger."—*Straits Paper*.

"The difficulty of reconciling experimental data on the properties of these materials is evidenced by comparing the results of experimenters. Mr. — states that the friction angle for wet mud varies as the square root of the pressure, while Mr. — says it is proportional to the square root of the pressure."

Scientific Paper.

A very fine distinction. We trust they won't come to blows about it.



Bewildered Caller. "WHAT EVER'S ALL THIS?"

Spirited Suburbanite. "GREAT IDEA, MY BOY. GETTING A BIT OF MY OWN BACK AND TEACHING MY WIFE A LESSON. I'M SPRING-CLEANING THE GARDEN."

MEDIÆVAL.

(Legend vouches for this method of unicorn-catching.)

IN forest fair, a forest rare
And of an age remote,
A unicorn did walk one morn
Yelad in moonbeam coat;
As white as may be walked that day
Of mediæval Spring,
And heralds three ran out to see
The fair heraldic thing.

In tabards trim they followed him
Through jocund groves and green,
Down many a glade of sun and shade
Where Phoenix perched to preen;
"What need," said they, "of Phoenix
gay,
Though *gules* and *or* have charms?
Could we fetch home Sir White-as-Foam
They'd dub us Kings of Arms."

They offered oats and silver groats
And pocketfuls of rye,
And fun and feast; the foam-white
beast
Remained aloof and shy;
Their breath they spent in compli-
ment
And honeyed words, I wis,
Fair words and fond; did he respond?
Not he, by that and this.

Then, tabards torn and all forlorn,
Sat down those heralds three,
Nebuly-browed with spirits bowed,
Among the *fleurs de lys*;
But, "Fegs," quoth one, "though
much we've done
There's shift yet unessayed;
No unicorn that e'er was born,
I've heard, resists a maid!"

"At hand doth dwell the maid
Marcelle,
The woodman's daughter she;
I vow the girl doth sing like merle,
And fair she is to see;
In bower or tower no sweeter flower
Our England wide adorns;
Ne'er came to pass a likelier lass
To cozen unicorns."

In sum, they prayed Marcelle to aid;
She crossed the *fleurs de lys*;
She sat and sung as sweet of tongue
As ever merle on tree;
Through flower and thorn Sir Unicorn
With pavan proud drew nigh,
Till, magic hap, upon her lap
His mild wild head doth lie.

Then clapped the hand those heralds
bland
And blessed that best of morns,
And eke the might of maiden white
That conquers unicorns;

Then bent they knee and begged
him be
Their comrade and their friend;
And, with assents and compliments,
My tale approacheth end.

* * * * *
Those heralds three due dignity
Of their attainment got,
Since Earl Marshal did dub them all
Right Kings of Arms, I wot;
And honoured well the maid Marcelle
With sounding names a peck,
Eke chains of gold, which heralds
hold
Should hang upon the neck.

Uplift of horn Sir Unicorn
His days ate herald's food,
While, fitly cried, he walked the
pride
Of all the Brotherhood,
Moon-white as may, as on a day
Of mediæval Spring,
When heralds three ran out to see
A fair heraldic thing.

The farmer's wife *loquitur* :—

"He hurries away to the barn or fields, re-
turning at noon for one-half hour in which to
eat his lunc taoi taoi rmirdl mfw hrldldwu."
Canadian Paper.

This would seem to be one of the new
patent foods.

THE NEW SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THE original Sunday School was a movement with a good many "pious founders," from Cardinal BORROMEO of the sixteenth century, to ROBERT RAIKES of the eighteenth. It seems safe to conclude that they are all in their graves by this time. This is a pity, for I am sure that they will all have lately had occasion to turn in those graves.

Their copyright is being infringed right and left. Proletarian Sunday Schools, where the young idea is taught to wail, "We are all class-conscious," as a Sabbath exercise, were bad enough, but now I gather that Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON is on the warpath against "Spiritualist Sunday Schools," wherein at this very moment "over thirteen thousand children are being trained up as young mediums."

Golly, what next? It would not surprise me to hear that the psychoanalysts had set up a Sunday School of their own, followed by the Single Taxers, the Large Black Pig Society and the respective advocates of Proportional Representation and a Decimal Coinage.

But what a business for the conscientious parent when all these various institutions get going! I am assuming, of course, that the sacred principle of self-determination will apply and that there will be no question of bundling off a convinced young Free Trader to a Sunday School run by the Tariff Reform League. Never again the Victorian simplicity of "getting the children off to Sunday School." Never again the whole quiverful washed, brushed, provided each with a hymn-book and a penny, and pushed off in a bunch to the same convenient and comprehensive destination. Instead of this the head of the family will have to fall 'em in by groups, just as C. of E.'s, R.C.'s, Presbyterians and "fancy religions" used to be drawn up on Sabbath mornings in the old war days. Think what it will be like with a family of any size and any individuality:—

Group 1: Priscilla the Proletarian, who has to be equipped with a little red flag and a copy of the "Soviet Student's Song-Book."

Group 2: Maud the Medium, who is in an obvious fit of the sulks because the story that she has a pain in her ectoplasm and one of the wheels has come off her planchette outfit has been turned down as lead-swinging and an attempt to dodge the column.

Group 3: Laurence the Land Taxer, whose Sabbath outfit has just cost his parents an extra 2s. 0½d. for a new Blue-Book.



"WOT BEATS OI, DAN'L, IS—IF YON MACHINE GETS OUT O' ORDER, AN STOPS, 'OW THEY GETS UP TO REPAIR UN."

Group 4: Florence the Freudian, who at the last minute announces that she has lost her "Jung Scholar's Dream Book."

Group 5: Albert the Anti-vaccinationist, who has lately betrayed a marked inclination to go over to

Group 6: Leonard the Listless, who doesn't want to believe in anything in particular, but who nevertheless has to be packed off to a Sunday School where this disinclination is sternly inculcated and encouraged.

It scarcely seems so simple as the

older method. And, if I were the ghost of Cardinal BORROMEO or ROBERT RAIKES, I should take the earliest opportunity of haunting the N.S.P.C.C. into activity.

"On Friday morning a large goat, which had evidently roamed from the rural district, walked into a solicitor's office in Strabane, proceeded upstairs and entered the office of the principal. Without much difficulty it was ejected from the building."—*Irish Paper*. It is supposed that, by a fortunate coincidence, the solicitor had just filed a rebutter.



Head of Department. "I DO WISH, MISS JENKINS, YOU'D SEE THAT CUSTOMERS DON'T LEAVE THINGS ABOUT. I MENTIONED IT TO YOU YESTERDAY—AND NOW LOOK!"

Miss Jenkins. "I SPOKE TO THE LADY ABOUT IT, AND SHE SAID SHE'D COME BACK FOR IT."

NO TAILS.

GREAT DEBATE IN THE LORDS.

FLUSHED with their success in saving the Whitgift Hospital from the Croydon vandals, the Lordly Ones (how dutiful they are becoming!) proceeded to devote a session to the discussion of the proposal of Sir ARTHUR KEITH, the eminent anthropologist, to provide human beings with tails.

The Earl of CRAWFORD moved: "That it be an Instruction to Professor Sir ARTHUR KEITH to strike out of his programme of experiments in evolution his intention of grafting upon the human species a tail." (Cries of "Hear, hear!" and "No, no!") Sir ARTHUR KEITH, he said, was a distinguished Scottish biologist, who allied to great learning a humorous and imaginative fantasy not always associated with the members of his race. The disturbing fact was that Sir ARTHUR had threatened, by means of scientific breeding for fifteen generations, to add a caudal appendage to the human frame. As no exception was made, it must be assumed that

their Lordships' bodies were also to be thus decorated. (Sensation.) Or rather not those of their Lordships themselves, but of their descendants. Should, however, that make any difference? The purest altruism forced one to be as jealous of the well-being of remote posterity as of oneself. (Loud cheers.) The beauty of the Lordly Ones of the thirtieth century was as important as their own. (Renewed cheers.)

He could best bring home the enormity of Sir ARTHUR KEITH's offence by putting a simple question: Would any one present like to see the Marquess CURZON with a tail? (Prolonged silence.) They had just saved Whitgift Hospital for their descendants; let them now save the human form divine from the desecrating hands of whimsical Fellows of the Royal Society. (Loud cheers.)

The Archbishop of CANTERBURY said that he too had read Sir ARTHUR KEITH's boast, not without pain. But what particularly hurt him was the PROFESSOR's suggestion of restitution: he was not so much proposing to confer a tail on humanity as to put humanity's

tail back. This was an echo of the Darwinian theory which was greatly to be deplored. ("Hear, hear.") Any reference to the distant days when men—yes, and women (Sensation)—may have had tails, ought to be avoided. Ordinary pride should dictate forgetfulness or, at any rate, disregard. In any case, should this light-hearted experimentalist have his way and create a caudalised community, he (the Archbishop) cherished the earnest hope that the clergy might be exempt. He foresaw only a restricted sphere of usefulness for a vicar with a tail, whether long or short. ("Hear, hear.")

Lord BUCKMASTER thought they ought to know more of the quality of the proposed attachment. This was not a matter about which, in the dark, they should come to rapid conclusions. Whatever opinions we might hold as to certain types of tails, there was no doubt that tails could on occasion increase attraction. Take, for example, the peacock. (Loud applause.) Tails *per se* meant nothing. Exact information should be forthcoming. As another

example take the fox. (Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE: "Hear, hear!") Sir ARTHUR KEITH might have it in his power to provide a tail which, like the fox's, was also a brush. How useful! He proposed that Sir ARTHUR KEITH should be summoned to the House and interrogated. (Sensation.)

Viscount CHAPLIN said that for once he agreed with Lord BUCKMASTER. They needed more light. If Sir ARTHUR KEITH, for instance, could arrange for the tail to be strengthened so that it might be used as a shooting-stick, he was in favour of the project.

Marquess CURZON said that, as Leader of the House, he deprecated Lord BUCKMASTER's revolutionary suggestion of summoning Sir ARTHUR KEITH to their presence. He considered that gentleman far too dangerous. It would make their younger and their less courageous Lordships extremely nervous. His own opinion was that the Instruction moved by the Earl of CRAWFORD should go forth. For two reasons—one being that mankind was in no need of tails whatever, and the other that the date at which they could, if ever, come into force was too remote for practical discussion. ("Hear, hear.") There were at the moment questions before their Lordships which were of more importance. (Cries of "No, no!") Anyway, he himself ventured to think so.

Lord LAMBOURNE said he had always enjoyed *The Tales of Hoffmann*.

Lord MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU said that he was strongly in favour of tail lights. Beyond that he had no views.

The Earl of BIRKENHEAD asked if Sir ARTHUR KEITH had given any hint as to how long it would take him to fit certain of their lordships with heads?

LORD RIDDELL said that he thought it was an excellent idea and should lead to some entertaining Sunday reading.

Lord HARRIS said that whether or not people were some day to have tails was a matter of indifference to him; but he disliked the things in cricket teams.

Marquess CURZON said that he thought the time had arrived for coming to a decision. They had had the opportunity of hearing a number of views, expressed, if he might say so, with delicacy and restraint. It was a case, he thought, for the arbitrament of chance. As a general rule he was no gambler, but if ever there was a time in which a penny might advantageously be spun it was the present moment. He proposed, in fact, with their Lordships' permission, and even at the risk of offending the Rev. F. B. MEYER, to spin one now. (Loud cheers, from which the Archbishop of CANTERBURY and the Bishops were understood



Irish Waiter. "I WAS ONCE WID A FAMILY OF TITLE, SORR, BUT I HAD TO LAVE IT. ME MANNERS WAS ALL RIGHT FOR THE DINING-ROOM, BUT I WAS TERRIBLE IGNORANT FOR THE HIGH SOCIETY IN THE SERVANTS'-HALL."

to dissociate themselves.) If it came down Heads the Instruction would be forwarded; if Tails, Sir ARTHUR KEITH would be at liberty to begin what, in the view of the speaker, were exceedingly unnecessary and undignified experiments.

In profound silence Marquess CURZON, having meanwhile sent to the other House to borrow a penny from a Labour Member, proceeded to spin it. After two or three attempts he succeeded in doing so, and it fell to the ground Heads up. The verdict was received with loud sighs of relief. E. V. L.

From a Scotch guide-book:—

"The steamer ride on Ben Lomond to Inver-snaid is about 20 miles in length and most beautiful."

The first trip of the kind since NOAH landed on Mount Ararat.

From Start to Finish.

"— & Co.,
General Agents for the — Motor Car.
Also Marble Stones for the Cemetery."
Advt. in West Indian Paper.

From a short story:—

"'I don't know what you've done to me.'
He said it straight at Mary Lee."
Weekly Paper.

We suppose it is the Spring that causes our young authors to break out into poetry like this.

A clothier's advertisement:—

"— English Splashes are made to our order in London, from shower-proof fabrics woven in the foremost Scotch and Irish mills. They are as British as a shining silver guinea."
New York Paper.

A venial error on the part of an American who knows that his country has absorbed most of our gold.

LATEST NEWS FROM NOWHERE.

(To "R. F.")

THE folk who live in Fairyland, the blameless little folk,
Dwell in a clean and airy land, unsoiled by grime or smoke,
A land of moonlit glory, of deep and mossy dells,
Disowned by MONTESSORI, unvisited by WELLS.

Immune to the diseases that harass human flesh
With pains and aches and wheezes, and always young and
fresh,

They live unseared by passion, untroubled by the vote,
And from the freaks of Fashion adorably remote.

They need no pill nor potion, no talks with Doctor CRANE;
They move with noiseless motion that mocks the aeroplane;
They ask no apparatus for perfect "listening-in";
They do not emulate us in multiplying din.

They have no fierce ink-slingers, no traffickers in stunts,
No harsh and raucous singers, no saxophonic grunts;
No scribes for ever "stressing," no bardlings who rehearse
Thoughts never worth expressing in prose, far less in verse.

But even elves and fairies, emancipate from schools,
Must temper their vagaries by keeping wholesome rules;
And punishment unsparing descends upon the head
Of those who in their bearing are vulgar or ill-bred.

Publicity, so dearly beloved by mortal man,
Is ostracized severely and placed beneath a ban;
And culprits who the orders of Oberon transgress
Are banished from his borders into the wilderness.

Such lamentable scandals, though fortunately rare,
Are due to human Vandals who taint the elfin air,
Luring the frank immortals to posture and to pose,
And pass within the portals of photographic prose.

According to "advices" sent by a little bird
One of those elfin crises has recently occurred;
And three young fairy flappers have been severely strafed
For yielding to the snappers and being photographed.

In partial mitigation of their sentence it was urged
They had saved the situation and triumphantly emerged,
Since all of them discarded the genuine fairy gear,
And were dressed and combed and narded like juveniles
down here.

Their counsel's plea succeeded and the trio were discharged,
But a reprimand was needed, and King Oberon enlarged
On the grave and serious dangers of coquetting with the
band

Of spying prying strangers who libel Fairyland.

"I have," he said, "no censure for CONAN while he roams
The field of strange adventure with his undying *Holmes*,
Or plies his full Onotos on annals of the War:
'Tis but his fairy photos I utterly abhor.

"So shun," the King concluded, "the dull mechanic lens,
And shun the bilge exuded by ectoplasmic pens,
But honour the magician whose art they stain and soil,
Elfland's Academician—delightful DICKY DOYLE."

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"First and foremost for mild and honest laughter would I have
small and handy editions of those two great English classics, 'Pick-
wick' and 'Handley Cross.' Do not tell me that you have never
read the latter, that you are unacquainted with John Horrocks, Esq.,
M.F.H., the sporting grocer."—*Provincial Paper*.

It pains us to admit it, but we are.

THE NEED OF THE NATIVE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—A correspondent of *The Daily Chronicle* has recently pointed out that a native of Plymouth is a "Plymothian," not a "Plymouthonian," or a "Plymouthian," as had been stated in that journal. The writer is to be congratulated not merely for correcting an error, but for calling attention to the whole question of place nomenclature which is sadly in need of revision. It is true that natives of, or residents in, a certain number of our principal cities and towns are provided with euphonious and appropriate appellations. To this fortunate category belong the Glaswegians, Dundonians, Aberdonians, Mancunians, Oxonians, Cantabrigians, Kensingtonians and Brixtonians. But a great many of the inhabitants of no mean cities are in a lamentable state of destitution in this regard, or are obliged to put up with cumbersome or even derogatory substitutes.

Take, for example, the case of the dwellers in Liverpool, condemned to languish under the grotesque designation of Liverpudlians. Or that of the natives of Oldham and Heywood in Lancashire, who forty years ago were known to their neighbours by the disparaging *sobriquets* of "Owdham Chaps" and "Heywood Monkeys;" and for all that I know may still labour under this burden of obloquy. Even worse is the condition of dwellers in Sheffield, who have no suitably honorific title—for you can hardly apply that term to the "Man fra Sheffield"—or in Birkenhead, although we believe that a movement is on foot to introduce the name "Effenians" as a delicate compliment to the late Lord Chancellor. Plymouth, as we have seen, has its "Plymothians;" but Portsmouth does not follow the analogy. As bluejackets call it "Pompey," the name "Pompeians" or "Pomponians" seems to be indicated. But what is to be done with Bootle, Sidcup or Chowbent? Here it would seem to me that the only satisfactory solution will be found in re-naming these towns and bestowing on them appellations more in accordance with their dignity and importance. Bootle has a population of seventy thousand, extensive docks and jute factories; Chowbent has a town-hall, and Sidcup is a favourite residential district.

Nor must the claims of Great Snoring, Nether Wallop and Jemimaville be overlooked. They clamour for prompt and sympathetic attention.

Trusting that you will lend your powerful aid in the endeavour to redress this national grievance,

I am, dear Mr. Punch, Yours obediently,
A NATIVE OF MUCKING (Essex).

FREE VERSE.

VERSE was a prisoner shut in an ivory tower;
Verse wore a farthingale dress of the stiffest brocade;
Powdered and perfumed her hair was, a-flutter with riband
and flower;
Verse was a lady of birth, a most decorous maid.

Someone broke into the tower, some high-handed lover,
Playing knight-errant to set this pale damosel free,
Led her away to the woods to live in a bramble-set covert;
Now she's a berry-brown hoyden as wild as can be.

She's learnt how to romp and to tear her fine feathers to
tatters,

To play with mud-pies in the ditches, to chatter and
swear

With a "Who cares what anyone says?" now that nothing
and nobody matters,

Now that she's cast off her rose and put straws in her
hair.



Vicaress. "I AM AFRAID THE VICAR WON'T BE ABLE TO COME TO SEE YOU NEXT WEEK, MRS. COBB; HE'S GOING UP TO LONDON FOR THE MAY MEETINGS."

Mrs. Cobb. "AH, M'M, THAT'LL BE A NICE CHANGE FOR HIM; BUT I HOPE HE'LL KEEP CLEAR OF THEY BOOKMAKERS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

You would hardly imagine Mr. E. F. BENSON, that delightful manipulator of conventional people on conventional lines, breaking new ground at this time of the day. But he has certainly done it in *Colin* (HUTCHINSON), which is not STEVENSON and not WILKIE COLLINS and not the late Monsignor HUGH BENSON, but has interesting affinities to all three and remains a refreshingly original book. It tells of the working out of a compact between the Devil himself and *Colin Stanier*, a mushroom Earl of QUEEN ELIZABETH'S creation. The Earl (and such of his descendants as choose to observe the bargain) is to have supreme worldly felicity on the usual *post-mortem* conditions; if the descendants demur, they render themselves liable to miserable lives and (for the most part) violent deaths. A nineteenth-century *Colin* and his twin brother *Raymond* are chosen to exemplify the legend. *Colin* ratifies and *Raymond* rejects the agreement; and henceforth *Colin*, though handicapped by being the younger, has the ball at his feet. He proves his own and his brother's illegitimacy, thereby transferring the latter's inheritance to their cousin *Violet*; marries *Violet*; sees *Raymond* abjectly drowned; rebuts the slur on his birth and is left in diabolical enjoyment of wide lands and a terrorised lady. The story ends on this apex of evil. But Mr. BENSON promises a sequel; and no one who has read *Colin* will be likely to ignore its successor.

Miss BEATRICE HARRADEN was wise to give to her new

novel, *Patuffa* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), the name of its heroine. *Patuffa*, whose childish adventures seem to have been told in a previous volume, *Spring Shall Plant*, which I have missed, is so real and so lovable that the fact that there is not, perhaps, very much story to tell about her doesn't matter at all. I have noticed at numberless concerts that, among instrumentalists, the violinist is nearest of all to the public's heart; and so *Patuffa*, generous, imperious, faithful, fiery, worshipping her art, is sure to make many friends with her fiddle. I didn't much like the telling of the latter part of her love-story, and to find her mother referred to continuously by the author as "Mama" for some obscure reason quite shocked me; but these are trifles. Several musicians who were before the public at the end of last century live again under the slenderest of disguises in Miss HARRADEN'S pages—I wonder whether *Patuffa* herself is not one of their number—and her love of music and musicians makes her book quite exceptionally delightful. I am sure she will not mind my saying that it is, in a sense, old-fashioned, for I shall add at once that it is harmonious where the modern novel is apt to be smartly discordant, and that it has made me, for one, realise how charming was the period in which its action is set. And *Patuffa* herself is unforgettable. Somewhere I must find a copy of *Spring Shall Plant*.

Mr. HAROLD BRIGHOUSE'S romantic comedy, *The Wrong Shadow* (CHAPMAN AND DODD), is a rambling and pleasant enough story written with some care and distinction. It begins with two young dispensers, *Frank Bassett* and

Herbert Wyler, in the throes of the elaboration of a patent medicine formula which shall make their fortunes. Wyler, drunk for the first time, ends an argument with his friend by smiting him violently on the nose—and disappearing. Bassett finds among his papers a formula of which, owing to a slip in calculation, the author had not realised the value, and which became the notorious Leviathan Tonic. A fundamentally honest (or timid) soul, he feels himself bound to put aside half of his profits to Wyler's credit; to support a young woman who alleges, falsely as it happens, that her informal infant is Wyler's, and to consecrate a hostel in the Leviathan works to his friend's memory, when he believes him dead, as a salve to his conscience for keeping the money. It is a blow to Bassett to run across his old friend, and find him not only very much alive, but a wealthy oil-magnate to boot, quite contemptuous of the tonic, whose profits he much under-estimates. The shadow is finally driven away, and Bassett retains his wealth and shares it with his designing typist. This is a novel without a hero, and I think Mr. BRIGHOUSE might have made more of his Bassett. I get the impression of a good book gone slightly astray.

I could have made a shrewd guess at the identity of "The Guilds School" before Mr. LEOPOLD SPERO let me into the secret by ascribing the education of Mr. ASQUITH to its metropolitan genius. Yet even this adventitious aid did not help me to absorb myself as thoroughly as I could have wished in the doings of *The Dreamer* (MELROSE), *Len Hazelrigg*, who wears "the Guilds' cap with its cross and dagger" for a third of his chronicled

life. It is a life full of possibilities; and I am afraid Mr. SPERO has found it and left it at that. *Len* himself, the best part of his schoolfellows and the obscure Cambridge set who succeed them, are expected to carve out professional careers in the face of social obstacles far more difficult than the financial ones which their scholarships helped them to negotiate—a genuine problem generously stated. But why does Mr. SPERO break off its consideration to follow the gallant and ingenuous *Len* through two chattily-recounted "cures" at Nauheim and only bring him back to England in time to "fall in" for the Great War? It may be irony, but it looks uncommonly like indolence. The slight feminine interests of the book deserve a word of praise for the rare discretion of their handling; and the homely portrait of the naturalised *Erhardt* family is a grateful set-off to several unappetising pictures of pre-war Germany.

What astonished me about *Newmarket: Its Sport and Personalities* (CASSELL), a not too bulky history extending from BOADICEA to MATTHEW DAWSON and including apparently every intervening notability that ever trod the Heath, was the amount of unfamiliar and quite entertain-

ing material which Captain FRANK SILTZER had dug out of ground that I should have thought exhaustively excavated already. It was perhaps inevitable that there should also crop up certain anecdotes which even a lavish peppering of notes of exclamation fails to freshen, and that I should have wished now and then that the Turf lay less lightly on some of its heroes. The illustrations, mostly excellent reproductions of old paintings and prints, are not the least interesting feature of the book; and the thirty-four regulations, given in the Appendix, for trainers using the exercise grounds, convince me that the profession is one that makes considerable demands on the mental powers.

Sir FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND's *The Gleam* (MURRAY)—a volume of religious speculation and experience—might be attractive only to a very small circle of readers but for the fact of its author's distinction as a soldier and explorer. He devotes the greater part of it to telling how an unnamed

Indian friend of his has followed a spark of inspiration in life-long pursuit of a revelation of the Deity, his progress being traced from stage to stage up to the formulation of a fairly definite religious conception. Throughout this progress the author has been in touch with him; and one cannot help feeling that his Indian friend, to whom precedence is given throughout the recital, is altogether too shadowy and shifting a character to be a suitable leader for a man of Sir FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND's quality. I do not think anyone will call this a satisfactory book. It is often nebulous, often contradictory. But of its sincerity and cour-



WE OFTEN SEE THE PHRASE, "HE DINED QUIETLY AT HIS CLUB." IT WOULD BE INTERESTING TO KNOW WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF FOR A CHANGE HE DINED NOISILY.

age and real passion for the things of the spirit there can be no manner of doubt.

I may have mistaken Mr. ROLAND PERTWEE's intention, but if he did not write *The Eagle and the Wren* (CASSELL) with the whole of one eye and most of the other fixed on the films, I am grievously in error and make my apologies forthwith. But, whether I am right or wrong as regards Mr. PERTWEE, the lure of the movies has played havoc with too many modern tales of adventure. In this story, which is concerned with the designer and the designs of a wonderful flying-machine, many of the incidents are less attractive to read about than they would be to see on the films. Mr. PERTWEE, however, when he is not describing some breathless chase, has a pleasant neatness of phrase, which is enhanced by a considerable sense of humour. I shall look forward to meeting him again, when neither he nor his characters are in such a break-neck hurry.

Housekeeping in Ireland.

"Wanted between-maid; milk two cows, up-stairs morning; down-stairs afternoon."—*Adv. in Irish Paper.*

CHARIVARIA.

THE Washington Bureau of Chemistry claims to have discovered a substitute for coffee. Many English restaurants have been using one for years.

Now that a medical man has advised women to wrap up more in the evenings, some of them have taken to wearing a second shoulder-strap.

A naturalist informs *The Daily Mail* that, as a fast under-hand bowler, a baboon would be hard to beat. It might be worth the while of the Lord's authorities to give a trial to inmates of the neighbouring Zoo possessing a residential qualification for Middlesex.

Boy scouts who set out to walk from London to Southampton in twenty-four hours accomplished the journey with five hours to spare. We trust that the time thus saved was employed in some useful manner.

One of the pictures appearing in this year's Academy was produced by a lady of seventy-one, who only took up serious painting last February. The feeling in Chelsea is that she didn't start fair.

According to the East Coast Fisheries Inspector, shrimps often sulk during the neap tides. There is said to be no more pathetic sight than that of a pessimistic shrimp wishing it had never been born.

A correspondent writing to *The Westminster Gazette* seems to be excited because he heard the cuckoo twice on one afternoon. We wouldn't mind wagering that it was the same bird.

Two Tasmanian devils have arrived at the Zoo. As they are quite young it is possible they will grow out of it.

A famous musician advises amateur singers to keep their heads up while singing. Where personal safety is valued they should be prepared to duck them at a moment's notice.

We are informed that one jazz musician who used to be a boiler-rivetter by trade has gone back to his old occupation because he couldn't stand the noise.

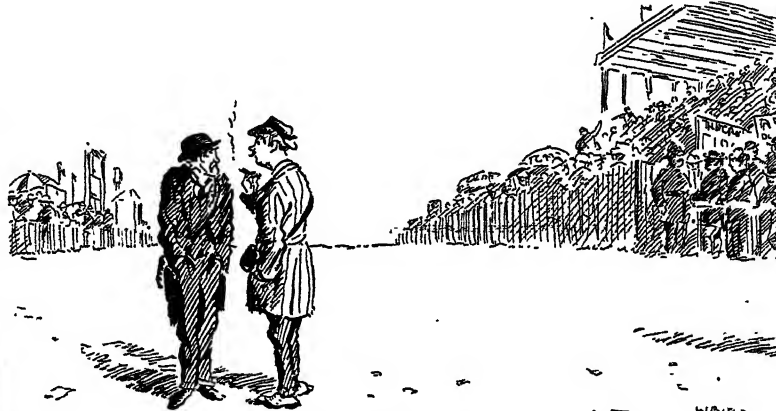
Uruguay is to participate in the Customs Conference to be held by the League of Nations. These South American republics must have their fun.

An American film actress is reported to have married her husband a second time. It is said that she blames her manager for not having made a note of the first marriage.

A cheerful sign of improving conditions is that a thief plunged his hand into the pocket of a Tube passenger the other day and found some money.

At Grimsby a brewer's dray ran over a child's foot without breaking it. That shows what the beer is like nowadays.

M. PADEREWSKI has been subjected to extraordinary hero-worship in New



"HELLO, CHARLES! HAD ANY WINNERS LATELY?"
"WINNERS! I DON'T BELIEVE THERE ARE ANY."

York. He is said to have been obliged to insure his hair.

Readers of *The Evening News* state that they have had children born with teeth. Another testimony to the powerful influence of the popular Press.

In this connection we understand that *Daily Mail* readers' babies are now being born with their hats off to France.

To recur to the deliberate methods of our great chess players, we hear that one of them has bequeathed his next move to his grandson.

An artist advertises that he will paint portraits for half-fees, preferably in hunting kit. We understand that red paint won't keep.

Things seem to be coming to a pretty pass in America these days. Just because a Chicago woman fired a revolver three times at her husband a policeman accused her of quarrelling with him.

A motoring expert writes that he knows a novelist whose plots occur to him as he steers his car through the London traffic. It is a terrible thought that at any moment a pedestrian may be at the mercy of a best-seller.

A resident at Lewisham was fined recently for not keeping his dog under control, the animal having bitten first a policeman, then a postman and lastly a dustman. We understand that this is the correct order.

A machine for crushing microbes is the latest contrivance at the PICKETT-THOMSON laboratory. This is a great improvement on the old-fashioned method of stunning them with a niblick.

Commenting on recent attempts to "brighten London" a contemporary asks:—

"But why is the lamp-post at the top of St. James's Street now bright vermilion? Elderly members of White's positively shy at it." That's an easy one. Sooner or later one of these old gentlemen will positively hit it; and think how that will brighten London.

From a column headed "Twenty-five years ago To-day":—

"Paris.—Zola's life has been threatened while in court by such cries as 'Amor' (to the giblet with him)." *Canadian Paper.*

The French language seems to have changed a good deal in the intervening quarter of a century.

"PICNIC SALAD.—Two cabbage lettuce, 6 spring opinions, a small cucumber, a few radishes, a few sprigs of endive, a small beetroot (boiled) and 1 egg (boiled hard)."

Liverpool Paper.

But, as the old saying has it, "different men have different opinions; some likes greens and some likes injins."

"Sitting-room and Bedroom Furnished, in charming gardener's cottage. Suitable for week-ends for bachelor or spinster."

Advt. in Weekly Paper.

But might not the charming gardener feel a little embarrassed in the latter case?

"Lessons in high class horsemanship; walking, trotting and galloping, with change of feet, also on three legs and backwards. Apply to Andreeff, Russian Consulate, Pera."

Orient News.

The report that ISMET PASHA took a course of instruction from this gentleman before leaving for Lausanne is not confirmed.

OF PARLIAMENTARY HUMOUR.

THE Housing Bill was in debate
And SIDNEY WEBB had butted in,
When one, whose name I will not state,
Sat up among his Tory kin
And greatly scandalised the ancient Granny
Of Parliaments by saying, "Sit down, Nannie!"

'Tis not for amateurs like me
To fathom Ministerial wit;
I but conjecture what should be
The point of this facetious hit;
Did "Nannie" mean the Labour infants' nurse?
Not very funny, but it might be worse;—

He may have hoped to strike a source
Of yet more elementary mirth;
To excavate the Beaver's corse
Out of its coffin under earth,
And in the beard that curtains SIDNEY's throat
Trace the appendage of a female goat.

In any case I much regret
To think a Tory thus could gibe;
A nobler sample should be set
To jesters of the JACK JONES tribe;
Had he recalled that "Manners Makyth Man," he
Had never made a *pas so faux* as "Nannie."

Ah, let those humorous lips be dumb!
For words, though light, may lead to blows
And thence to pandemonium,
With WALTER GUINNESS' blameless nose
Tapped to incarnadine the Chamber's floor,
And innocent ORMSBY- weltering in his -GORE. O. S.

THE NEW CONVERSATION.

BETWEEN the oysters (it was February) and the soup there was the beginning of an awkward pause. To make conversation of some kind was an obvious necessity.

"Extraordinary thing," I remarked desperately, "I could have sworn that there was a pair of whiskers here before dinner, but now I see that every man present has his cheeks clean-shaven. - It's funny, isn't it, how one ?"

My partner rose nobly to this feeble futility.

"Do you know," she said brightly, "why our eyes deceive us?"

Before I could frame the obvious compliment that seemed an apt rejoinder she had with great vivacity continued:—

"It is because as optical instruments they are defective. These defects are due chiefly to the curvature of the refractive surfaces and also to the dispersion of light by the refractive media of the eye."

This was really thrilling. My companion's stockings were underneath the table and I could not, therefore, see if they were blue. She did not wear glasses, either pince-nez or tortoiseshell. Indeed her general appearance was fluffy, not to say frivolous. Through a haze of incredulity I heard her continuing:—

"As the retina is a curved surface, long straight lines, particularly when seen from a distance, are apt to appear curved"

Soup mercifully interrupted her discourse, and between spoonfuls I tried to recover from my astonishment and rally some fragments of conventional small-talk.

"I see that the Paris fashion people are putting across something new in the way of furs," I began. But the word

"furs" seemed to touch a spring and with lightning rapidity the lady got off the mark with the following:—

"The stoat (*Putorius ermineus*) is a blood-thirsty little animal, agile in its movements and about ten inches in length exclusive of its tail, which is about four inches long. Its summer coat is reddish-brown above and yellowish white below. In the South of England this colour is often retained throughout the year, but in the North of England, Scotland and North Europe it changes colour in winter to a beautiful white coat with black-tipped tail, which is less conspicuous and more protective amidst the winter snow. This valuable fur is then called ermine. In the reign of EDWARD III. (1327-77) the wearing of ermine was restricted to members of the royal family."

My partner's other neighbour here claimed her attention, while the lady on my left—a very old friend and with an old friend's privileges—inquired why I was looking like a dazed gold-fish. I have no doubt that I was goggle-eyed and open-mouthed enough to justify the comparison, but the explanation was a matter of some difficulty. Moreover it was interrupted by the *entrée* and by the musical murmur of the voice at my right ear saying:—

"Did you notice the perfectly wonderful sunset this evening? As the sun apparently sinks to the horizon its rays traverse layers of air in which the fine particles of dust and water are present in ever-increasing numbers and the colour of its light gradually passes from yellow to orange—scarlet—crimson. These gorgeous colours are caused by the reflection and dispersion of the rays of sunlight by the molecules of the air and by the innumerable atoms of dust and vapour which are held in suspension in our atmosphere, the larger particles of which quench the short blue rays and transmit the longer and less refrangible

I could stand it no longer.

"Dear lady," I interrupted rudely, "for pity's sake explain. Why all this erudition about sunsets and stoats? Why this flood of valuable learning? Why—well—in fact, why?"

"I'm not sure that I ought to tell you," was the guarded reply. "You are the first man who has been rude or intelligent enough to be really blunt about it, so perhaps you deserve to know. But it's a conversational secret of my own invention. It's cigarette cards. You've no idea what a help they are. The 'Do You Know' ones are the best, I think, though the 'Cries of London' are

"Didn't I see you talking to the Archdeacon before dinner?" I broke in, enlightened. "I heard him say that over-education was ruining the modern young woman and that her air of affected superiority was insufferable."

"Ah! that was because I asked him if he knew why belfry windows have sloping boards—it was the only ecclesiastical subject I could think of—and he didn't. . . But you won't give me away, will you? I've never been able to talk about anything but the weather before," she continued plaintively; "and it's *my* invention."

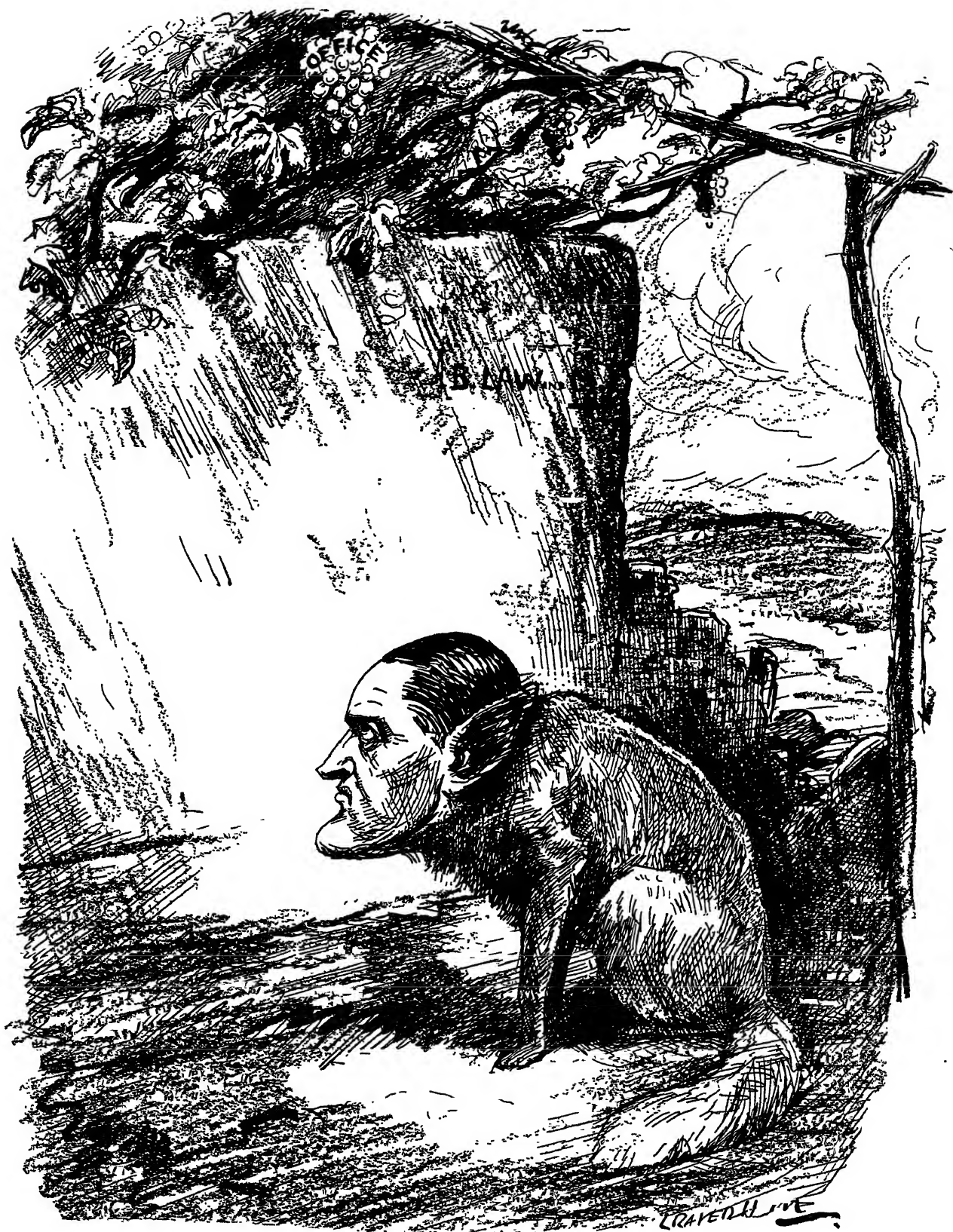
At that moment the Archdeacon's rich and fruity voice rose slightly above conversational pitch and boomed across the table.

"Do you know," he was remarking to his partner in the obvious consciousness of superior knowledge, "why the glow-worm glows? It is a most interesting thing. The glow-worm (*Lampyrus noctiluca*) is actually not a worm, but a beetle. The bright light is produced by

My partner wilted visibly.

"Do you know," she began weakly—"I mean to say, have you been to any theatres lately?"

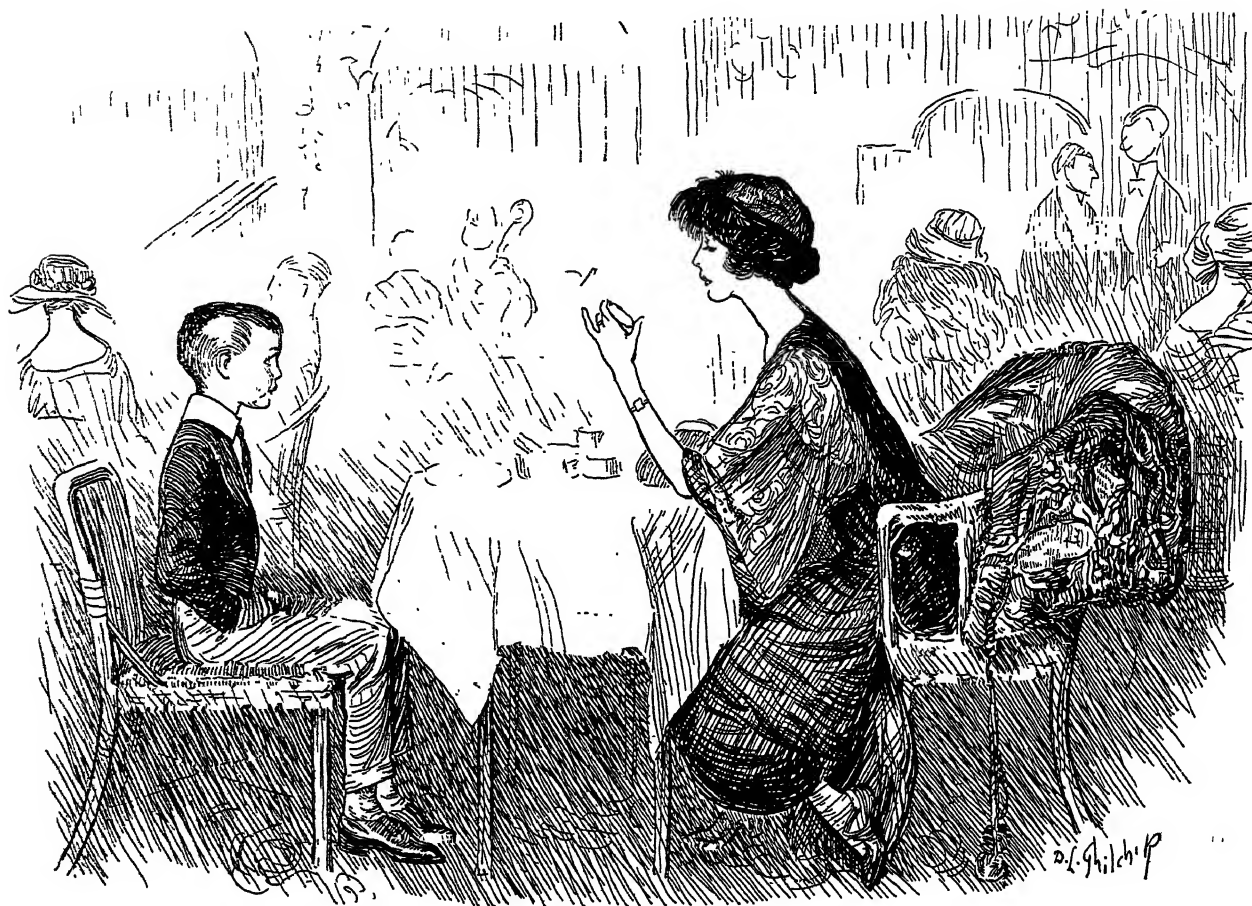
"Ancient Manor, in Park, 70 miles London; would appeal to Americans; perfectly dry house."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*
Just like home, in fact.



SOUR GRAPES?

LORD BIRKENHEAD. "ROTTEN VINE, THIS. NOT WORTH GIVING A THOUGHT TO."

[Proceeds to give a couple of columns to it in the Press.]



Son (reassuringly, as Mother gazes into vanity mirror). "It's ALL RIGHT, MUMMY; YOUR FACE ISN'T DIRTY."

LORD LEVERHULME SAYS.

I NEVER cease to wonder at the pronouncements on our mortal lot made by eminent business men. If it is not Mr. HENRY FORD it is Lord ASHFIELD. If it is not Lord ASHFIELD it is Lord LEVERHULME.

Lord LEVERHULME has now criticised the Civil Service because smoking is permitted in Government offices. He has gone further than that. He has declared that nobody ought to be allowed to smoke whilst working, because smoking makes work less efficient. It would be difficult to say how many logical fallacies this declaration includes; but in any case it means that Lord LEVERHULME has mistaken the purpose of human life. No reasonable young man in choosing a career asks himself whether smoking will interfere with his work; what he wants to know is whether his work will interfere with his smoking. Boys who have not learnt to smoke wish to become engine-drivers, admirals or explorers, and if it were not for smoking these three professions would be lamentably over-crowded. In later years, when smoking has set in, our ideals naturally change, and we see

that the most suitable avocations are those that involve the fewest interruptions to what has now become our career. These seem to be:—

Taxicab-driving.
Literature and Journalism.
The Civil Service.

The Civil Service is the hardest of these to get into, but it probably provides the most efficient smoking, because there are no traffic dangers or sudden pursuits of a fact or a phrase to disturb the process of equable combustion. Certainly some of the most capable smokers I know have been, and are still, in the Civil Service. And what is more, they go quietly on their way without making a fuss about it.

Those who cannot get into the Civil Service turn to taxicab-driving or literature, according to whether their powers of smoking are better developed by the body or by the intellect. The emoluments are about the same, those of the taxicab-driver being the more regular. Where undue pressure has been brought to bear, ambitions may be diverted to the Stage, the Church, the Bar, or to making money in business, but no young man ever consciously set out to interrupt his smoking by becoming a mil-

lionaire or accepting a peerage. One simply drifts into these things through a sore throat or negligence.

Even in the best professions drawbacks are to be found.

About taxicab-driving I cannot speak from experience, but in the literary life there are many interruptions to one's career. The chief of these is the telephone. I have found by long practice that I cannot continue to smoke my pipe whilst telephoning. The telephone in every house is situated in a cupboard, which is reached by going through the drawing-room, and when I am answering a call I lay my pipe down beside the transmitter. I am naturally in hope that it will be someone who wishes me to write a History of the World or an Autobiography of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER; but instead of that it is always some feminine voice which inquires whether my wife is in. When I have finished talking, the fact that I am practically in the drawing-room and that I have been talking to a lady makes me forget for the moment that I was smoking when I started, and I go back to my study and cannot find my pipe. This causes an hour's delay while I search the whole house for it,

including the bath-room. I don't know why it is, but the telephone cupboard never seems to be a likely place at these times to look for my pipe in. Probably there are similar annoyances in taxicab driving.

Athletic and social recreations form the most serious interruptions to smoking, and have to be carefully watched. But it is usually possible to prolong a cigar nearly to the end of a dinner-party, and golf should be substituted for cricket and lawn tennis at once if these pursuits begin to establish too large a claim on one's time. The cinema and the wireless concert have, I suppose, proved two of the greatest boons to hard-working smokers in recent years. Dancing must, of course, be vigorously eschewed.

I do not like to seem censorious of advertising methods in this matter of smoking, but I do feel that advertisers are too apt to deal with the lighter aspects of smoking and to regard it more as a luxury than as a career. There are too many pictures of cigarettes being conveyed to people sitting on the lawn, too many tobaccos the consumption of which makes a man popular with the ladies. There are pipes which are suitable for billiard players, for flying and for hunting men. Not enough is said about the business man's pipe, the accountant's cigarette and the board of directors' cigar. Stress is not sufficiently laid on the moral, economical and political importance of tobacco smoking.

In short, there is crying need of some serious counter-propaganda to Lord LEVERHULME's remarks. Lord LEVERHULME is particularly interested in soap. The greatest men in the world, let me point out, have not been great washers. In fact some of them have not washed at all. ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI did not wash. It is quite true that he did not smoke either, but there is no doubt that he would have smoked a great deal if tobacco had been invented. I do not know whether HENRY VI. washed, but I am quite certain that he would have smoked. JAMES I., our worst King, did not.

The number of unkind remarks, unguarded admissions and diplomatic mistakes that have been avoided because it was too much trouble to remove the pipe or cigar from the mouth is past all counting. It would be impossible to show, I think, that the world has been as much benefited by soap as it has been by tobacco.

Truth compels me to admit that smoking is bad for the heart, that it impairs vitality and injures the lungs. But then so does work. And so eventually does living.

EVON.



Reveller. "WHAT! TWO SHILLINGS FROM MOUNTJOY CRESCENT TO THE TOWN HALL?"
Taxi-driver. "WELL, 'OW FAR DO YOU EXPECT TO GO FER TWO BOB? BARCELONER?"

TO CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

(BORN APRIL 23RD, 1834).

BANKER and Senator, friend of Kings
and Lords,
And chairman of innumerable boards,
But most renowned in places where
men dine,
And then, over the walnuts and the wine
(Or later phosphorescent substitutes
Distilled from ginger or innocuous fruits),
Bidding a brief adieu to common-sense
To deal in gay postprandial eloquence—
Now in your ninetieth year and going
strong,
One penalty for having lived so long

You find in what is still a joyful duty,
Vide your birthday talk *de senectute*.
'Tis this: that no one can impart to you
A story that is good as well as new;
You know them all, from FRANKLIN
down to CHOATE,
Great polymath of jest and anecdote..

"BOOKBINDING SEWER."

Advt. in Daily Paper.

For the gutter Press?

"Telephone Box, absolutely sound proof."

Advt. in Provincial Paper.

A quality usually associated with the operator.

ELIZABETH AND THE "YUMAN BEAN."

"YUMAN beans," remarked Elizabeth, "is orl about the same in a manner o' speakin', except when it comes to young men. And with them you never know where you are," she added darkly.

I felt vaguely uneasy. Elizabeth's love affairs had not been flourishing recently. Never had the elusive young man seemed so fickle, so adroit in slipping from his anchor: age just when Elizabeth believed she had safely attached him to the bedrock of her affections. Elizabeth never seems to get a grip on the young man of her dreams, the settled young man who talks of building a home, furnishing out of income, and all those other solid substantial things. Yet I am seasoned to the lack of smoothness in Elizabeth's love affairs. Why should I feel uneasy about that now? I will tell you.

We were on the eve of spring-cleaning, always a perilous adventure in our household. I have heard of domestics who revel in spring-cleaning, who make of it a very pæan of joy. Elizabeth is not of their number. She is darkly sullen even as she starts with the attics, openly rebellious when she arrives at the first landing, and just on the verge of giving notice by the time she arrives at the ground-floor. I often think that, if our house had been one storey higher, we should have lost Elizabeth long ago.

When her love affairs are not progressing favourably, Elizabeth's mental condition is reflected in her work at any season of the year; and I felt that she would never stand the strain of unrequited love and spring-cleaning combined.

"How are you getting on with that young man in the tobacconist's shop?" I inquired anxiously.

"Ended in smoke," snorted Elizabeth.

I sighed. "And the young man who calls from the Gas Company?"

"Gas! 'E was orl gas and nothink else. One 'arf o' these young men ain't yuman beans at all—they're monsters. Though I must say the new one's a different sort."

"Oh, you have got a new young man, then?" I asked joyfully.

"Clicked quite recent, 'm. 'E's an earnest young man, orl for savin' up and gettin' married. 'E's startin' bizness for 'imself at the corner shop," she added proudly.

"Then I hope he will make a success of it," I said. Our corner shop is like so many corner shops of village, hamlet and suburb; it is woefully mismanaged and constantly changing hands."

"Make a success of it!" repeated Elizabeth; "w'y, 'm, 'e's goin' to make things 'um, 'e ses. And, seein' as 'e's

my young man, I wonder if you'd mind changin' and givin' 'im your usual weekly order?"

"Why, of course I will, if he is sure to keep all the things we want," I said.

Her face lit up with such an expression of gratification that I felt emboldened to add, "We're very late with the spring-cleaning this year. When shall we start?"

"To-morrow, 'm. I'm fair longing to get at it."

Silently I blessed the new young man. What was the mere transference of grocery orders when it brought such tranquillity into the home?

When the new young man arrived at the corner shop he actually justified Elizabeth's predictions. He *did* make things hum. There seemed to be a steady stream of customers going into the shop all day long, while the overworked errand-boy was to be seen staggering about the neighbourhood delivering goods without cessation.

And Elizabeth, full of pride, radiated contentment. She sang at her work. It is true she did not now pass her evenings out with the new young man. "'E's too busy to meet me," she placidly explained; "but 'e ses the 'arder 'e works the quicker 'e'll 'ave our little nest ready."

"Excellent young man," I said, striving to picture Elizabeth's lank form in a nest. Evidently she had secured a true eligible at last. I began to be vaguely troubled at the prospect of searching for a new cook-general to replace Elizabeth.

* * * * *

"Please, 'm, can you spare a minnit?" said Elizabeth, entering hurriedly.

I laid down my pen and regarded Elizabeth in surprise. Her face was flushed, her cap awry and her breathing markedly nasal—always a symptom in her case of mental distress. "What is wrong now?" I asked resignedly.

"'E's *gorn*!" panted Elizabeth in italics.

"Gorn?" I repeated, bewildered.

"My new young man, 'm. 'Im wot's 'ad the corner shop for the last two months. 'E's sold it to someone else. An' I've found out that 'e's been makin' up to 'arf the girls in the place—promisin' to make little nests for every one of 'em."

"But why should he do that?" I asked.

"Well, you see, 'm, by gettin' friendly like with the maids in the neighb'rood, 'e got them to arsk their missuses to give 'im their grocery orders. Then, when 'e'd got wot looked like a roarin' trade, 'e sold the bizness quick for twice wot 'e gave for it and cleared out.

Sharp! W'y, you couldn't put 'im in the knife-box without cuttin' yourself."

"You mustn't take it too much to heart," I began; but Elizabeth was heedless of my condolences.

"An' me thinkin' 'e was more of a yuman bean than the others," she continued. "Well, the next young man 'oo comes to me and talks about makin' nests—I'll—I'll claw 'im. That's orl." And, breathing heavily, she swept out.

I felt sorry for Elizabeth. But I also felt very, very glad that the spring-cleaning was finished.

EXOTIC LOVE-SONG.

As I amble o'er the ocean
In the languid air of eve;
As I gamble with emotion
In a world of make-believe;
With the fervour of DA GAMA
When he reached his Eastern goal,
I salute thee, O Lebama,
Queen and sovereign of my soul!

As I boldly breast the breakers
Where the cruel crawling foam
Spreads in coldly creaming acres
Round about my island home;
As I view the panorama
Steeped in sleek insidious calm,
Thou alone, O fair Lebama,
To my spirit bringest balm!

Though I kill unnumbered cat-fish
In the luminous lagoon,
Or despatch the deadly bat-fish
With my terrible harpoon,
Yet the curses of Kehama
Are a lighter load than mine
When thou passest by, Lebama—
Passest by without a sign.

When I brace me for the combat
With the desperate dugong;
When I trace the deadly wombat
By its fluorescent song;
At each crisis of life's drama—
In its raptures and its smarts—
Thou, ubiquitous Lebama,
Reignest in my heart of hearts.

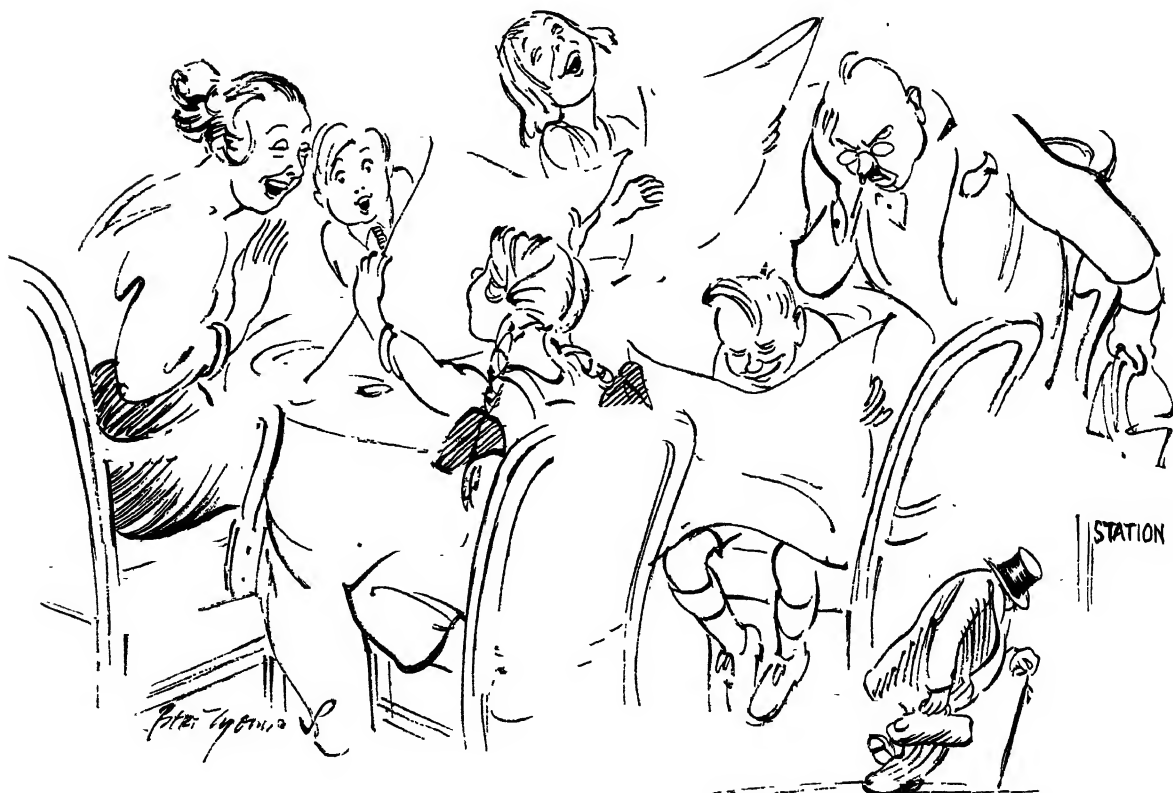
Though I take to turtle-stalking
In the sad Sargasso Sea,
Or awake with tonic talking
Some lethargic chimpanzee,
Though I read the tales of BRAMAH
Or the jests of RONALD KNOX,
Ever in my ears "Lebama"
Rings in endless magna vox.

Though I fly to Fujiyama
Or the purlieus of Tibet,
Where the high and holy LAMA
Lives immune to fear or fret,
Thou art still, divine Lebama,
In the spirit at my side,
My *Khansamah* and my *amah*
My *Gautama* and my guide.

CATERING FOR KIDS.



THE MORNING PAPER IN DAYS GONE BY—



AND TO-DAY.



Absent-minded Scientist (calling with his fiancée on Registrar). "I'VE COME TO INQUIRE IF YOU WILL GRANT ME AN EXPERIMENTAL LICENCE, PLEASE."

MORE AFRICAN ENTERTAINERS.

"THEY're here," said the thrush.

"I know," said the blackbird. "I had a wretched night listening to them. And when I say listening I mean being forced to hear. It takes a little while every year to get used to them."

"Did you notice the people?" the thrush asked.

"Did I not?" said the blackbird. "There they were, all struck silly, as though there was no singing but that in the world. 'Hush!' one of them said. 'Listen!' said another. 'Isn't it marvellous?' a third asked."

"I know," said the thrush. "Every spring it's the same. And now we're in for it for a month or so. Nothing but noisy nights and foolish admiring people. Don't you hate it?" he inquired of the robin and the willow wren who had just flown up and joined them.

"Hate what?" the robin asked.

"Why, this annual fuss about the nightingales," said the thrush. "As though there were no honest English birds with voices."

"I agree," said the robin.

"And it isn't," said the blackbird, "as if one knew what they were singing about. It's all African to me."

"And to me," said the others.

"There's always been a notion that foreigners are better worth listening to than the English," said the willow wren. "I have been praised for sweetness myself, but no one ever comes out on purpose to hear me; and I can sing at night too. No one makes up willow wren parties. They wouldn't be 'romantic,'" he added bitterly.

"In my judgment," said the thrush, "you sing better than any nightingale. Your song has some scheme in it; some structure; it goes on. These foreigners are always—unless my ear is very defective—trying experiments. They give you a little bit of this and a little bit of that and a little bit of the other. All restless and mixed. They break off and begin again. Nothing organic. Now I don't pretend to have a wonderful range myself, but I do sing something definite."

"I think you're a glorious singer," said the willow wren. "And so comforting, so heartening. You're lovely through rain."

"And there's nothing much the matter with the blackbird," said the robin, "either. He's musical and rich, with perfect enunciation. Who was it said he had a 'box-wood flute'? Not bad. And he's good in rain too."

"You're very kind," said the black-

bird. "I hope you won't accuse me of being mechanically complimentary when I say that in my opinion there are few better English songsters than the robin. He may be a little overdressed—his weakness for fancy vests of a rather violent red can become a little tiresome, but many of the best singers have often been a little loud in their taste. If I incline to something very sober myself it's because I want to be ready for any function; that's the beauty of black. But, to return to what I was saying, the robin's voice is delightful, cheery, melodious and well produced. Not like these Africans with their incessant scales and *mélange* of emotion. You never know what they are really feeling—sometimes pretending to be gay and excited and then affecting melancholy. 'Eternal passion, eternal pain,' some booby called it. To my poor ears it's the most superficial exhibition the trees can offer, without anything sincere about it."

"And another thing to be remembered," said the thrush, "they only sing for six weeks and then their season is over. Now we sing all the year round. It's a mistake. If we also sang only for a limited time we might have some attention paid us by these people. We're too good to them; we make

ourselves cheap. Even in the nippiest weather I've heard our old friend Robin here piping away: but who cares? No one. He has done it too long. They merely say, 'Ah! the robin. I suppose with that waistcoat on he doesn't feel the cold;' or they pay no notice at all.

If we were wise, I repeat, we should all stop singing, and then see what they would do. Before and after the African invasion they would miss us, and then we might come to our own. Then there would be thrush parties and blackbird expeditions and robin adventures; and we too should play our part in assisting lovers. Even the poets might acknowledge our existence, although I don't know that that means much. But people would say, 'Hark!' and 'Listen!' and 'Isn't it marvellous?' and, after all, that must be rather jolly to hear. A little recognition, you know, does tell."

They agreed.

"Hark!" said the robin suddenly. "What's that?"

"The nightingale," said the blackbird. "They sing by day as well as night now. We've less chance than ever."

"Rather good, don't you think?" said the willow wren.

They listened critically.

"A note or two now and then," the blackbird conceded.

"Yes," said the thrush; "but only now and then."

"I don't know," said the willow wren. "Really . . . Don't let's be unfair. Rather good, rather good."

Another voice suddenly filled the air, and the robin turned pale.

"There's that horrible cuckoo," he said. "I must go and protect my nest. That's a really low African, if you like."

E. V. L.

TALL TALK.

THOUGH the atmosphere is murky
Both in Germany and Turkey,
And the talk of intervention
Still attracts a mild attention,
One supremely urgent matter
Dominates the world of chatter,
And is causing storms and hubbubs
In our residential "subbubs."
Cultured people out at Pinner
Talk of nothing else at dinner;
Intellectuals at Ealing
Scarcely can refrain from squealing,
And it pierces to the marrow
Of fastidious souls in Harrow.
Great Academicians trounce it;
Literary gents denounce it;
Architects abominate it;
All the evening papers slate it,
And forget the strange vagaries
Of photographers and fairies,
And neglect Divorce Court scandals
To abuse Commercial Vandals.



A STRONG MAN'S WEAK SPOT.

Wife. "WHY IS IT, GEORGE, YOU ARE USUALLY SO KIND, AND YET YOU MAKE SUCH A RIDICULOUS FUSS ABOUT CARRYING MY VIOLIN?"

Husband (a Rugby International). "WELL, PEOPLE MIGHT THINK THAT I PLAY THE GHASTLY THING."

In the train and at the table
Men discuss the tale (or fable)
Of the enterprise of Babel,
And indulge in execration
Of its latest imitation.
Sense and feeling seldom mingle,
But, to end this rhyming jingle,
They have joined in full assembly
To condemn the Tower of Wembley.

"For Sale, Life, in new condition, cheap,
suitable for boarding house."

Advt. in Local Paper.

We never liked that kind of life.

"WEDDING STOPPED.
BRIDE ROBED AND IN MOTOR CAR.
Surprise Intervention by
Family."

Provincial Paper.

The family was plainly much upset.

From a book-catalogue:—

"A charming book as present to Angler and
anyone interested in Itchology."

Our ignorance of this sport may be due
to the fact that it is, we understand,
only open to scratch players.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

XX.—"LE BOXE."

Boxing is a noble sport for those who have the right kind of nose. For myself, I believe strongly that every man should be able to defend himself at need, but the chances are that the other man will always have a more suitable nose, and be even more capable of defending himself than I. Better surely to practise the art of writing my enemy a nasty letter. On a half-sheet of note-paper I will undertake to make any pugilist sit up.

I imagine that in the days of Imperial Rome, as they watched the efforts of an Early Christian to cope with a tiger, the audience used to whisper to each other that every man should be able to defend himself against a tiger at need, and would then go home happy. Making no comparisons, of course, I wish that some of the cultured people and distinguished authors who flock to the Big Fights, and in their drawing-rooms grow lyrical about the Beauty of the Human Form and CARPENTIER'S in particular—I wish they would visit The Arena one night, and see boxing as it is done in South-East London three times a week, and done by a number of unusually ugly men in a very grubby place; and tell us what they think of it.

Still, when I saw the veteran and practising pugilists stroll in and sit down defiantly in the front rows, I began to understand the æsthetic enthusiasm of Culture for the sport. Nothing shows off the beauty of the human form like a cauliflower ear, or a nose flattened into a small knob, or a jaw like a mule's, or a skin like raw leather with pretty little blotches on it. The shape of these heroes would have put the most modern of our sculptors to shame.

The walls were thickly placarded with "BETTING STRICTLY PROHIBITED," which I was glad to see, not having this particular vice because I can't afford it.

Two nearly naked men of great strength and repulsive appearance entered the ring for a six-round contest. There were a few conventional cheers, and then the air was thick with the subdued cries of persons anxious to bet with friends in other parts of the house.

The man in the front row before me had a curious technique. Like most of us he wore no collar; he looked as if he had never possessed twopence in his life, and he was called Joe. He took a cursory glance at the two combatants, turned round in his seat, pushed back his cloth cap and, addressing apparently some unseen deity above us, remarked in low tones:—

"I'll bet two 'alves."*

Nothing happened.

"I'll bet two 'alves," he said again.

The bell rang. The first round was over.

During the interval Joe took a good look at the combatants, who were having water poured into them out of bottles and generously spitting it into buckets. When they resumed the fight,

During the last round, however, he came to some sort of an understanding with Joe.

Joe turned to the friend beside him.

"Poor fight, ain't it?" he said.

"I'm bored," said George. "Let's go."

"No, no," I said, "let's stay and watch the betting."

During the next fight, which diverted many of the audience from their business, the traditional chivalry of the ring-side was seen. There came in a lusty-looking man called Ed Skinner, and a very skinny one called Al Jones, who was greeted with incredulous laughter, but sat down confidently, crossing his legs.

"Bert," said Joe pontifically, "if ever you see a man cross 'is legs in the

ring, back the other feller." And, turning round, he said, "Tom! I'll bet two 'alves." And negotiations began again.

In the meantime, Al, the skinny one, the leg-crosser, was knocking the strong one all round the ring with the most accomplished ease. Before the end of the round Ed had fallen down twice; his face was the colour of raw meat; his ears were more shapeless than before, and he was clearly in the extremity of distress. The sporting crowd, who had so lately laughed at Al, now yelled their derision of the unfortunate Ed. "Old that one!" they jeered as

Ed received a terrific blow on the nose; and "After 'im, Al! Keep it there, boy!" And when Ed, in spite of all, smiled a plucky but sickly smile Bert remarked with some venom, "Go on, Al! Take that smile off 'is face!"

Joe, however, asserted passionately that Al was very far from fighting fair; and others who had backed Ed stood up for fair play in the same fearless manner. And the father of Ed, who was standing near, with wild cries encouraged his son to further efforts.

"Ave a go, son!" he cried plaintively, dancing on his toes, "Go in an' 'it 'im!" and, as Ed feebly tried to defend himself from a shower of blows, "Wot er yer afraid of? 'It 'im with yer left, boy! Wot er yer afraid of?"

"Reminds me of my uncle in the War," said George.

After two rounds the referee stopped the butchery of Ed.



Harold (about to be whipped for painting baby's face like a Red Indian).
"OH, MOTHER, HAVE YOU NO SENSE OF HUMOUR?"

he turned his back on them again and murmured placidly aloft—

"I'll take six ter four."

Nothing happened.

"Tom," he said, more loudly, "I'll take six ter four."

Then I discovered Tom, who stood in the gallery, a commanding figure, and surrounded by friends. How Tom was to discover which of the combatants Joe wished to back was not clear to me. Nor, I think, was it clear to Tom. For during the next three rounds there proceeded an elaborate bargaining, conducted chiefly by secret signs, Joe holding up his fingers and nodding emphatically, and Tom shaking his head with equal emphasis.

Meanwhile under the brilliant light the boxers fought on almost unobserved, for the talented Tom was carrying on similar negotiations with half the house.

* Half-sovereigns.



"HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR NEW MAID?"

"SHE'S A PERFECT TREASURE, BUT I DO WISH SHE WOULDN'T CALL ME 'OLD THING.'"

"None of yer ding-dong struggles for me," said Bert. "I like to see a man 'ammered. 'Oo do you bet 'ere?" he went on as the next couple appeared.

"I've been carved out of a quid," said Joe gloomily. "Let's go an' 'ave one."

"Not yet," said Bert, who had backed Al and would presumably have to pay for the refreshment. "Now 'ere's a well-built kid if you like."

A hush had fallen upon the house. South London is as susceptible to Beauty as the Albert Hall, and one of the new boxers was a very handsome lad. Slight and smaller than his thick-eared opponent, he obviously could not win, but he should go far to becoming a Carpentier, if he can keep his looks. When he was banged on the nose not a man jeered at him. Such is the power of Beauty.

"Yus, e's a nicely-built kid," said Joe judicially.

"You're right."

"Well-made, 'e is."

"Yus, I call 'im a very well-built kid. 'Oo do you bet?"

"I shan't bet 'ere," said Joe shortly. Such is the power of Beauty. The fight was declared a draw.

Such is But no.

The big fight of the evening was between "Soldier" Smith, Plaistow (a Guardsman, I imagined—probably a V.C.), and Bud Peters, Walthamstow. George and I had a little bet, for the fever had me. I bet George that Joe would lose his bet, whatever it was. I had a quiet faith in Joe.

Joe said confidently, "I bet the Soldier. 'E was in the War. Tom! Tom! will you give me two quid ter one the Soldier?" Tom shook his head.

"Will you give me two ter one the Soldier, Bert?"

"I should think I would an' all," said Bert. "'E's only a air-mechanic when all's said."

My faith in Joe mounted.

"Am I on, then? Right," said Joe. The Soldier was knocked out in the

second round. Joe was carved out of another quid. And I had earned one.

"An' now," said this man of wealth, "we'll go an' 'ave one. Tom! Tom! Am I on the 3.30 termorrer? *Love-Lies-Bleedin'*? Am I right? At sevens? Right! Come on, Bert, I'm on." And the two millionaires departed.

* * * * *

"George," I said as we went away, "exactly how will they collect the Betting Tax at The Arena?"

"Bet you a quid they never do," said George.

"Done," said I.

A. P. H.

"The sun rose at 6.5 p.m. and sets at 6.34 p.m."—*Johannesburg Paper*.

Wanted, a "Brighter South Africa" movement.

"Lord Curzon came to the vital point in a manner which we are inclined to applaud with both hands."—*Sunday Paper*.

Single-handed applause is rather unsatisfactory, isn't it?



MANNERS AND MODES.

"I'M DANCING THIS WITH BOBBIE. DANCES RATHER WELL, DOESN'T HE?"
 "H'M—FOR A BOY. NOT A PATCH ON HIS GRANDFATHER."

FACE GARDENING.

(An unfortunate result produced by the Notes of our Beauty Expert getting mixed with those of our Amateur Gardener on the way to press.)

THE PERFECT COMPLEXION.—To the enthusiastic face-horticulturalist the acquirement of a perfect complexion should present no difficulties. Prepare ground as for Jerusalem Artichokes, Mashed Potatoes and Runner-beans. Where soil is stiff or newly-broken a light dressing of sand on week-ends will prove most helpful. The preparation completed, take a No. 3 Stymie Tablet and put it into a glass of hot water. Stir gently and then drop in complexion. A few minutes of vigorous rinsing and then take complexion out, spray thoroughly as for green-fly and wrap warmly in red flannel. A couple of weeks of this treatment and the oxygen will have completely absorbed the old complexion, which may be removed with a long-handled garden-rake and burnt, leaving the beautiful new skin underneath free to breathe and attract the eye.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.—Nothing is

more disfiguring to a woman than a superfluous hair, or hairs. Once the weed is discovered isolate the spot immediately by erecting a small fence or some wire-netting. The best preparation for treatment is a little powdered jeminol. Take a handful of this and sprinkle carefully round the root, and flatten with a spade or trowel. In the morning the hair should come away in the hand. An obstinate hair, deeply rooted, should be treated by shutting it in a door and quickly jerking back the head. In men, the same treatment as for overgrown ornamental hedges (see September Supplement). If hedge happens to be deciduous, as Lilac, Philadelphus and Ribes sanguinea, etc., wait until late Spring (if any), then clip back to roots with garden shears. Mustard-seed should be sown over the ground to prevent further encroachment during the season.

EXCRESCENCES, POLYPETALOUS AND OTHER GROWTHS.—These, like Antirrhinums and Flame Flower, will flourish exceedingly during the Spring months where there is thatch. They usually appear on the most prominent part of the face. Preparation of ground as for

Mangel-wurzels. If undermining is decided upon, thoroughly mix some sulphate of ammonia with both the subsoil and the top layer, but on no account blast until the eyebrows have been removed to a place of safety. A good toilet-soap should be used, and all traces of the explosion carefully rinsed off.

THE CULTIVATION OF BEARDS.—Few things are more unsightly during the early Spring months than a ragged hedge. Many people will admire a clump of House-leek or Polypody Fern, but a refractory growth of beard is unforgivable. The regulation and direction of growth is the same as with Holly, Portugal Laurel and Honeysuckle. A wooden trellis should be fixed early, and young shoots held by cloth brackets. Water assiduously every morning and walk about a lot in the sun. A good point to the beard may be obtained by taking the two outside whiskers on either side and knotting firmly together in a central position. Where only summer beards are worn, it is best to lift at the fall of the leaf and pot, or box them for winter storage. Comb and disinfect before wearing again.



THE GIFT HOUSE.

"WILL YOU WALK INTO YOUR PARLOUR?" SAID THE NEVILLE TO THE MAC.
"THAT DEPENDS ON ITS DIMENSIONS," CAME THE READY ANSWER BACK.

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Doctor. "THAT BOTTLE OF MEDICINE I GAVE YOU FOR BABY ALL GONE? IMPOSSIBLE! I TOLD YOU TO GIVE HIM JUST A TEASPOONFUL EVERY FOUR HOURS."

Young Mother. "YES—BUT MY HUSBAND AND I AND NURSE HAVE EACH TO TAKE A TEASPOONFUL TOO, SO AS TO INDUCE BABY TO SWALLOW IT."

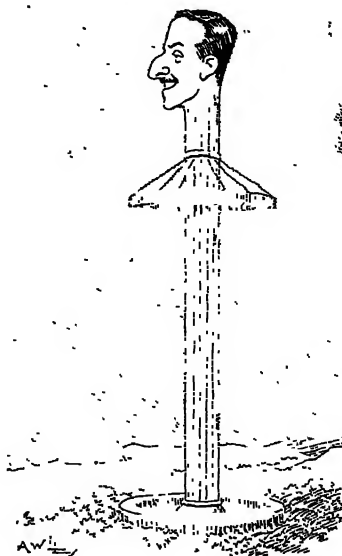
ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, April 23rd.—Members who were under the impression that the Irish Free State was no longer a charge upon this country were a little surprised to hear that its Governor-General would have the same right to pension from Imperial funds as the KING's representatives in other Dominions. But, reflecting that the present holder of the post is Mr. T. M. HEALY, who contributed so much in the past to the gaiety of Parliament, they made no protest.

On learning that the Bahamas imported alcoholic liquor last year to the value of a million more than in 1921, and that the excess was all re-exported to America, Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY brightly suggested that we should ration the Colony "in order to keep on good terms with the United States." But would that result be attained? Mr. ORMSBY-GORE apparently thought not, and pointed out that we should merely be injuring British trade, since the rum-runners would probably transfer their lucrative business to Hayti.

When OSMAN DIGNA was fighting against us in the Soudan he seemed to

have the gift of eternal youth, so often did he "bob up serenely" after being "officially" killed. But he appears



THE WEMBLEY WONDER.

MR. OSWALD MOSLEY.

to have aged rapidly in confinement. When he was first interned twenty-two years ago his age was given as

sixty-four. Now, according to Mr. THOMAS JOHNSTON, he is a centenarian, and ought to be returned to his tribe to "end his days in peace." Mr. McNEILL, however, thought that that desirable result was more likely to be achieved if he remained where he was.

The proposal to erect a tower five hundred feet high as part of the attractions of the forthcoming British Empire Exhibition at Wembley met with the stern disapproval of Mr. MOSLEY. But that modesty forbade him, he would doubtless have pointed out that in its Parliamentary representative the district already possesses an ornament which neither in altitude nor in decorativeness leaves anything to be desired.

The annual attack on the tea duty was delivered with rather more freshness than usual. Thus Mr. CHARLETON, an ex-engine-driver, pointed out that the safety of the public depended upon railway-men keeping awake, and nothing kept them awake so well as tea; and Mrs. WINTRINGHAM, who said this was "a man-made Budget," declared that, if a woman had framed it, tea and not beer would have obtained relief. "Who," she asked, "ever heard a man

say of his wife, 'She's a good woman but for the tea'?"

Another long discussion followed on the beer duty. Members did not so much object to the remission as to the comparatively small contribution made by the brewers. Mr. SEXTON feared that the quality would decline with the duty, and rather inconsistently declared that at present there was "riot in half-a-gallon." If this is the effect of "Government ale," what will happen if the CHANCELLOR's prophecy be fulfilled, and in twelve months' time we have "better beer from the bottom up to the top"? Red revolution, I suppose.

Tuesday, April 24th.—Sir WILLIAM DAVISON revived a hoary old joke by asking who were the members of the Board of Trade, and how often did they meet. Sir P. LLOYD-GREAME replied that its composition remained as it was fixed in 1786—including, presumably, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY and the SPEAKER of the Irish House of Commons—and that its last meeting was believed to have been early in the nineteenth century.

The POSTMASTER-GENERAL announced the appointment of a Committee to consider broadcasting in all its aspects. The Chairman is to be Sir F. H. SYKES, late R.A.F., whose acquaintance with the upper ether should come in useful; and among its members is Field-Marshal Sir WILLIAM ROBERTSON, representing, I suppose, the great army of "listeners-in," whose characteristic is to hear much and say little.

Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN explained the provisions of his new Housing Bill with a clarity and an imperturbability, in the face of constant Labour interruptions, which reminded one of his famous father. His aim was not to remedy the whole shortage—that must and should be left to private enterprise—but to provide the sort of dwellings required by the poorest of the poor. A four-roomed cottage, even if it did not possess a parlour—and he did not rule out parlours—was at least better than one, two or three rooms in a tenement-house.

The Bill is admittedly a stop-gap and will not bring the Millennium by 1925. That seemed to be Mr. WHEATLEY's reason for moving its rejection. Sir ALFRED MOND, who might perhaps have shown more sympathy with the difficulties of his successor, made some rather carping criticisms, but did not oppose the Bill. In fact only the Labour Party seemed determinedly hostile to a measure intended to benefit what they term "our class."

The Scots were especially wroth at not having a Bill of their own, and

were not placated by Capt. ELLIOT's assurance that, Minister though he was, he had done his best to raid the



"LISTENING-IN."

SIR FREDERICK SYKES.

British Treasury for the benefit of his native country.

Wednesday, April 25th.—Being evidently of opinion that Parliament



"I'm not doing this for my health, but for Scotland's."

CAPTAIN ELLIOT (Under-Secretary of Health for Scotland).

cannot have too much of a good thing, Lord ASTOR called the attention of the Peers to the need for more and better houses, the clearance of slums, and

other matters connected therewith. As he was retraversing ground already exhaustively explored he naturally made no fresh discoveries, unless the slightly cynical reflection that "every adverse by-election tended to increase the subsidy" may be so considered. The Archbishop of YORK followed with a homily against hurry: the more haste the worse houses. On the great parlour question His Grace takes the popular side, for he emphasized the necessity of "an adequate quiet room," and he quoted the example of Doncaster, which, by its excellent town-planning scheme, has established a third claim to admiration, in addition to the St. Leger and butterscotch.

A propos of the discovery of coal in Kent—rather an old story by now—Lord MILNER expressed the hope that the Garden of England would not be turned into another Black Country; and Lord BEAUCHAMP, on the other hand, entered a *caveat* against garden-cities, which, unless well designed, were in his opinion an eyesore. In face of these discursive and contradictory criticisms, Lord ONSLOW might well be pardoned for thinking that no great harm would have been done if the debate had been postponed until the Government's Bill came up to their Lordships' House.

To me the most interesting feature of Lord LONG's criticism of the Petroleum Bill was his story of how, when he was in charge of oil supplies during the War, Lord NORTHCLIFFE came to tell him that *The Times'* supply had been commandeered for the Navy, and that there was danger of its having to suspend publication, with results "of the gravest character to the Allies." Fortunately Lord LONG was able to supply the needs of the newspaper without starving the Fleet, and the impending disaster was averted.

I fear the Commons were not so much impressed as they should have been by Mr. MCNEILL's announcement that, in consequence of a series of acts of which British subjects have been the victims, the Government proposed to address to the Soviet Government of Russia "a serious communication." It sounded too much like the *Rev. Robert Spalding's* intimation that he would have to give somebody "a good hard knock."

The Housing Bill was discussed in a more temperate atmosphere. Sir JOHN SIMON, for the Asquithians, advocated extensive amendment rather than rejection, and in respect of the parlour question said that it would be a pity if "Government houses" should become a by-word, like "Government beer" and "Government bacon."



Newcomer to country neighbourhood. "BRIGHT SEASON THIS YEAR—WHAT! EVERYBODY SPREADIN' THEMSELVES—BRIGHTER DANCES, BRIGHTER WEDDIN'S, BRIGHTER RACE MEETIN'S—"
 Daughter of the House. "I'M AFRAID WE DON'T—"
 Newcomer. "AND—ER—OF COURSE BRIGHTER MOTHERS' MEETIN'S."

To Mr. McCURDY the Bill was "a profound disappointment;" his chief complaint being that it did not completely reverse the disastrous policy of the Coalition Government (of which he was a member).

Mr. SIDNEY WEBB showed some of his excitable colleagues that it is quite possible to argue a case without shouting or gesticulation; and it was unpardonable that a foolish Ministerialist should have addressed to him an offensive remark, which set the Labour Benches again in an uproar. Even Sir DOUGLAS HOGG's announcement that the MINISTER OF HEALTH was prepared to consider in Committee an enlargement of the subsidised houses failed to quell the storm. A few Liberals joined the Labour Party in the Lobby, but the Second Reading was carried by 340 votes to 140.

Thursday, April 26th.—Owing to a prior engagement the Duke of YORK was not in his place in the House of Lords this afternoon, and consequently missed a sparkling debate on two legal Bills introduced by the LORD CHANCELLOR.

LORD LONG took exception to the provision in the first of them that the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE may dispense with

the holding of assizes in any town where there is no substantial business on the calendar. As Lord Lieutenant of Wilts he regarded the periodical visit of a Red Judge as necessary to impress upon the people the majesty of the law. In more sophisticated shires, I am told, it is chiefly regarded as a rival to the circus, particularly if Mr. Justice is sitting.

The second Bill, to my mind, has even greater merits, for it proposes to repeal, in whole or in part, some eighty previous Acts of Parliament. If Lord CAVE continues to cut down the legal jungle like this, the time may come when the presumption that every Englishman is acquainted with the laws of his country may be a little less presumptuous.

It is not often that Members of the House of Commons complain of the Chair for allowing too much freedom of debate. Last week, however, when Mr. HOPE ruled that on the Agricultural Vote discussion might extend to matters not strictly included in the Estimate, Captain WEDGWOOD BENN strongly objected and, when his objection was disregarded, put down a motion impugning the decision of the CHAIRMAN OF

COMMITTEES. This afternoon, however, Mr. HOPE admitted that technically his ruling was wrong. Captain BENN therefore withdrew his motion, and the incident ended in mutual compliments.

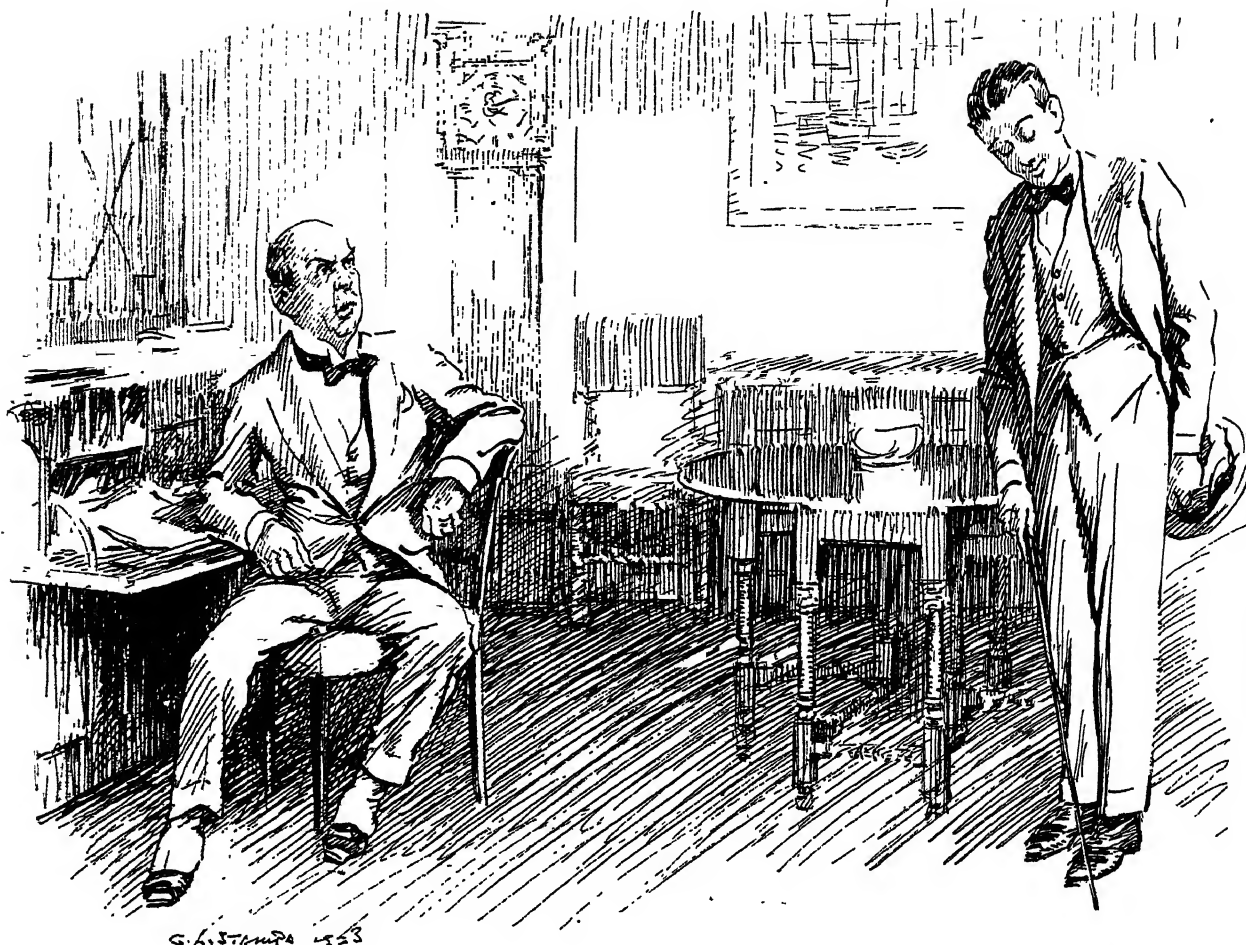
Mr. — (for the defence) said the matter been dealt with by Mr. Justice —. His case was that such a claim could not be brought successfully by a wife.—*Evening Paper.*
 We don't understand this legal pater.

A correspondent draws our attention to the fact that at the recent "Fashion Fair" the display of creations by leading dressmakers was begun by the orchestra playing "The Robbers' Chorus" from *Chu Chin Chow*.

From an article on Reparations:—

"To speak of the intoxication of victory is no mere figure of speech. The Allies were in that a state when they drew up the conditions of As in daily life, it is wise not to contradict a drunkard, but to wait till he is sober, so Germany had to be silent and wait. The sobering process has set in everywhere, and we hope the hour is near when the hope the hour is near mockery to civilisation, will be destroyed."

Bavarian Paper (published in English).
 It seems that there may also be such a thing as the intoxication of defeat.



G. H. Standa 1923

Her Father. "NO NEED TO ASK YOU IF YOU CAN KEEP MY DAUGHTER IN THE MANNER IN WHICH—ETC.—WHAT? I UNDERSTAND YOU ARE WORTH THREE THOUSAND POUNDS A YEAR?"

Prospective Son-in-Law. "YES, THAT'S QUITE CORRECT, SIR, BUT—ER—I DON'T GET IT."

QUATRAINS.

For a number of weeks Brown and Fanshaw had been dropping in nearly every day. Both were heavily in love with Grace, my daughter, and made it very clear that they heartily disliked one another. In the course of their constant collision each had contracted a most disconcerting habit of saying, when in conversation with someone else, things which it was vividly apparent were "meant for" the other.

Brown was a young doctor who had recently begun to practise in our neighbourhood; Fanshaw, about the same age, junior partner in a City firm of solicitors.

The other day they called as usual at the same hour, and Brown, while chatting to my wife, made a side-thrust at Fanshaw of so painful a nature that the latter's face went red with rage. An awful pause ensued during which my daughter nervously turned over the pages of a copy of *Lays of Ancient Rome*.

"Oh!" she exclaimed suddenly, "I've thought of a ripping game. We'll call it Quatrains. All you have to do is to choose any two lines from 'Horatius' and then add two of your own invention. I'll begin, and then we can go round in the order we are sitting in now. This is how my quatrain goes:—

"He smiled on those bold Romans,
A smile serene and high;
'I never touch ice cream,' he said,
And so he passed them by."

She handed the book to Fanshaw. I began to think the cloud had passed over. It had not, With something approaching horror I heard Fanshaw recite:—

"Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
On the Ciminian hill;
But fatter still are doctors' heads;
That's why they always kill."

If Fanshaw had gone red with rage, Brown went a dead white when the words reached his ears. I did not like the look of things at all.

My wife's turn came next. I wondered, as I sat by the fire, what her effort

would be like. There was once a time when she was young enough and foolish enough to write or try to write poetry, and I had a haunting memory of how wonderful and how fearful were her ideas as to scansion. This is what she produced:—

"But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low;
He was just recovering from a bad attack
Of influenza, you see,
So only felt so-so."

Thus the book reached Brown. Still white, he scanned the pages eagerly. Every eye was on him, and he did not leave us long in suspense. His voice was not wholly under control. He suddenly came out with:—

"Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the State;
There were no thieving lawyers then
To pouch your six-and-eight."

He then passed the book to me. Excusing myself on the ground that I am a vers-librist and incapable of rhyme, I handed it to my daughter. Herself very nervous by now, she appeared to

select the first lines on which her eyes fell. Rapidly and tremblingly she said:—

“‘Never, I ween, did swimmer
In such an evil case’
Swallow so much foul water
Or make so weird a face.”

A moment later Fanshaw was running a shaky fore-finger down the pages. He came to a sudden stop. Half-rising from his chair and glaring murderously at Brown, he said:—

“‘Thrice looked he at the city;
Thrice looked he at the dead;’
‘That’s the way *all* my patients go,’
The half-baked doctor said.”

Brown gulped. He was gripping his chair as though to hold himself down. Then my wife’s turn came again. We heard:—

“‘The harvests of Arretium,
This year, old men shall reap;’
Because all the able-bodied labourers are
striking for three pounds ten a week
And their keep.”

Brown took the book from my wife. After what seemed to me a marvellously short space of time he hissed:—

“‘Then out spake strong Herminius,
Of Titian blood was he:’
‘Of all the swindling rogues on earth,
A lawyer’s the man for me.’”

“I pass,” said Grace quickly in faint and almost inaudible tones, as she handed the book from Brown to Fanshaw. Tense silence reigned till Fanshaw, his face grimly set with passion, blared out the following:—

“‘Back darted Spurius Lartius,
Herminius darted back;’
The name on the doctor’s plate was Brown,
So they knew that it stood for quack.”

But even then the storm did not burst.

I think my wife felt the situation still more acutely than Grace and myself. Her hands were trembling badly as once more she began turning over the pages. I am sure that the quite considerable merit which distinguished the quatrain she at last evolved was a pure accident. Her state of mental agitation had taken her at one bound from the bridge *Horatius* kept so well right into the middle of the “Battle of the Lake Regillus,” from the thick of which interesting combat she culled the lines:—

“‘Mamilius spied Herminius
And dashed across the way,’

and completed the verse by adding:—

“‘What have you done with the Brussels
sprouts?’
Was all that he could say.”

Brown, who could hardly be called responsible for his actions at that point, almost snatched the book from her hands. There were ugly movements about his mouth. I knew the end must be very near now. In something less



Footpad. “Now I WOULDN’T MIND LAYIN’ A BET THAT YOU ‘AVEN’T NEVER SEEN A MURDER DONE BY A BIG TALL MAN WOT COULD DO WIV A COUPLE O’ BOB IF YOU ‘APPEN TO ‘AVE THAT AMOUNT ON YER.”

than ten seconds he had made his selection of lines. Then he sprang to his feet:—

“‘When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows,’
I’ll catch a—pettifogging attorney
And pull the blighter’s nose.”

Fanshaw also sprang to his feet, as though a wasp had stung him. “Oh, you will, will you? Then come out—”
My mind up to a certain point is

more or less a blank as to what followed, but I know that there was considerable confusion, rapidly moving confusion, between the time when Fanshaw said, “Then come out—” and the time, the “certain point” I have mentioned, when I found myself assisting a policeman to disentangle him and Brown as, locked in one another’s arms, they lay squirming about on the pavement just outside my gate.

QUITE A SALON.

Mrs. Prendergast had a strong sense of being up-to-date in literary affairs. She subscribed to a Circulating Library, and every other day she changed her books. This routine gave her the opportunity to exercise her dog, and she thus had an agreeable consciousness of not wasting time on any purely unintellectual pursuit. "Changing my books, you see," she would say on meeting a friend in the street. "We can't get on without them, can we? I always say books are our best friends."

At the chemist's shop, where the Circulating Library was, Mrs. Prendergast would cheerfully accept advice about the choice of books from the young man who combined the management of the Library with occasional service at the chemist's counter.

"You are a great reader, Madam," the librarian ventured to say one day, when he thought his long record of advice had justified this advance. Mrs. Prendergast was distinctly pleased, but preferred to speak as though she would have been shamed if she had given the librarian an excuse to say anything else.

"Yes—and why not?" she answered. "The things of the mind are the only things that matter, aren't they? It would be a dull world without books. I can't imagine how people get on without intellectual interests. I always say books are our best friends."

"Certainly, Madam," said the librarian. "What books would you like to-day? I fear we have none of the novels on your list in at present."

"Then it must be a travel book or some sort of biography. I am never tired of biography. It tells one so much of the world—of men and women and their characters, and why they succeeded or failed. Isn't it so?"

"It is indeed," said the librarian.

"Have you got that book yet called *The Confessions of an Impresario*?"

"I am extremely sorry, but our copies have not yet arrived."

"But I saw it reviewed a fortnight ago in *The Literary Supplement*."

"I can't explain the delay, Madam, but you shall have it as soon as it arrives. I don't think you have had this book yet about SAMUEL BUTLER."

"Is it biography?"

"Undoubtedly, Madam."

"Let me see—SAMUEL BUTLER was an explorer, I think? Sir SAMUEL BUTLER, I believe."

"Oh, no, Madam, I don't think he was an explorer"—and then he added daringly, "except perhaps of new intellectual lands. His book *Erewhon* is famous, Madam."

"*Erewhon*? But that was by KING LAKE, wasn't it?"

"Oh, no, Madam, I feel sure it was not."

"But BUTLER is old, isn't he?"

"He is dead, I believe, Madam."

"I would rather have something quite fresh, you know. I like to be quite up-to-date."

"I don't think you have any of

much better able to judge of things. Besides, books are such companions—our best friends, in fact."

Surrounded by those friends she was in a position to regard the unread world with pity as well as with disdain. Her father had been a B.A., and so was her husband; thus she was fortified with intellectual connections. "My dear mother," she would say, "was a great student of SHAKESPEARE. She could give you an appropriate quotation for any subject you mentioned. I cannot express what it meant to we children—to my sister and I—to be brought up by her to read the best literature and to appreciate good English."

It had once been conveyed to Mrs. Prendergast that a certain person had spoken of her as a "well-read woman,"

and ever afterwards she had shown particular favour to that person.

* * *

When Mrs. Bletherton—the Mrs. Bletherton who wrote that austere and scholar-like volume of verse, and whose pamphlet on "The Sceptical Qualities" was praised by Lord BALFOUR—came to live in Mrs. Prendergast's neighbourhood, she was soon informed that Mrs. Prendergast was a great reader. And Mrs. Prendergast, having heard of the intellectual distinction of Mrs. Bletherton, called upon her.

"I hope you will come to tea with me

next Friday," said Mrs. Prendergast. "Quite a small party; but all my greatest friends, whom I want you to meet, are, like myself, great readers. They come simply to talk about books. It's quite a Salon."

* * *

Mrs. Bletherton went to tea with Mrs. Prendergast. As she entered the room she heard her hostess saying, "I'm intoxicated by reading—quite intoxicated." Then, drawing Mrs. Bletherton into the middle of things, Mrs. Prendergast said, "I want to introduce to you my friend Mrs. Latex. She's a tremendous reader. She has just been telling us about a wonderful book she has been reading."

Mrs. Bletherton said to Mrs. Latex: "Please tell me about it."

"Oh! it's a charming story," said Mrs. Latex. "It's full of humour. I love a sense of humour—don't you? And so few people have it. And the descrip-



Wife of the very-very rich Gentleman (at her dinner-party). "JAMES, BRING ME ANOTHER DIAMOND NECKLACE; I AM FEELING CHILLY."

CONRAD's books on your list, Madam, but his latest is in now. He is quite up-to-date."

"Is it about the sea?"

"I think it is, Madam."

"I hear people talking about CONRAD a great deal; but I'm not fond of the sea. Of course MARRYAT wrote very well about the sea; and then there was CLARK RUSSELL."

* * *

Mrs. Prendergast had a profound contempt for people who did not read. Yet she owed them much, for nothing gave her more satisfaction than to convict her neighbours in conversation of neglecting their reading. As for herself, when she was not reading, she liked to talk about it. Perhaps the most deliberate condemnation of a friend which she had ever uttered was, "The woman never opens a book."

"What advantages reading gives one!" she often said. "It makes one

tions of scenery are so vivid—such word-painting! You might think you were there. The character-drawing too is excellent. I do like well-drawn characters—don't you? You really must read it. It's quite charming."

"What is the name of it?" asked Mrs. Bletherton.

"It's so stupid of me, but I can't remember the name."

"Perhaps you could tell me the author's name?"

"I'm so sorry. I'm afraid I've forgotten that too. But does it matter when a book is well written? I always think it is best just to judge by the writing. I always do. This book is so well written."

"Perhaps if you could tell me the publisher's name it would be a clue."

"I hardly ever bother about the publishers, I'm afraid. But the book is all about psychology, which interests me intensely. I'm sure we don't pay enough attention to psychology. Don't you think there is a great deal of truth in it?"

* * * * *

When Mrs. Bletherton was taking her leave of the Salon, Mrs. Prendergast said, "I'm afraid you haven't had time to talk to Mrs. Grant, who is mad about RUPERT BROOKE, or to Mrs. Ogilvy, who is a great 'Browningite,' or to Mrs. Underwood, who has written a novel, which some people think is quite as good as HALL CAIN. But you must come again. Now that you know some of my friends—book friends, I mean—through them."

"Thank you very much," said Mrs. Bletherton mildly. "I'm sure I shall find them invaluable."

A FAREWELL.

FARE thee well! for forth has gone the fiat;

Thou wilt have to part from me, my own;

And, when all is o'er between us, I at Last shall think of thee without a groan.

To their end all things that mortal be come;

Thou hast reached the limit—not a doubt;

So, *O nate* (roughly speaking) *mecum*, Fate ordains that I must see thee out.

Time and toil were spared not for thy saving;

Even of precious gold thou hadst thy fill;

Yet for some time thou hast been behaving,

I regret to say, extremely ill.



Wife (from upstairs). "SURELY YOU HAVEN'T COME HOME AT THIS LATE HOUR, JOHN?"
John. "WHAT WILL YOU BET?"

Though in outward seeming thou presentest

To the world as yet a goodly show,
All's not well within—in fact the dentist
Tells me that thy time has come to go.

Lest a thing of beauty grow an eyesore
(Such in spite of KEATS is Nature's law),

I must sacrifice thee, O incisor
(Right-hand canine) in my upper jaw.

Though no doubt some serviceable sham'll

Fill the void as Nature yields to Art,
No supplanter's counterfeit enamel
E'er shall take thy place within my heart.

"Must Sell, urgent . . . d.-d. wardrobe."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

We infer that the advertiser's collar-stud had rolled under it.

"The Egg Sunday in St. —'s was something of a novelty.

The credit for the initiation and success of the venture is largely due to Mr. Churchwarden Fowles."—*Parish Magazine.*

Every man to his trade.

"Mr. Sparrow, secretary of the — Company, Limited, has been granted six months' leave of absence. Accompanied by Mrs. Swallow he sailed on Saturday on a trip to Europe."
Australian Paper.

We expect to hear more about this from some other little bird.

"P.c. — said he found the horse straying riding the bicycle. Noticing he was swaying a good deal, and that he had no trousers clips on, witness stopped him and questioned him about the cycle. He replied, 'I got it from up the road.'"—*Local Paper.*

There has been nothing like this since BALAAM's ass.

IN STRANGE COUNTRY.

HERE at last was the superman: cool, confident, direct and decisive.

He stood behind the counter of the tourist agency, his head enhaloed by stacks of tickets. His hair was arranged somewhat rigidly upon his head; on his right ear he wore a jauntily-poised pencil.

The office was comparatively crowded and small queues had formed before each attendant. I had taken my place in one of these and was watching the man whom I should eventually interview.

As I have hinted above, this man was something extra. I could not help hearing his colloquies with my immediate predecessors in the queue. In no case did he consult either book or table, but replied entirely out of his head.

"Oberkotzau," I heard him remark, "depart seven-fifty, change at Lichtenfels ten-forty-four, arrive Bamberg twelve noon. No, Sir; wine is not provided gratis with meals taken on the Mitropa refreshment cars. The Munich beer is, however, excellent and inexpensive. There is no need for you to remove your coat and outer garments at the frontier. While passengers are informed that the Customs examination is rigorous, the term is used only in a relative sense. Exactly, Sir; you enter the carriage and take your seat in the ordinary way; nobody is likely to evict you by force. Certainly there are many respectable people to be found on the Continent."

The questioner slid away in that deliberate fashion which people usually adopt when there is a waiting crowd behind them. His place was taken by another.

"Although," pronounced the oracle, "you may still find the words, *'Viva Lenin,'* scrawled on the walls of Ferrara, they do not mean that revolution is a momentary possibility. Black shirts are largely worn in Italy, but you may legally wear one of any other colour you prefer. Yes, Sir, the Camorra is still in existence, but the probability of your railway-porter being an active member of that association is infinitesimal. Not at all, Sir; we are at all times at your service."

At last it was my turn to explain my difficulties.

"It is true," replied the marvel, "that your lunch on the 25th will present something of a problem; only twelve minutes are allowed for that purpose at La Roda. There you can purchase raw ham and cold omelette, to be consumed on the train. Quite so, Sir; tastes differ. The Spanish head-waiter is usually dignified and reserved, but he would not be grossly insulted at your offering him a donation at your departure. It is unlikely that he is a bull-fighter in private life. No, Sir; in Spain the dagger is not as common as the umbrella in England. Brigands are not often found in the main streets of Seville."

I thanked him and withdrew, but not before I had examined his face closely. He was clearly a man to mark; he would be heard of again. Amid a population brought up in a state of utter dependence this genius stood aloof, self-sufficing, self-contained.

What a delightful companion (or courier) he would make! Under his guidance one would be free from all the annoyances of Continental travel—the missing of connections, the losing of luggage, the harrowing fear that one is travelling in the wrong direction, the ignorance and stupidity of railway officials, who do not understand their own language when one takes the trouble to speak it to them.

Thoughts like this ran through my brain the whole afternoon, until they were ousted by the practical difficulties of finding my way from S.E.5 *via* S.E.2 to S.W.7. By 6.15 I had reached Clapham Junction with no further change in prospect and only ten minutes to wait for my train.

The homeward rush from the City was at its height. Crowds debouched for the fastnesses of Lavender Hill or embarked for ultimate Sydenham in search of mountain air. Between each rush occurred a period in which the platform was deserted.

It was during one of these intervals that I became aware of a shrunken figure crouched on a seat, moaning feebly. As I passed he lifted towards me his face, tear-stained and wretched.

I started back; it was the superman of the early afternoon, he who had the whole Continent at his fingers' ends! His hair was unkempt, his pencil missing.

"Excuse me, Sir," he bleated, "but I am a stranger to this railway system. Can you tell me where to find a train for Balham?"

RIVIERA NOTES.

I.—MOSQUITO.

THERE'S a shudder in the darkness of the night,

There's a simmer in the furnace of the air;

Away with placid dreaming, for my every nerve is screaming,

"Are you there? Are you there? Are you there?"

You brute!

You are grinning as you caper overhead

To doze and fro and up and down and roundabout;

Shall I doze afresh uncertain whether you're within the curtain

Or without? Or without? Or without?

Not much!

I have felt a cobweb flutter on my cheek,

You have clashed your little cymbals in my ear;

Shall I chance it? Shall I chance it? while you're sharpening your lancet,

Or forbear? Or forbear? Or forbear?

Oh help!

I must rouse me, I must fumble for the switch,

I must wriggle round or crook myself supine,

I must set my teeth to kill, I must nerve my hands to spill
The blood that, after all, is mine.

II.—GREEN TREE-FROG.

WHERE'ER a chink in a torrent's bank,

Or peak of a pepper-tree,

Or rim of a crumbling water-tank

Provides a *vis-à-vis*;

Where'er he lights on a sounding-board

For the might of his boisterous lung,

From eye to morn, to hill and dale,

With throat as taut as a bellying sail,

The green tree-frog gives tongue.

It's the groaning and the moaning of a soul in pain,

It's the rumble and the grumble of the jolting train,

It's the crickets in the thickets, it's the splatter of the rain,

It's the nimble toe-and-heeling of the clog;

It's the creaking and the squeaking of the rowlocks in a boat,

It's the blether of the wether, it's the bleating of the goat,

It's the dander of the gander, it's the crake's cracked note,

Is the pæan of the green tree-frog.

It's the trickle of the stickle, it's the flood's full roar,

It's the whinny of the hinny, it's the howlet's snore,

It's the jingle of the shingle on the storm-lashed shore,

It's a nightmare, it's a symphony sublime;

It's the sizzling and the mizzling of the starlings in the trees,

It's the humming and the thrumming of the big bold bees,

It's a hundred different chanties in a hundred different keys,

Is the green tree-frogs' rag-time.



OUR SUBSCRIPTION DANCES.

Rabbit-faced Philanderer. "I'LL GRANT YOU I'M NOT QUITE A1 ON MY FEET, BUT I'M A FAIR DEMON AT SITTING OUT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

STANDING badly in need of compression and dealing over-subtly with a simple if delicate problem, *Time is Whispering* (HUTCHINSON) is not, for me, one of Miss ELIZABETH ROBINS' outstanding successes, but an interesting and suggestive failure. It deals with the friendship formed between *Judith Lathom* and *Henry Ellerton*, an Anglo-Indian widow and widower, whose separate pasts have made them equally tenacious of a strenuous middle-aged self-sufficiency. *Ellerton* is morosely happy on his English estate, writing a great book on India. *Judith*, who has "taught herself cheerfulness as other people teach themselves a difficult language," is given to gardening. But the garden is *Ellerton's*, his manor of Little Rhodes having been let to "*J. Lathom*" by his agent during the War; and solicitude for its orchard brings him into reluctant contact with his feminine tenant. An unpropitious encounter over this subject, a few months' cautious sparring over their parallel pasts and entangled presents, and the two antagonists find themselves necessary to each other's happiness, but by no means ready to marry. "We cannot bring ourselves to give up—some sort of life in common," says *Ellerton*. "Very well; then we ought to pay for it." This view is shared by the neighbourhood and by *Mrs. Lathom's* unpleasant son, *Bobby*. I doubt if it is shared by Miss ROBINS herself; though the friends are "defeated" into marriage and live to acknowledge the bliss of their defeat.

Clent's Way (CHAPMAN AND HALL) was to work hard at his job—he was a builder and contractor in a big way—and to play the sedulous amorist in the intervals of hunting and shooting. It is not recorded that he stooped to golf. This was well enough till proud *Helen Erskine* appeared and he, a seasoned bachelor of thirty-eight, fell before her. *Helen* was a dear in the Scots manner of forthright candour, with old-fashioned ideas about a promise being a promise and deception being bad for both deceiver and deceived. So that when, three years after her marriage, *Harry Clent* took the old way with a queer little sprig of a dancing instructress who lacked courage and made her inconsiderate confession to *Helen*, there was trouble, not entirely but nearly resolved when the book ends with *Harry's* commission in a Labour battalion at the back of the front towards the end of the War. It all seems to me good work, and C. C. and E. M. MOTT have pooled their experience and talents to advantage. They have a lively style and a happy gift for phrases that set a thing vividly before you; and they certainly write a natural, easy dialogue. I think they run to too many minor characters and haven't enough space to give them definition; and I do wish they wouldn't write of people as middle-aged at forty and old at fifty. Reviewers are often quite fifty. It is not tactful.

Harlequin and Columbine (HEINEMANN) was written "about ten years ago," and Mr. BOOTH TARKINGTON not only flaunts the fact in his dedication but adds that the particular aspect of the American stage dealt with in his

little novel was "faded and passing" even then. It is a confident talent that can afford such acknowledgments; but the confidence is well justified. Once you start following *Potter*, the actor (or rather *Potter's* wonderful smile), on his (or its) Elizabethan progress down Fifth Avenue; once you have attended one of his rehearsals and heard *Miss Wanda Malone*, most mysterious of understudies, admonished to count ten to give the smile time to take effect, you will, I think, be entirely of my opinion. It is not any conjecture as to the ultimate fate of *Wanda* that keeps you alert; though you will probably be tricked into assigning her, now to *Canby* the playwright, now to the suitably chastened *Potter*, until the fall of the curtain. The charm of this particular story lies in its characteristic by-products. Young *Canby's* emotion on seeing his first accepted MS. come to life at rehearsal; the phlegm of the scene-shifters, who, thanks to their union, can afford to ignore the Napoleonic *Potter*; the jargon of the critic, who suggests "cabling to *Rosland*" when *Canby's* play hangs fire—these and their like are what lured me through *Harlequin* and *Columbine*. And I would willingly sit out a second performance.

Anderby Wold (LANE) is a first novel, and its publisher considers it one of the finest first novels that has come his way for many years. To show that I am not to be put off by this estimate, I hasten to assure Miss WINIFRED HOLTBY that in my less partial opinion her book is not altogether without merit. It is a story of a Yorkshire farm, and I confess that I rather shrank from the impending deluge of dialect that such works usually let loose. However in this case the dialect is not overdone,

and the character-drawing shows a certain power of observation. *Mary Robson* is out of the common, and something of a creation—one of those women who like to think that without their presence the whole fabric of parish life would fall to pieces. We are more or less accustomed to her as the rector's wife, but Miss HOLTBY obtains the effect of novelty by making her the active partner of a rather slow-witted farmer. I like *Mary*, and indeed most of the female characters; but the men are less convincing—at least when they are intended to be sympathetic. *Coast*, the very unpleasant schoolmaster, is not bad. As a story *Anderby Wold* is indifferently constructed, and the author lapses in the final chapter into that most unsatisfactory form of writing (I suppose Mr. H. G. WELLS must be held responsible for it) which breaks off every paragraph with a row of dots. . . . I doubt whether Miss HOLTBY will ever take rank as the SHEILA KAYE-SMITH of Yorkshire, though Mr. LANE professes to believe. . . . Still . . .

I have not yet made up my mind why Mrs. JANET MAITLAND has called her first novel *The Incoming Tide* (MELROSE). Her publisher seems to think that the "tide"

is a party of film artistes who in the course of the story arrive at the village where the heroine lives. I really can't think that he is right about it, but I must admit that I have nothing better to suggest. *Hope*, the heroine, is one of those charming girls who live with grandfathers in Cornish villages and do gardening and love distinguished novelists and nearly everyone else. *Ivor Spencer*, the distinguished novelist, is a little less recognisable, but his past association with *Nina Delorme*, a beautiful film actress, provides *Hope* with plenty of opportunities for showing sympathy and understanding under most trying conditions. It is a pleasant story, full of clear pictures and told very effectively, as might be expected from Mrs. MAITLAND's association with the "movie" world. But, cleverly as she has chosen the settings of her romance, I found myself longing for just one that was inevitable and not merely well selected.

By collecting and editing some of the writings of the

late CHARLES GODFREY TURNER, ETHEL M. RICE has reminded us of the national debt we owe him. Mr. TURNER was a New Zealander who came over to England to take his part in the War. Thereby, as we are told in a Foreword to *The Happy Wanderer* (LITERARY YEAR-BOOK PRESS), he severed many ties, but he seized the occasion to strengthen indestructibly the bond between his mother-country and the land of his birth. No one can read these pages without being impressed by Mr. TURNER's great love for England—not a merely sentimental love, for he can criticise and laugh at our idiosyncrasies,

but the kind of love that understands. I should, however, give an inadequate idea of his range if I left the impression that this volume is just a panegyric of England. It is far more than that. Whatever his particular theme, whether he is writing of camp-life, sheep-ranching, drugs or drink, his work shows always a broad spirit of humanity. And this human note makes its appeal in the photograph of his small son at the beginning of the volume. You know at once that you are going to be the happier for a book that starts like that.

By an oversight Messrs. CONSTABLE were named in these columns as the publishers of Mr. SHANE LESLIE's *Mark Sykes*. It was published by Messrs. CASSELL.

"It is a bitter and salutary experience to stand near the gates of large works at the dinner-hour and see the rush for the lunch edition of the papers, and to lodge the bet with an agent."

Dr. F. B. MEYER in "The Times."

If the reverend gentleman has indeed been lodging bets with agents we can well believe that it was a bitter, if not salutary, experience.

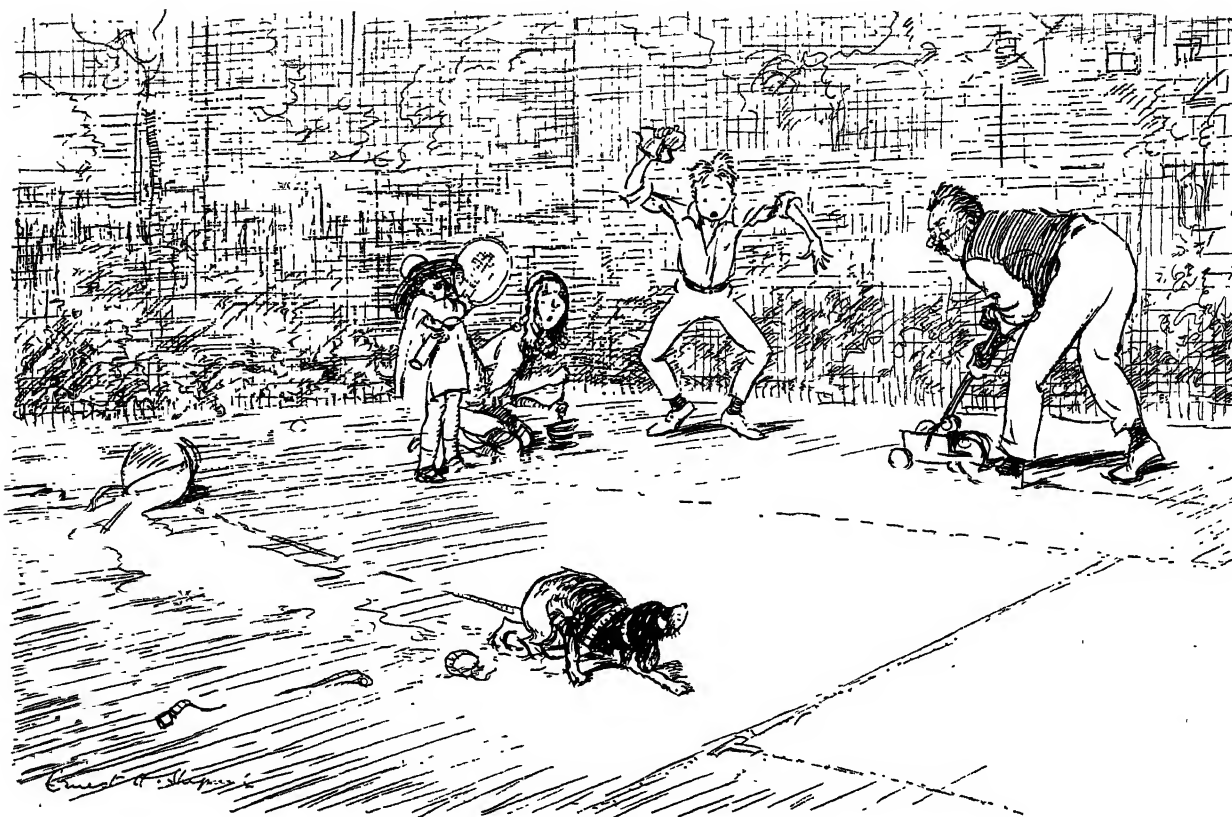


JOYS OF THE OPEN ROAD.

Native (in answer to inquiry). "DO YE SEE THIS ROAD AS FAR AS YE CAN SEE?"

Pedestrian. "NO, I'M A LITTLE SHORT-SIGHTED."

Native. "WELL, WHEN YE GO AS FAR AS I CAN SEE, YE'LL BE GETTING ON TOWARDS THE PLACE YE WANT TO GET TO."



THE BROADCASTER.

CHARIVARIA.

A CONTEMPORARY asks, "What is Beer?" The consensus of public opinion is that it isn't. **

We learn that there is some talk of the Spaghetti Control Board making the overarm swing illegal and insisting that all spaghetti should be eaten under the Queensberry rules. **

Sir ARTHUR KEITH has expressed the view that there is no sign of a race of supermen appearing in this or any other country. It is not thought that Lord LEVERHULME, for one, will take this lying down. **

"How much coal have you burned this winter?" asks a contemporary. About one out of every five lumps that we put on the fire. **

In the opinion of Professor EINSTEIN the Western countries are in need of more money. It is so much easier to appreciate the famous scientist when he gets down to facts like this. **

According to Dr. BRAMER, the well-known explorer, the costume of a native Singapore woman consists of about nine yards of figured cloth. Society in

this country will wonder what she does with the extra eight-and-a-half yards. **

Mr. JACK DEMPSEY has refused to fight in Buenos Ayres for the sum of three quarters of a million dollars. It seems that he insists upon a purse of money as well as this side bet. **

A propos of the report in these columns that a movie actress had married her husband for the second time, we now understand that she has only to do this once more and he becomes her own property. **

The French Government announces that cannibalism in West and Central Africa is now punishable by death. Hitherto the penalty has just been indigestion. **

In granting permission for the City of Oxford Shove-Ha'penny Final to be held, the VICE-CHANCELLOR of the University intimated that it must not happen again. We can only hope that no encouragement will be given to the proposed transference of this event to the Wembley Stadium. **

The Dean of DURHAM has said that he is not one who holds that it is a sin

to risk a shilling on a horse. Our own view is that there are horses on which it would be a sin to risk as much as sixpence. **

It has been alleged that there are too many Sessions Justices, and a proposal has been put forward that their number should be reduced. A suggested alternative is to increase the number of prisoners for trial. **

Speaking at a meeting of the National Sunday Schools Union, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE said that he did not know a better training for politics than the Sunday Schools. Yet we had always been under the impression that these institutions were intended to guide the young idea along the paths of righteousness. **

Through the generosity of a lady and gentleman a sand-pit playground has been provided at Westminster. This should solve the problem of what to do with our M.P.'s. **

It seems that some strangers to London tried to get into the Academy before it was open to the public. We understand that mounted police were in readiness in case of an attempt to rush the turnstiles. **

MORE ABOUT THE BETTING-TAX.

To the Select Committee appointed by the CHANCELLOR to consider this subject.

If by your favour I may clutch
The sounding lyre again to touch
Upon a theme that means so much

To countless toilers in our City,
I wish to offer one or two
Remarks by way of helping you,
BALDWIN's selected fancy, who
Compose the Bets Committee.

Before the tints of Autumn fade
You will no doubt have swiftly weighed
The views of experts in the trade

And probed the *pari-mutuel* system;
But I will beg you here to glance
At certain points which I advance
About this tricky game of chance
In case you may have missed 'em.

And, first, I hope you won't report
That racing is a rich man's sport
In which alone the bloated sort
Deep-sunk in lucre's filth, engages;
The simple annals of the poor
Witness that they could not endure
To lose so regular and sure
An outlet for their wages.

They'd have you sketch some righteous
plan
To loose them from a legal ban
Bad for the Brotherhood of Man
(All flesh is turf—of Nature's greening);
Where now the copper tries to trace
The bookie to his secret base,
Labour demands a betting—"place"
"Within the Statute's meaning."

And, secondly, if you are set
On wiping off the National Debt,
At sporting tipsters you should get
Who furnish mugs with "informa-
tion";

Let STANLEY be advised to clap
A stiffish toll on every "nap"
That lets their followers down—he'll
tap
A gusher for the nation. O. S.

PANSIES.

"Poets!" said Blenkiron morosely;
"I've no use for them. I don't care if
their verse is free or chained up. I'd
have every man, woman or child who's
convicted—or even suspected—of writing
poetry rounded up and put in a lethal
chamber."

"Oh, come!" I expostulated. "After
all, you needn't read their stuff."

"Needn't I?" said Blenkiron with
sarcasm. "That shows you never met
my Aunt Selina."

I had heard Blenkiron mention her
before, and he had made it clear that
he had expectations in that direction.

"What about her?" I inquired.

"She used to send me a hamper of
apples now and then when I was a
boy at school, and she was generally
good for a fiver at Christmas. She
had a little place in Somerset, and only
kept one servant, a crabbed old woman
who had been with her for years. When
I was asked down there my people were
on tenterhooks all the time for fear I
should do something to upset her, but
I was always on my best behaviour.
We all knew that she must be very com-
fortably off. Later, when I left school
and entered the Bank, I went down for
a week-end whenever I was asked. A
long tedious journey to a dull hole! I
can't think what people see to rave
about in the country. My girl cousins
used to stay there too, and they made
her mats and pincushions, and tried
their best to be polite and attentive."

"And then she sprang Marmaduke
Lessing upon us."

"I had gone down in September, not
long after her annual visit to Weston-
super-Mare. It happened to be my
birthday, and Aunt Selina remembered
it, but, instead of the usual little gift of
money, which would have been particu-
larly welcome just then, she pre-
sented me with a volume of the fellow's
poems. It wasn't a slim volume either.
As books go it was inclined to be cor-
pulent. And it was called *Pansies*."

"It's by a friend of mine," she said,
'and I want your opinion of his work,
Henry. You must know a good many
people in London. If you number any
editors or reviewers among your friends
you might ask them to say something
about it.'

"Nothing more was said then, but
the following day she asked me if I had
read any of the poems. I had glanced
through them to please her, and had
found them to be the most utter balder-
dash. Between you and me I was not
sorry for it. You will understand that
I felt more inclined to bury Marmaduke
than to praise him."

"Well, to be quite frank, Auntie," I
said, 'I'm afraid your friend has mis-
taken his vocation. That first thing
about a girl wearing pansies in her hair
at her first ball and her lover laying
them on her grave is a bit stale as re-
gards the idea, and the metre is like
nothing on earth. Then listen to this;'
I picked up the book and recited:—

"The moon trails skirts of gossamer
Across a windy sky . . ."

"I thought that was rather pretty,"
said my Aunt.

"It is not bad," I conceded, 'if he
had stopped there. But—'

"If I could only follow her
I'd fly, I'd fly, I'd fly!'
is a bit weak."

"'You may be right,' said my Aunt.
'You are so clever, Henry dear, and
so critical. I shall be afraid to ask
poor Marmaduke here to meet you. He
is so sensitive.'

"'We might avoid pansies as a con-
versational topic,' I suggested."

"Well, I had been back in town some
weeks before I realised that my candour
had given offence. I began to grow
uneasy and at last I wrote asking if I
might run down for a week-end before
Christmas. My Aunt replied that she
was extremely sorry, but that Mr.
Lessing was staying with her, that the
duration of his visit was uncertain and
that, as I knew, she had only one spare
bedroom."

"I was so alarmed that I went round
to see my cousins that same night. I
found them all four at home, and we
talked the matter over. Their experi-
ence had been very similar to mine.
They had each received a copy of
Pansies."

"I told Auntie I thought it rather
mawkish," said Mabel, 'and she was
quite angry with me. This Lessing
man seems to have gained a great influ-
ence over her. Do you think Auntie
means to marry him?'

"'Good Heavens!' I said. 'Let's
hope not.'

"But of course we all realised that
it was not impossible."

"In the end we decided that we
must just wait, hoping that my Aunt
would get tired of him. He might try
to keep up his reputation by wearing
his hair long and not getting up to
breakfast. Aunt Selina had always in-
culcated the virtues of neatness and
punctuality in us. I did not fancy
Marmaduke would be in favour long if
he presumed, and I looked forward
with some eagerness to the day when
he'd fly, he'd fly, he'd fly!"

"But my poor Aunt died rather
suddenly that Lent, of influenza."

"We all went to the funeral. The
will, made a few weeks previously, was
read by her lawyer afterwards. She
left an annuity to her servant, and the
rest of her property to the Battersea
Home for Lost Dogs. No mention of
her nephew or nieces."

"My only consolation," said my
Cousin Mabel as we drove back to the
station—"my only consolation is that
that horrid, pushing, self-seeking Mr.
Lessing has been left out too. He
hadn't even the decency to send a
wreath, after all her kindness."

"It was when the furniture was
valued for probate that we learned the
truth. Nine hundred and seventy-six
copies of Marmaduke Lessing's poetical
works were found in the cellar."

"My Aunt had written them herself."



COLUMBIA DRIES THE WAVES.

PRESIDENT HARDING. "I CAN WARN SPIRITS OFF THE VASTY DEEP."

UNCLE SAM. "BUT WILL THEY GO IF YOU DO WARN THEM OFF?"

TRAVELLER. "COME, COME, NO MORE OF THIS UNPROFITABLE CHAT."

Henry IV. (Part I.)—Act III., Scene 1.



Bridegroom. "DON'T SEE ANYTHING OF THAT FIVE HUNDRED POUND CHEQUE YOUR FATHER PROMISED US."

Bride. "NO, DEAR. HE SAW THAT YOUR FATHER HAD GIVEN A CHEQUE, AND HE KNEW YOU HAD AN OBJECTION TO DUPLICATES."

THE PLOT.

"You see that stout man over there," said Ambrose. "He is the proprietor. I can tell you a very curious story about him."

"I am sure you can," I said.

We were lunching in one of those little Italian restaurants, of which there are so many in London, which stops being Italian abruptly at the third course. Perhaps it is as well.

"When I first knew this place," went on Ambrose, fishing for cork in his Barsac, "he was only a waiter, and used to wait at the very table where we now sit. I used to come here in those days with a great friend of mine whom I think you do not know. We were writing a detective story together." He sighed and dug his fork meditatively into his chicken cutlet. "There is something very sombre about chicken cutlets," he said rather fatuously. "This one has a macaroni leg."

"To students of ornithology," I agreed, "they must be full of pity and tears. But what was the crime in your story?"

"I needn't bother you with that,"

said Ambrose; "indeed it all happened so long ago that I scarcely remember myself. The important point is the method of composition that we employed. We imagined the two principal criminals as meeting here every week to discuss their plot. This gave us a tremendous advantage from the point of view of realistic description and atmosphere generally. I was one criminal, you see, and my friend was the other. The idea was to describe our own features and mannerisms exactly to the life, and we chose a house that we both knew for the scene of the hidden treasure, the midnight murder and the theft. We also selected a vampire."

"A what?" I said.

"'Vampire' is the technical term," said Ambrose. "We used the lady whom you now see sitting opposite the proprietor. She was the then proprietor's daughter, and she used at that time to bring round cigarettes and liqueurs. She has a dashing manner, as you perceive, and seemed to us to be a suitable person for decoying and blackmailing the owner of the jewels, and also for attempting, unsuccessfully of course, to hoodwink our detective."

"And who was your detective?" I inquired.

"The waiter," said Ambrose. "That was the real beauty of our plot. It is frightfully hard, as you know, to invent a detective who really follows up difficult clues, and our criminals, my friend and myself, by the time we had lunched five or six times, had become so tremendously subtle and had covered their tracks so completely that the only way to trap them was to invent a man who had overheard the whole plot from the beginning. We used to draw plans of the passages of the house and the rooms on the backs of the menu cards, and that helped the detective, of course, a lot."

"But wouldn't your subtle criminals," I objected, "have taken care not to be overheard?"

"Ah, that was just the point," he explained. "This table, you see, is quite separate from all the others, and the waiter's knowledge of English, so far as we could judge, was amazingly small. He seemed the kind of man who, when he retired to his native home in Lucca or wherever it was, would be able to gather the inhabitants round and im-

press them by saying, 'Chicken cutlets and ice,' 'Britannia rule ze waves,' but not much more. So we pretended that he was the smart young detective in disguise. Then, of course, when the great day came and our *coup* was completed, he simply stepped forward and clapped the darbies on our wrists with that swift decisive gesture that detectives always use."

"I suppose it has to be done when both hands are engaged in cutting the steak," I said. "It would certainly cast a gloom over the rest of the meal."

"Yes," agreed Ambrose; "and then, of course, he beckoned to two plain-clothes men seated at another table, who took us away."

"And the vampire?" I asked. "What about her?"

"That was another rather thrilling point," said Ambrose. "The vampire was a kind of double vampire really, and had been in league with the detective all along. It was a fine story, very fine." And he sighed again. "We will have the special coffee now. I have never had the not-special coffee at this restaurant. I must order it some day. I have always been a seeker after new sensations."

"And who published your story?"

I said after a slight pause. I always think that is the best way of putting it.

"Ah," said Ambrose, "that is the strange thing. When the manuscript was complete (I did the final revision myself) we sent it to a publisher, and met here for a final lunch to celebrate the event. I remember we had a rum-omelette on that day. One waits fifteen minutes for a rum-omelette. Afterwards we drank the waiter's health, and he replied in the Italian tongue."

"Well?" I said.

"On the next day we called by appointment to see the publisher. He told us that he liked our story very much, but by an extraordinary coincidence he had received the manuscript of a detective novel with precisely the same plot only a few days before. It was written, he told us, by an Italian gentleman."

"You mean ?" I began.

"He is sitting over there," said Ambrose. "He married the proprietor's daughter and subsequently took over the business. The novel had a great success."

"Ambrose," I complained bitterly, "is any of this story true?"

"Not a word," he rejoined cheerfully. "Chicken cutlets always affect me like that; or it may possibly be the cheese in the soup."

Fortunately I had no money on me, so that he was obliged to pay the bill.

Evon.



Tenor. "HAVE YOU HEARD MY LAST NEW SONG?"

Friend. "YES."

Tenor. "WHAT D'YOU THINK OF IT?"

Friend. "I THINK IT WOULD GO WELL ON THE CINEMA."

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

From "Answers to Correspondents:

"As to the correct pronunciation of 'Sicyon.' The name is taken from a city of ancient Greece, and classical scholars would pronounce it Sish-i-on. 'Sick-i-on' is certainly the popular interpretation where Mr. S. B. Joel's four-year-old sprinter is concerned, but, strictly speaking, it is wrong."—*Sunday Paper*.

"On his [Lord BEAUCHAMP's] own subject of Free Trade I once heard him say one of those short and simple things that are the result only of real thinking. He was referring to the Protectionist reaction during the war to which so many Liberal leaders weakly yielded, and he said, 'Two and two.'"—*Liberal Paper*. This pungent phrase should certainly become historical.

Another Impending Apology.

"The usual 'May Day' donkey parade in Manchester was not so large as it used to be before the war, and the 57 competitors for prizes did not by any means adequately represent all the donkeys of Manchester and Salford."—*Local Paper*.

"I remember being told by a doctor that a man suffering from nerve lesion will say 'apple' when he wishes to say 'plum,' although he knows that he is saying 'plum' and wishes to say 'apple.'"

Letter in Manchester Paper.

This is even more strange than the curious persistence with which, during the War, the Quartermaster, to the request for "strawberry," responded with "plum and apple."

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

XXI.—A HOT-BED.

"HOT-BEDS," said the man in the big armchair. "Hot-beds of revolution—that's what they are. What time are you lunching, old man?"

"Well, I was just waiting till I felt like it," said the man in the high collar. "No, I don't know what we're coming to. Did you see those statistics of crime in *The Times*?"

It was Sunday at the Rakes' Club, where George had taken me for lunch. And we were discussing the Socialist Sunday Schools.

"I did. But what can you expect? There's the cinema all the evening and these damned schools in the afternoon. What the next generation's goin' to be like I can't think."

"Crime's one thing," said the man with the cocktail, "but Socialism's another." And with that he went in to lunch.

"Breedin' Bolsheviks—that's what we are," came from the armchair.

"Ought not to be any politics on Sunday," said the high collar. "Have the little devils in an' give 'em a straight talk about the Empire by all means, but Well, come on, Carruthers; we'll try the new Madeira."

"I hear they drink blood," said the armchair.

* * * * *

An hour or two later George and I were ushered into a hot-bed—a small back-room in a grubby street not many leagues from Chelsea. At the door, with a reassuring glance, George tapped his side pocket, which I investigated. George had brought a gun.

"You never know," he said darkly.

In the hot-bed were some thirty well-fed children, of all ages from three to thirteen. All wore badges, and one carried a baby.

Mr. Tabbery, the teacher—or shall we say, the labourer in the hot-bed?—led us in. "GOOD AFTERNOON, COMRADES," he boomed in his deep voice, and "Good afternoon, Comrades," piped the children, and at that notoriously seditious word I saw George shiver.

"Which little comrade will recite the text of the month?" asked Mr. Tabbery.

"I will, Comrade!" said a smug little girl of about nine, jumping up. And she recited rapidly, in the "Eena-meena-mina-mo" manner:—

"Love-learning-which-is-the-food-of-the-mind-be-as-grateful-to-your-teachers-as-you-are-to-your-parents."

"That's good, Hettie! And now, Comrades, let us repeat the text together." And the Comrades, standing up, gabbled in unison that same subversive shibboleth, with the exception

of the baby-comrade, who gave a low but frankly rebellious wail.

Hettie, who wore plaits and a soapy air of importance, was clearly the inevitable star performer of the class. And how I loathed her! She oozed with righteousness and learning, and never failed to show off when required. As I watched her, my respect for Mr. Tabbery increased. Mr. Tabbery is a fine honest fellow, with the heroism of the fanatic and the pathetic dignity of the harmless lunatic, both of which one may respect, without accepting their expressions of opinion. And for a hard-working man to spend every Sunday afternoon in that dingy little room, inspiring Hettie to love Socialism and the food of the mind, seemed to me the most heroic lunacy I had ever encountered. Harmless? Well, no. The production and encouragement of Hetties is indeed a crime against society.

Still, no one had drunk blood yet.

"Hand out the books, Hettie," said Mr. Tabbery, and, simpering, the dreadful little girl distributed copies of the scarlet Socialist Sunday-School Hymn-Book. It contained lyrics by SHELLEY and LONGFELLOW, Mrs. HEMANS and one or two bishops. Also "The Red Flag." And you can take your choice.

An adult Comrade played on a violin an unusually disconsolate tune, and, standing up, we all sang Hymn Number 66:

"I deem that man a nobleman—
Yea, noblest of his kind—
Who shows by moral excellence
His purity of mind."

None sang this louder than the insufferable Hettie. (I claim that it is the worst quatrain in the whole body of English verse). The rest of the verse ran:—

"Who is alike through good and ill
A firm unflinching man,
Who loves the cause of brotherhood
And aids it all he can."

This hymn, every verse of which began with the same line, was evidently aimed at George, and I was greatly afraid that at the last verse he would shoot, if not before. However, he forbore, and we sat down to listen to an address from Mr. Tabbery, directed nominally at the children, who paid no attention, but actually at George, who was eagerly reading the redder hymns in the book.

Mr. Tabbery made a long and carefully-reasoned answer to the attacks of newspapers on the Socialist Sunday Schools, punctuated occasionally with the words "Boys and Girls."

"It is said," he remarked at last, "that we are in the habit of inculcating hatred and class-animosity—Boys and Girls. This is not true, Boys and Girls. If I had been born the son of a duke, I don't doubt I should have the same

outlook on life as he has. We don't hate such people—Boys and Girls—we pity them. For we believe in the brotherhood of man. I ask you, Boys and Girls, in all these months do you ever remember an occasion on which I have attempted to inculcate hatred or class-animosity?"

There was no answer. The Comrades opened their mouths and gaped at each other; but even the baby was silent.

Then the invaluable Hettie piped up: "No, Comrade! Never!" The situation was saved.

And we rose up and sang in our childish trebles:—

"So on we march to battle,
With hearts that grow more strong;
Till victory ends our warfare
We sternly march along."

It is an odd thing, but whenever a man talks very big about peace and brotherhood you may be fairly sure that in two minutes he will be singing a song of which every other word is "banner," "battle" or "fight."

However, the children, marched they never so sternly, seemed as sheepish as before, not to say bored; and the only person to behave at all violently was George, who kept discovering red passages in other parts of the book, digging me in the ribs and pointing at them with no little indignation.

For example, while I was singing:—

"One heart, one home, one nation,
Whose king and lord is love,"

George was pointing at:—

"Democracy! Democracy!
Our sordid lives take thou in hand,
Transmute them to a symphony
Of organ-music grand . . ."

And another that worried him was the charming lyric:—

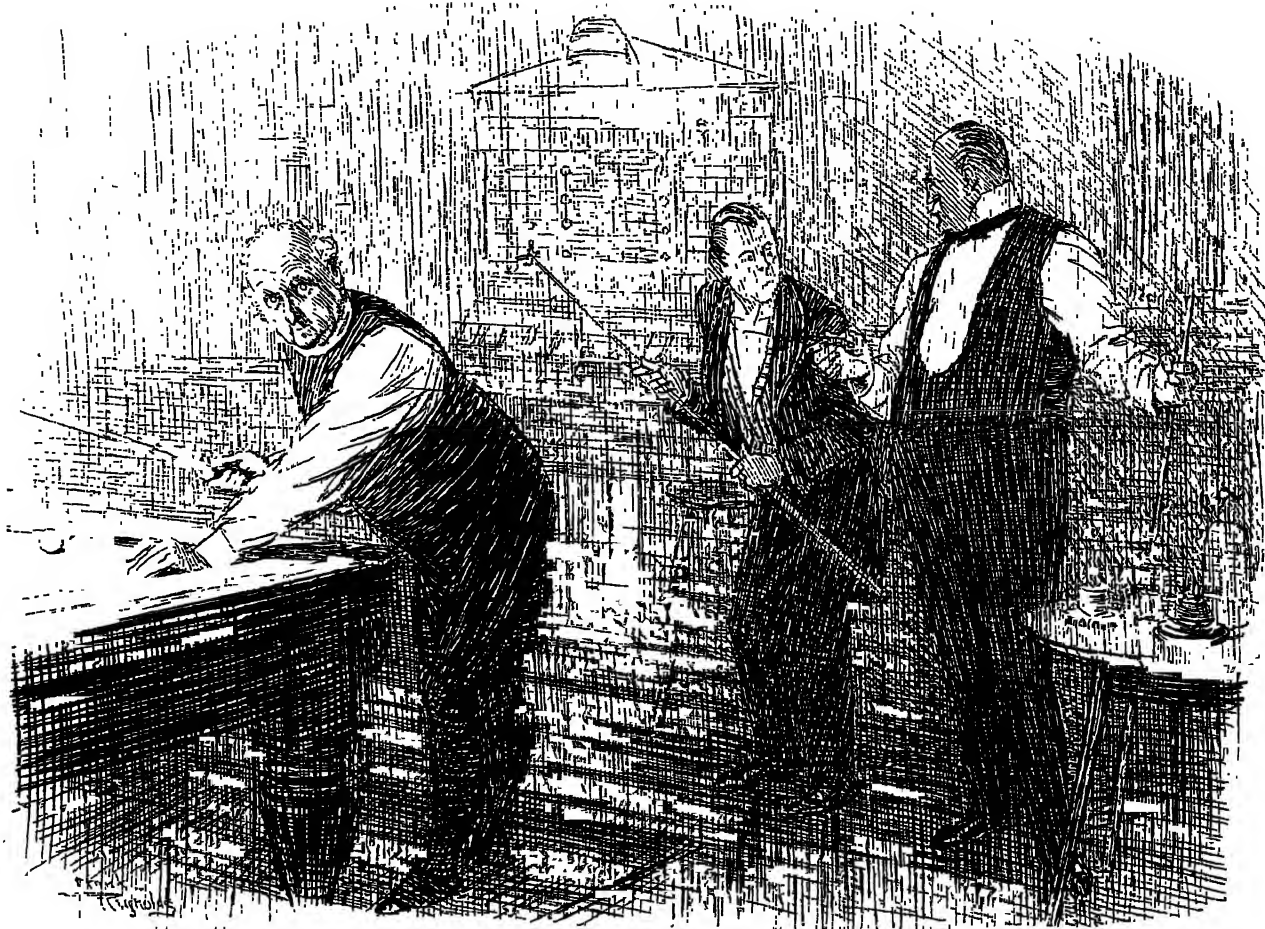
"Who strives from earliest morn,
Who toils till latest night,
Who brings to others wealth,
Ease, luxury and might?
Who turns alone the world's great wheel,
Yet has no right in commonweal?
It is the men who toil,
The Proletariat;
It is the men, the men who toil,
The Proletariat."

"If they sing that I shall go out," whispered George.

Personally I would have given a month's salary to hear the little Comrades sing that. I would even have liked to see them fear the Union Jack to pieces. Or denounce the Constitution. Anything to show that they had a little red blood left in them. But they did not even giggle.

Instead they sang—and now with what gusto!—Hymn 12, the refrain of which is:—

"And we practise as we go
On the little things we meet;
Carrying Granny's parcel for her,
Guiding blind men o'er the street;



The Bishop's Opponent (to temporary marker). "DO YOU REALLY UNDERSTAND THE GAME, MY BOY? NOW, WHAT'S HIS LORDSHIP MADE?"

Marker (to prove his intelligence). "THREE FLUKES, SIR."

Lifting up the fallen baby,
Helping mother all we may;
Thus as little duties meet us
We perform them day by day."

And, oh! the look on Hettie's face as, loud and clear, she trilled the noble words. Sweet child! I felt that a little healthy blood-drinking would do her all the good in the world.

The final song, I must admit, was pretty red. The tune was the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," and Mr. Tabbery announced that at the last verse we should all clasp hands.

The last verse came at last, and it ran:—

"And now we'll clasp each other's hands,
And by the dead will swear
To keep the Red Flag waving high
Through all the coming year."

A halt was called, while the children laboriously clutched each other, and with extreme reluctance. Poor Mr. Tabbery glanced at George and me, but I regret to say that we both looked the other way, George because he was choking with indignation, and I because I was afraid of giving way to the giggles.

None the less I sang like any Hettie:

"We'll keep the Red Flag waving high
For Auld Lang Syne."

"By gad, it's awful," said George seriously as we departed.

"It is," I agreed seriously; "it's terrible."

"They'll all grow up Socialists, you know—every one of them."

"They'll all grow up horrid prigs," I said. A. P. H.

THE SWIFT.

Poor Progne comes before the leaves

And ere a cuckoo cries;

'Neath April eaves

A-chill she grieves,

And, when October dies

With wet and gloomy skies

And woodland pyre,

Around the windy spire

Tardily still she veers

And can't make up her mind about
Tangiers.

She's Summer's signet, so you say,

Calm tides and flowerful grass;

Nay, come she may

By Easter Day

To bide o'er Michaelmas;

When *Summer* comes to pass,

Phyllis, look up;

Yes, to mid May's blue cup

A rival blueness lift,

And there her signet see—the rapturous swift.

The lilled stream he leads us by

And, where dog-roses climb,

His hunting cry

All elfin high

Thrills the long dusking time;

Then, some ripe Autumn prime

When chestnuts fall,

And on the sunny wall

The unmeasured pomps are
spread

Of mellow Ceres, lo, the bird hath fled.

But, when his long keen scimitars

Cut circles in the blue,

Nor suns nor stars

Nor calendars

Need we to say anew

That Summer, Summer true

It but can be,

Hayfield and strawberry,

While, with Aurora's blush,

Out through the ardent hours those
wild wings rush.

SESAME;

OR, THE NEW SCHOOL OF ADVERTISE-
MENT.

THIS story was told me by an aggressive little man during the journey from Paddington to Birmingham. I wish you would see what you think of it.

"When you went into John More's office for the first time," said the little man, "you could not fail to be impressed. All over the walls were stuck rude and personal notices, such as 'Do it now!' 'This is our busy day, so say it quick and get out!' and so forth.

"John More himself was just like that. He was the concentrated essence of Efficiency. The human element was eliminated in his office wherever possible. For instance, the telephone automatically recorded all messages, and you could turn on a little tap at the end of a day and collect enough wrong numbers and strong language to last a golf enthusiast a month.

"All this being so, you can imagine why John More was closeted one day with a wild-eyed, carelessly-dressed stranger. The stranger was an inventor; and John More, in the cause of Efficiency, was prepared to listen to anybody who'd got anything automatic to sell, from a cigarette-lighter to a device for coupling railway-carriages.

"John More looked at the stranger once. Then he said, *staccato*, 'Well? Start talking.'

"'You may have heard,' answered the wild-eyed stranger, 'of an instrument which has been constructed to translate sound-vibrations into energy.'

"'Yep! Continue,' said John More.

"'There has been invented,' said the stranger, 'a diaphragm which responds to sound-vibrations. This diaphragm operates a spring, which is arranged so that it automatically opens a door. A man with a keen well-developed brain like yours can grasp the potentialities of such a thing. I have developed it. This little instrument here is the last word in safe locks. It is automatic; it requires no keys. There is no combination of letters to set which might be forgotten. It is completely burglar-proof and, best of all, it can be constructed so as to be set in operation by one man only.'

"'Show me,' said John.

"'Behold!' said the stranger. 'You are, of course, aware that no two voices are exactly alike. They differ as to the length and quality of their vibrations. This lock contains a diaphragm which is set to respond to one particular voice—my own. It is locked, as you see. Now attend.'

"He placed the lock on the table far away from him, and said, 'Open!' Obediently the lock sprang open.

"'Now you try,' said the inventor.

"John More tried, but the lock might

did the managing clerk implore it, or the typist endeavour to persuade it. It was adamant. It obeyed only John More.

"For a time all went well. Then one day John More placed in the safe some deeds, which he proposed to produce next day as a security for a loan.

"It was a critical period in his life. He had spent so much in his labour-saving appliances that he was short of cash, and if this loan were not negotiated immediately the result would be disaster.

"And this is where the English Spring took a hand. Next morning the financial magnates who were to engineer the loan arrived. John More advanced to the safe.

"'Oped!' he said.

"There was no response.

"'Cub od,' he said impatiently. 'Oped!'

"No answer. And then the truth dawned on him. He had contracted a bad cold, and the dutiful lock, not recognising the hoarseness in his voice, refused to budge. It was opened later on by the Official Receiver with a little slab of dynamite. . . .

"Now that," said the diminutive man as he came to the end of his tale, "is a thing that might happen to anybody."

He began to open a little black bag.

"It's of no use," I said, "your trying to sell me one. My safe is made of wire-netting; it's really a meat safe. Besides "

"You mistake me," he replied. "If John More had known of this Marvellous Remedy, Thompson's Tracheo-bronchial Tabloids, the situation would have been saved.

Only one-and-three-halfpence a box, and they cure colds, coughs, frog in the throat, clogged "

The Feet of the Force.

"The beautiful stretch of turf . . . broken into holes by the hoofs of the mounted police." *Daily Paper.*

"A Pom Dog for Sale. Can be seen." *Advt. in Local Paper.*

We wish this was true of all Poms. We are constantly treading on them.

"Mr. Asquith dressed in the uniform of Trinity House (his old college)." *Weekly Paper.*

How pleased the Elder Brethren of Balliol must have been!



"CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE."

THE HERMIT OF HERM.

have been a post-office assistant for all the notice it took of him. He raised his voice and lowered it. He even sang through a verse of 'Drinking,' to the amazement of his cashier, who thought that it would be a good opportunity to ask for an increase in salary, but still the lock remained locked. John More's eyes lit up.

"'How much?' he said, his ruling passion for efficient curtness strong even in his exaltation. In five more minutes he had agreed to buy one, and the inventor had taken a gramophone record of his voice so that he could make the correct diaphragm, and was on his way home.

"Next week it was installed. In vain



Caddy. "YOU'RE ON THE GREEN, SIR."

Erratic Golfer. "WHICH GREEN?"

THE ETERNAL CHILD.

(Most garden-lovers, according to a daily paper, are men and women who joyously refuse to grow up.)

Thomas, old friend, the time is fast approaching
When, be we in responsive mood or not,
Nothing on earth will hinder you from broaching
The endless topic of your garden plot;
Regardless of the tedium you engender,
You will begin the saga which unfolds
The fullest details of its present splendour
And what its future holds.

You will explain each step you took to urge on
By free expenditure of pains and cash
The season's growth, to bid the bare earth burgeon
And break into a multitudinous rash,
Tell us the way in which you racked your cranium
To find what treatment, just what food and drink,
Were best to ginger up the young geranium
And expedite the pink.

Thomas, although your monomania be a
Proof of the youthful soul within your chest,
That you have found a Peter Panacea
Forbidding eld to dim your early zest,
Pause and reflect, nor in your former style dish
Up once again your horticultural lore,
Lest men shall deem you simply *second-childish*,
A garrulous old bore.

THE PYTHON AS PET.

PEOPLE display little originality in the choice of pets. This strange conservatism no doubt explains why it is that, according to the Press, a twenty-one foot python is going cheap in the East-End.

Yet the python is singularly suitable as a household companion. Disposed in a neat coil in the hall, it would serve the double purpose of doormat and watchdog. In the garden it could be used at full length as a guide for marking out the tennis-court, or it could be sent up the trees to shake down their ripened fruit in due season. Left out at night it would effectually silence the thrush's greeting of the dawn and paralyse into dumbness the poultry in the vicinity.

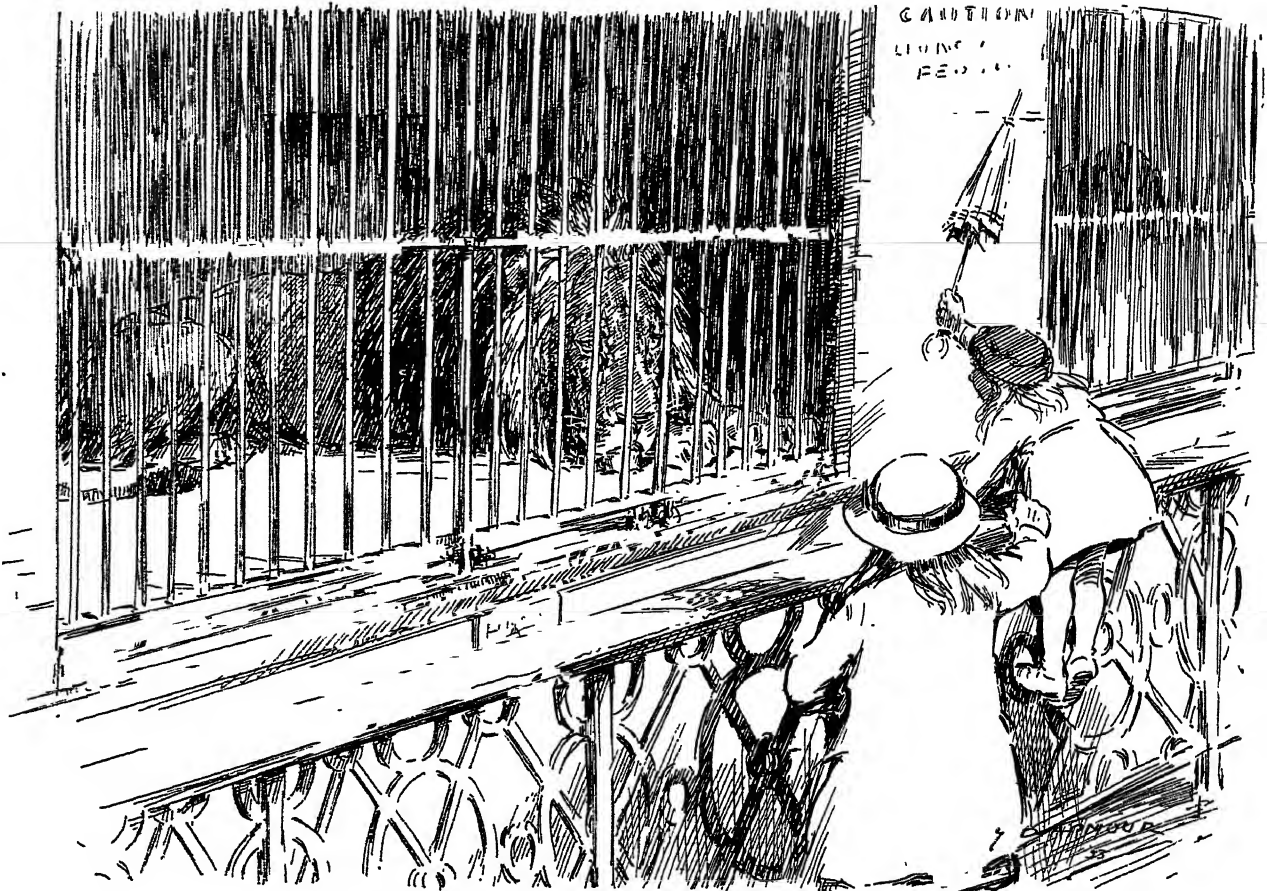
A man could take it to golf on Saturday morning with the certainty of getting away early from the first tee, or to a Cup Final or other sporting event at which he wants to make sure of his allotted seat.

Finally, a python about the house would save the expense of a burglary insurance policy, while courteous and considerate behaviour on the part of rate-collectors would be assured.

From a correspondence column:—

"Where can I read up the case of Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce, recently referred to by one of our judges in censuring a counsel for dilatoriness? It is not in any of the law books to which I have access."
American Paper.

As no answer was appended we gather that the editorial legal library had also been ransacked in vain.



Elder Sister. "DON'T FRIGHTEN THE POOR ANIMAL. IT ISN'T FAIR."

THE SECRET DRAWER.

ONCE a month half-a-dozen of us brighter minds meet in the smoking-room of "The Crown" and probe deeply into the problems of the hour. We are known, I believe, in the village as The Highbrows, but we ourselves make no claim to any such distinction; we are simply clever men whose agile brains gain a more brilliant polish by this periodic contact. Some of us, of course (and I am now, perhaps, thinking more particularly of one), are cleverer than others, but we all of us have *done* something in the great World of Thought. Biddlecombe, for instance, has won no fewer than two Football Competitions (on paper); Saunders' verses, which appear with dogged regularity in the south-east corner of *The Chub-in-the-Wold Observer*, must be well known to lovers of—of that sort of thing; while Colonel Cursit's handbook on Golf for Pleasure and Profit, profusely illustrated with photographs of his spaniel finding other people's lost balls (for, and on behalf of, the Colonel), will, when published, be the accepted authority on the subject. And so on.

At last Thursday's meeting of the Highbrows it was Stringfellow's turn to start a subject. Stringfellow is a bach-

elor—a bitter bachelor. He also has an analytical mind. He solves acrostics. Involved problems, such as 'White to Play and Mate in Seventeen Moves,' are an open book to him. He wears a monocle. Altogether there's something sinister about Stringfellow.

"We will talk this evening of The Secret Drawer," he said coldly. The faces of Biddlecombe, Cursit, Saunders and Wanklyn registered complete blankness. I had just time to infuse intelligent anticipation into mine before Stringfellow's monocle raked it.

"In the life of every married woman there is a secret drawer," said Stringfellow didactically. "The question is: what does it contain?"

"How d'ye mean—secret drawer?" snorted Colonel Cursit (who has been married two or three times).

"I speak figuratively, of course," went on Stringfellow with his tight-lipped smile. "Let me put it in another form: every married woman has one closely-guarded secret which she would die rather than reveal to her husband. Therefore I say she has a Secret Drawer."

With an unpleasant laugh, Stringfellow opened his second bottle of gingerale. "You happily married men," he said with an intolerable leer, "what do you really know of your wives' innermost

thoughts? Precious little. And a good thing, too, that you have never tried to find out. For, from the moment that you so much as suspect the existence of the Secret Drawer, your peace of mind will be shattered."

It was Wanklyn who broke the brooding silence which supervened.

"I cannot imagine," he said rather wistfully, "my wife having any secret which she would die rather than reveal. She—er—she's always revealing 'em."

Stringfellow chuckled abominably. "Ah, yes," he agreed; "but they're *other people's* secrets, not her own." And Wanklyn wilted.

"But—but I say, Stringfellow," stammered Biddlecombe, "what—what sort of secret, eh? I mean, what sort of—of a secret does a wife keep hidden from her husband?"

"Some love, or hate," announced Stringfellow. "One or the other, you may be sure. Love of gin or cocaine or a curate; hatred of truth or curry (if *you* happen to be fond of it) or the shape of your nose. In any case it is something humiliating to you. Take my advice, Biddlecombe, and never try to force that Secret Drawer. Once you have done so, life will never be the same again."

As we married members of the Highbrows shuffled out of the smoking-room,

Stringfellow (usually the most abstemious of men) was pouring out his third bottle of ginger-ale. We left him to his excesses.

Now, I would not have you suppose that the cynicisms of a jaundiced chap like Stringfellow could have any effect upon *me*. Whatever impression he may have made upon the others (and by the way they hurried homeward I judge it was no slight one), I was, comparatively, unmoved. I knew jolly well that Mollie had no Secret Drawer. Jolly well I knew it. All the same—anyway, I did not hurry home. I mean I did not run; I just walked quickly. And I did *not* burst like a cyclone into our sitting-room; I simply flung open the door and entered impetuously.

Mollie was sitting at her antique bureau—the one I gave her for a birthday present—the one about which the Bank manager wrote such a courteous letter when I paid for it.

"What about that Secret Drawer?" I demanded peremptorily.

The lid of the bureau came down with a crash.

"How—how did you know there—there was one?" whispered Mollie, abashed.

I may have blanched; probably I did blanch. I know I was what is called "taken aback." Stringfellow was right, then. Mollie had a Secret Drawer. But in her case it was no mere figure of speech; it was an objective concrete fact. Phew!

"Never mind," I made answer coldly, even icily. "What is in it?"

Mollie raised the lid of the bureau and lowered both her own. A queer sort of a smile flickered about her lips. Not so much a guilty smile as a rum one. I clenched my teeth and, I believe, my hands.

"Look," she said.

She touched a hidden spring just beneath the pigeon-hole where she keeps the laundry list. Out gushed a shallow drawer. In it was a match-box.

"Open it," said Mollie.

Her smile had flickered out. She drooped before me.

I obeyed, frowning. The box contained half a cigarette—a fat, opulent, gold-tipped cigarette. Turkish! It had been abandoned at the very zenith of its glory!

"Well?" I asked, carefully schooling my voice.

"That cigarette," said Mollie softly, "was thrown away by a man just before he proposed to me."

Still she evaded my eye. I flung out my chest and my hand. First my chest, then my hand. I had, I think, a right to be indignant.

"And," I cried scornfully, "you've



American Tourist (on spiral staircase of Tube). "SAY, MAMIE, WE SHALL HAVE TO WALK UP. I GUESS THIS ESCALATOR IS PETRIFIED."

kept it all this time! You refused the flaunting millionaire and yet you treasure this stub of the cigarette which he, with sickening display, flung aside!"

"No," said Mollie, "I accepted him."

Of course I knew all along that Stringfellow was an ass. But what takes me to the fair is that I was ever able to afford to smoke such cigarettes. I suppose I was better off then. Or wasn't I?

"The Market Inspector is to have a suit of uniform. The committee authorised a coat and hat, but Councillor — proposed that he should have trousers as well, and this was agreed to."—*Local Paper*.

There is, of course, always a chance that an inspector may himself be inspected.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"By avoiding driving into places where there is reasonable suspicion that the ground is strewn with sharp objects, many punctures may be escaped."—*Weekly Paper*.

"The Scarborough steam trawler Esmeralda yesterday landed a Royal surgeon about 9 ft. in length and weighing over 16 stones."

Yorkshire Paper.

This must, we think, be one of the "Surgeons Extraordinary."

"Sir Thomas Shirley was captured by the Turks in 1603, while privateering in the Levant, and thrown into prison in Constantinople. There he remained till December, 1905, when his release was effected on payment of eleven hundred dollars to his gaolers."

Local Paper.

For three centuries' board and lodging the charge does not seem unreasonable.



Guest. "MAY I HAVE A MORSEL MORE CHICKEN TO FINISH MY DELICIOUS SALAD WITH?"

Small Boy (picking up formula). "MAY I HAVE A BIT MORE OF EVERYTHING TO FINISH MY LOVELY SALT WITH?"

COMMERCIALISING CUPID.

It seems that the educational authorities at Delavan, Wis., are greatly worried over the love-letters exchanged by their boy and girl students.

These young people are undergoing a training which is supposed to fit them for a commercial career, and it is essential that a business-like tone should mark their correspondence. Nothing is more subversive of a sound commercial *moral* than for students to practise out of school hours an epistolary style which would not be tolerated in their class work. Their amatory correspondence, like all other kinds, ought to be under the control of their masters, who should teach them to clothe sentiment in the language of commerce against the time when they may be called upon to engage in serious transactions concerned with matters of the heart.

We append a few models in this kind:

MARRIAGE.

DEAR MADAM,—We beg to refer to our previous offers under this heading and are pleased to report that nothing has occurred since we last communicated with you on this subject to cause

us to wish to withdraw these. On the contrary we desire emphatically to confirm our frequent statements in this connection, and would be glad to hear from you at your convenience.

We are, Yours faithfully,
J. NIBBS.

DEAR SIR,—We are in receipt of your communication of even date, the contents of which are duly noted. We have, however, to say that whilst we are at all times prepared to be a sister to you, we are not, in the present state of trade, contemplating undertaking a contract of the sort you suggest.

Yours, etc., KATE CARBON.

DEAR MADAM,—Further to the objections raised to the proposal addressed to you from this office last week, the writer gives it as his considered opinion that there are now distinct signs of improvement in the financial outlook, and, whilst there is no wish for you to regard this suggested amalgamation as a monetary proposition alone, we agree that it is an aspect of the situation that certainly should not be overlooked. Should, then, the opportunity be provided by you in the near future, we are prepared to give all reasonable proofs

and assurances that the position is as stated. An early and favourable reply is respectfully requested.

Yours truly, J. NIBBS.

DEAR SIR,—We incline to your view that a matter of the kind you have in mind can perhaps be better discussed at a meeting of the parties concerned. Accordingly, it would oblige if you would ring up 59999 Bank between the hours of 10 and 11 A.M. to-morrow (Thursday) with the view of making an appointment for Saturday afternoon next.

Sincerely yours, KATE CARBON.

DEAR MISS CARBON,—We thank you for the courtesy extended to our representative, Mr. Nibbs, during Saturday afternoon last, and, in confirmation of the statements made, we beg to state that it is our intention (subject to your approval) to take delivery at the church in from two to three months U.C.E. We make this offer firm and may say that no offer of a similar nature has ever been made by us to anyone save your good self. Assuring you of our prompt and careful attention at all times to your esteemed wishes,

We are, Yours, J. NIBBS.



THE ASS THAT SPOKE TOO SOON.

HOUSEHOLDER. "THANK YOU SO MUCH, SIR, FOR RELIEVING ME OF THIS WEIGHT."

CHANCELLOR. "NOT AT ALL; NOT AT ALL."

[Replaces it with an equivalent burden.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, April 30th.—It is, I suppose, the approach of the Imperial Conference that has made Members so suddenly keen about the development of the outlying portions of the Empire. Even the claims of the Island of Ascension were pressed upon the attention of Mr. ORMSBY-GORE, who, however, was unable to say more than that the Colonial Office was considering the grant of a concession to take turtle.

In the circumstances it is not surprising that Ascension is one of the very few dependencies that have been unable to contribute to the outlay on next year's British Empire Exhibition at Wembley. The proposed tower at the Exhibition apparently has the approval of Mr. BECKER, who drew attention to its "great advertising value," but not of Colonel BUCKLEY of the Overseas Trade Department, who announced that the Government representative on the Management Committee had been instructed to lodge "serious objections" to it.

Mr. MOSLEY thereupon seized the opportunity to emphasize his own hostility to the project, and also to draw attention to the most pressing topic of the day by pointing out that a committee "incapable of managing a football match" must be "also incompetent to build a Tower of Babel." He was less happy, a little later, in talking about the "hooliganism" of the crowds which inundated Wembley on Saturday. Mr. JACK JONES, a little chastened, perhaps, by the defeat of his beloved "Hammers"—"I do not care who won," he said plaintively; "I only know who lost"—administered a singularly dignified rebuke, which was endorsed by the HOME SECRETARY, who agreed with the Member for Silvertown both as to the good humour of the people and the conduct of the police.

With remarkable prescience Sir HARRY BRITAIN had put down last week a question as to the "accessibility" of the Exhibition grounds. The fact that two hundred thousand people managed to find their way there on Saturday seemed, in Colonel BUCKLEY's opinion, to justify an affirmative reply.

On the financial resolution of the Housing Bill Scottish Members vied with one another as to who should demand the highest subsidy for his country. Six pounds a house seemed so inadequate to Captain WEDGWOOD BENN that he moved to omit Scotland altogether from the Bill. Ten pounds, according to Mr. W. GRAHAM, was the least the Scottish authorities could do with. Unless the subsidy was at least twelve pounds, said Mr. DUNCAN MILLAR, the houses would

not be built. What the figure would ultimately have reached if all the Scots had spoken it is impossible to estimate. At last Sir HENRY CRAIK, disgusted at their rapacity, struck a nobler note.



THE PRIDE OF SCOTLAND.

SIR HENRY CRAIK.

Scotland, he said, as a proud country should disdain to ask exceptional terms.

At any rate she is not likely to get them, for the House rejected the Amendment by 247 to 130.

Tuesday, May 1st.—Lord LINCOLN-SHIRE's perennial cheerfulness has succumbed to agricultural depression. In gloomy tones he contrasted the high



"NOT KNOWN TO THE POLICE."

MR. BUCHANAN.

hopes aroused by the late Government's abandoned policy with the actual condition—farmers going bankrupt and labourers struggling to keep themselves and their families on twenty-five shillings. While congratulating the Bishop of NORWICH on his efforts to obtain a settlement of the Norfolk dispute

he feared that the "patched-up peace" would not last.

The Bishop modestly disclaimed any title to praise—he had merely provided a house where the disputants could meet—and passed on the compliments to the Press, which, on this occasion at least, had allayed and not inflamed local irritation. The only fault he found with the agreement was a lack of clearness. "Victimization" was an unfortunate word, which "started in Latin, went on in Greek, and, he supposed, ended in English." No wonder, then, that it was variously interpreted by farmers and labourers interested in quite a different kind of roots.

May-day in the Commons was chiefly celebrated by Mr. BUCHANAN, who sported a brilliant red buttonhole, and amused the House by his story of how on the Royal wedding-day a certain legislator (himself?) had found great difficulty in convincing the police that he really was a Member of Parliament.

The PRIME MINISTER having wisely gone off to Italy (whence come the best voices), Mr. BALDWIN is now acting Leader of the House. Perhaps it was to emphasize his new position that, in putting off an inquiry as to the fiscal policy to be placed before the Imperial Conference, he made use of the formula, originally invented by Mr. ASQUITH but adopted by all his successors, and advised his questioner to "Wait and see."

The discrepancy in the numbers of men and women emigrating from Stornoway touched the heart of Sir CHARLES YATE, who inquired if it was fair "to send three hundred of the best men from the Highlands and leave behind all the girls forlorn." Colonel BUCKLEY assured him that the Government were alive to the hardship involved and would give every consideration in the matter of passage-money to "the girls they left behind them."

A few old Parliamentarians remember the passing of the Trades Disputes Act of 1906, and the curious circumstances in which it was transformed from a measure designed to remedy a specific grievance (the Taff Vale Judgment) into one giving all trade associations (masters' as well as men's) almost complete immunity from legal process. When Mr. GERALD HURST asked leave to introduce a Bill repealing the most salient provisions of the Act, the Labour Party tried in vain to put him off his course by noisy interruptions. Then Mr. J. H. THOMAS endeavoured to laugh the proposal out of court, declaring that if passed it would only hasten the advent of a Labour Government, and by way of a final joke announced that his Party would not oppose it.

The proposed expenditure of nine-and-a-half millions on a naval base at Singapore excited the wrath of Mr. LAMBERT, and the grave doubts of Mr. ASQUITH, who could not understand why, if the work was urgent, it was to be spread over ten years.

The debate revealed once more the collective omniscience of the House of Commons. Several members, it turned out, had personal experience of Singapore. Captain HAY thought it would be much better to spend the money on housing than throw it away on "a pestilential and immoral cesspool." He was answered by Mr. PENNY, who, having lived twenty years in the alleged cesspool, declined to admit that he had returned as a Bad Penny.

Wednesday, May 2nd.—A request that the Government should define their policy on the linked questions of Imperial Preference and Migration within the Empire was preferred by the Duke of MARLBOROUGH in uncontroversial style, his only challenging sentence—and that addressed to the Opposition—being that no Government would dare to remove the existing Imperial tariff. Lord AIRLIE seconded in a maiden speech, deservedly eulogised by later speakers.

Then uprose Lord BIRKENHEAD, and Ministers wondered which of them was going to catch it this time. But they were agreeably disappointed, for the ex-LORD CHANCELLOR (who only that morning in his judicial capacity had thought fit to administer a severe reprimand to his old rival, Sir JOHN SIMON) now roared as gently as a sucking-dove. There were no personal attacks, no sarcastic allusions to "Dolly Sisters," but only a well-reasoned appeal for the development of our markets in Greater Britain by the transference to its open spaces of the willing workers who could not find jobs at home, and by the extension of Imperial Preference.

It takes a good deal to surprise the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, but I think even he was a little startled by this unexpected development. At any rate he said ditto to the previous speakers with unusual animation and—for a Cavenish—became almost enthusiastic in his promise that the Government would do all in their power to develop the Empire on the lines laid down.

A report that the U.S. Navy, by giving increased elevation to its heavy

guns, would be able to outrange the British, gave great alarm to the Naval Brigade in the Commons. Commander EYRES-MONSELL assured them, however, that the intention had been abandoned. It would be manifestly improper that anything appertaining to a "dry" fleet should be unduly elevated.

Mr. PONSONBY complained to the CHAIRMAN OF THE KITCHEN COMMITTEE that a Member entertaining a female guest at dinner had to pay twice as much as if his *convive* had been a male. Sir JAMES AGG-GARDNER indicated that if so it must be a matter of psychology rather than prices. He could find no trace of "prandial inequalities" in the tariff.



IN HARMONY—FOR ONCE.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE AND LORD BIRKENHEAD.

Because at Question-time Commander EYRES-MONSELL failed to notice—or deliberately disregarded—a hoary old joke about "hard-lying money," Mr. SEXTON, its author, had accused him of having no sense of humour. Later in the evening the gallant Commander triumphantly refuted the accusation by making one of the liveliest speeches heard this Session. His comparison of the dockyard representatives to "the sweet little cherub that sits up aloft to keep watch for the life of poor Jack" (and worry the life out of the PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO THE ADMIRALTY) was appreciated even by his victims.

Thursday, May 3rd.—In both Houses the announcement that British responsibility for "Mesopotamia" would come to an end within four years of the ratification of peace with Turkey—or earlier

if Iraq should enter the League of Nations—was read and received with joy. Many compliments were paid to Sir PERCY COX on this crowning achievement of his long career of service.

On the initiation of Lord MONTAGU the Peers discussed recent events on the North-West Frontier of India. Lord CHELMSFORD put forward the rather disturbing theory that the murder of Mrs. ELLIS and the abduction of her daughter were reprisals for our bombing expeditions, which, by killing women and children, had extinguished the former chivalry of the clansmen. Lord MAYO thought the best way to ensure the peace of the frontier was to improve

the communications. While the tribesmen were making roads they would not want to make raids, and a well-constructed road, as recent experience in Ireland showed, was one of the hardest things to destroy.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was bombarded with questions about the new assessment. He denied that the Treasury had adopted a new policy: they were only making up for time and money lost during the War. He estimated the total increase at twenty-five millions, and had taken that into account when framing his Budget.

Several Members complained that the Labour Party's Workman's Compensation Bill, which was formally introduced at the beginning of the Session three months ago, had only just been printed, and suggested that, in order to give time for its proper consideration, the Second Reading should be postponed. Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON declined, however, to fall in with the suggestion and to lose the chance the ballot had given him. He may have reckoned too that the more the Bill was examined the less it would be liked. But, as Sir L. WORTHINGTON EVANS observed, if the Government had been guilty of similar dilatoriness what a storm of protests would have arisen from the Labour benches.

From an article on "Catering for Castaways":—

"You will find a deep cavern in the hillside, and over it a notice board inscribed 'France Vivres et Vêtements pour naufragés.' 'Eure.' In good English that means 'this way to the buffet,' or at least that is all of it that you need understand."—*Weekly Paper*.

We wonder what it means in good French.



A PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED PARTY OF NOVEL-WRITERS ACQUIRING LOCAL COLOUR FOR NEXT YEAR'S OUTPUT OF DESERT STORIES.

RECORD RECORDS.

WE have nothing but approval for the movement in the direction of producing educational gramophone records instead of the often "very silly though fairly harmless" music which is emitted by that instrument.

We welcome therefore a new series of parliamentary and unparliamentary records of actual incidents at Westminster.

Every citizen who is also the proud possessor of a gramophone will surely wish to have the wonderful "Wild Life in the House" record, descriptive of a present-day scene in the House of Commons. Against a background of mingled voices engaged in a variety of activities the sonorous "Order, Order!" of the SPEAKER sounds like a majestic fog-horn beating out its measure against the unceasing murmur of the waves and the shrill cries of the sea-birds. The pandemonium increases; the sound of footwork is skilfully produced; and, as a climax, comes the dull thud of a blow from a fist on the point of a jaw, and the poignant cry, "Oh, you dirty tyke!" Then another voice is heard, "Let me get at him!" And another, "Come outside, and I'll learn you!" And still the voice of the SPEAKER booms on—"Order, Order!" Listening, with closed

eyes, one can almost believe oneself within the precincts of the House itself, so realistically is every detail reproduced. With the reservation that this record in places is not exactly suitable for the ears of the young, we strongly recommend it to those who seldom have the opportunity of gaining acquaintance at first hand with Parliamentary life.

"Six Minutes with the Lords" is another record, rightly included in the Super-Celebrity series, for it is guaranteed to reproduce the utterances of a Duke, a Marquis, an Earl, a Viscount and a Baron in order of precedence. As would be expected, the voice of the Duke is most distinguished, but that of the Marquis is a close runner-up. The Baron's, however, is disappointing; it might be merely an M.P. speaking.

A superb musical treat is the male-voice quartette, sung with chaste refinement by Messrs. LANSBURY, SHINWELL, LEES-SMITH and JACK JONES. It is entitled "The Red Flag." From verse to verse it goes on with increased fervour, never losing that high tone which characterises any proceedings with which these gentlemen may be associated.

In another record in the series Mr. KIRKWOOD addresses a few remarks to Members opposite who are wearing evening dress; and while there is room

for some criticism as to the distinctness of his diction the rendering conveys within brief compass an accurate idea of the pleasure of listening to one of the outstanding personalities of the House of Commons.

Last, but by no means least, is a disc which reproduces the opening sentences of a speech from the Member for Dull-ton-in-the-Shires. The record displays its perfection in reproducing the sounds of receding footsteps and the hum of conversation as the honourable gentleman warms to his task.

"They order," said I, "this matter better in France."—STERNE'S *Sentimental Journey*.

"They do, said I, these things better in France." The often misquoted beginning of one of the most charming books in the world came back to me.—*Evening Paper*.

Yes, but why misquote it again?

"IRISH TRUCE ORDER.

Dublin is asking what it all means. Meanwhile, with the political position very much in the dark, the public welcomes the one great fact, which needs no translation into plainer terms, the suspension of hostilities."

Scots Paper.

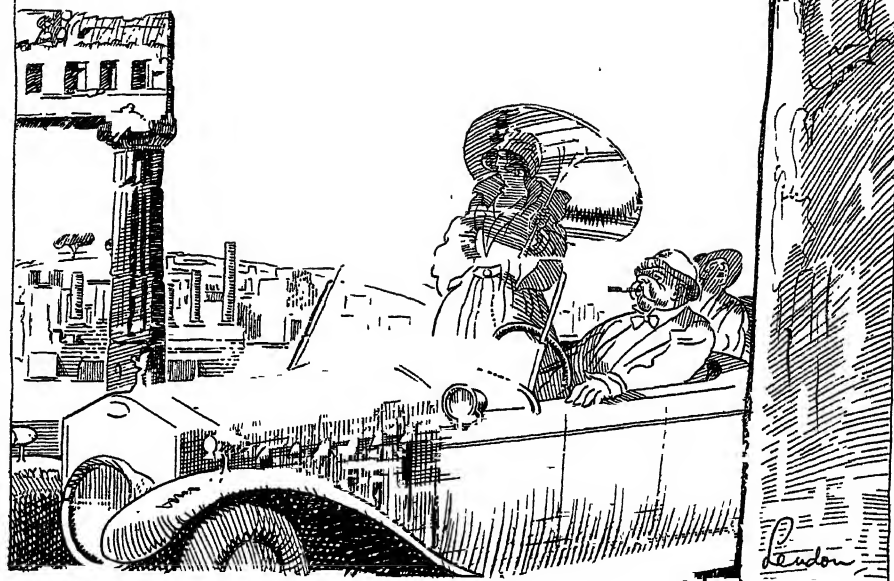
This may be quite clear to the Scottish intellect, but a mere Saxon may be pardoned for repeating Dublin's question.

be heard of Glum Dalclitchevitch, the statement, though substantially correct, leaves something to be desired in regard to terminological exactitude. It would be more correct to say that in future he will be much more frequently "auralized," to adopt the much-needed word recently coined to express mental audition. Dalclitchevitch's latest works require no band, no programme; there is no score. All that is needed for their appreciation is a certain amount of preliminary "mass-suggestion," applied by the daily press, intimating with ever-increasing intensity that, if the musical public will attend in their thousands on such and such a night at the largest concert hall in London and watch the composer as he conducts his invisible orchestra, they will be rewarded by enjoying with the mental ear the most marvellous and colossal explosion of all the sonorities, rhythmical complexities, mellifluous melodies and harmonic extravaganzas ever bombinated in the brain of dolicocephalic man.

Vast possibilities underlie the expansion of the new order inaugurated by the Bessarabian Colossus in his later manner. Most of them are salutary and stimulating. In these lean years of financial stringency it is an immense boon to be able to dispense with the formidable outlay involved in the engagement of an orchestra of from eighty to one hundred players and the printing of elaborate analytical programmes. It is a great thing again to be freed from the tyranny of the spoken or written word.

Furthermore we welcome a wholesome reaction against the excessive adulation paid to Teutonism in general, and BEETHOVEN in particular, under which we have groaned for just a hundred years. There is a world of difference between the clarified sensuality, the virile voluptuousness of Dalclitchevitch and the acrid angularity of BRAHMS or the saccharine symmetry of MENDELSSOHN. This titanic Bessarabian is utterly unrestrained by the crippling inhibitions of what the medical correspondent of *The Times* has happily called *hypselpkryosis*—in cruder language the squeamishness of the high-brow.

But it would be disingenuous to overlook certain countervailing drawbacks. "Mass-suggestion" as applied to the musical million must inevitably lead to the congregation of such gigantic audiences as may cause a repetition of the Wembley fiasco, and it is the plain duty of the State to guard against any untoward consequences by the erection of concert-halls capable of accommodating no fewer than five hundred thousand people.



Profiteer Tourist. "I'LL GO AND SEE ANY BUILDINGS THAT HAVE ROOFS ON 'EM, BUT AS TO THE REST I SAY LET BYGONES BE BYGONES."

Secondly, I perceive that the wholesale introduction of soundless music will not be popular with orchestral players, who will have to be indemnified for the loss of lucrative employment by pensions or subsidies enabling them to tide over the period in which they are learning some other trade.

Last and most formidable drawback of all, I cannot disguise from myself that the new order may lead to the elimination of musical critics. Speaking for myself, I can only hope that I shall be able to submit to the inevitable with dignity and fortitude and adapt my psychological equipment to the examination and elucidation of other clamant problems of to-day.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"Romain Rolland, the French romanticist, whose *Cyrano de Bergerac*, the French *Don Quixote*, the hero with a colossal nose, and quaint allegorical farmyard play, 'Chanticleer,' world renowned."—*Bristol Paper*.

"Speed, bonnie boot, like a bird on the wing."

Highland rowing song: American Song Album.

As the wedding-guest said when he hurled his missile after the happy pair.

"LOCAL WEATHER FORECAST FOR TO-DAY.

Weather: Overcast, but a bright sky may be expected

Direction of Wind N.S."

Chinese Paper.

The Chinese Clerk of the Weather seems to believe in "Safety First."

LUCK OF THE WEEK.

I.—BOTH WAYS.

THE head of a girl with red hair, painted with charm and great dexterity, caught my eye—it was in that free and very modern and always interesting picture gallery, the Rue de la Boétie—and I was tempted to enter the shop and ask the price. The price was so high that I remarked on it.

The dealer smiled in agreement. "But you see," he explained, "the painter is dead. Finished. There can be no more of his work, and therefore it costs much."

I made a tour of the walls and found another picture, this time a landscape, very simple but true, and beautifully composed. It was signed "GROSJEAN." I asked the price of this also, and this price also was so high that I remarked on it.

The dealer smiled in agreement. "But you see," he explained, "the painter is alive, and living is expensive. It is necessary therefore to charge much."

II.—AN OVERTURE.

From the Gold Coast comes another letter from one of the enthusiastic young scholars there who imbibe with the rudiments of learning so ardent a desire to make friends in England. The last example I gave was addressed in affectionate terms to a firm of publishers. This one is also to a total stranger, the writer of a letter to *The Spectator* during a recent correspondence on modern poetry. The recipient, I may say, is himself a poet.

His Gold Coast admirer, who hails from Obuassi, writes thus:—

"In reading a certain news paper called the 'Spectator' of which I across your name and address that you have been a correspondant to the said paper, and by progressive reading of it I came again to it. which by delight, I am incline to write and enquire of a friendly correspondence from you. in a period of years to be spent. Even, Had I but knew you in time I might have make some parcell of native curiosities to you, but as I did not know you the better. I had a pause and will list to your reply in due course which will be given by you.

Please try and send me Newspapers and Sweets from Belgium. for I will send you orstrich feathers Native Sahuah and ground nuts also my photo.

as I am not well known to you. I stopp
and wait at your immediat: reply.
I am your new friend

Is not that rather touching? But the best of it is the way it begins. It begins "Dear Thomas."

III.—DRAPER.

Was it not Sir RICHARD GRENVILLE, the Admiral, who "in moments of convivial levity" bit off and chewed pieces of his wine-glass until the blood flowed from his mouth? I was reminded of this peculiarity of the bold Cornishman by the following letter which was recently sent to the Master of a pack of foxhounds in the next county:—

DEAR SIR,—One day last week one of they hounds called draper came into my pantry and eat all my stuff and please will you pay for it

1/2 a rabbit pie	2 0
piece sirloin beef	4 6
2 nubbies of glass dish	0 3
	<hr/> 6 9

IV.—JUSTICE.

The famous Judge died and his soul flew up
The door was shut.

The famous Judge was not accustomed to delays. On earth everything had been made easy for him: his chauffeur had tipped the wink to the police; the Law Courts' officials had cleared the way; whoever may have had to wait it was

not he. At home, too, his wife had oiled most of the wheels, while his clerk, his butler and his parlourmaid had oiled the others.

But the gate of Heaven was shut.

The Judge was furious. "What does this mean?" he asked.

"You can't come in, Sir," said the janitor.

"Not come in!" exclaimed the Judge. "Do you know who I am? I am Sir Lycurgus Scales."

"That's the point," replied the janitor. "I was told to shut the door against Sir Lycurgus Scales. We always know who people are."

"How do you know?" the Judge inquired.

"Wireless," said the janitor.

"But that's a new invention," said the Judge.

"Not with us," said the janitor; "we've had it since the beginning of things."

"I demand to see ST. PETER," said the Judge.

"I'll call him," said the janitor. "He wants to see you."

ST. PETER came.

"My dear ST. PETER," said the Judge, "surely there is some mistake. You know me; I've been dispensing justice for years. There could not possibly be any reason for not letting me in."

"I'm sorry," said ST. PETER, "but there's no mistake; my orders are explicit: Don't admit Sir Lycurgus Scales."

"But why?" asked the Judge. "But why? I've led the most blameless of lives. I've brought up a family; I've been fond of my wife, or, at any rate, I've stuck to her; I've played the game; I've been honest too in all my dealings, and I've subscribed handsomely to charities."

"Yes," said ST. PETER, "we know that. It's all in the Book. In most ways your record is admirable. But there's this against you: you pretended you were deaf."

"When?" asked the Judge.

"Continually," said ST. PETER. "In court. You told witnesses you couldn't hear them when you could."

"But supposing that to be true, is it so serious?" asked the Judge.

"Yes," said ST. PETER, "we think so. We think that judges should help people, not embarrass them. Witnesses are nervous; they don't know the ropes; they are strange to law courts and all the terrifying machinery, and you don't help them. You pretended you were deaf."

"Is that fatal?" asked the Judge.

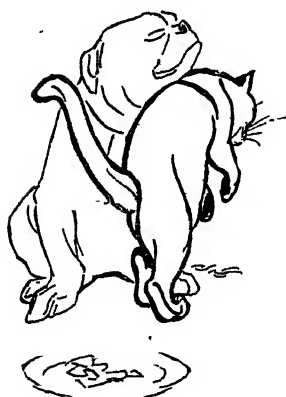
"Yes," said ST. PETER. "Here. You knew how unhappy they were and you didn't help them. That is the charge against you. It's perfectly true that you stuck to your wife and subscribed to charities. We've got it all down. But you didn't help witnesses. You pretended to be deaf. And that's fatal. I'm very sorry, but you can't come in."

E. V. L.

THE WINE OF LIFE.

"WHEN I've left off carin' the way I do,
For the things that's old an' the things that's new,
For the things that's 'appenin' every minute,
An' all the sights as the world's got in it;
When I've got no manner of use no more
For a song an' a yarn with my pals ashore;
When a ship's no more than a ship to me
An' there's nowhere left as I want to see;
When the fun's all flat an' the jokes all stale,
An' there ain't no taste in the cakes an' the ale—
You can stitch me up as soon as you like
In a corner o' wore-out sail," said Mike,
"With 'olystones at my 'eels and 'ead,
An' dollop me overboard—I'll be dead!"

C. F. S.



J.A.S

THE BEGUILER.

LEGS OF DESTINY.

DURING a recent sojourn in a certain Scottish township I strolled out one day along what the townsfolk call the "Sooth Road." About half-a-mile from the town I caught sight of the figure of a little boy. His back was towards me and he was leaning against the low wooden paling that bordered the roadway. I went up to him and said, "Hullo, what's your name?"

"It's Peter Bogle," he replied, without disengaging his eyes from their contemplation of the southern horizon.

"And what are you doing here, Peter?"

"I've come oot all this road mysel'," he answered proudly. "This is as far as I can go the day. But every day after this I'm goin' oot more an' more. An' I'll keep goin' away, away, till—I'll I canna get ony further."

With a last long look in the direction of his future journeyings he turned and, relinquishing the support of the paling, took my hand.

"Will you take me back to the toon noo?" he asked.

"All right, Peter," I said. "I'm sure you must be tired."

"No, I'm no tired," said Peter indignantly. "It's just my legs that's sore."

I glanced at his legs and marvelled that he had managed to walk so far. They were painfully thin and fragile, and shaped like a pair of callipers.

"Would you like me to carry you, Peter?" I asked solicitously.

"No, ye'll no carry me," snapped Peter.

As a compromise I suggested that we should rest for a bit. Peter consenting, I sat down on a convenient pile of stones and he settled himself comfortably on my knee.

"My legs is always gettin' sore," he informed me. "Does your legs get sore when ye walk wi' them?"

Before I could reply he suddenly wriggled from my knee, walked to the middle of the road and began to punch the air like a pugilist.

"What are you doing, Peter?" I exclaimed.

"I'm practisin' to be a goalie," said Peter. "I'm goin' away along that road," pointing southward, "as far as Glesca. An' when I get to Glesca I'm goin' to be the Celtic's goalie."

He came back and got on to my knee again.

"My legs'll no get sore then," looking up at me earnestly, "because a goalie doesna need to run. A goalie just stands in the goal an' keeps the ball oot."

"That will be splendid, Peter," I said. "I'll come and watch you playing."

"I'll let you in for nothing," said Peter graciously. "An' then," he went on, staring along the road, "when I get a lot o' money for bein' a goalie I'll go to Australia in a motor, an' I'll shoot tigers."

"How many tigers will you shoot, Peter?"

"Maybe ten thousand," nodding his head determinedly. "I'll chase them wi' my motor."

After gloating for a while over the picture of ten thousand slaughtered tigers, Peter abandoned his motor-car and came home and joined the army.



THE Highbrow.

"I'm no goin' to be one o' the standin' kind o' sojers," he explained, with a resentful glance at his legs. "I'm goin' to be a general on a horse."

"And what will you do when you meet the enemy, Peter?"

"I'll cut his heid aff," said Peter viciously. "See," he cried excitedly—"there I'm goin' skooshin' doon the road on my horse, killin' everybody."

As we walked slowly homeward Peter continued to recite the endless legend of his adventurous future. It was a tale of appalling massacres. All who crossed his path were slain. His blood-thirstiness, indeed, was shocking, and seemed to be the outcome of a spirit of fierce rebellion.

Before we entered the town Peter paused and glanced backward. "I wish my legs didna get sore," he sighed, "because that's a terrible long road."

He guided me to his home, an old-fashioned house in one of the sidestreets.

An elderly dame was standing at the door.

"Granny," cried Peter, "I've been away oot the road all by mysel'!"

"Ye wee rascal," said Granny, shaking her fist at him in mock anger. "Whit has he been tellin' ye?" she asked, turning to me.

I gave her a short account of my meeting with Peter.

"Ay," she said with a wise smile, "we would a' like to be big folk, but we canna get ony further than oor legs'll tak' us. That," pointing to a shop on the opposite side of the street, "is where Peter got his legs. An' that's a' the length his legs'll ever carry him. A hunner-an'-fifty years," she went on, "that shop has been in the family. Peter's legs are maybe no very much to look at, but they're just the richt kind o' legs for oor business."

I glanced at Peter. He was staring across the street with a look of mingled terror and malevolence. Suddenly he lashed out savagely with an imaginary sword. "When I'm a general on a horse," he said sullenly, "I'll come an' I'll knock the shop doon."

Incensed at this heretical declaration, his granny picked him up and carried him into the house.

And so I was left gazing pensively at the drab front of Peter's destined prison-house. The sign above the shop read: "JOHN BOGLE, TAILOR AND CLOTHIER. Established 1776."

NATURE RHYMES FOR NURSERIES.

THE SHREW.

[There is good reason to suppose that shrews are "annuals."]

THE shrew has straggly twisted toes
And shelly ears and pointy nose;

He simply lives for meals;
He scents the little beetles' trails
And ferrets out the sleepy snails,
And tweaks his brothers' furry tails,
And worries at their heels.

Each hour he fills his small inside
With more than would a mouse provide

With breakfast, lunch and dinner;
And if he meets a smaller shrew
He goes for him without ado,
With fell intent to eat him too,
The wicked little sinner.

It's well perhaps that his career
Is terminated in a year.

From the report of a Rural District Council meeting:—

"Mrs. — remarked that there was a nasty slimy pool near Church Farm which flooded the road in wet weather, and the Council ought to step in."—*Local Paper*.

We are not told how the mere males on the Council received the suggestion.



Lady. "THEN AM I TO UNDERSTAND THAT NO NURSE WILL TURN OUT HER OWN NURSERY?"

Registry Office Clerk. "CERTAINLY NOT, MADAM."

Lady. "AND THAT NO HOUSEMAID WILL TURN OUT A NURSERY?"

Clerk. "CERTAINLY NOT, MADAM. AN UNDER-HOUSEMAID MIGHT, BUT NO SINGLE HOUSEMAID."

Lady. "THEN I SUPPOSE I MUST TURN IT OUT MYSELF?"

Clerk (much shocked). "I AM AFRAID, MADAM, THAT WE

COULD NOT RECOMMEND ANY SERVANT TO A HOUSE WHERE THE MISTRESS SO DEMEANED HERSELF."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I PUT it to Mr. J. D. BERESFORD that because a young man is afflicted with a slight "congenital malformation" of the foot it does not follow that he should become a morbid egoist. It may, however, have been the author's design, in *Love's Pilgrim* (COLLINS), to present the effect of such a disability upon a naturally introspective character. In any case the result is an amateur's study in pathology, possibly interesting to professional psycho-analysts, but far from attractive to the lay reader. I fear Mr. BERESFORD has fallen into the prevalent delusion that, in order to produce a work of art, it is only necessary to record in detail the changing moods of a person who is so unfortunate as to lack moral principle. *Poster-Innes*, the pilgrim of love, had a singular gift for conducting his courtships by the power of the human eye alone. He looked at the lady and the lady looked at him, and the matter was instantly settled to the satisfaction of both parties. True, in one case, the affair was broken off by the lady, and in another by the pilgrim himself; but in the third event the pilgrim's magic glance assured him that *Claire Martin* would be "faithful unto death." She certainly remained staunch throughout some extremely embarrassing family differences of opinion, complicated by a murder. It is only at this point, two-thirds of the way through the book, that the real tale begins. I

hope Mr. BERESFORD will eschew morbid pathology in the future and devote his considerable abilities to the telling of a story. He can do this admirably when he chooses to.

If, artistically and not commercially speaking, the novel is on the wane, the short story (with the same qualifications) is in the ascendant. One symptom at least of its revival is the resuscitation of the long short story—the short story of the old *Temple Bar* length—which was ousted from England by the debasement of the magazine, and has survived, with a few adaptive changes, in America. I am particularly glad to see Miss PHYLLIS BOTTOME—who in her first novel, *The Kingfisher*, was by no means too much preoccupied with construction—inspired to revive this form in *The Derelict* (COLLINS). The story so named, the principal story of the book, tells in ten small chapters of the unwilling intrusion of *Fanny*, a girl "like a damaged poster," into the lives of a successful artist and a maiden of "matronly graciousness." The latter, in a rapture of benevolence, forcibly associates her fiancé in her "rescue work," with the result that her own happiness has to be rescued, at immense self-sacrifice, by her protégée. I note that in her fourth tale, "The Vocation," Miss BOTTOME exploits the unphilosophical notion that a lapse from one virtue is usually associated with pre-eminence in every other. But in "The Angel of the Darker Brink," a war-tragedy of unusual pathos and reticence, and in "Brother

Leo," a distinguished little study of a Venetian friar, she shows a truer sense of spiritual economy. Altogether a very promising book.

Those readers who take an intelligent interest in current American fiction may possibly remember a novel called *The Brimming Cup* which appeared some little time ago and dealt with the early married life of two young persons called *Neale Crittenden* and *Marise Allen*. That was the work of Miss DOROTHY CANFIELD, who now comes forward again with *Rough Hewn* (CAPE), and produces the same pair at earlier stages of their development. This is a good plan if you want to use old characters over again. It may be an Irish sort of sequel, but it is free from the usual offence. For myself I don't care for sequels unless I have read the preliminary matter, and it is asking too much to expect the casual reader to buy or borrow a copy of a former work in order that he may enjoy your latest. Going backwards is a different matter. Those who have read the original novel will like to renew acquaintance with their old friends, and those who now meet *Neale* and *Marise* for the first time will certainly want to see how they got on afterwards. Thus the ingenious Miss CANFIELD catches her audience both ways. I wish her every success, in spite of her rather irritating habit of flitting from America to Europe and back again in alternate chapters, for she has the rare gift of making her characters live. And, for a woman, her knowledge of American football (to say nothing of some other games) is extensive and peculiar.

It is quite time the theme of homes *versus* institutions, and dowries for women as against careers, had a novel to itself; but I wish Miss GERALDINE WAIFE could have animated her account of the disabilities of the woman teacher with a spark of finer malice and brought a steadier and more searching light to bear on the Day Training College she indicts, in *Colleagues* (CHAPMAN AND HALL). *Marion Chilvers*, Assistant Lecturer in English and Methods of Teaching, is, to start with, the cowed and hypersensitive by-product of the very type of education she seeks to perpetuate. She has neither the brain nor the physique to render her chosen career good business, nor the spiritual fervour to see a vocation in it. The Fifield Day Training College being what it is, it would be extremely odd if any of its staff looked upon it as providing anything more exalted than a livelihood, snug for the opportunist, precarious for the outspoken; and unluckily *Marion*, though tongue-tied on her own behalf, is sympathetically drawn to *Miss Bayley*, a clever indomitable woman whom the Principal is trying to remove. How both friends disappear from Fifield, and what misadventures befall *Marion* before she is reunited to her protectress, is the ostensible plot of *Colleagues*. But the book stands its best chance if approached as a pamphlet; under which aspect all its crudity cannot rob it of a certain demonstrative value.

The hero of *Sangsue* (MILLS AND BOON) was born under

an unlucky star. His mother was not as white as she might have been, and when his father discovered this fact he left her and his newly-born son. Then the mother killed herself, and *Sangsue* was brought up by an aunt, whose appalling countenance you may see on the picture-cover. His life was dedicated to revenge, and he searched for his father in New Orleans, St. Louis, San Francisco and other American cities. Wherever *Sangsue* settled he started a tobacco shop *de luxe*, and eventually his father arrived to buy some of the wonderful cigars which only one tobacco-nist in the world could provide. From that moment *Sangsue*, goaded on by the terribly vindictive aunt, sets himself to carry out his revenge. It is a powerful story, and Mr. BEN AMES WILLIAMS in telling it has given a very clear and sympathetic picture of *Sangsue*. He has also given pause to the advocate of mixed marriages.

Rule of Three (LANE) is a quite readable little story and competently planned. The three folk of the triangle are,



THE TYRANNY OF SUPERSTITION.

RUSSIAN PEASANT TURNS OVER HIS MONEY ON SEEING THE NEW MOON.

however, too odd to suggest any sort of rule. *Shirley Morland*, an unlikely barrister, is, more or less, and off and on, pledged to *Olga Neville*, a pseudo-musical suburban, who exhibits her exquisite profile at the piano, talks thinly about art, and enslaves the not over-wise *Shirley*. *Eve Renison*, a wholesome ex-V.A.D., who plays hockey (at least I assume that she does), thinks—perhaps just a little unfashionably—that a serious kiss makes a definite bond which is as good as a word, and concludes that *Shirley*, who puts this crown on a period of intimate companionship, is in love with her. But she has under-estimated *Olga's* profile. However, all comes right, though I have my suspicions that *Eve* will find out—what the author, Miss ESTHER DEAN, doesn't seem quite to realise—that he is a

hopeless egotist. I have an impression of a book that began better than it ended, and is to be praised rather for its excellent promise than for its achievement.

Major-General CHARLES ROSS seems to me to have a liking for what may be called the bowels of the earth. In *The Haunted Seventh* I remember that stirring events happened in underground passages, and here in *Every Man's Hand* (MURRAY) the fugitive French prisoner, *Tors Delvigne*, was compelled to spend considerable time in a cave, from which he had to expel a vixen before he could tolerate the aroma of his retreat. The date of this story is 1814, when there were many French prisoners in England, but none of them quite like *Delvigne*. He had a way of escaping from any prison, whether fortress or ship, and made himself a great nuisance to those who were responsible for his detention. But he was a gallant fellow, and the tale of his escapades is told with a nice sense of the atmosphere of the period.

"Mr. —, the producer of 'Padding the Next Best Thing.'"
Daily Paper.

To judge by our experience of the "pictures," he is not the only one.

CHARIVARIA.

ELECTRICAL workers who struck in sympathy with engineers' fitters at Swansea returned to work the next day in sympathy with themselves.

"A British sportsman never gives way to his temper or allows hasty words to escape his lips." So says a writer in an evening paper. Such a statement raises the question, "Should a caddie tell?"

"Boilers, humming pistons and super-mangles are all brought into use at the ideal laundry every time an ordinary collar is washed," writes an evening paper correspondent. That explains a good deal.

As evidence that dancing is a mental stimulant, a hostess relates that she has known a novelist break away from his partner in order to jot down notes. The more courteous type of modern literary man usually says "Shall we write it out?"

There seems to be a growing demand for the word "obey" to be deleted from the marriage ceremony instead of later on.

We learn from a Paris message that Battling SIX last week walked into a café with the lion he had recently purchased. What might have been a panic amongst the patrons was avoided when they noticed that the lion had the coloured boxer on a leash.

A new rose exhibited last week has been named the "David Lloyd George." We don't know whether the owner knows it, but this name is not very new.

A man who can handle bears and vipers was advertised for the other day. This should be just the peaceful recreation needed for football referees during the close season.

The Lausanne Conference has been sitting for several days and they have still to fix the date of the next one.

One of our technical journals does not think very much of the architecture of the House of Commons. Our view is that the building would be all right if it wasn't for what goes on inside.

According to Mr. PONSONBY, M.P., people with high-sounding titles would be glad to drop them. A pugilist residing near the New Cut, who is known to his intimate friends as "Thick-eared Sam," declares himself in agreement with the Labour Member.

Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD is very much impressed with the exquisite qualities of Scottish speech. On the other hand, Scotsmen admit that there is nothing quite so musical or pleasing as the soft appealing note of an Englishman's "What's yours?"

Thirty new street-lamps are to be erected at Streatham. Streatham is going the pace this year.

conscious in a house near Enfield. Probably a householder who had been inoculated against the gas therm.

"Twenty-seven Years on One Train," says a newspaper headline. We hope there was a luncheon-car attached.

According to *The Evening News* floods in New Brunswick have cost a million pounds. One wonders if they were really worth it.

The Lancet recently reported a case of a man who could not tell when he was singing and when talking. He should make a hit in musical comedy.

We read of a cricket match between tradesmen and detectives. It must have been thrilling to watch the sleuths tracking the ball to the boundary.

One of the tradesmen's team is said to have explained that the expensiveness of his bowling was due to its superior quality.

With reference to the question of musical encores, the Dean of DURHAM writes to *The Daily Mail* pointing out that nobody encores sermons. He doesn't, of course, count an occasional *claque* in the Vicarage pew.

Two Glasgow boys have been sentenced to six strokes of the birch each for trying to open a safe with a hammer and chisel. They will remember another time that that is not the proper way

to open a safe.

Our idea of a mean man is the fellow who takes our umbrella from the Club stand and then prays for rain.

Will the Free State produce the *corpus* of Mr. ART O'BRIEN, if asked to do so? *Ars est, of course, celare Artem.*

"Wanted to Purchase, Milk Round, or entertain Fried Fish."—*Advt. in Yorkshire Paper.* On Saturday nights it often wants a lot of cheering up.

"Mr. Bonar Law arrived quietly in Genoa this morning."—*Morning Paper.* Thus avoiding any risk of being mistaken for Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

"The banquet was served at a horse-shaped table."—*Scots Paper.* The usual kind, we suppose, with a leg at each corner.



ONLY HUMAN.

The Maid. "OH, WELL, ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN. WHAT DO YOU TAKE ME FOR—A ROBOT?"

A man charged at Glasgow was found to be wearing one sweater, three waistcoats, three jackets, one overcoat, one pair of pants, three pairs of trousers and ten pairs of socks. He seems to have taken to his summer attire rather early in the year.

Professor KENDALL of North-Western University, U.S.A., has told an audience that germs can be tamed. It is said that once they can be got into a corner by a medical man they will stand up and beg for vaccines.

A microbe has just been discovered by the use of which it is possible to convert hops into motor-spirit. Hitherto the little fellow has been wasting his time by getting into the beer.

A series of small punctures was discovered in the arm of a man found un-

TOWARDS THE LIGHT.

(An Essay on the very Modernest Poetry.)

It seems to have penetrated the general consciousness that the best modern poetry differs in several particulars from the poetry of the past, but the full extent of the difference is not, I judge, clear. People have grasped the fact that the best modern poetry does not rhyme or scan. They have also grasped the fact that it does not make sense. But these are very superficial differences, and a host of parallel instances can be urged from ancient poetry. Besides, quite a lot of the most modern poetry does, as a matter of fact, rhyme and scan. What is more, it makes sense.

Take the lines:—

"La-la! The cat is in the violets
And the awnings are let down.
The cat should not be where she is
And the awnings are too brown,
Emphatically so."

There is at least one perfectly good rhyme in this stanza, and four quite intelligible statements are made, under the influence (apparently) of a strong poetic emotion: You may not feel as excited about the statements as the poet is, but there they are. To deny the truth of them would simply be to make yourself ridiculous.

Or consider—

"Whose woods these are I think I know—
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow."

All the metrical proprieties are observed in these four lines, and the poem is headed, not as you might suppose, *Pasquinade or Immediacy*, or anything like that, but quite plainly and honestly, *Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening*. And in fact hardly anyone who has ever stopped for a long time by woods on a snowy evening, when the snow is falling and there is nobody about, near the estate of a large landed proprietor, can have failed to experience some such feeling as that which is indicated in these four lines. It is only the expression of this feeling that has escaped him hitherto. Whether he had to change his boots when he got back home is, of course, a different and subtler affair.

One cannot say so far that the practice of modern poetry differs very considerably from the precedents set in the past. It may be admitted that when he does turn to deliberate obscurity the modern poet has a slight (but, I think, only a slight) pull over his predecessors.

"The Easter stars are shining
above lights that are flashing—
coronal of the black—

Nobody
to say it—

Nobody to say: pinholes
Thither I would carry her
among the lights—
Burst it asunder "

is a passage that in point of sheer will to baffle compares very favourably with passages from the choruses of ÆSCHYLUS or from the works of BLAKE. But nobody who is accustomed to doing the acrostics which appear in the illustrated weekly papers will be puzzled by it for very long, and the mistake made by modern poets is probably that of not offering a prize for the correct solution, as the Editor of the acrostic pages very sensibly does.

I think the First Light is but never mind, we must go on.

The really distinguishing features of the best modern poetry are two: they are, first, the spirit of anti-Capitalism with which it is permeated, and, secondly, a sense of the new theory of space.

Let me quote once more:—

"but observe; although
once is never the beginning of
enough, is it (I do not pretend
to know the reason any more than.) But
look: up—
raising, hoisting, a little
perhaps that and this, deftly
propping on smallest hands
the slim hanging you

—because

it's five o'clock."

It is true that these lines are obscure. It is even true that they are very obscure. Yet it is not their obscurity which attracts us most. Let us continue:—

"and these (I notice) trees winter-briefly old
gurgles a nonsense of sparrows, the cathedral
shudders blackening;
the sky is washed with tone
now for a moon
to squat in first darkness
— a little moon thinner than

memory

faint

-er

than all the whys
which lurk

between your naked shoulder blades.—
Here . . . "

The inspiration of this passage is obviously twofold. It is the inspiration of LENIN on the one hand and of EINSTEIN on the other. Capitalism is the first enemy of good poetry, and so far the poet has done very well. He has only been beaten by the Capital twice, and of these two lapses only one occurs at the beginning of a line. Let us see how he has tackled Space.

The new Spatial theory of Poetry is of the utmost importance; and it is already evident that if modern poetry is tending towards any new and wonderful message for mankind it is here that that message is to be found.

Take the beautiful stanza—

"it's five o'clock."

How much of its haunting irresistible charm it owes to position, and position merely; and of how many variations, totally different in their undercharge of meaning, is it not susceptible?

For example:—

"it's
five
o'clock "

filling us at once with a sense of infinite hunger and infinite despair; or:—

o'clock "

five
"it's

striking the note of triumphant expectation and joy.

Or take that other verse:—

"memory."

With what further weight (if it be possible) of indefinable and lingering pathos might it not be invested by writing it thus:—

m e m o r y

or thus:—

me mo ry

Even those debatable first four lines might challenge us with a new provocation were they but printed like this:—

once is never the beginning of
enough, is it (I do not pretend
to know the reason any more than.)
but observe; although
But look: up—

Yet even these I consider are but timid steps towards the dawn. If much may be done with straight-lined type, still more remains for type that is broken like the crest of waves or that undulates like the bosom of the eternal hills. The whole of space curves, and why should poetry alone remain rigid? There is no reason. Light bends, and so undoubtedly should song. The thing can be quite easily managed with type. You may even see it now and again (in provincial papers, of course) when something or other has gone wrong with the machine, or it may be when some sense of the rhythm of the universe has entered into the hearts of the compositors.

a f t e r a d a y o f s o l e m n f e s t i v a l

Yes, rather like that. Many thanks.
EVOE.



“WHERE EVERY PROSPECT PLEASES”

The Poster-Demon. “THAT’S A NICE VIEW. LET’S SPOIL IT.”

[A Bill is now before Parliament to control the activities of the above fiend.]



Granny. "ISN'T THAT RATHER AN EXAGGERATED DRESS FOR MOTORING, ANGELA?"

Angela. "NOT MOTORING, GRANNY. BOB HAS JUST CALLED IN HIS FLIPPER TO TAKE ME OVER TO PARIS TO SEE HONILU'S LATEST. BACK TO TEA. DO ANYTHING FOR YOU?"

THE BURGLARING JOKE.

[*"Burglaries of country houses have begun to be more than a joke."*

Leading article in Daily Paper.]

"HULLO! What are you doing?" asked Lord Peeblethwaite in some surprise as he switched on the light.

The man in the black mask straightened himself up from the sack over which he was bending and a broad grin overspread the visible part of his features as of one savouring in anticipation a pleasant jest.

"I'm—I'm a burglar!" he giggled. "I'm burgling you."

"Oh, rot!" said Lord Peeblethwaite, a delighted smile dawning on his ingenuous countenance. "You're not really, are you?"

"I am," bubbled the burglar. "Honest, I am."

Lord Peeblethwaite's smile broke suddenly into uncontrollable laughter. "How absolutely great!" he cried. "What a scream! I say, do wait a minute while I call her ladyship. She'll enjoy this."

"Right-o!" said the burglar with a cheery laugh.

Lord Peeblethwaite put his head through the door. "Elaine!" he called. "Can you come here a minute?"

"What is it, dear?" came a distant voice.

"The funniest thing you ever saw. Come quickly."

With broad smiles of expectation Lord Peeblethwaite and the burglar regarded one another.

"Well, dear?" asked Lady Peeblethwaite, glancing at the masked figure in some alarm.

For a moment Lord Peeblethwaite was speechless. The exquisite humour of the situation was too much for him. Then, "We're b-b-being b-b-burgled!" he gasped. "D-did you ever hear anything so p-perfectly p-priceless?"

A smile overspread his wife's young but thoroughly aristocratic features. "No!" she exclaimed. "Are we really? How too awfully rich? I *must* tell the others."

She ran out of the room, to return a few moments later with the delighted house-party at her heels. Cries of rapture arose. "Not bein' *burgled*? How gorgeous!" "I say, this is an amusin' show—what?" "Better than a revue!"

But when the burglar, chuckling happily at his quaint conceit, began to stow away the silver in his sack and search the room for other valuable articles, the merriment of the onlookers

passed all bounds. Rolling about in their mirth, clapping each other feebly on the back, the tears streaming from their eyes, they watched this prince of humourists systematically going about his work of looting. And when he came across the collection of miniatures that the present Peer's father had expended over twenty thousand pounds in collecting and, between spasms of laughter, transferred them rapidly to his sack, Lord Peeblethwaite's ribs came near to cracking.

At last the burglar swung his sack up over his shoulder. "Now we'll go and try the other rooms," he guffawed, appearing to enjoy the joke almost as well as the house party itself.

Staggering in his wake the party followed him from room to room, and in each the side-splitting jest was repeated, till in the end, when the burglar, broken with laughter, had finally taken his departure, it was all that they could do to get back to the drawing-room, and there they collapsed.

"Never laughed so much in all my life," said Lord Peeblethwaite at last, wiping his eyes weakly. "'Pon my word, it was too—too jolly well dashed funny for anything!"

"You are of course insured?" asked one of the guests.

Lord Peeblethwaite broke out again into hoarse peals of unwilling mirth. "Don't!" he pleaded feebly. "Don't! That's what makes it all the funnier, don't you see? I'm not."

* * * * *

During the following fortnight Lord Peeblethwaite was burgled eight times.

The first two he heartily enjoyed; the second two he regarded with a tolerant smile; during the next two he yawned audibly once or twice, and by the last two he was frankly bored. Besides, as every portable object of any value at all had now been removed and only the bare furniture and one or two unimportant pictures remained, the house had begun to take on a forlorn deserted appearance that Lord Peeblethwaite could not bring himself to admire.

So that when he found a couple of men engaged one evening in transferring the furniture of his wife's bedroom into a fleet of motor-vans that was waiting in the drive, he did not respond to the happily expectant smile with which the two burglars paused a moment from their labours to greet him.

"What are you men doing?" he asked quite crossly.

"We're a-burglin' you, Sir," chuckled one of the men. "Goin' to get every blessed stick o' furniture into them vans before twelve o'clock to-night we are. Ain't we, Bill?"

Bill, grinning widely at this *jeu d'esprit*, nodded confirmation.

"Now look here," said Lord Peeblethwaite, "this burglary business—well, I'm getting heartily fed up with it."

The burglars looked at him in amazement. "Fed up, Sir?" they asked, scarcely able to believe their ears. "Meanin' that

"Meaning that it's got jolly well beyond a joke now," said Lord Peeblethwaite severely. "A joke's a joke, I know; but no joke can stand bein' run to death like this. It's worse than 'Beaver.'"

"Well, we never thought you'd take it in that way, Sir," said the first burglar in hurt tones; "an' us comin' all this way an' hirin' all them vans just to amuse you like. Did we, Bill?"

"No, we didn't, an' that's a fac'," said Bill.

"Well, that's the long and the short of it," said the peer decisively. "This thing's been overdone, and I'm not at home to burglars any more. In fact, if any of you come round here again, I shall—yes, I shall send for the police. Now put that furniture back where you took it from and go away."

With a crestfallen air the two burglars began to unload their vans.

"I hate to spoil fun," said Lord



Our New J.P. "FOURTEEN DAYS—AND CALENDAR DAYS, MIND."

Peeblethwaite as he shut the front-door on them at last, "but, dash it all, some fellers never can learn when a joke ceases to be amusin'."

Le Mot Juste.

"Along about this time the liquor fleet began to loom on the horizon . . . drawn up in bottle formation."—*New York Paper*.

"Good Young Parrot and Cage: just started talking; cheap."—*Advt. in Local Paper*.

We can only suppose that the owner has no taste for improving conversation.

"Manford was 3 up with 4 to go against Mr. Scarborough, but the middle-aged Englishman took him to the twentieth green ere crying peceavi."—*Scots Paper*.

And we don't quite know why he should have cried it then.

Our Pauper Nobility.

"A Noble young gentleman requires a Room, South Brisbane, penny section from North Quay."—*Australian Paper*.

"IN ITALY'S IRELAND.

Barcelona, Thursday.

Three thousand Catalanian young men and women, after demonstrating against the ex-Minister, Cambo, came into collision with the police."—*Provincial Paper*.

To resist the annexation of Northern Spain by Signor MUSSOLINI, we presume.

"A good many people took the Shakespearean path and clotted their nonsense with a nice derangement of epithets; but this is only effective when used sparsely and in such dialogue as passes between Bolton the Weaver and his stage manager."—*Weekly Paper*.

Our football enthusiast says this is obviously wrong; it should be Bolton the Wanderer.

THE FIDDLER.

Oh, the fiddler sat at The Crown to sup
 And he took his ale at ease,
 And, red as an apple, the moon came up
 And hung in the orchard trees;
 And the brown ale slid
 Till his throat he'd rid
 O' the dust of the King's highway;
 Then out he stepped to the moon, he did,
 And played her a roundelay.

And his bow swept up and his bow swept in
 And his bow it pranced anew,
 And the fiddle, dancing under his chin,
 She sung like a maid thereto;
 And the lads stamped out
 And they stood about
 And listened beside the door,
 And the landlord listened till, devil a doubt,
 He'd clean forgot the score.

But the fiddler finished a tuneful fall
 With a drop of his elbow clean,
 And he paid with a guinea o' gold an' all
 From a silken purse and green;
 And his back he bent
 Before he went
 With a bend o' the most polite,
 And said he, "Your beer is the best in Kent,
 But, Gentlemen all, good-night!"

So the fiddler went I know not where,
 Nor whence he came know I,
 For I only know that he fiddled an air,
 And he called it "Apple Pie"—
 An air o' mirth
 And an air o' worth,
 "With an excellent name," quo' he,
 "For the stars are crust to a pie-dish earth
 When the moon's in an apple-tree,"
 Said he,
 "Red gold in an apple-tree!"

59,654.

I WONDER how many people could guess without any assistance what the number at the head of this article signifies. I believe it would be even safe for me to offer a large monetary prize to anyone providing a correct answer.

I have put it to all kinds of persons and they have hazarded ingenious theories.

"I know," said one man instantly. "It's your ticket in the Calcutta Sweep."

"No," I said.

"It's something to do with Reparations," said another.

"No," I said.

"It's too high for a telephone number," said a third man.

"Yes," I said.

"And too low for your income."

I disregarded this remark.

"It might be the number of the hairs of your head," he mused.

I disregarded this too.

"It's the number of marks or crowns or roubles you got for a pound when you were in Germany or Austria or Russia," suggested another.

"No," I said.

"Well, I'm glad it's not," he replied, "because I'm so tired of that kind of talk."

It was then that I began to throw lights. "It refers to something to eat," I said.

No one was inspired.

"You couldn't guess," I said, "unless you had been abroad."

No response.

"The number," I said, "occurs on a picture-postcard."

Still no one had an idea.

"The picture," I went on, "represents an elderly man with whiskers engaged in a culinary occupation."

Their eyes remained dull.

"You," I said, pointing to the man who had been boasting that he knew Paris backwards—"doesn't that tell you?"

"No," he said sulkily.

"Then I will throw more light," I said. "The number was written in by the successor of the elderly man with whiskers, and the card was then presented to me as a souvenir. Does that illumine the darkness? No? Then let me add that the scene is the oldest restaurant in Paris, and that the culinary operation is the slicing of a duck preparatory to crushing the carcass. And now you know. The duck served to me on the occasion of my last visit to the Tour d'Argent was the 59,654th."

"Of course!" they exclaimed. "How stupid of me!"

And then we fell to the discussion of this famous resort of the epicure and the gourmet, not to mention the gourmand.

You seek the Silver Tower for the flesh of the duck—the best ducks that the fair land of France can produce, served with quintessential sauce extracted from their own bones. Someone is always carving a breast, someone is always turning the handle of a press, someone is always catching the juice, someone is always eating; everybody is always talking. "*Toujours caneton*," is one of its mottoes; "Hail, Columbia!" has become the other, for it seems to have passed almost exclusively to American patrons.

"It's an amusing place," I said, "and you ought to go there once on every visit to Paris; but it isn't so good as it used to be."

"Nothing in Paris is," said one of the company.

"For one thing," I said, "they are now putting too much lemon in the sauce. For another, they are too noisy. You see, it's a very small room, and it isn't as if your duck—I mean my duck—No. 59,654—was the only one. Far from it. While I am waiting for mine No. 59,653 is having the finishing touches put to it, and they are beginning on No. 59,655 and No. 59,656. That means that four fat men are beating up sauce in four metal dishes over four spirit-lamps all together. The din, even apart from the American conversation, is deafening. Now, I like to eat quietly. To go to the Tour d'Argent because it was founded in 1582 and has no band, and find it like a boiler-works in Pittsburgh, is very disconcerting. No quality of duck can compensate for that."

"The Tour d'Argent," said the man who knew Paris, "has another point of interest which renders it unique among Paris restaurants—it is always closed on Mondays."

"Why?" asked someone.

"To let the staff consult their aurists," I said. E. V. L.

A POSTSCRIPT.

My inclusion of the willow-wren as a non-migratory bird in an article in *Punch* a week or so ago has got me into trouble. From all parts naturalists write to point out that the willow-wren is an African too, and as punctual a traveller as the nightingale and the cuckoo. Someone suggests that I mean the woodlark, while two willow-wrens at Hereford, who seem to have mastered the typewriter, urge the claims of Jenny Wren as an all-the-year-round entertainer. If ever I reprint, justice shall be done. E. V. L.

ROYAL ACADEMY—FIRST DEPRESSIONS.



Penelope. "DEAR OLD ULYSSES WON'T HAVE A VERY HIGH OPINION OF MY CONSTANCY WHEN HE SEES THIS CROWD OF SUITORS."



"A SWEET LITTLE CHERUB THAT SITS UP ALOFT TO KEEP WATCH FOR THE LIFE OF POOR JILL."



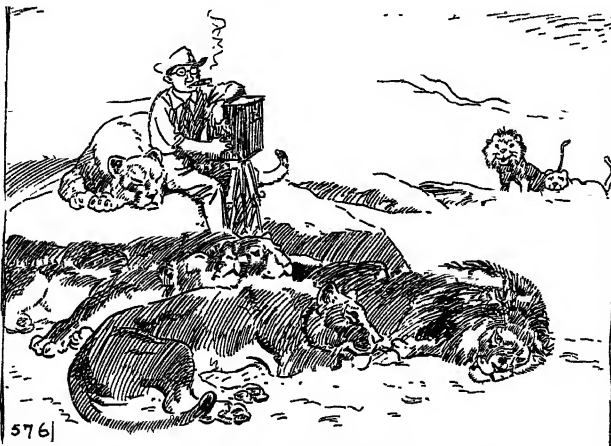
A ROCKY HUNTING COUNTRY FOR THE WALK HOME.



THE POETRY CLUB SUCCEUMS TO A READING FROM THE POET'S OWN WORKS.



The Two Dignitaries. "DON'T YOU THINK THIS BRAT IN THE MIDDLE RATHER SPOILS OUR ATTITUDE?"



MID-DAY REST ON A LION FARM IN THE FILM TERRITORY, LOS ANGELES, CAL.



Fond Mother. "YES, YES, DARLING. IT IS A PRETTY FLOWER, BUT I DON'T WANT TO BE PUSHED INTO THE NEXT PICTURE."

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

XXII.—PROGRESS.

SOME four years ago, in a weekly paper now dead, I warned the nation of the approaching horrors of mechanical Progress, with special reference to the development of wireless abominations. No one, however, paid any attention till two Czecho-Slovakian gentlemen began to write plays about Progress and broadcast them about the world. What kind of a play the Brothers CAPEK will write when some Czecho-Slovakian Broadcasting Company begins operations in Prague I shudder to think. It is a theme which should appeal to them strongly. The noise! The horror! The degradation of man! Ah, they should have been in "The Green Man" last night.

I went to "The Green Man" because my friend John Mortimer was billed for a radio recitation, and I have no set, crystal or cloudy. Unhappily, "The Green Man" has a set, or a loud-speaker, which is emphatically cloudy. I passed through the vulgar Bar, where men and women were talking heartily, laughing and even drinking, and entered the large and pretentious Lounge at the back, where at a few scattered tables there sat some dozen of the more refined citizens of our suburb, drinking without noise. One felt that one had passed from Barbarity into Culture, from the Dark Ages into the Age of Progress and the Mechanical Elysium. This Lounge was a foretaste of Utopia.

The Utopians drank secretly, quite silent, or speaking only in whispers, their faces very sad, their eyes fixed on the handsome black trumpet on the mantelpiece. And from this trumpet there issued a sound like four drunken men being ejected from a tavern at 10 P.M., with another man adjusting the needle of a very large bad gramophone, and another man preparing to expectorate. I sat down, deafened.

And it seemed to me a very marvellous thing that Science was flinging this hideous noise across the ether without the aid of wires. If it had been the telephone one could have understood it.

Ordering a beer, I asked "the young lady" what she thought of it.

She glanced with some resentment at the trumpet, from which there came

an increasing rumpus of scratching and hiccoughing.

"Not my fancy," she said. "Can't hear yourself speak sometimes. But it's a draw, there's no denyin'."

"Good for business?" I shouted.

"Night after night they come," she said, "the same customers, over and over. You'd be surprised."

"Can you make out what It's saying now?" I yelled.

"Oh, yes. I can hear well enough," said the loyal girl.

"WHAT IS IT, THEN?"

"There's a programme here, Sir," she said hurriedly, and, handing me the evening paper, departed.

I studied the programme and wondered whether the noise was Mr. Tim Badger (entertainer) or the "Men's

"That was hic—" he said, "Mr. hic Mortimer reciting hic 'Revenge' puk puk TENNYSON. In two hics' time the Bagley Choir will hic hic 'Sweet and' hic or—wor—hic—or—wor—BARNBY—hic—Stand by for two hics please."

So that was "The Revenge." There is much to be said for announcing at the end of a performance what it was all about; and the example might well be followed in many of the other Arts.

But I hoped that John had not wasted too much nervousness on us.

The noise over, the Utopians relaxed. They looked almost cheerful, talked out loud and ordered drinks. I saw then that they were not all soured and broken, as I had thought. They were simply awed by the trumpet. In their minds they associated the noise with

Good Music or Sermons—things which cannot be interrupted or stopped, and must surely be better than they sound—and they had assumed the expression of solemnity proper to such occasions. It was A Voice, and A Voice is always worthy of attention, even if all it says is "Wot abaht Sir EDWARD CARSON?" or "Or—wor—wor—hic!"

For me this interval was like a release from pain. There is this to be said for Science—that men will soon discover the blessings of Silence. When Progress has made a few further strides I shall buy an archipelago in

the Pacific and call it The Silent Islands. It shall be the last refuge of barbarism and reaction; and I shall make a fortune.

The two hics passed all too soon. The nomenclator announced "Sweet and Low;" the Utopians looked solemn again and a noise was heard like the wailing of twins or the love-making of two cats on a wall, with an accompaniment of distant motor-horns. Knowing the song, I was able to distinguish many of the words. "Sweet and low," the trumpet roared. "Sweet and hic, Wind of the western wor—wor. Lor—lor—breathe and blor;" but the rest of the verse was less clear. The Utopians sat hushed and rigid, like persons at the Æolian Hall.

The second verse is terribly sentimental and is sung *pianissimo*, so that little was heard but a remote scratching, crackling and whimpering, as if a rat had got at the twins. However, hearing between the lines, I caught



Female Passenger. "I RATHER LIKE THESE NEW ELASTIC STRAPS; THEY GIVE SO NICELY."

Chat on Carburettor Troubles." And I hoped that John Mortimer's recitation of "The Revenge" would come soon. Thinking of him, I began to realise the wonder of the thing. To be able to stand in a little room in the Strand and speak great poetry into the homes of the people, into taverns, into omnibuses, to Belgravia and Barking alike. . . For him at least it must be a tremendous moment. How nervous he must be feeling, poor fellow, wondering whether his reading would please, wondering whether he would be able to communicate the feeling of the poem, which is the great pride of his reading. And here was I in "The Green Man" waiting for him. And far off in Stockholm he would be heard too. By Jove!

The noise suddenly ceased and the voice of the official nomenclator was heard, clearer but still cloudy, like a man speaking down the telephone with his mouth full.

"Sleep and rest on mother's vest, Father will come to thee soon, hic, Father will come to his babe in the nest, hic—puk—puk." . . . But at this point George and I passed out into the Bar.

The Bar, so sordid and noisy, the temple of vileness and the ruin of manhood, but how healthy and refreshing after the Temple of Progress! A man was singing a little tipsily, but his song was very sweet.

It was closing time, and we were swept out into the night air, still fresh and clean in the street, however polluted higher up. I breathed again. But some of us ran excitedly along the pavement to where a knot of some twenty youths were clustered in front of White's, the electrical shop. Curious, we approached. Then loud and clear there boomed A Voice:—

"I AM SURE YOU WILL APPRECIATE THE FACT WHEN I TELL YOU THAT THE CHOKE-TUBE IS TOO LARGE WHEN THE PICKING-UP IS BAD HIC . . ."

It was the Men's Carburettor Chat, and marvellously audible. Trams rolled banging by, but the Voice undaunted filled the skies. I breathed an apology to the B.B. Company and a curse on "The Green Man's" loud-speaker. My only doubt now was whether it was better to hear or not to hear.

Mr. rambled on interminably, confidently didactic, through choke-tubes and mixtures and inlet-valves, and back to choke-tubes. He at least suffered no nervousness.

The young Utopians stood solemn and still, as those in the pub. They did not appear to be interested in choke-tubes. They were not amused, as we were. But there they stood in the King's Highway, drinking in the Message.

And far off in Stockholm, maybe, some lonely Englishman thrilled to the music of Mr. 's farewell:—

"SO MUCH FOR THE HOT-AIR INTAKE," he brayed. "I SHOULD LIKE TO-NIGHT TO DEAL WITH OTHER TROUBLES, SUCH AS ENGINE POPPING BACK AND STOPPING, ENGINE FLABBY AND EXHAUST OFFENSIVE AND CETERA BUT THERE IS NO TIME NOW SO GOOD NIGHT ALL."

The Voice ceased. Mr. had gone out of our lives, perhaps for ever. Out of the heavens then there came a Fox-Trot, clear and jolly.

"This is better," I said. This perhaps was what the youths were waiting for. Seizing George, I danced him homeward down the pavement.

But the Utopians did not dance. They raised their eyebrows.

I have often noticed that in literary Utopias no one has a sense of humour. I fear now that these books are true to life.

A. P. H.



Hostess. "AREN'T YOU DANCING TO-NIGHT, DEAR?"

Girl. "NO, MY DANCING PARTNER HASN'T TURNED UP; THIS IS JUST MY SITTING-OUT PARTNER."

THE CRISIS AT OXFORD.

(By a moderate Undergraduate.)

WHEN Fleet Street reformers
In union arrayed
With high-brow barn-stormers
Our cloisters invade,
We tell these new-comers
In resolute tone:
"Stunt-merchants and mummers,
Leave Oxford alone."

FARNELL may be tactless,
And yet his behest,
"Work harder and act less,"
Is wisely addressed
To the decadent dreamer,
The dunce and the drone,
And bids the rash screamer
"Leave Oxford alone."

He may be pedantic—

A bit of a mule—

But what is more frantic

Than newspaper rule?

Avaunt, then, ye sloppy,

Who grumble and groan;

Grub elsewhere for "copy,"

Leave Oxford alone.

"BROADCASTING HITCH."

Headline in Evening Paper.

Is this the latest suggestion for the Brighter Cricket movement?

"Between four and five Scottish emigrants are expected to leave for America in the Cameronia."—Evening Paper.

Under the present stringent immigration laws we doubt if the vulgar fraction will be admitted.

THE GREAT CAP LAW.

THE recent discussions in Parliament on the subject of Military Law have reminded me of a chapter of legal and military history which it has long been my intention to write.

Many gentlemen who took part in the recent War must have noticed that whenever the occasion arose for an interview with a Commanding Officer on such a matter of etiquette as the propriety of hitting a sergeant or of overstaying leave it was customary to enter the august presence bareheaded.

It may have been supposed by some that this uncovering was intended simply as a mark of respect to the Colonel, or to his commission, or to his boots; but this was not so. The regulation governing comportment on such occasions is explicit on this point, and the following is an account of the events which led to the introduction of the practice.

One bright morning in the summer of 18—, before the orderly-room of Tothill Barracks the orderly officer and the sergeant-major and the provost-sergeant and all the orderly sergeants and orderly corporals and the orderly bugler and witnesses and the escort and the prisoners of the day stood in their allotted places on parade, as is the custom of their kind on week-day mornings.

One by one the prisoners were marched into the orderly-room, and one by one marched out again, their countenances expressing resignation, dejection or elation, according to temperament and fate.

At last the turn of Private Higgins came—1655 Private George Higgins, hitherto an obscure member of Her Majesty's Forces, but destined that day to make law and history.

For the next few minutes, as he stood before the orderly-room table, his bearing was unexceptionable. His cap was on straight, his buttons were bright, his thumbs were in line with the seams of his trousers, his face was expressionless and he gazed fixedly at a point on the wall directly above the Colonel's head, the while four witnesses gave their several accounts of the circumstances in which he, Private Higgins, had, on the 19th instant, publicly addressed Lance-Corporal Jones as "Fish-face."

When the evidence was at last completed the Colonel looked up at the prisoner.

"Anything to say, Private Higgins?" he asked.

"Nothing, Sir."

Inwardly—for he was on parade—the sergeant-major nodded approvingly.

Was there ever a more exemplary prisoner?

"Seven days' 'C.B.," announced the Colonel.

Then it was that Private Higgins



J.H.D.

"GRAVELY AND DECOROUSLY HE REMOVED HIS CAP AND FLUNG IT INTO THE COLONEL'S FACE."

earned for himself everlasting fame. Gravely and decorously he removed his cap and flung it into the Colonel's face. When the uproar had subsided Private Higgins was found standing rigidly at



J.H.D.

"THE SENSATION WHICH HIS CONDUCT AROUSED IN MILITARY CIRCLES MAY WELL BE IMAGINED."

attention, capless, but otherwise a model for a frontispiece to "Infantry Training."

They hurried him away to the guard-

room, and on the following morning he was brought up to the orderly-room again to answer to the charges of:—

(1) Wilfully damaging Her Majesty's property.

(2) Being improperly dressed on parade.

(3) Dumb insolence.

(4) Mutiny.

(5) Refusing to obey an order.

(6) Conduct prejudicial to good order and military discipline.

Again he stood stiffly at attention while the case proceeded. The Colonel remanded him for court-martial. No sooner were the words uttered than Private Higgins pulled off his cap in a smart and soldierly fashion and, with the air of one performing a solemn rite, hurled it at his Commanding Officer.

And so it went on. He was sentenced successively by District Court-Martial, by General Court-Martial and by the Army Council in full conclave. And after each sentence he removed his cap with great dignity and threw it at the senior officer present.

The sensation which his conduct aroused in military circles may well be imagined. The lower ranks, applauding his attitude, followed his example scrupulously. It became a point of honour among private soldiers to accept no sentence from a Commanding Officer without throwing a cap at him.

The resignations of battered Commanding Officers poured in at an alarming rate and the Army Council was faced with a crisis of the first magnitude. Various suggestions were put forward to remedy the intolerable situation, and finally it was decided to bring the matter before Parliament.

The three courses of action which found most favour in the Legislative Chambers were:—

(1) That upon enlistment, immediately after attestation, the cap should be glued firmly on to the head of the soldier. (This opinion was vigorously advanced by the Conservative party.)

(2) That caps should be abolished. (This was the attitude adopted by the moderate Liberals.)

(3) That the throwing of the cap, as a justifiable and proper expression of the liberty of the subject, should be legalised by statute. (This was the view held by the extreme Radicals.)

At last, after many months of debate, a compromise was reached and the decision of Parliament promulgated.

And so it is that to-day, when a soldier is brought before his Commanding Officer for judgment, his cap is removed, and not only his cap but also any other "article of clothing or equipment which might be used as a missile."

For so runs the regulation.



Bride (showing the new house). "AND HOW DO YOU LIKE OUR FURNITURE, AUNT? WE'RE GETTING IT ON THE INSTALMENT PLAN, YOU KNOW."
Aunt. "IT'S NOT BAD; BUT PERHAPS I SHALL LIKE THE SECOND INSTALMENT BETTER."

TO A FUNERAL CAT IN THE CAIRO MUSEUM.

My pink-tongued pussy with the patient smile,
 The well-belovéd of Egyptian Horus,
 No longer from the Theban's painted tile
 Thy living peers uplift the nightly chorus,
 Rousing to wrath the lead-eyed crocodile
 That slumbers by the banks of holy Nile.
 No questing antiquarians can beguile,
 No grubbing Egyptologist restore us,
 The pride and power of those two million cats
 That sang on temple roofs and purred on palace mats.

Sealed in the secret tomb where time is not,
 With TUTANKH-AMEN, thy distinguished master,
 With golden thrones and ducklings in a pot
 And cedar chests and jars of alabaster,
 And never a worm your loveliness to rot;
 By change abandoned, by decay forgot,
 By no winds cooled and by no suns made hot,
 Walled in eternity by rock and plaster,
 The sundering cycles found thee still adream
 Of multitudinous mice, infinitudes of cream.

PHARAOH is dead and with the dead must stay;
 The tireless mind that stormed his secret portal
 Nor curious hands that dragged him to the day
 Nor magic that three thousand years have wrought 'll
 Inform with life that desiccated clay;
 Death holds him fast, though he defy decay.
 But thou, though never alive, dost live away;
 Yea, thou, by Art created, art immortal,
 The type, the embodiment, the essential soul
 Of all the cats that mewed or ever lapped from bowl.

They tell me who profess to know these things
 That TUT will be allowed to go on sleeping
 Shadowed by sacred vultures' outstretched wings,
 Safe in the lion's and the lizard's keeping,
 Till the grey worm of Time's slow burrowings
 Have made a mouthful of ten thousand Springs,
 And he, like OZYMANDIAS, King of Kings,
 Mingles his dust for ever with the heaping,
 Wind-drifted billows of the desert dust,
 Remembered not by saints nor by the sage discussed.

But thou, my pensive pussy, wilt not die
 Or fear to reckon the receding ages,
 But safe on the Museum shelf wilt lie
 Mid painted flesh-pots and papyrus pages;
 And visitors will marvel to descry
 The poise and vigour of thy symmetry;
 Will note the dim flame burning in thine eye,
 Fixed as a star, mysterious as a mage's,
 And cry, "It sounds ridiculous, but I've
 A feeling that that cat is more than half alive."

But when the sun has passed the desert's rim
 And Night's Black Cat the Mouse of Twilight chases,
 And forth to love and battle, lithe of limb,
 Steal whiskered tenors and reverberant basses,
 Down the Museum's silent aisles and dim
 A shadow shape will scamper and a grim
 Voice will uplift the ancient battle hymn,
 Squalling defiance in the foemen's faces;
 White fangs will flash and talons sharp as knives
 Till every Cairene cat flies for its very lives. ALGOL.



"I MUST ASK YOU NOT TO HANG ABOUT HERE."
 "AND 'OO MIGHT YOU BE?"
 "I'M THE SECRETARY OF THIS CLUB."
 "OH, ARE YER? WELL, THAT AIN'T THE WAY TO GET MEMBERS."

ROYAL ACADEMY.

(My First and Last Notice.)

Cecily and I have had a misunderstanding. For a week past she had been intently reading notices of the Academy in all the newspapers, and on Monday she even began the "Art News" before the notes on "How to Dress for Ascot." As a result she was fully primed and ready when we reached Burlington House to-day.

The first picture we stopped at was "Bathing at Capri." I studied it carefully. "Looks just like Margate," was my remark; but Cecily, with a far-away look, began to recite: "The *leit-motif* is well carried out, although the orchestration is defective. You can hear the

flute-like tones in the figure of the girl on the right, but the deeper bass notes of the gentleman in the red bathing-suit are not sufficiently stressed. The aria of "

I cannot tell one note from another—nor, for that matter, can Cecily—so I turned to a portrait, "The Mayor of Puddlesville." I made a brave attempt. "Ugly little bounder. Looks like your Uncle Henry."

"In this painting"—Cecily intoned her words as if we were in church—"the artist has treated the main theme in a realistic manner, but has introduced a lyric in the *boutonniere*. It is done throughout in iambs. Possibly anapaestic verse would have been out of place with a frock-coat, but

a more fluent rhythm would have improved the effect."

In Rooms II., III. and IV. I was silent, but in Room V. I was the first to speak. "This painting of 'Lady and Tulip,'" I said, "would have been nearly bogey if the artist had had a better follow through. As it is he has bunkered himself badly on the lady's right ear. His attempted chip shot from the yellow tulip to the black dress is obviously short of the green."

"Don't be absurd," said Cecily, and turned to another picture. Before she could begin I had got into my stride.

"Here the artist drives strongly all round the wicket and evidently likes to score his runs quickly, especially with that dancing girl. He hits out freely with his red paint on the on-side."

"Idiot," said Cecily. But I was going well now and nothing could stop me.

"Just look at the 'Portrait of Lady X.' Isn't that top-spin he has given her nose magnificent? And see the way he has volleyed the Pekinese into her arms. His forehand drive, too, is always interesting, although her dress

"I'm going home," said Cecily.

BLUEBELLS.

EMPTY stands the Queen's House all the winter through—

Don't you know the Queen's House, the Queen's House at Kew?—

No one goes a-hunting in the fairy park,
 No one goes a-dancing in the hollows after dark.

But suddenly one morning, one day of happy spring,
 All among the bushes the birds begin to sing;

The gardens bud and blossom, the whisper travels fast,

"Have you heard the fairies are back again at last?"

All about the Queen's House they make their sweet to-do,

And far and far beneath the trees they spread the royal blue;

And you may see them dance there and you may watch their play;

A penny-piece will let you in. Oh, who could stop away? R. F.

From the prospectus of a new motor-omnibus service in Ceylon:—

"The service would further remind passengers that in the event of a bus being occasionally overcrowded and somewhat uncomfortable, to be liberal in their sometimes voiceful thoughts through placing themselves as being the latecomers some other day."

In London no such appeal is necessary. Passengers are, if anything, too liberal in their voiceful thoughts.



SAUCE FROM THE GOOSE.

THE GERMAN GOOSE. "YOU WANTED AN EGG; WELL, THERE YOU ARE. TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT."

M. POINCARÉ. "CALL THAT AN EGG? I CALL IT AN INSULT!"

LORD CURZON. "I AGREE THAT IT'S ON THE SMALL SIDE; STILL, THE BIRD HAS STARTED LAYING."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 7th.—The House of Commons acquired much useful information at Question-time. From Mr. ORMSBY-GORE, for example, it learned that if Colonel NEWMAN, as an Irishman resident in England, desires to go abroad he must first obtain leave from the authorities of the Irish Free State; and from Mr. BALDWIN that, should the United States, in pursuance of its endeavour to "dry" the Atlantic, confiscate a British ship, the British Government will "act in full accord with International Law."

Mr. MCNEILL's assurance was equally comforting. Although it would be contrary to the practice of H.M. Government to interfere with the process by which the Russian Soviet, having confiscated the properties of British owners, is selling them to buyers in England and elsewhere, it would nevertheless be "a great mistake" to assume that British subjects can no longer look to the British Government for protection.

Building in Tanganyika appears to be even more expensive than it is at home. The new official residence for the Governor at Dar-es-Salaam has cost fifty-four thousand pounds, yet Mr. ORMSBY-GORE was unable to say whether even at that price it contained a parlour. He was pretty sure that there was no ball-room, but added in extenuation that he believed that there was a very large verandah. There, no doubt, the ladies will be able to display their war-paint, and so "impress the natives," in accordance with Major PAGET's desire.

All sections of the Opposition united in resisting the Special Constables Bill. In vain the HOME SECRETARY pointed out that it was merely supplementary to the Act of 1831, and had no sinister object. The Labour Party were convinced that the new "Specials" were really intended to be a sort of Fascisti, and would be used as "blacklegs" and strike-breakers. This obsession dominated all their speeches and even affected Sir ALFRED MOND, who urged the Government to banish suspicion by accepting a limiting clause. Mr. BRIDGE-

MAN, however, stuck to his batons. For his success he owed something to Mr. LANSBURY, who outdid all his previous achievements in mare's-nesting by the discovery that the Miniature Rifle Range at the Stock Exchange was for the purpose of training jobbers and brokers to shoot down strikers. At



OUR FASCIST HOME SECRETARY.
AS DEPICTED BY MR. LANSBURY.

any rate the Government got nearly double the normal majority for the Third Reading.

Tuesday, May 8th.—Lord CURZON in the Lords and Mr. BALDWIN in the Commons announced in substantially identical terms the Government's atti-

tude towards the German Note on Reparations. This Note, having been addressed to the Allied Powers, should in their opinion have received a concerted reply, and the French and Belgians by their "unnecessary precipitancy" had lost an opportunity of once more testifying to the solidarity of the *Entente*, which certainly seems in need of all the testimony it can get. The Government would without delay send their own reply to Germany, and Italy, it was expected, would adopt the same course. The statement was received with general cheers in the Lower House, and in the Upper evoked an even more remarkable demonstration of approval. Lord BIRKENHEAD described it as "admirable and restrained," and declared that "the noble Marquis speaks for all Parties in this country."

Lord NEWTON then spent a happy half-hour in discharging epigrams at one of his favourite cock-shys—the advertisements that disfigure our rural districts. I do not gather that he has devoted much time to studying the psychology of advertising or he would hardly have addressed "to any oil Lord, or soap Lord, or whisky Lord or beer Lord who happens to be here" such a naïve question as "Is any real good done by persistently flaunting these things before us?" But from the artistic point of view he was quite sound, and earned the approval of all the Peers who spoke. Lord CRAWFORD admitted that there were some advertisements that he loved, notably those on the Underground Railway. Lord LONG was more concerned with *vrai-*

semblance than artistry and inveighed against a picture representing a dairy-maid in such a position that she could not get a drop of milk from her cow, and if she tried would be kicked out of existence.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was very stiff with Members who complained of the new assessment, and flatly declined, "in fairness to the rest of the taxpayers," to postpone its operation. But, as he once more advised a questioner to "wait and see," it is thought that he has perhaps not spoken his last word on the subject.



THE ALL-PARTIES LUNCHEON TO "THE FATHER OF THE HOUSE"
(MR. T. P. O'CONNOR).

After PHIZ's picture of "Weller and his friends drinking to Mr. Pell."

Mr. ARTHUR PONSONBY, in asking leave to introduce a Bill for the gradual abolition of hereditary titles, made many excellent jokes, though none quite so good as the fact that the measure emanates from his father's son. I particularly enjoyed the suggestion that there are peers of ancient lineage who, in view of the company they are now called upon to keep in the House of Lords, would be glad to take advantage of Clause 1 and drop their titles. Leave was granted without a division, the SPEAKER, by inadvertence, having declared that "the Ayes have it," without waiting for the "Noes." In declining to go back on his ruling he enjoyed the high approval of Mr. KIRKWOOD.

The Rent Restriction Bill was freely attacked as "retrospective and unfair," but received the support of Sir ERNEST POLLOCK, who declared for "the principle of common-sense," and, despite threats by Mr. JACK JONES of what he would do when he was Lord Chief Justice, passed its Third Reading by 117.

Wednesday, May 9th. —Acting in the spirit of the "canting" motto of his house, *Ver non semper viret*, Lord VERNON, on a day when Spring had suddenly given way to Winter, displayed unusual activity. First he urged the Government to revise their currency policy with the view of stabilising prices, and, undaunted by Lord HYLTON'S summary

dismissal of that proposal, he next came out with a plea for the amalgamation or abolition of small schools. But here he encountered the united opposition of Lord BATH, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY and Lord HUNTLY, who were all agreed that in many places small schools were a necessity, and that to destroy them would be both unpopular and unpolitic.

"Euphelia serves to grace my measure,
But Chloe is my real flame."

So might Lord BIRKENHEAD have carolled as he put his question about Germany's aircraft, for it presently appeared that his real object was to call attention to our aerial inferiority to France. For the third time running he made a speech without attacking the Government, and drew from Lord SALISBURY a sympathetic reply to the effect that the Government were earnestly considering the situation, and

had already decided to strengthen our Air Force.

The Commons continue to take a keen interest in the latest development of American Prohibition. Mr. McNEILL said that until they had received the full terms of the Supreme Court's decision the Government could not define their attitude; but months ago Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES had represented to the U.S. Government "in the most friendly way"—does that mean over a friendly glass, drawn from the Embassy's ample cellar?—"the inconvenience and the possibly embarrassing precedent" which might result from such action.

"The embarrassing precedent" appeared quickly when Mr. COURTHOPE asked leave to introduce a Bill "to pro-

for twenty years the prospect of its being tackled even by what he described as this "young and optimistic" Government is hardly hopeful.

Mr. McNEILL'S announcement in the Commons that a warship had been sent to the Murmansk coast to protect British trawlers from attack, "using force if necessary," caused an explosion of wrath among the Russian sympathisers on the Labour Benches. "Why don't you send the Fleet to New York?" exclaimed Mr. LANSBURY; which question a Ministerialist capped with, "Do you want more money from Moscow?"

The amazing ordinance recently passed by the Governing Commission of the Saar Valley—under which it becomes an offence punishable with five

years' imprisonment to cast discredit on the Treaty of Versailles—furnished Sir JOHN SIMON with an opportunity for putting several awkward questions to the MINISTER OF EDUCATION, the British representative on the Council of the League of Nations.

Mr. WOOD made the best defence he could for the omission of the Council to insist upon the cancellation of the ordinance. But it did not satisfy Mr. ASQUITH, who declared that Russian despotism in its worst days did not furnish a more monstrous example of tyrannical legislation.

Lord ROBERT CECIL

feared the incident would enhance his American hosts' distrust of the League; and Mr. FISHER (Mr. WOOD'S predecessor on the Council) declared that, although the administration of the Saar was not nearly so black as it had been painted by German propagandists, this particular ordinance was not law but *opéra-bouffe*, and ought to be cancelled at the earliest opportunity.

More remarkable than any of the speeches, however, was the fact that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, part-author of the Treaty of Versailles, sat through the debate without uttering a word.

"During the great war, when the country was certainly more in need of money than at present, Parliament refused to issue Premier Bonds, out of consideration for public morality."—*Evening Paper*.

An apology appears to be due to Mr. ASQUITH or Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, or both.



Skipper of Village Team (arranging order of going in). "BILL AND ME'S GOING IN FIRST; THEN JOE TITCOMB; AN' YOU, JARGE, FOLLOWS IN SECOND WICKET DOWN."
Jarge (a pessimist). "THUR, NOW; YOU KNOWS I BE NEVER NO GOOD AT STOPPIN' THE 'AT TRICK."

vide for the supply of liquor on all vessels carrying passengers in British waters." If American waters were to be compulsorily dried, he thought it only right to ensure that our waters should be "reasonably moist." Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY regarded the Bill as a childish attempt at reprisals, and pointed out as a practical objection that, as the three-mile limit was passed by a fast vessel in about ten minutes, passengers on an American ship would only be able to enjoy the "reasonable moisture" for that brief period. The House, however, gave the measure a First Reading by 184 to 128.

Thursday, May 10th.—Lord ARMAGH-DALE failed in his plea that the Government should reconsider the new assessment. Lord SALISBURY, it is true, admitted that the question of rating reform was "urgent," but as he also said that it had been in that condition



PICNICS.

If you go a-picnicing and throw
your scraps about
You'll never see the little folk go
running in and out,
And if you leave your orange-peel
all littered on the grass
You'll never go to Fairy Land or
see the fairies pass.
For empty tins and tangled strings
And paper bags are not the things
To scatter where a linnet sings.

So if you go a-picnicing remember
you're a guest
Of all the tiny people, and you'll
really find it best
To leave their ball-room tidy and
to clear away the mess,
And *perhaps* you'll see a fairy in
her newest dancing dress.
But paper bags and broken combs
Will really wreck the pixie homes
And frighten all the tiny gnomes.

But if you go a-picnicing and you
are elfin wise
You'll maybe hear with fairy ears
and see with goblin eyes;
The little folk will welcome you,
and they will open wide
The hidden doors of Fairy Land,
and you will pass inside,
And maybe see a baby fay
White cradled in a cherry spray,
Although it is Bank Holiday.





Local Lady. "I KNOW YOU SAY 'TALLY-HO!' WHEN YOU FIND A FOX. WHAT DO YOU SAY WHEN YOU FIND AN OTTER?"
Visiting M.O.H. (drawing a very doubtful stream). "WHEN WE FIND ONE HERE THE SHOCK RENDERS US SPEECHLESS."

MESSALINA AND ME;

OR, "THE HIND LET LOOSE."

(With acknowledgments to the weekly articles on "Julius Cæsar" in "The Daily Chronicle.")

"Wouldst thou ken Nature of the weirdest kind,
 Go search the cots and lodges of the Hind."
 CHATTERTON (adapted).

I AM obliged to go on writing about Messalina, aged five, because every day the post brings me letters from all sorts of people begging me to continue recording the *obiter dicta* of this devastating infant. Messalina is not in the least surprised at these requests, and why should she be? For what can be more arresting in this marvellous May-time, the prelude to the pageantry of June, than the spectacle of a tiny, vivacious and perfectly unprincipled child—one of those "limber elves," those "small misguided creatures" (to adapt "C. S. C.")

"Who, just because their ways are slim,
 Divert us more than adult preachers?"

When I ask Messalina why she detests the dustman, proscribes the policeman, mimics the milkman and terrorises all other children of her age and size she replies, "'Cause they love Julius Cæsar." The answer seems enigmatic,

but at any rate it appears to show that Latin is not yet in the last ditch; also perhaps it indicates a revolt against dictatorships in general and in especial against the cold metallic ruthlessness of the "Iron Duke" of ancient Rome.

* * * * *
 I write about Messalina because I cannot evade her. She is ubiquitous and bobs up in the oddest places. For example, at the Academy Banquet last week there were wonderful people to see and hear, momentous matters to think and talk about, superb profiles and opulent contours: the leonine *chevelure* of Sir ASTON WEBB; the trio of Dukes—"the Three Graces," as I heard them called. Wonderful too was the spotless sheen of exquisite napery, the shimmer of silver, the "beaded bubbles winking at the brim," the enchanting motley of the plover's egg.

And then the galaxy of intellect—all that was brightest and best in Life and Letters. On every side were the good and the great: famous soldiers with iron jaws like KITCHENER, poets and philosophers, scientists and divines, engaged in eager vivid talk which filled me with a wild surmise. The ball of repartee was kept up with constant repercussion, and I played my humble part. . . . Yes, there was no lack of engrossing

appeals to the eye, the ear and the mind; yet, will you believe it? I spent most of the time talking about that terrible infant, Messalina, aged five. But I was not wholly to blame. Strangers as well as friends made me do it, notably two remarkable men whom, strange to say, I had not previously encountered in my pilgrimage throughout two hemispheres.

* * * * *
 The first was a brilliant Chinese diplomatist, who said to me in deliberate precise English: "Is Semiramis, aged three, a real child?" The error had to be corrected, but with a due consideration for the feelings of the courteous Oriental. "May the contemptible scribe who addresses you," I replied, "be permitted to suggest that you are referring to Messalina, aged five?" He waved his hands with an indescribably graceful gesture and nodded acquiescence. Emboldened by his friendliness I ventured to ask, "What do you know about her?" His face lit up with a charming smile: "Oh, we read about her at home every Wednesday, and last Sunday, when we were watching the pelicans in St. James's Park, my little girl said to me, 'I wish Messalina were here to stir up those lazy birds.'"

Then the pundit from Cathay and I

talked of CONFUCIUS and children, the cherubs of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, *The Babes in the Wood*, Madame MONTESORI, the gospel of self-expression and the light that never was on land and sea yet is always here if we but cultivate the spiritual fluorescence of our mental eye.

* * * * *

Later on in the evening I was accosted by another total stranger, a young Welsh poet, an albino, whose roseate eyes shone luminously through his horn spectacles. He said, "Can there really be such a divine imp as this Messalina? Is it not rather that you yourself are reading into this magical *eidolon* the recondite emotions and subliminal inhibitions of your saccharine sub-consciousness?"

"Young man," I replied, "I respect your blunt frankness. But Messalina is no figment of my imagination. She is the living vital antidote to the saponaceous sweetness of Julius-Cæsarism. She is the vinegar in the salad of life, and, being new to the world, is constantly moved to exert her tonic and astringent influence on its flaccid and effusive amiability. She is always spouting out salutary but corrosive comments. I only listen, select and record. She teaches me style and scepticism."

"What do you mean?" asked the albino.

"Listen," said I. "We were at my bungalow last week—such a day, such an evening, all amber and pink—and I fetched Messalina down from her cot, because the nightingales, the cuckoos, the night-jars, the owls, the pipits and other feathered warblers of the grove were all singing together. When we came into the garden Messalina woke up and abruptly remarked, 'Golly! what a howwid wow! Put me back in my bed.' Somewhat reluctantly I obeyed, and, as I tucked her in, the astonishing child ejaculated with petrifying emphasis, 'I hate Julius Cæsar, but I love Daddy Long-legs!'"

"And how does that teach you scepticism?" asked the pink-eyed poet.

"Why, don't you see? Daddy Long-legs wouldn't say his prayers. Those four words, 'I love Daddy Long-legs,' contain the pith and core of modern theology."

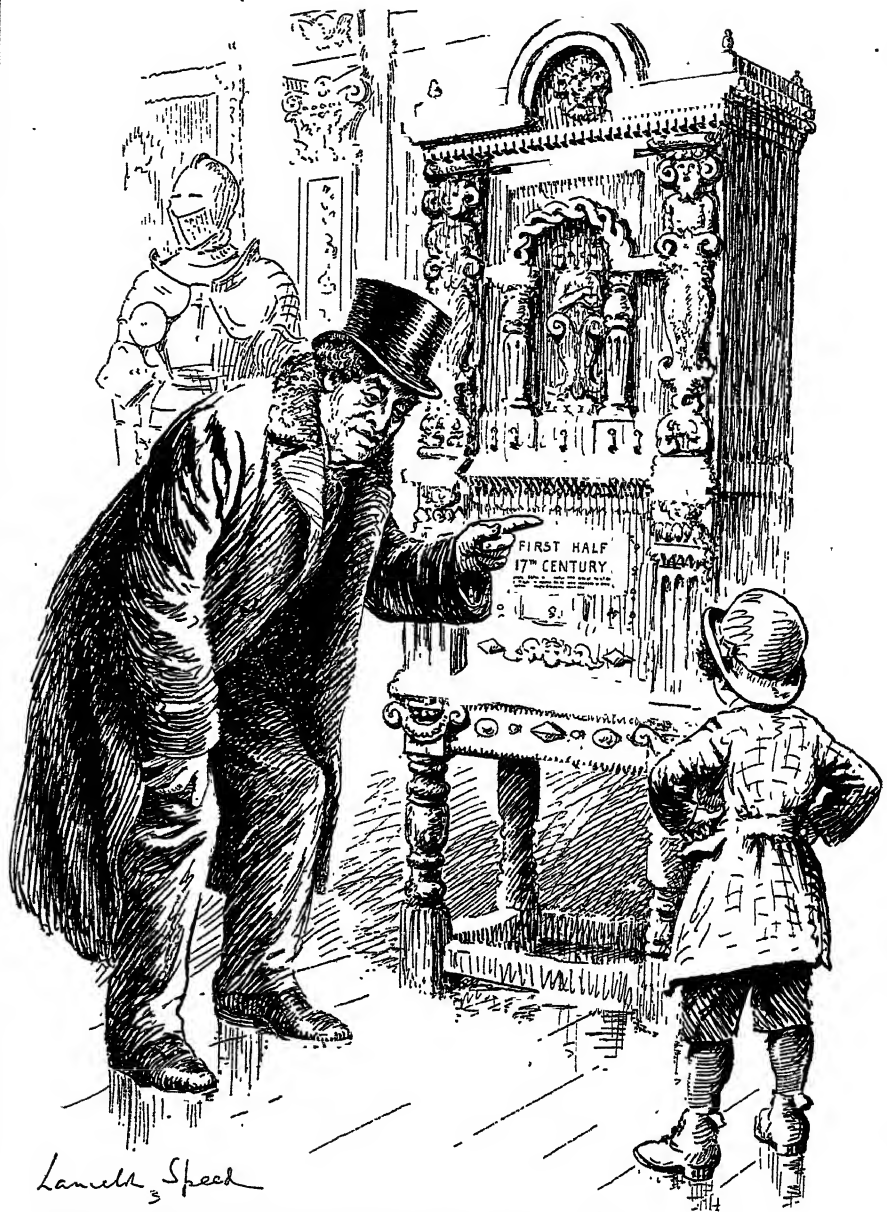
"You are a droll person," rejoined the young poet, "and it amuses me to hear you talk."

Brighter Trade Unionism.

"In other unions, the opinion of the members is arrived at by means of mass meetings, where a vote is taken by show of hands; while another method is the taking of a ballot vote of the whole of the membership . . ."

Provincial Paper.

Presumably by a show of legs!



Antique Dealer (taking young hopeful round museum). "HAVE A GOOD LOOK AT THIS CABINET, IKEY. YOU SEE WHAT IT SAYS ON THE TICKET—'FIRST HALF SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.'"

Ikey. "I SEE—THE SECOND HALF'S A FAKE."

NATURE RHYMES FOR NURSERIES.

BUNNY RABBIT.

BUNNY creeps out and caresses his nose,
Combs out his ears with his fluttering
toes,

Blinks at the sun
And commences to run
With a skip and a hop
And a flippety-flop,

Nibbling the clover wherever he goes;
But only when he is quite easy in mind
Does he button his little white tail down
behind.

Bunny stops dead and stiffens each hair,
And his eyelids freeze in a terrified stare,
And he pricks up his ears,
For the sound that he hears

Is a low muffled beat
And a drumming of feet
And an ominous rub-a-dub-dubbing—
but where?
He's off like the wind! He's off like
the wind!
And his little white tail is unbuttoned
behind.

Another Sex Problem.

"Sixty keen young Churchmen Wanted at once to be trained as Parish Sisters, Matrons, etc."—*Adv. in Provincial Paper.*

"Captain Cuttle, winner of the 1922 Derby, after a prolonged rest, is considered to be 'a good thing' for this year's Derby."

Ceylon Paper.

We recommend a prolonged rest-cure for the author of the above.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE INSECT PLAY" (REGENT.)

I THINK it must have been at an early stage of my childhood that my attention was first directed to the moral lessons to be learned from the industry of the bee and the wisdom of the ant. Anyhow I had heard about the excellent example set by these admirable insects long before I had ever heard of Czecho-Slovakia, where the authors of this play come from. By help of nursery rhymes, proverbial philosophy and the easier kind of hymns I had learned that among the lower creation there were to be found desirable habits which I should do well to imitate, but also some deplorable features, such as the pugnacity of bears, lions and dogs, which I should do well to avoid. Later, when I was strong enough to take in TENNYSON, I read about "Natured in tooth and claw," and how the poet entertained the hope that Man would gradually evolve a better state of things, and urged us to

"Work 'out the beast
And let the ape and tiger die."

But it remained for Messrs. CAPEK, BROTHERS (of Czecho-Slovakia) to show me that to-day, when the world in general, and Czecho-Slovakia in particular, has been made safe for democracy, there is among the communities of flying or crawling insects no vicious or foolish quality which has not its counterpart in the vices and the follies of the human race. The amorous futilities of the butterfly, male and female, but chiefly and most offensively, female; the cruel egoism underlying the domestic virtues of the ichneumon fly, that kills the innocent cricket to provide sustenance for its own young; the hypocrisy of the ant, that boasts of the peaceful ideals of its commonwealth, but labours largely to provide the sinews of war; the giddiness of the May-fly, born to die in an hour, yet apparently blind to the limitations of its mortality;—all these qualities are set forth by way of ironic illustration of the analogous foibles and defects of the self-styled lords of creation. We are not asked to say, "How interestingly human these insects are!" but rather, "What a worm is man!"

Only once, I think—in the case of the newly-wedded Mr. and Mrs. Cricket—is

virtue indicated. Thus we hear nothing of the industriousness of the bee. Instead, to promote the general ugliness, we are given an exhibition of the beetle laboriously saving up for a rainy day. How doth the little busy beetle improve the dullest hour by rolling up his ball of dung! A virtuous thing to do, you would say, but it is shown to be prompted by that lust for property which is apt to submerge the nobler emotions, such as matrimonial affection.

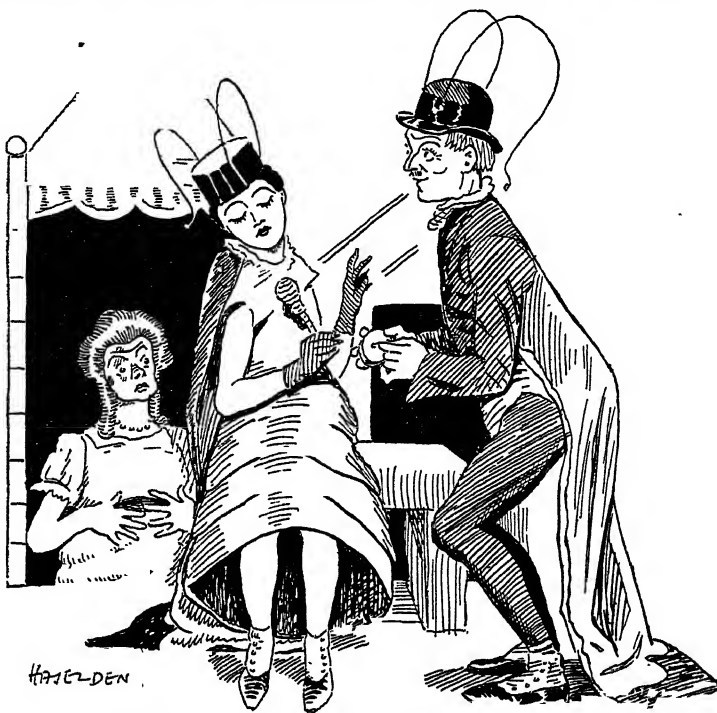
The title of this entertainment is *The Insect Play* ("and so *ad infinitum*"). You might gather from this, and from the insertion of SWIFT's lines in the programme (I prefer the more familiar

philosophy. His physical interventions, spasmodic and arbitrary, were liable to destroy the illusion, if any. The fact that the insects were of human size and spoke in human speech (varied in the beetles' case by inhuman cackinnations) helped no doubt the purposes of analogy, but it also tended to confusion, as when a second tramp appeared in the person of the *Parasite* insect; and to improbability, as when the original tramp, with a mere stamp of his boot, annihilated the *Commander of the Yellow Ants' Army*, who was quite as big as he was.

The best scene perhaps was that of the *Ants*. Here the irony was sustained and effective. Elsewhere there was some pleasant satire at the expense of our anæmic lyrists in the picture of the amorous boy-poet who had long ago discarded the youthful passions which he had never indulged. But the humour of the play was apt to wear a little thin by reiteration; certainly the beetles, before we had done with them, had become a bore.

As the chorus-tramp, the sole representative of humanity after the Prologue was over, Mr. EDMUND WILLARD had just to lie about and make a few simple remarks; which he did with a very natural ease. Of the others—and I don't pretend to judge of the right behaviour of a humanised insect—Messrs. CLAUDE RAINS and HARVEY ADAMS, as the *Chief* and *Second Engineers of the Black Ants* (Mr. ADAMS, by a quick change of dress and loyalty, ended up as *Commander of the*

Yellow Ants' Army), made a great deal of noise; Mr. IVAN BERLYN, as the *Ichneumon Fly*, divided our dear hearts between approval of his paternal love and his savage methods of gratifying his child's appetite for corpses (of full human dimensions); Miss ELSA LANCHESTER made a laughably grotesque figure of that dirty little cannibal; Miss NOELLE SONNING and Miss ANNE HYTON contrived to show us that the lepidoptera of Czecho-Slovakia (if the authors got their models there) yield nothing to our modern British butterflies in lack of reticence; Miss ANGELA BADDELEY (late of *The Beggar's Opera*) was a most delightful *Mrs. Cricket*; and finally Miss JOAN MAUDE exhibited a commendable fortitude as *Chrysalis*, waiting patiently in her cocoon through two whole Acts



MIXED CRICKET: THE LUNCHEON HOUR.

<i>Larva</i> (always hungry)	MISS ELSA LANCHESTER.
<i>Mrs. Cricket</i>	MISS ANGELA BADDELEY.
<i>Mr. Cricket</i>	MR. ANDREW LEIGH.

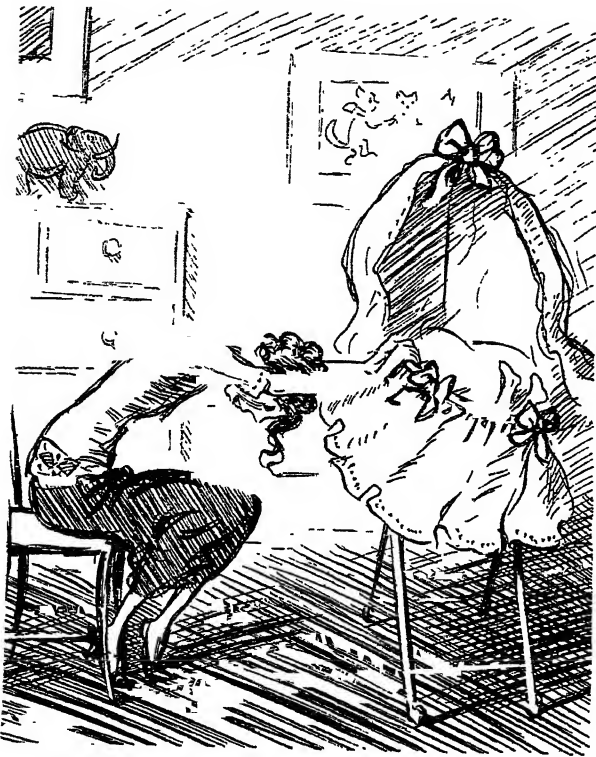
treatment of the subject in DE MORGAN'S *Budget of Paradoxes*, but let that pass), that the motive of the play was to illustrate the following idea:—

"So, Naturalists observe, a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed *ad infinitum*."

Yet, with the exception of the solitary instance of the *Parasite* that wolfs the food so brutally secured by the *Ichneumon Fly* for the sustenance of its *Larva*, I could trace no illustration of this law of nature. And even here the "smaller flea" was several sizes bigger than the one it bit.

The chorus consisted of a *Tramp*, who watched the show in the intervals of wayside repose and passed a few comments upon it in a vein of elementary

THE NON-STOPPERS.



MRS. B. EDLAM, THE PECKHAM MOTHER, WHO ROCKED HER BABY CONTINUOUSLY FOR FORTY-EIGHT HOURS WITHOUT TAKING NOURISHMENT.



MR. D. F. KNUTT, OF TOTTENHAM, WHO SMOKED FIVE THOUSAND AND ONE GASPERS, USING ONLY A SINGLE MATCH.



MR. WILLIAM GOAT, THE TOOTING HOUSEHOLDER, WHO DUG HIS BACK GARDEN WITHOUT CEASING FROM 2 P.M. ON SATURDAY TO 8 A.M. ON MONDAY.



MISS C. HATCH, OF BRIXTON, WHO TRIED ON NINE HUNDRED AND FIFTY HATS IN ONE SHOPPING DAY WITHOUT MAKING A PURCHASE.

in the most optimistic anticipation of a career as a May-fly, which only lasted a few seconds.

This May-fly scene, played under poor conditions of visibility, the lights being half down (to cover the sketchiness of the costumes?), provided almost the only note of beauty in the play.

Curiosity, and the success of the other CAPEK play, *R. U. R.*, which I have yet to visit, should draw audiences to the wilds of Euston Road; and I hope they will be pleased. But before I can attempt to judge of the merits of these brothers as dramatists I must wait till they make an end of fantasies, animal and mechanical, and give us the drama of human life. They should find plenty of spectacular material in their own local *vie de Bohème*. O. S.

"HER TEMPORARY HUSBAND."
(DUKE OF YORK'S.)

Grant Mr. EDWARD A. PAULTON his initial postulate, that there is something extraordinarily funny in a Home for Incurables packed with old gentlemen tottering so near the grave that they are merely numbers rather than individual personalities, and you may readily admit he has done his job well. For myself I found my tentative reflections, that incurability and slow-coming death are not two of the really funny subjects, rudely interrupted by the loud laugh (my own) that speaks the vacant mind (ditto) and, after all, is the farce-maker's real reward.

Blanche, a rich orphan and a most attractive young woman (Miss EDNA BEST, you understand), is, for no conceivable reason, engaged to one *Clarence Topping*, a lawyer. *Blanche's* father had arranged that *Blanche* was to have his dollars only when she married some other than our *Clarence*, who, however, being a person of resource, suggests that, if a really incurable and impotent dodderer at death's very door could be found as *Blanche's* first husband, he, *Clarence*, need not wait long for a rich widow. Stage wills and stage lawyers are often like that.

The Sanatorium Doctor sees nothing amiss with the plan, and suggests that *Number 56* will best fill the bill. Meanwhile *Tom Burton*, one of those staunch young millionaires with whom America abounds, has seen *Blanche* eating spaghetti at the Ritz and has fallen for her. In the course of his mad pursuit he learns of *Clarence's* little plot. What easier than, with the connivance of *Judd*, the Sanatorium's star attendant, to assume a false beard and impersonate the unfortunate *56* at the scratch wedding in the Sanatorium parlour? What indeed!

Mr. PAULTON makes many of the

nicer and some of the less nice points of this intriguing situation. He has, too, an engaging twist of humour of the silly-ass type—*Tom Burton*, for instance, spelling over the telephone "h-i—yes 'i' as in eyebrow."

Bride and Bridegroom go to *Blanche's* summercottage. The Bridegroom, otherwise hiding in bed, allows himself an early-morning bathe without his beard, which leads to the rescuing of *Blanche* from a watery grave. *Clarence* blandly takes the credit for this affair, till he is unmasked in one of the dullest Third Acts that ever sandbagged an excellent First and Second. If the author had substituted for his Third Act a short epilogue, "And all ends happily in precisely the manner you have foreseen," he would have deserved even more of our gratitude.

The real hero of the performance and of the play was Mr. GEORGE ELTON as the incomparable *Judd*. It is a well-written part, anyway, but Mr. ELTON's admirably managed restraint, where there was a ready temptation to noisy buffoonery and over-emphasis, made of the thing a real triumph of skilled technique and humorously shrewd observation. Mr. TULLY is always amusing and likeable, and got all the possible fun out of his part, whether as *Burton*, as *Number 56*, or as *Number 56's* grandson, in which rôle he steals his first kisses from his alleged step-grandmother, *Blanche*. Mr. BREON as the Doctor chose the HUMPHRI-BUMPHRI method of emphasising his points, and did his twists and turns well enough. You can always count on the skill of this intelligent player. But I had not suspected him of gymnastics. Mr. A. E. MATTHEWS was all that the ineffable *Clarence* allowed him to be—a transient, embarrassed phantom of a part. Miss EDNA BEST looked very charming in some attractive creations (including a bathing-dress) by Madame JENESAISQUOR. There was nothing much for her to do and she didn't overstress her importance. Whereas Miss ENA GROSSMITH, with her exaggerated archness as the very odd doctor's fiancée, seemed to me to be a little apt to do so.

But of course it isn't really fair to apply serious tests to minor characters in knockabout farces. T.

A Special Matinée will be given at the Victoria Palace Theatre on Friday, June 15th, in aid of the East London Hospital for Children, Shadwell. H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY has consented to be present.

"Lost 1 odd lady's boot."

Adv. in Irish Paper.

And now she looks odder than ever.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BOUGHT.

THIS is the house that Jack bought.

This is the mortgage (at 6 per cent.
The interest equals a good stiff rent)
Obtained on the house that Jack bought.

This is the bulging overdraft
(Wrung from the Bank by tact and craft)
Which helped the mortgage (at 6 per cent.

The interest equals a good stiff rent)
To pay for the house that Jack bought.

This is the so-called "furniture" Jack
Was compelled to purchase to get the shack,
The "lino" and "fittings" (extremely old,

But worth—to the Vendor—their weight in gold),

Which added a bit to the overdraft
(Wrung from the Bank by tact and craft),
Which helped the mortgage (at 6 per cent.

The interest equals a good stiff rent)
To pay for the house that Jack bought.

This is the new assessment which
Is the ultimate straw in the final ditch,
When you think of the rickety "furniture" Jack

Was compelled to purchase to get the shack,

The "lino" and "fittings" (worn and old,

But worth—to the Vendor—their weight in gold),

And the dreadfully swollen overdraft
(Wrung from the Bank by tact and craft),
Which helped the mortgage (at 6 per cent.

The interest equals a good stiff rent)
To pay for the house that Jack bought.

And this is Jack (in Colney Hatch
For a slight disorder beneath his thatch),
Who appealed against the assessment which

Was the ultimate straw in the final ditch,
When you think of the secondhand "furniture" Jack

Was compelled to purchase to get the shack,

The "lino" and "fittings" (a trifle old,
But worth—to the Vendor—their weight in gold),

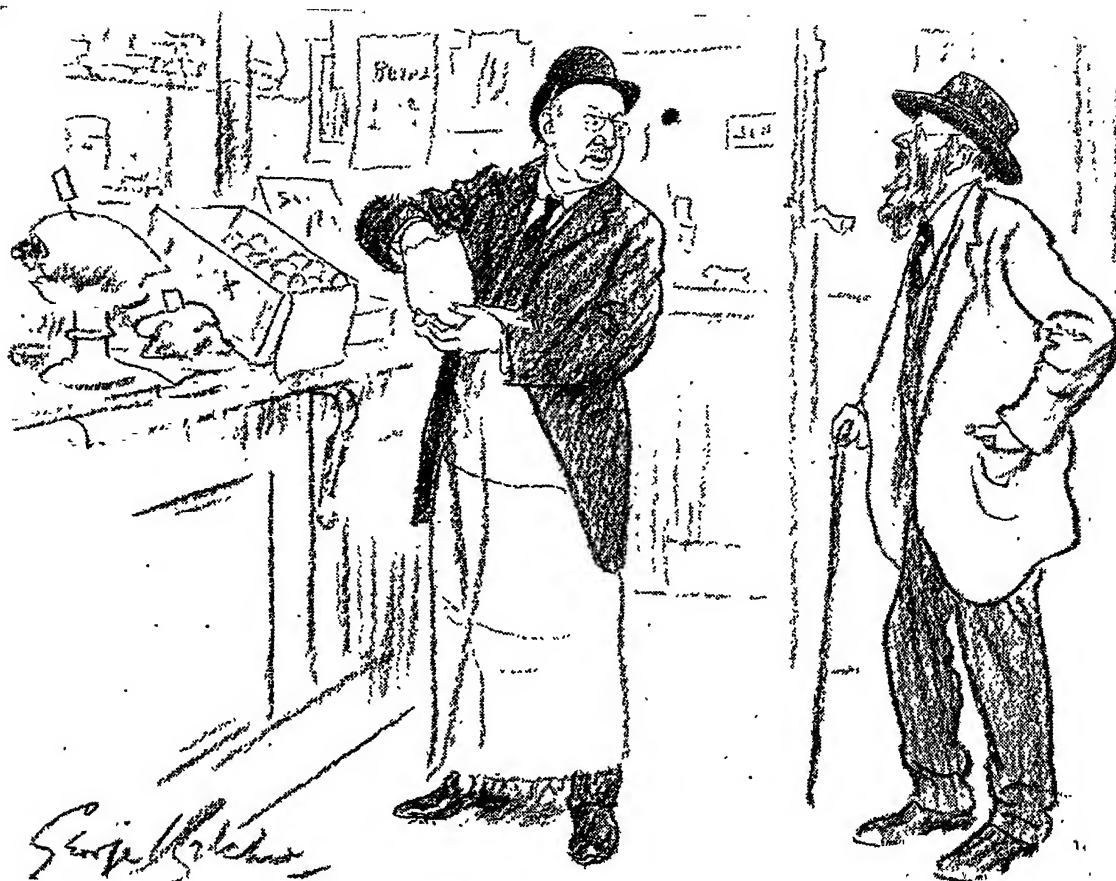
And the steadily swelling overdraft
(Wrung from the Bank by tact and craft),
Which helped the mortgage (at 6 per cent.

The interest is a good stiff rent)
To pay for the house that Jack bought.

From a stores catalogue:—

"Tuna Fish per ½-ton 1/4
Thon a l'Huile per tin 2/-"

The cost of living appears to have gone down more here than in France.



COMMERCIAL CANDOUR.

Grocer. "IF EVER I SELL YOU A BAD EGG, MR. CLIBBITT, YOU BRING IT BACK AND I'LL GIVE YOU ANOTHER ONE FOR IT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN *Found Money* (METHUEN) "GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM" has actually abstained from the felicity of tweaking the tail of Ireland for at least five chapters. But once he gets going on his immemorial pastime he makes up for his self-denial with a vengeance. The hero of his rollicking story, John Farnham, novelist, is requested by *Quartus Wilbred*, a drunkard dying in a ramshackle Breton château, to disinter the inheritance of *Wilbred's* daughter *Genevieve*—twenty thousand minted sovereigns buried under a stone in County Roscommon. The stone is an "Ogam stone," part of a miniature Stonehenge; and its whereabouts is indicated not only on an ordnance map but in a plan tattooed on the calf of *Wilbred's* leg. *Farnham* arrives on the scene of the *cache*, only to find it covered by an English camp, and meets an aged antiquarian, the *Reverend Canon Silvestre*, who admits himself responsible for the removal of the Ogam stones to his own back garden. The camp, moreover, has to be evacuated in favour of the Free Staters, who in their turn surrender to the Republicans; so the chances of a happy issue to the search are worse than doubtful. The end of the business I doubt if you will foresee any more than I did; though in reading the book for a second time I was surprised at the magnitude of the clues I had missed.

A huge yellow sun (unless perhaps it is a moon) is rising above the purple mountain range, lighting up the domes

and minarets of an Eastern city, while a slim youthful figure stands on a purple-green slope. This is *John Narcissus Dean*, the eponymous hero of *Scissors* (HEINEMANN), and he is looking down on the city of Amasia, which is somewhere in Asia Minor, where he passes the first few chapters of his life. I like those first few chapters, and also the next few, where *Scissors* is at school in England, and making friends with great rapidity. Mr. CECIL ROBERTS is at his best, I think, in painting family groups of the upper middle class: his *Deans*, *Vernleys*, *Marshes* are all families that one would like to know. He gets their cheerful holiday atmosphere with fidelity and charm. But then, I suppose, his artistic conscience rebelled against this comfortable life, and his young man has to pass under the harrow. So his father is killed defending Armenians in a massacre, and *Scissors* becomes a schoolmaster (preparatory), then a London journalist (free lance) and ultimately a Special Correspondent at the Front. I judge that this is ground that Mr. ROBERTS knows pretty well, and the curious may discover several thinly disguised portraits of eminent newspaper men. Yet it is the first half that has the truer ring. *Scissors* is quite good stuff—a great deal better than the ordinary run of novel—but I do not know that it demanded a tragic ending.

Miss DOROTHY RICHARDSON's *Revolving Lights* (DUCKWORTH), the latest instalment of the life of *Miriam Henderson*, is certainly well-named. Her light flashes in and out in a rather bewildering fashion, and between flashes the darkness is very deep. Miss RICHARDSON, though she does

in one instance make a row of dots and two quotation marks take the place of a sentence, has in this book brought her art to a still higher pitch of perfection. She can now use words instead of dots for an hiatus in the sense, with exactly the same effect. "At least it seems so to me, though I must confess to a lurking suspicion that the hiatuses may really be in my intelligence and that the light may shine all the while for some cleverer reader. It is very bright now and then, even to my eyes, showing an insight into psychology so deep, a presentation of odd facets of the mind so clear, that I cannot see why it should ever be cut off so completely. Of solid progress in *Miriam's* career there is little to report. I believe that she breaks with the Socialistic *Michael*, and I know that *Hypo* makes love to her; but I am not very sure how much he, or she, means by it. When we say *au revoir* to her she is back with her pleasant dentist employer in Wimpole Street. I do wish that *Miriam* and I were not contemporaries. It would annoy me fearfully if I never heard the end of her story, and I see no reason at present to believe that she will hasten her rate of progress so as to let me survive her.

There is nothing more embarrassing to encounter than a moderate talent entrenched behind subjects of peculiar sacredness and intimacy; and in his latest collection of thirteen miscellaneous papers—called, for no appreciable reason, *The Melody of God* (CONSTABLE)—Colonel DESMOND MOUNTROY has dug himself in so deeply among so much honoured dust that it is excessively difficult to dislodge him without irreverence. The personal appreciations of four dead soldiers with which the book opens have, he says, given pleasure to those who loved the men; so I should prefer to keep my comment for his reminiscences of the Empress EUGENIE. These range from a list of the EMPRESS's nine Spanish titles, with the dates of their creation, to half a paragraph on the two cups of "horrid tepid" tea she drank every afternoon of her life. They are not, to my mind, a very adequate return for the hospitality their gallant author enjoyed at Farnborough. The titular paper of the book is an excursus into theology, whose value may be gauged from the fact that it concludes three painful pages as to the manner of the Incarnation with the easy admission that "perhaps it does not greatly matter." Seven topical or sentimental papers, of which memories of the first Marquis of DUFERIN and AYA have a genuine value and generosity, complete the tale of the series.

Mr. J. S. FLETCHER has some reputation as a mystery-monger, but I think I caught him nodding in *The Charing Cross Mystery* (JENKINS). I found it a rather loosely-knit and clumsily-padded affair. There are twin ladies who both have, not a strawberry mark, but a tattooed dragon, on the right wrist, and are taken for each other or recognised apart as suits the author's convenience. There is a man who has invented a new ink and is murdered for the formula. Two more murders complete the series, and the villain, not

content with this amount of guilt and trouble, is after some jewels as well. This is of course quite unexceptionable; but I rather think the author takes it much too easily. Did he dictate? I think so; and I doubt if there lives the man who can dictate a murder story that shall be plausible to the critical reader. . . . When the amateur investigator, *Hetherwick*, comes to a wall with a mysterious locked door and, duly baffled, applies to a bystander for information: "It's my belief that this 'ere wall and door is back premises to something. The front of the place 'll be on the other side," says the bystander. "That's a good idea," replies *Hetherwick*. . . . "let's go round." They went round; and do you know it was even as the bystander had diagnosed. Or again, "'I don't think anything impossible in London," says *Hetherwick* drily. "If one only had the least idea to which quarter of the town that car was driven one might be doing something." That takes some beating.

On the wrapper of *The Wolf Trail* (BLACKWELL) we are given a brief summary of Mr. ROGER POCCOCK's career, from

which I gather that he has lived such an astounding active life that anything he writes is almost sure to have personal experience at the back of it. Were this merely a book of adventure I should recommend it with a whole heart, but it has gone further, and, as I think, fared the worse for that. The hero was "psychic and clairvoyant," and in his astral body had been in frequent communication with *Rain* before he met her in the flesh. As a yarn about Indians I found this tale delightful, but its excursions

into psychics left me cold, and occasionally more than a little perplexed. I may be prejudiced, but I could have wished that *Storm's* astral body had been given longer periods of complete repose.

The first six stories of *The Dinner Club* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), although they may not appeal to readers who look for something more than amusement and excitement, do prove, if proof is still needed, that "SAPPER" is a born story-teller. They are "SAPPER" at his best, and his best is very good. But of the remaining half-dozen, and especially of one of them, I have little that is kind to say. Frankly I think "Lady Cynthia and the Hermit" as artificial and trivial a tale as any I can remember. It is "SAPPER" at his worst, and his worst is very bad. If he reads it through carefully he can hardly fail to discover why it has driven at least one of his admirers almost to despair. Facility such as he possesses is always dangerous, and if it leads him to despise his public it will also be disastrous.

From a recent book about the clergy:—

"To the mere lay mind it seems obvious enough that reforms were needed, what with the viscous system of plural livings and the inevitable result—non-resident parsons."

We should have thought the result of such a system would have been to make them stick to their parishes.



IMPROBABILITIES.

Aggrieved Labourer. "OH, SIR, JUST LOOK WOT YOU 'VE DONE! NOW WE SHALL 'AVE TO BEGIN THE JOB ALL OVER AGAIN."

CHARIVARIA.

A MAN who appeared at Bow County Court last week was wearing flannel trousers, a blazer, white shoes and a straw hat. It is possible that he was employed by the Clerk of the Weather as a decoy.

"Weather experts never seem able to say with any degree of accuracy whether it is going to be wet or fine," laments a weekly journal. In view of our peculiar climate perhaps it would be fairer to let them have two guesses.

In the opinion of "IAN HAY" women are the best story-tellers. It is only fair to say that the one about being detained at the office was first told by a man.

A contemporary is surprised that the Royal Academy has no pictures dealing with football and other games. We have already heard of one Ludo-player who is so annoyed that he has refused to play for his county this year.

Now that a prominent matador has been injured by a bull at Bordeaux, there is some talk of doing away with these beasts altogether and using English football referees instead.

It is reported that during a non-stop dance in Paris one of the competitors collapsed owing to brain trouble. The report is false on the face of it.

The cost of cremation has been considerably lowered, and we are rather tempted to give it a trial.

We await with confidence a communication from "Nature Student," to the effect that the absence of hedge berries this month indicates that we are in for a hard summer.

The New York correspondent of *The Daily Express* intimates that the Georgia negro has a rooted objection to being lynched. It is feared that the ukelele and the banjo are playing havoc with the coloured man's love of sport.

"I remember when I was a Minister," said Sir ALFRED MOND the other day. It is not wise to let things like this prey on the mind.

Speaking in the House of Commons a Member recently stated that the income tax is detested. We felt it would not be long before somebody let out this secret.

A news item informs us that telephone kiosks are to be placed on the Thames Embankment. The glad tidings caused very little mafficking in the West End.

Over thirty thousand cases of Scotch whisky have been shipped from the Clyde for the United States this month. There was hardly a dry eye on the quayside.

The authorities of the Bale Zoo are in a quandary as to what they shall do with Miss Jenny, a ferocious elephant

An American newspaper has calculated that eight hundred and twenty-seven English authors have lectured in the States during the past winter. Surely it is time the States joined the League of Nations.

"American visitors to this country soon make themselves at home," says a gossip-writer. Most of them, we are told, can still use a corkscrew, although some complain that they have completely lost their grip.

According to a famous scientist radium is a failure. We have decided to dispose of ours.

It is predicted that developments of wireless steering will make it possible to dispense with jockeys. After an

experience in connection with the two-thirty race the other day we are inclined to favour the idea of dispensing with horses too.

"Moscow Moved," says a headline in a daily paper. Not nearer us, we trust.

In connection with the proposed removal of the statue of Eros from Piccadilly Circus, we hear of a suggestion that it should be set up at the entrance to the Divorce Court.

A nonagenarian reader of *The Daily Mail* writes to say that last summer he climbed one of the highest mountains in Wales. Another feather in the cap of our esteemed contemporary.

It should, by the way, be clearly understood that no political significance is attached to the above feat.

"Regular habitués of Brooklands are often amused by the fancy names given to the racing cars. Many years ago there was a high-powered car christened 'Pobble,' and devotees of Lewis Carroll will not need reminding that the 'Pobble' was a creature that had no toes."

Poor old EDWARD LEAR!

Headline to an account of AMUNDSEN's Polar expedition on the ship *Maud*:

"MAUD'S ARCTIC DRIFT."

New Zealand Paper.

"Icily regular," it is to be hoped, as TENNYSON said of his *Maud*; but not "splendidly null."



"A BIT EARLY FOR RIVER WORK, AIN'T IT, GUV'NOR?"

which recently mauled a keeper. One suggestion is that Dr. FRANK CRANE should have a few words with her.

With reference to the man who fell down in a London street the other day, the explanation is that it happened to be a spot where the road was not under repair and the unfortunate fellow had not noticed it.

An American investigator is estimating the quantity of intoxicating liquor in the world. Judged from the stuff one obtains in this country we should say the amount is about half.

"I have known Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR," says a correspondent of *The Times*. We were sure somebody had.

Ping-Pong, we are informed, has never really caught on again with people who count. The sheer rapture of the game, however, must compensate enthusiasts for the fact that they don't count.

THE WAY TO LIBERAL REUNION.

(Lines inspired by Sir JOHN SIMON'S speech to the Liberal County Club at Leeds.)

WHAT, oh what can be the reasons
Which have held so long apart
Us, the Liberal Faith's wee-free sons,
From our brothers, heart from heart,
Thus inhibiting the progress of our common apple-cart?

Painful jealousies that thwart us,
Bitter rivalries that rend,
Make us sticky as a tortoise,
And the pace will never mend
With a different horse and driver firmly fixed at either end.

I deplore the present fashion
Of competitive abuse,
Mourn the fratricidal passion
Which retards a holy truce
(ALFRED MOND agrees in thinking that it is indeed the
deuce).

I for one refuse to utter
Aught against a comrade's fame;
Soft my words shall be as butter,
Yet I tell you, all the same,
If there is an artful dodger, DAVID LLOYD GEORGE is his
name.

Like to water, most unstable,
With a conscience feather-light,
Full of tricks and very able,
Out of corners deadly tight
He'll emerge serene—but whither, no one ever guesses right.

That is that. And now, my brothers,
I have shown you what to do:
If you want to wean the others
From their vicious point of view—
If, in fact, you yearn for union, follow SIMON'S simple cue!
O. S.

OUR WIRELESS.

Bowlby is a very competent man. In Bowlby's house the plumber is not known; the fitting of new washers is child's play to him; broken window-sashes are the spice of his life, and of course he is the local wireless expert.

He blew in the other evening as we were sitting down to play bridge.

"Just been listening to a topping concert," he said; "CLARA BUTT, CORTOT, and an address on the knife-grinding dispute. First-rate stuff."

"Town Hall?" asked Monica in her innocence.

"Wireless, of course. Can't you get Copenhagen?"

Our blank faces betrayed our ghastly secret.

"London was rotten to-day—oscillations. How did you find it?"

The completeness of our guilt slowly dawned on him.

"Mean to say you haven't got a set at all?"

He regarded us as a sergeant at kit-inspection regards a soldier with no tooth-brush. There was no denying the fact. We hadn't.

My brother George opened for the defence.

"A man in the City told me the other day that wireless sets would be much cheaper in a few months' time."

"Cheaper? Mine cost me one-and-sixpence all told, bar the 'phones; made it out of an old piano and a couple of cotton reels."

"We haven't got an old piano," Monica put in weakly.

"Get the aerial up first," went on Bowlby. "Chimney to chimney's the best way. No kinks, of course. Water-pipe's the best earth. Solder all joints. I'm going round to the Thompsons' now; they've been getting howls—loose connections probably. I'll drop in on Sunday and have a look at your aerial. So long."

We did the aerial on Saturday afternoon. As far as appearances went it was a very good aerial.

We also made an earth—a very good earth in its way, though it rather interfered with the bath-room taps.

We had all caught the fever of the thing by now. George talked weightily of atmospherics and leakages. Monica devised a style of coiffure which left the ears uncovered and would not be disarranged by head 'phones. I laid in a stock of literature on the subject.

Bowlby dropped in on Sunday morning at ten. He immediately detected my books. "Scrap those," he said after a single glance. "Above your head. No good either."

I scrapped them, humbled.

Then he inspected the aerial. "Scrap that," he said. "Not directional."

We scrapped it, and three more tiles as well.

He looked at the earth. "Scrap that," he said. "Tap not cleaned. Get a file and scrape it."

Monica managed to anticipate him by escaping into her room and re-arranging her hair in her usual style.

Then Bowlby became constructive, and under his directions we made a new aerial and a new earth (if not a new heaven); we bought more and better books on Monday, too, and a pair of the only kind of head 'phones Bowlby would give tuppence for (incidentally we gave a matter of thirty shillings). We bought about a mile of wire. We also bought a variety of expensive gadgets: We might have bought several old pianos for the money, but that only occurred to us afterwards.

We abandoned all idea of a summer holiday.

Eventually everything was in readiness. Bowlby gave us full instructions and departed to grapple with renewed howling at the Thompsons'.

George made the necessary adjustments and donned the 'phones. A delighted expression overspread his face. Holding up a hand for silence he listened for a full minute.

"Marvellous!" he said. "'Home, Sweet Home' as clear as a bell. Come and listen, Monica."

He doffed the 'phones. Then his expression slowly changed. There was a tense moment.

"I am now going to commit two murders," he announced grimly. "First the gentleman who is playing 'Home, Sweet Home' on the pavement outside. Then Bowlby."

He walked moodily out.

Mr. Punch's Appeal for the Smyrna Refugees.

Mr. Punch gratefully records that the sum received in direct response to his appeal for Greek refugees amounts to five thousand pounds. Since it was issued a grave emergency has arisen in Constantinople, where over twenty thousand Greek refugees are awaiting transport to Greece. Their sufferings from epidemics are beyond description. In six weeks over two thousand died. Funds are urgently needed for the maintenance of the camp at San Stefano, where these poor refugees can undergo disinfection and be properly clothed while awaiting shipment to their own country. Gifts of money should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Imperial War Relief Fund, General Buildings, Aldwych, W.C.2; and gifts of clothing to the Imperial War Relief Fund, c/o New Hibernia Wharf, London Bridge, S.E.1; and both should be marked "Constantinople Refugees."



AN EMBARRASSED CHAMPION.

THE KNIGHT OF LABOUR. "IF IT WASN'T A MATTER OF PRINCIPLE WITH ME TO DEFEND ALL DAMSELS IN DISTRESS AGAINST CAPITALIST DRAGONS, I'M NOT SURE THAT I SHOULD TAKE ON THIS PARTICULAR JOB."



THE MERRIE MONTH.

SOMEWHERE IN TURKEY.

In case you are wondering what the Army in the Near East is doing I will tell you. It is doing nothing; it is vegetating; it is rapidly losing touch with England, Home and WINSTON, and all that makes existence worth worrying about. My particular patch of vegetation at the moment is a wireless station romantically situated between a Turkish orphanage and a Jewish cemetery. It is exactly what was required to complete the landscape, and not even an incinerator or a Summer Palace would have done quite so well.

Our rôle, I believe, is to protect the wireless from molestation, malicious removal and moth; but so far nobody has even looked like removing it. As a matter of fact we have only been here a few days, having recently been stationed—I say it with all modesty—at G.H.Q. There we rubbed shoulders almost daily with Deputy-Assistant Directors of the Black Sea Labour Corps and other influential members of the Staff, who didn't seem to mind our proximity in the least.

But I prefer the wireless station on the whole. It at least does not keep coming in at one gate and going out at another and expecting people to pre-

sent arms to it and generally making life busy and unbearable. I know nothing about its capabilities as a wireless station. I rather suspect that it is one of the earlier models, the sort of thing Master MARCONI did as a holiday task when he was plodding along in the Lower Fourth. At any rate he would scarcely have hung so many wires about the place if he had had any sort of confidence in the business. Moreover, on a windy day they have a habit of breaking loose and getting mixed up with our huts and the Company Quartermaster-Sergeant and anything else that is hanging about.

This, I am told, is liable to be extremely dangerous because of earthing the current and all that, you know. I don't understand it myself, but apparently not even a Company Quartermaster-Sergeant can take liberties with a really determined current that is set on earthing itself. Three plain-clothes French soldiers (they have nearly a uniform apiece—but you know how the French Army hates display) are supposed to operate the wireless; but, apart from letting the engine run amok intermittently during the night, they appear to take little interest in it mechanically.

Occasionally Pierre, who has a red beard and is therefore a Royal *poilu*,

will climb some two hundred feet up the central mast to get a breath of fresh air; while Jacques and Henri remain at the bottom and explain how simple it really is. But that is all. I don't believe they ever send or receive a wireless message of any description, not even a "Please explain why;" and I am convinced that their nocturnal enterprises with the engine merely indicate that they are making coffee.

However, they have affixed to the lower regions of the mast an excellent swing, which is greatly appreciated by their gallant allies, who, I regret to say, would almost rather do that sort of thing than a little steady drill. The place is completely surrounded by barbed wire, so that none of these boisterous Oriental goats can come along and butt over the mast or mistake the aerials for something edible.

Just outside the wire is a moat that once belonged to a Turkish fort. Somebody removed the fort long ago, but the moat has lately been very much in the public eye. About a week ago the then O.C. Wireless Station, being an officer of considerable literary talent and little discretion, sat down and wrote an eloquent letter to the authorities, pointing out that this moat was just the sort of place mosquitoes dream of, even in

Turkey, and that unless steps were taken to deal with it forthwith all manner of evils might ensue. Having done that he very wisely departed elsewhere.

Now, it is a well-known axiom in the Army that the surest method of getting a rise out of the authorities is to suggest that the habitations they provide for you are not all that they should be. It infuriates them to think that, after all the trouble they have taken to make themselves really comfortable, you should come along with some ridiculous complaint about having no roof to your hut or sleeping over a drain. It touches their *amour propre* more nearly than any Ration Strength or Return of Bicycles on Charge.

First of all the Medical Officer came along. "Where's the moat?" he said, just like that. I knew then that he had heard something to his disadvantage about it and wasn't feeling quite himself. I showed him. He said that it was an absolute disgrace, the insanitary limit, a malarial monstrosity, but nothing whatever to do with him, and that the Sanitary Officer, who was solely responsible, ought to be sent for and drowned in it. I said how heartily I agreed with him, and we left it at that.

A day or two later the Sanitary Officer appeared. He seemed to know where the moat was, for I found him there, looking buckets of Cresol at it. He told me at once that it was none of his business; that if the R.E. had been worth half a piastre at the lowest rate of exchange they would have dug it out or filled it in or blown it up long ago, and that if we all died horrible deaths in the near future it would be entirely their fault. I thanked him and explained how deeply we resented the supineness of the R.E., and he appeared satisfied.

The very next day I received a visit from a Sapper Officer. But I was ready for him. I said, "Good morning. You've called about the moat, haven't you? I know it's not your fault; it's the Army Ordnance Corps, the Pay Department, the Chaplain-General's Department, the Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes, the Tank Corps, the Royal Marine Light Infantry . . ." I paused for breath.

"Quite," he said dispassionately, as only a Sapper can; "the A.S.C. ought to have done it ages ago. They've got the lorries."

"Of course," I said, "the A.S.C. I'd forgotten them. It would be the A.S.C. wouldn't it?"

"Quite," he replied, and sauntered away.

And now I'm waiting for a representa-



Man on water-cart (to infuriated Hawker who has got his boots wet). "I QUITE SEE YOUR POINT, RUFUS. YOU MEAN IT WOULD HAVE DONE MORE GOOD ON YOUR FACE."

tive of the A.S.C. Sooner or later, I know, he will come, fulminating against the ineptitude of the Royal Garrison Artillery or the Topographical Section of the War Office. And so it will go on until the one mosquito in the moat rushes out and bites some passing General; then I shall undoubtedly be court-martialled and cashiered for neglect of duty. It is always the Infantry who get the blame.

So, you see, we are not entirely dependent for our little diversions upon the Orphanage and the Cemetery. Moreover, from my bedroom, as I lie in bed fondly caressing my valuable *First Edition of Infantry Training*, I get a view which probably has not its equal in the whole world. On either side of me and above me, stretching away into the distance, is the soothing interior of my Nissen hut, done modestly in deal (four-by-two). Beneath me, in places, you have the floor.

Cast your eyes with me just beyond those fashionable grey socks with the holes in them towards the Great South Door. Through there, when the wind blows it open, you will see no fewer than six other Nissen huts of remarkable beauty, together with a corner of the Canteen (Dry) and the Fire Alarm. Now turn towards the North, first of all removing my handsome bath from the window. There, did you ever see a nicer piece of corrugated iron on any cook-house roof? I think not.

The Inseparables.

"A war memorial was unveiled in York Minster on Saturday. Princess Mary and Viscountess Lascelles were present."

Daily Paper.

"Ladies' Wardrobe . . . good living accommodation."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN's attention should be drawn to this.

THE FORMULA.

It is drawing dreadfully near—the moment when I am to respond to the toast of “The Visitors.” During dinner the Secretary sent a peremptory note to tell me to. Across two tables I shot him swift looks of alarm, reproach and appeal. He only grinned.

Since then several toasts have been proposed, approved and responded to. Not one has been rejected.

There is a Bishop present. Each speaker begins, “Mr. Chairman, My Lord Bishop, Ladies and Gentlemen.” Gradually I perceive that a great deal depends on the way this formula is uttered. If treated reverently, there is something richly reassuring about the central phrase, “My Lord Bishop.” It soothes, it comforts, it prohibits panic. It dignifies what goes before and what comes after. (Recite it six times in your best baritone and you will appreciate what I mean.)

The formula, then, should be uttered slowly, calmly and evenly. It should be punctuated with semi-colons, not commas. One should incline one’s head towards each party named in turn. From where I shall stand it will be: “Mr. Chairman (half-left, semi-colon); My Lord Bishop (half-right, semi-colon); Ladies and Gentlemen (a stately, comprehensive semi-circular inclination, colon).” I must remember that.

Now a man is responding for “The Town and Trade.”

“Mr. Chairman; My Lord Bishop; Ladies and Gentlemen:” he begins. I find my lips silently rehearsing the formula with him. He speaks it ideally—with confidence but without conceit, distinctly but not aggressively, spaci-ously but without tedious slowness. When my turn comes I shall try to speak it just like that.

Of course I shall have to say something more than the formula, and, this being my maiden speech in public, that will be an ordeal. But by now I have weighed the matter up and decided that the formula is all-important. Well begun is half done. Starting in a mood of confidence and self-mastery, I should not find it difficult to add a few simple words of gratitude for “this delightful evening.” I might even incorporate a story—that one about the M.P. who . . . But if I muffle the formula the rest will be confusion.

Quite unnoticed (I hope) I put in five minutes’ muted lip practice at the formula. “Mr. Chairman (half-left); My Lord Bish . . .” Now again—and once more—capital! I must stand erect, keep a cool head, speak with calculated deliberation, and all will be well.

Ah! we have arrived at the toast of

“The Visitors.” One Spurling is the proposer. He makes a dash at the formula and bungles it. I can do better than that. The rest of Spurling’s speech is halting and incoherent, all because he fozzled the formula.

He has perorated hysterically and is finishing . . . “and I couple with the toast the name of—of—(fortunately the Secretary is at hand and prompts him)—of Mr. Wilfrid Parminter.” Mr. Wilfrid Parminter is still silently ventriloquising, but he has the presence of mind to bow modestly as the toast is honoured.

Now for it. I am braced to the ordeal. I have the formula off pat. Don’t forget—head up, breathing steady, voice controlled, tongue disciplined. I await the Chairman’s bidding. He will rise and call upon Mr. Parminter to respond. . . .

He rises all right, but what he says is: “Before Mr. Parminter responds we are to be entertained by the Male Voice Quartette.”

What are the sensations of a condemned man when, having worked himself up for the supreme test at eight o’clock, he is flippantly informed at 7.55 that he won’t be hanged until tomorrow because to-day is the executioner’s birthday? I think I know.

The Male Voice Quartette warbles. A frightful reaction seizes me. I sit back dully and listen. My brain is a void; the formula is forgotten. I have a heavy sense of impending doom.

The Quartette has finished. There is an outburst of well-lubricated applause. The singers, with (I notice enviously) the satisfied smiles of men who have something attempted, something done, retire. Let me see. Haven’t I to attempt something next?

I have. The Chairman rises again and announces, laconically but affably, “Mr. Parminter.” Bright expectant faces are turned towards me.

Some power lifts me to my feet and causes my throat to clear itself. A dim recollection of an essential formula stirs in my brain.

I am speaking. My voice is surprisingly clear. My tongue acts with practised deliberation. I stand erect. I even remember to incline my head in succession from the left. Physically I am creditable.

But the formula!

“My Lord Chairman (half-left); Mr. Bishop (half-right); La . . .” I begin. The rest is confusion.

“Caterham residents were startled by a tremendous crash of thunder yesterday, followed by a vivid flash of lightning.”—*Sunday Paper*. What Mr. CHURCHILL would call a case of meteorological inexactitude.

PUNCH TO “TAY PAY.”

In your salad days of yore,
When you used to take the floor,
Though you seldom were a bore

I must say,
Still it cannot be denied
That you had a lot of “side,”
And my patience sorely tried,
TAY PAY!

Though a somewhat raucous note
Often issued from your throat,
And you nightly trailed your coat

In the fray;
Yet within the social sphere
You would lay aside the spear
Of the patriot austere,
TAY PAY!

For a while you hitched your car
To the fiery *Sun* and *Star*,
Spite of many a jolt and jar

Ever gay;
Then you took another start,
Turned to praising books and art
And the good and great and smart,
TAY PAY!

With indomitable quill
You would labour to distil
Non-political good-will

Day by day;
Full of unction to the brim,
Never sour, morose or grim
Like your sternest critic, TIM,
TAY PAY!

Not exactly reverend
Or a grave signior, you tend
Far more often to unbend

Than inveigh,
And an added lustre gain
As a champion, most humane,
Of the peoples still in pain,
TAY PAY.

Therefore, in his blindest mood,
Punch, who’s never wont to brood
Or revive an outworn feud,

Tunes this lay
To the Father of the House,
For his shrewd and mellow *nous*,
And his wit, recalling Dowse,
TAY PAY!

The Encroaching Sea.

“He left home on Friday to go to Harrogate . . . The missing man had gone to the seaside resort to recuperate.”

Yorkshire Paper.

“SURPRISING DISCOVERY AT A SEASIDE HOUSE.

A surprising discovery was made at Blackburn yesterday.”—*London Paper.*

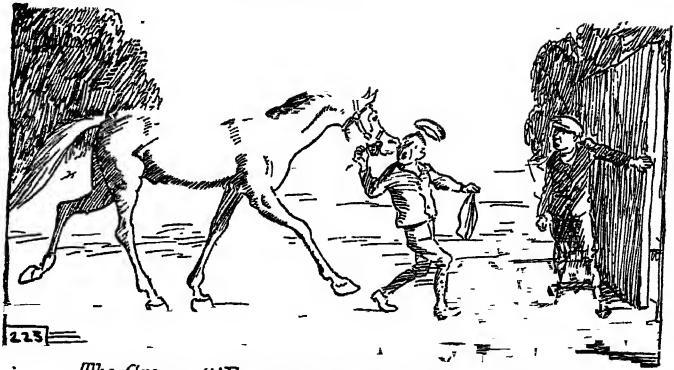
“No one thinks of disputing Nelson’s claim to Trafalgar or Napoleon’s to Waterloo—two great decisive fights.”—*Provincial Paper.*

Persons are still to be found, however, to deny that the EX-KAISER won the battle of the Marne.

ROYAL ACADEMY—SECOND DEPRESSIONS.



[585] *The Gentleman.* "DO YOU MIND MY COMING INTO THIS PICTURE?"



[223] *The Groom.* "'ERE, TAKE 'IM OFF OF ME, BILL; 'E'S BITIN' MY EAR."



[15] "TOO MANY GOOSEBERRIES, DARTING? I WARNED YOU."



[661] SHOWING ILLUSTRATION OF THE UNERRING INSTINCT OF FILM ACTORS FOR SELECTING THE MOST CONSPICUOUS POINT IN THE LANDSCAPE FOR A TENDER SCENE.



[671] *Boy.* "I WON'T BE WASHED! I WON'T BE WASHED!"
Nurse. "IT'S ALL RIGHT, DEARIE, YOU'RE ONLY GOING TO BE PAINTED."



[294] HORRORS OF THE OPEN-AIR CURE.



[273] "AND THEY'RE ONLY IMITATION!"



[48] THE MOSQUITO BITE.



[10] *The Housing Problem.*
"NO ROOF AND NOT MUCH WALL. STILL, AFTER ALL, IT IS A KIND OF HOUSE."



[1344] *Little Boy.* "DID YOU LOOK LIKE THAT WHEN YOU WERE IN THE GREAT WAR, DADDY?"

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

XXIII.—ART.

RAIL at the Royal Academy if you must, but admit that nowhere else will you hear such jolly conversation. Nor is there another place where a man may see so many of his fellow-countrymen so thoroughly doing their duty. There is about an Academy crowd an air of virtuous bustle, such as one may observe in the apparently futile movements of a number of ants. One feels that in some way not manifest they are all doing a good work, and don't mean to give up.

This comes of buying a catalogue. Sell an Englishman a catalogue and life becomes a sacred duty till he has sucked his money's worth of it. Indeed, if there were no catalogues at the Academy, I fear that many of the pictures would never be seen.

As we entered, a gushing lady swept out of the Sculpture and greeted a female friend who had just arrived.

"Ah, there you are at last!" she said impatiently, as one torn from an absorbing study.

"What's it like?" said her friend.

"Awful," said the other joyously. "I've done the first nine rooms. Haven't seen a thing I liked. Not a thing, my dear. Come along; we'll do 10 and 11 and the statues, then we can start again, and I'll show you the best things. You'd better get a catalogue; it's more fun. And you may want to tick some. Not that I've ticked any, so far. Nothing. My dear, you never saw such a

Thus encouraged, the other lady bought a catalogue; George also, as a matter of duty. And in this stern spirit he halted firmly before Picture Number One, and set his hand to the plough.

"Miss Lesley Findlater," he announced, "by CECIL JAMESON. Nice girl. That one's 'September,' by ARNESBY BROWN. I've heard of him. He's an R.A. Yes, that's rather good."

And George gave "September" a good long look. "5. 'The Orange Wrap,' by WILL PENN: I've read something about him. 6 is 'An Old Song,' by CONSTANCE REA. 7. That's by

"George," I said, "I feel a little faint. Do you mind if I

"Hard lines, old fellow. Yes, you sit down for a minute. I'll do this room for you."

"Thanks, old man."

I sat down gratefully and watched the busy scene.

Most of them work in pairs, sharing a catalogue. This is well enough where the couple have mutual tastes, supposing there be two such people in the world. But mostly they are husbands and wives, one of whom takes a severe view about pictures, and the other knows what she (or he) likes, and can't think why anyone should want to paint that woman. And I have no doubt that many homes have begun breaking up about page 25 of the catalogue.

One such couple were near me. They stood well out in the room, the man preferring to see the pictures at a reasonable range. So I fear he saw little of the pictures on the line, owing

rate, the texture, the—the whole pattern—don't you see what I mean?—but the fan

"Just what I want for my Spanish shawl," murmured the lady.

George was now working methodically through the 50's, and I departed stealthily into Gallery III.

One thing I feel most strongly, that all should do their own catalogue-work. And I pity most the sad unmarried daughters, who are dragged about as nomenclators by terrific mothers, and seldom have time to glance at a picture themselves. Mere catalogue-fodder.

"What's the next, child?"

"The Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick George Banbury, Bt., M.P., Mother. By COLLIER."

"Your father knew him. Who's that?"

"The Viscount Chelmsford, Mother, G.C.S.I., Viceroy and Governor-General of—"

"He was at Winchester with your Uncle John. Fine school. Who did those horses?"

"MUNNINGS, Mother," said the dutiful girl—"Brood Mares and Foals." Are you sure you're not getting tired, Mother?"

"Don't worry about me, child. If you're enjoying it, that's all I care about."

"Yes, Mother; but—"

"What's 227?" said the old martyr.

"The Chinese Screen, Mother, by—"

"What's that portrait? I haven't seen a decent portrait yet. Have you?"

"No, mother. That's an ORPEN, 'Mr."

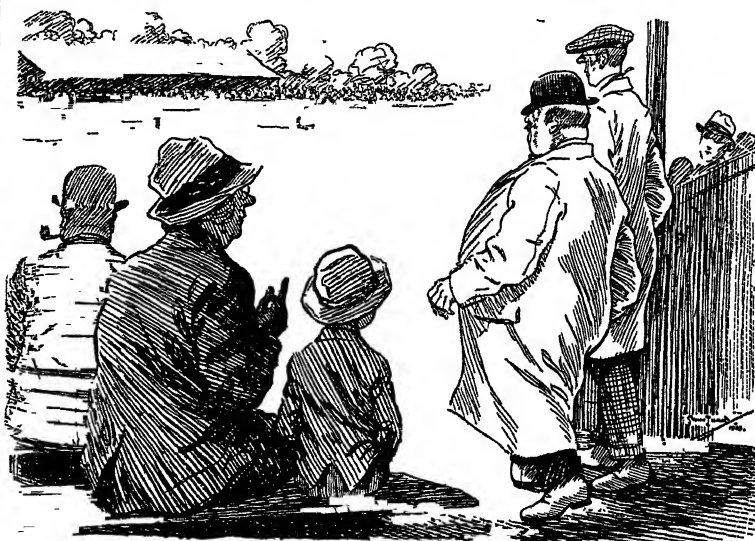
"Ah, now that's better. That was in *The Times*. Who's that?"

"James Wentworth, Esq."

"Never heard of him."

From South Ken. to Brixton Hill is not so far, after all. At my back, on the same piece of plush, sat three dear comfortable parties, resting, fanning and thoroughly enjoying themselves.

"Well, my dear, I said to her, I said," remarked one of them, in the smooth and passionless tones of great history:—"Florence," I said, "you've no right to say a thing like that about Mr. Derby—not if it was your own husband." I don't wonder at his taking Ernie's part, I told her, not after the way she's dragged him down. How that man's bore with it so long! As I said to her, 'Florence,'



Aunt (who has taken Nephew to cricket match). "THEY'RE GOING TO START NOW, WILLIE. HERE COME THE VAMPIRES."

to the dear old bodies from Streatham, who must crowd as close as they can, like children round the monkey cage, peering at the face because it looks so real, or simply enjoying their own reflections.

These two were "doing" a portrait which shall be nameless.

"That's better," said the man at last. "I like the way the colour's put on. Don't you?"—with the vague gesture without which this kind of remark is incomplete.

"Bad-tempered woman, I should think," said his wife.

"Very likely," said he shortly. "But it's good. The modelling of the cheek—the—the—do you see what I mean?" and he manfully waved his arm again.

"I like the fan," said his wife helpfully. "Lovely colour."

"H'm! I'm not sure that doesn't spoil it. Strikes me as insincere," he went on, warming up. "It's not in tune, don't you see? The dress is first-

I said, 'if you ask *me*, it's a wonder he's not struck you *before*; and now you can summons me if you *like*, but speak out I will!' And with that, my dear, I put on my hat and walked out of the house, believe me or not. And if she was to go down on her bended knees to me, Edie, I wouldn't darken her doors again. As for that baby, it's no good your telling me that's Ernie Pratt's child, because I'll never believe it, if I live to be a hundred. We'd better do a few more now," she continued in the same level tones, "before we get up. You've got the book, Edie. What's this with the castle?"

"We've done that one," said the third lady.

"No, we didn't do that—did we, Edie?"

"Between Showers, Arundel," Edie read. "It's pretty, isn't it?"

"Arundel," said Ethel, musing. "You go there from Bexhill, don't you?"

"It's Wales, I fancy."

"Well, I could have sworn Alice, where was it Ernie went that Easter with his uncle—it must be three years now—Littlehampton way?"

"Oh, *that*! Bognor, wasn't it?"

"Bognor—that was it," said Ethel.

"Well, you go to Arundel from there. It's a pretty picture, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's sweetly pretty."

"Too blue and green for me," said Alice.

"Well, shall I tick that?" Edie inquired, her pencil poised.

"That's 'The Marchioness Curzon,'" said Ethel dreamily. "What did you say, my dear?"

"Shall I tick 'Arundel'?"

"I don't know. Alice, shall Edie tick 'Arundel'?"

"No, I don't think I should tick that," said Alice.

"Tick 'The Marchioness,' anyway, my dear," said Ethel.

"Well, I shall tick both those," said Edie firmly.

(I don't wish to raise unduly the hopes of the two artists concerned, nor can I explain the full significance of a tick; but let me make it clear that both pictures were duly awarded one.)

A little later, by the merest chance, I stood behind these three dears as they blankly gazed at Sir WILLIAM ORPEN's satirical "Unknown Soldier" picture.

"Yes," said Ethel at last, "I think that's one of the nicest."

"I shall tick that," said Edie.

A. P. H.

"Mr. Baldwin announced that practically the whole estimated yield from death duties in the next three years would be applied to singing fund purposes."—*Canadian Paper*.
It sounds a little callous.



"OH, BILL, IT'S BEEN DREADFUL HERE ALL DAY. THAT FOREIGN COUPLE ABOVE HAVE BEEN QUARRELLING AND SHOUTING, AND I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO UNDERSTAND A WORD OF IT."

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"Mrs. — did very well, great player that she is, to beat Miss —, who never loses when her opponent plays worse than she." — *Daily Paper*.

From a *feuilleton*:—

"Next morning standing by Honor Rede in front of the yawning ruin of her west wing Oliver happened to mention that he had dined at the Rectory the previous evening. . . There was nothing fluffy about Honor." — *Weekly Paper*.

She seems to have lost her east wing too.

Our Versatile Ministers.

"9-0, Sir Samuel Hoare, Air Minister, soprano, and light comedy duologue." — *Daily Paper*.

"'Aquí estamos y aquí nos quedaremos,' fueron las palabras dichas por sir William Joyhnson Hyphen Hicks, director general de correos. . . . La declaración de Mr. Joyhnson Hyphen. . . ." — *Argentine Paper*.

If the POSTMASTER-GENERAL means to illustrate the above dictum in his own person he will have to do better in the transmission of foreign telegrams.

MY BOOM IN "THE SUNDAY WRAFT."

WHEN the editor of *The Sunday Wraft* rang me up and wanted to know what about those four articles I had promised him for his paper, I said, "Yes, oh, yes, I have done them. They're rather good, I think. The first one is all about"

"Quite, quite," he said. "Will you please send a photograph of yourself along with them or tell me where I can get one?"

"I've got one of me as a child," I said, "with long sort of corkscrew curls and a pinafore—a red pinafore I think it was; and oh, yes, I think I have one later than that."

"Well, let me have that one," he said.

I hunted out the photograph, and I didn't like it at all. There was a large white spot over the left cheek bone, for one thing, and the tie was all crooked.



It looked too as if I was pained about something, deeply pained. . . . It was then that I had my idea.

I rang up the editor again and explained it to him. He seemed a little doubtful at first, but afterwards he agreed. *The Sunday Wraft* is a most enterprising publication.

I packed a handbag and went to a man I know in the Strand. The result was very satisfactory indeed.

The first of my four articles was all about "The Call of the Wild." It showed what a splendid thing it was to shoulder one's rucksack some bright May morning, casting the cares of the office to the wind, and walk away and away up the long white turnpike road. It pointed out the kind of things you saw at each side of the turnpike road, and how the lights of the cosy inn awaited you in the dusk at your journey's end. I hate the long turnpike road really, because it is all covered with tarmac

and whiffing with motor-cars, but it made quite a good article, though I say



it myself, when you saw it beginning like this:—

THE CALL OF THE OPEN ROAD.

By ALGERNON TONKS.

(This is the first of a striking series of Essays by the well-known author, Algernon Tonks.)

My second article was called "Fashion's Giddy Whirl." That was because I remembered that the season had begun, and I thought it would seem as if I was rather out of the world if I did nothing but walk along turnpike roads when London was full of smart Society and all that kind of thing. So I wrote about weddings and restaurants and



cocktails and Hyde Park and débutantes, and how jolly they all were—as jolly as the may and the cuckoo and the chestnut, if you only looked at them with a loving and simple heart.

FASHION'S GIDDY WHIRL.

By ALGERNON TONKS.

(This is the second brilliant article in the striking series that Mr. Algernon Tonks is contributing to "The Sunday Wraft.")

I think it was a mistake really to have the dog in this picture, even though he was on the lead. One hardly ever sees a fellow in Bond Street taking off his top-hat to a lady with his right hand and leading a dog with his left. At least not a dog like mine. It is rather a rough sort of dog. I told the photographer that, and he said there was something so distinctive about my dog that he couldn't bear to leave it out. But even so the pipe should have been in the hand. One does not hold the pipe in the mouth in Bond Street, especially when one is taking off one's hat to a lady. At



least, not a pipe like mine. Yes, I am sure the pipe was wrong. Still, when one thinks of those ordinary dull photographs of authors like Mr. W. L. GEORGE and Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT doing absolutely nothing at all at the top of their articles, you must admit that it was an improvement.

In my third essay I took a rest from the road and the street. Readers might be beginning to think I was a mere *flâneur* or vagabond kind of chap. After all, it was a Sunday paper, and we wanted to touch the serious side of life. I like my own attitude rather, with the tuft of hair coming down well over the forehead and the elbow planted on the desk; and I think the dog comes out rather well too.

AMONGST MY BOOKS.

By ALGERNON TONKS.

(Mr. Algernon Tonks surpasses himself in this tender and humorous essay,



THE LIMIT.

Keeper (to guest who has just caught a two-and-a-half-pounder—the fish of his lifetime). "WE NEVER KEEPS 'EM UNDER THREE POUND." [Throws it back.]

the third that he has contributed to our columns.)

But life is not all work, not all study. I had to remind my readers once again that I was an outdoor man, and not merely a stroller at that, but something of an athlete besides. I felt, I do not know why, that my readers would probably be interested in lawn-tennis. I do not care for the game much myself to play, as it has a tendency to excite my heart. But I like watching it. A duty, however, is incumbent upon a man who is writing the fourth instalment of a brilliant and striking series. My article was not exactly a technical treatise on lawn-tennis, but it wove the subject fantastically into a vision of leafy shades, wide lawns, fair maidens and the country houses of the great.

THE FLEETING SPHERE.

By ALGERNON TONKS

(In this essay Mr. Tonks concludes his remarkable series of papers specially written for "The Sunday Waft.")

I had not forgotten, of course, to put a pair of canvas shoes and white flannel trousers in my bag before I went to the Strand, but it is a pity perhaps that

I had on a striped shirt. The American service, I flatter myself, is rather good. I had a lot of sympathetic and agreeable letters about all these articles, but particularly the last. EVOE.

NATURE RHYMES FOR NURSERIES.

THE CAMEL AND THE GOAT.

ONCE in a wilderness remote
A Camel lighted on a Goat,
And straightway started to beguile
Him with a supercilious smile,
For, as I think he understood,
The Goat had cornered something good.

A shrub it was whose succulence
And flavour flattered every sense
Of taste and smell; the bigger beast
At once proposed to share the feast;
Indeed he hardly paused to greet
The Goat, but just commenced to eat.
Now this was scarcely fair, for Goats
Are not equipped with camels' throats,
And so when once he had begun
The Camel ate four leaves to one.
The Goat soon realised that he
Must trade on Camel's vanity;
So with profound concern he sighed,
"Pray tell me how your Father died?"

The Camel lifted up his head
And struck an attitude and said,
"You ask me how my Father died—

I'll tell you, Sir, and more beside.
But first you must accept from me
The details of his pedigree,
And how his kinsfolk one and all
Were present at his funeral,
A camel train to bear the pall,
With weepers long and tapers tall,
While muffled drum and moaning trump
Proclaimed the universal hump,
And tearful eyes and features wan—"
So the vain fool went rambling on.

The Goat of course did not complain,
But settled to his meal again,
And kept the Camel boasting till
He'd all but nibbled off his fill.
At last the Camel paused and cried,
"Now tell me how your Father died."

"Most willingly," the Goat replied.
"My late lamented Father (*munch!*)
Got rather tired of living (*crunch!*)
And I believe at the last stage
Died simply (*scrunch!*) of pure old age."



SCENE—A Private Dress Show.

First Spectator. "I SHALL HAVE TO START AS A DRESSMAKER."

Second Spectator. "WHAT EVER FOR? THERE ARE TOO MANY DOING IT ALREADY."

First Spectator. "I KNOW. THAT'S WHY I CAN'T AFFORD TO BE OUT OF IT. IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO AVOID BUYING ONE'S FRIENDS' FROCKS."

HOW TO KEEP YOUR HUSBAND'S LOVE.

(With acknowledgments to the helpful little articles that are now such a feature of the "Woman's Page" in the daily and evening newspapers.)

"I'm feeling so unhappy, dear," said Celia peevishly when I went to see her the other day; and she nestled down more cosily among the big cushions of the settee on which she was lying. Celia is an old school-friend of mine and a delightful girl; with one of the most charming husbands imaginable; but she has very curious fancies at times and I have to do my best to bear with her.

"Why, dear?" I asked dutifully.

"Jack threw the bacon out of the window when he came down to breakfast this morning, and before he left for business he threw both his boots into the fireplace and a golf-club at me. Do you think these are signs that he is ceasing to love me?"

"That depends," I said reflectively. "Which club did he throw at you?"

"His mashie—and his favourite mashie at that," Celia added with a charming little *moue*.

"Then it is serious. Tell me, Celia, had you done anything to provoke him?"

"No, nothing. That's the extraordinary part."

"Are you quite sure?" I persisted.

Celia pondered. "Well, nothing that you'd really call anything," she said at last. "I just emptied the coffee-pot over him because he simply *wouldn't* buy me the most wonderful hat there ever was. One of Snellenham and Debgrove's Spring models, dear, and only twelve guineas. And I did want it so!" she added pathetically.

I knew the Spring models in question, and was careful to conceal my sympathy with her.

"Then you *did* do something to provoke him, Celia," I said severely.

"Do you really think so?" asked Celia in surprise.

"I'm positive. It was quite enough to provoke any man; and you know that Jack is inclined to be a little touchy at times."

"I do," Celia breathed with a heart-felt sigh.

"And I feel that I ought to speak to you quite seriously about it, darling,"

I went on, warming to my work. "Have you ever realised, for instance, that if you go on in this way—and you can't imagine how fatally easy it is to progress from coffee to marmalade, and even to poached eggs—you are taking a very serious risk of alienating Jack's affections from you altogether?"

Celia gazed at me with wide eyes. "Am I?" she exclaimed in rather frightened tones. "I—I never looked at it in that way."

"You are indeed, dear. So let me give you a little piece of advice that I think you will find most useful. If you really wish to keep your husband's love never under any circumstances (no matter what provocation you may have) empty the coffee-pot over him!"

"I won't ever again," Celia promised solemnly. "Thank you so much for warning me, dear. In fact," she added thoughtfully, "perhaps I had better not empty *anything* over him. What do you think?"

I considered the point. "There is no need to go to extremes, of course," I said after a while; "but really, dear, I can't help feeling that it would be wiser not to."



LET OFF WITH A CAUTION.

THE HOME SECRETARY. "I DID IT FOR THE BEST."

THE LAW. "WELL, DON'T GO DOING THINGS FOR THE BEST AGAIN."



BRIGHTENING OUR BALLROOMS.

THE ADVANTAGE OF A "WINDING" FROCK IS THAT IT CAN BE SECURED BY A SINGLE PIN, SO LONG AS THE PIN REMAINS.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 14th.—Question-time in the Commons reminds one of the definition of a haggis: it provides so much "fine confused feeding." To follow Ministers' endeavours to satisfy the discursive curiosity of hon. Members one would need both an encyclopædia and a gazetteer at one's elbow. This afternoon we skipped from Mesopotamia, where the General Election has been hung up indefinitely by the refusal of the local divines to allow their flocks to vote, to the West Indies, where the closing of the Yaws Hospital at Granada caused an hon. Member to inquire whether Yaws was a disease or a people.

Thence we passed to East Africa, to learn from Mr. ORMSBY-GORE that the Governor of Tanganyika neither resided in a "palace" nor, so far as he knew, possessed a "Zoo"—at any rate not one paid for out of public funds. Next came a little excursion to the Far East with Mr. McNEILL, who explained why His Majesty's Government had

been unable to support the Peking authorities' request for a loan on the security of broken China.

It would have been better for the HOME SECRETARY if, before he acceded to the Free State Government's request that he should deport Mr. ART O'BRIEN to Ireland, he had consulted *The Pickwick Papers*. You will remember that when Sam Weller wanted to share Mr. Pickwick's imprisonment his father offered to introduce him to "a friend of the Lord Chancellorship's" who would lock him up for life, if necessary.

"I say," said Sam, "none o' that."

"None o' wot?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"Wy, none o' them unconstitutional ways o' doing it," retorted Sam. "The have-his-carcase, next to the perpetual motion, is vun of the blessedest things as wos ever made."

The Court of Appeal decided last week that, in obliging the Free State, Mr. BRIDGEMAN had adopted one of "them unconstitutional ways," so it issued a writ of "have-his-carcase" against him; and this morning the House of Lords, in its judicial capacity, declined to interfere. Mr. RAMSAY

MacDONALD naturally wanted to know what the Government were going to do about it. Would there be a Bill of Indemnity for Ministers who, as he gently put it, had made mistakes? Mr. BALDWIN replied that Ministers would consider the situation and make an announcement next day. The impetuous Captain WEDGWOOD BENN could not understand why a statement should not be made immediately, and had to be reminded by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, "I am not the Government."

Mr. SNOWDEN moved the rejection of the Finance Bill, chiefly on the grounds that it did not make more provision for paying off debt, and that the relief of taxation would benefit the rich much more than the poor. Mr. WISE, on the contrary, thought it would be calamitous to pay off the National Debt too quickly; and Sir A. MOND considered it a waste of time to argue about the relative importance of direct and indirect taxation—they were both much too high.

Later, Mr. JACK JONES discussed the

incidence of the Beer Duty, though he disclaimed being full of his subject.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, who confessed himself to be "temperamentally a mugwump," announced a few minor concessions in regard to the new assessment, and thereby no doubt helped to swell the Government majority for the Second Reading.

Tuesday, May 15th.—"I am not of a sensitive nature," said Lord BIRKENHEAD in explaining his attitude towards that clause of the Advertisements Regulation Bill which proposes to prohibit sky-writing. His objections were not based, however, solely on anæsthetic considerations. To pass the clause would, he contended, further weaken our inadequate air-defence, since it would put out of action a company which, with its fifteen highly-trained pilots and twenty-one aeroplanes, furnished the nucleus of a fighting squadron.

This aspect of the case greatly appealed to the Duke of SUTHERLAND, Under-Secretary for Air, who said that sky-writing was of real value to aviation. It appeared, however, that the Government were not of one mind on the subject, for Lord SALISBURY declared that they were not going to defend the Empire by defiling the sky, and carried a majority of the Peers with him against Lord BIRKENHEAD's Amendment.

Perhaps the presence of Mr. KRASSIN in the Gallery made the wilder spirits of the Labour Party more than usually keen on defying the Parliamentary conventions, for they were certainly in a condition which a little girl-friend used to call "ex and shoff" (excited and showing-off). Mr. HARDIE was so menacing in his demeanour towards Colonel LANE-FOX, because he was unable without notice to answer one of his supplementary questions, that the SPEAKER had to intervene with the explanation that "A Minister is not a technical expert."

I rather think the Labourites had expected that the HOME SECRETARY would appear—metaphorically if not literally—in a white sheet to show his contrition for his lapse in regard to Mr. ART O'BRIEN. They were rather restive when Mr. BALDWIN announced that a Bill of Indemnity would be passed

immediately after the Recess, and broke out into fury when Mr. BRIDGEMAN (fortified by the cheers of his supporters) quietly stated the Government's intentions with regard to the interned deportees, some of whom would probably be put on trial, while the rest would be immediately released.

It was unfortunate that Mr. G. B. HURST should have chosen this par-

not all, the stories about the Bolsheviks were false, and that even their attack upon religion had been exaggerated.

Replying for the Government, Mr. McNEILL produced some effective quotations from Mr. SNOWDEN and Mr. CLYNES to show that other Labour leaders took a less roseate view, and declared that, though the Government had sent an ultimatum to Russia, it was not an ultimatum leading to war.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, while supporting the Government, warned them against discussing Russia "in the terms of Western civilisation." Russia, in his view, was always the same and always a hundred years behind the times. Scratch the Bolshevik, and you found the old Russian Imperialist of the Tsarist régime.

Then the House had almost its first glimpse of Liberal reunion, when Mr. ASQUITH in his opening sentence declared his agreement with everything that had been said by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

The proceedings should have ended on that note of amity. But the "Member for Moscow," Mr. NEWBOLD, would not have it so. He fell foul of the DEPUTY-CHAIRMAN, called him a *bourgeois* (which may be rude, but is surely not unparliamentary) and was thereupon suspended.

Wednesday, May 16th.—Unlike Lord BIRKENHEAD, Mr. SHINWELL is of a sensitive nature. It pained him that Viscount CURZON, in a question addressed to the Admiralty, should have accused the Soviet forces of "acts of piracy" against British fishermen. Did the FIRST LORD," he asked plaintively, "accept the word 'piracy'?" "Certainly," replied Mr.

AMERY with sailor-like promptitude.

A Bill to prohibit the political activities of Co-operative Societies was introduced by Captain THORPE, who argued, as well as constant Labour interruptions would let him, that it was not fair to Liberal and Conservative co-operators to have their profits devoted to the support of Labour Candidates. The Ministerialists displayed better manners when Mr. A. V. ALEXANDER put the case for the "Co-ops." Labour will not be fit to govern until it learns to govern itself.



MORE BUZZ THAN BITE.

Mr. STANLEY BALDWIN, at Chequers (recalling the old story). "IF THESE INSECTS WERE ONLY UNANIMOUS THEY MIGHT HAVE ME OUT OF THIS."

particular day to bring forward his Bill to amend the Trade Union Act of 1871. His allusions to "trade union tyranny" aroused constant interruption, and provoked Mr. STEPHEN WALSH to a reply which lacked nothing in vituperative vigour.

On the Foreign Office vote Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD showed his noisy adherents a better way by a moderately-worded and well-reasoned speech in deprecation of the Government's threat to break off trade-relations with Soviet Russia. His view was that many, if



THE SPRING HAT.

Long-suffering Husband. "I SAY, PRISCILLA, IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE MUCH LONGER, I THINK I'LL STEP ACROSS TO THE CHEMIST'S AND TRY ON A MUSTARD PLASTER."

THE SUMMER GAME.

SINCE the beginning of the season cricket matches in many parts of the country have been greatly interfered with by wintry weather, and in case the conditions should grow worse the M.C.C. might be well advised to make the following alterations in the laws of the game:—

(1) The game shall be played by sides consisting of fifteen men each, to allow a margin for frost-bite at any stage of the game.

(2) A batsman shall be out

(a) If a ball shall strike either of his skis when the latter are in a line with the wicket ("Ski before wicket").

(b) If he shall intentionally scatter snow in the eyes of the fieldsman or bowler ("Obstructing the field").

(c) If, the wicket having disappeared beneath snow, the bowler shall, in the umpire's opinion, hit the spot where it was last visible ("Morally bowled").

(3) Should a batsman strike a ball in such a way that it becomes lost in a snow-drift six runs shall be scored.

(4) If the bowler shall deliver a lump of snow in place of the regulation leather the umpire shall call "Snowball!"

(5) It shall be the duty of the home club to provide each umpire with a St. Bernard dog, complete with brandy keg, for resuscitating extreme cases of exposure.

(6) Should a thaw set in during the progress of the game the umpires shall pronounce the ground unfit for modern cricket.

(7) Should none of the players return to the pavilion at the end of the third day a rescue party shall be sent out.

"Wethered could do nothing wrong. At the eleventh, for instance, his ball hit a spectator on the head with a resounding whack and rebounded on to the fairway."—*Daily Paper*.

We should like to have heard the spectator's views on Mr. WETHERED'S impeccability.

DOMESTICITY.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. HAROLD MONRO.)

WHEN we have given Tibbikins her milk
Out of the friendly jug whose name is Maisie,
We will wash up. We call the dish-cloth Dilke;
The wash-bowl's name is Casey.

The scullery shares all our sad to-morrows;
The sympathetic sink is hushed and still;
The plate-rack drips its pity on our sorrows
And kindness murmurs in the coffee-mill,
While Pussy drinks her fill.

The comfortable paunch beneath her fur
Is tight as any drum with the milk she laps.
She and the kettle (Wilkins) gently purr
In unison. We yawn, needing our naps.
In the intimate grate a small flame quivers and flaps;
The red coals yield and stir.

Pussy miaows and leaps;
She pads our laps, solemn as some devout
And well-fed monk at worship. Now she sleeps.
Within our brains, in tranquil roundabout,
The rhythm of a placid poem creeps
Sedately in, monotonously out.

Raking the cinders with serene caress,
We tuck them tenderly to bed and croon:
"Though *Poems of To-day* has gone to press,
We'll post our poem to the old address;
Songs of To-morrow should be appearing soon."

"There is ample room for a farce to be written about this farcical situation."—*Evening Paper*.

Very likely; but the author is sure to call it a comedy.



Friend (to famous Theatrical Producer). "WHAT A WONDERFUL CLOUD EFFECT! IT'S SOMETHING LIKE YOUR LAST SCENE IN 'THE THINGUMYS.'"

Famous Theatrical Producer. "M—M—SOMETHING; BUT MINE'S MORE LIKE NATURE—THIS IS A BIT OVERDONE."

"SPAIN IN SIXTEEN."

THE heavy-jowled American paced briskly up and down the hotel lounge. Now and again he stopped, struck his left palm a resounding blow with his right fist and started to pace once more. I saw that he was thinking; I merely wished that he would think less noisily.

After a time he ceased to pace and sat down beside me.

"Well," he observed, "it's sure a problem. Guess I'll sleep on it. I won't get rattled by a thing like that. No, Sir."

I agreed that it was a mistake to get rattled by anything.

"Maybe," he replied; "but this is some problem. Now I put it to you as a man of the world."

I was lost from that moment. Nobody looks less like a man of the world than I do. I spend a large part of my life in being accosted by confidence-men, persons with jewellery to dispose of at ridiculously low prices and individuals who have received all the principal blows of fate. Whenever I go to the races I find myself in the company of three-card experts. So naturally, when I am addressed as a

man of the world, my best instincts are roused. I respond warmly.

"Maybe," said the American, "you've heard of the Johnston P. Dunks Corporation. No? Well, you will. Thousands of Americans register annually for Johnston P. Dunks tours. Just now we're featuring Spain—four hundred dollars, round trip from N'York, full reservations and accommodations. The first bunch this season, twelve hundred of them, are going to be dumped right here in this burg on April nine."

"Well," said I, "I suppose it's just a matter of routine, taking them round and showing them all the sights and"

"Camp there," he interrupted. "We reckon to educate as well as to amoose. We gotta fill 'em right up to the neck with Spanish history, and there's only sixteen days for the job. I got it figured out for twenty, inclusive skedule. The problem is to sponge out four days."

"May I see your sk—scheme?"

A piece of paper was instantly forthcoming. I gathered that the party would visit no fewer than twenty-three places in the twenty days, in a country where railway journeys do not make a feature of brevity.

"Too bad our folks being so gone on

COLUMBUS," he said. "By scoring out COLUMBUS I could work Spain in ten days, I'll tell the world. Not that I got any grouch on COLUMBUS; I reckon he's done me well."

"Why not deal with Spain proper and leave out the Moors?"

He shook his head. "Nix on that, my son; them niggers left too many marks. Our folks gotta see the tomb of COLUMBUS in Seville, and they'd need careful shepherding not to notice the Alcazar on the next block. Besides, we run the photo and junk shop just outside."

I saw that the matter was more complicated than I had supposed.

"I might cut out Philip Four. Guess I could fix it with them Dago janitors to cover up his fifty faces in the Prado. But he'd mean only a half-day put in the pouch. There's nothing to it. It's sure a problem."

I agreed that problem was the word.

"Maybe I'll get it yet," he conjectured, as he resumed his peripatetic cerebration.

A few minutes later a shout rent the murky atmosphere of the steam-heated lounge.

"I got it!" he yelled; "the Johnston

P. Dunks Corporation makes rivals look like last year's made-overs. 'Spain in Sixteen'—how's that for a slogan?"

"What have you decided?" I asked.

"Oh, boy, it was easy meat. Waiter, two highballs. I've cut out Philip Two."

"But do you know that the Spanish Empire reached its greatest

"Oh, I got tabs on Philip Two. He was a crackerjack, sure thing. He was the Big Noise at Valladolid before he transported the Court to Toledo (Spain). He was the guy who figured out the gardens at Aranjuez. He laid down the Escorial and located there. But he's got to fade out. Philip Two means four stunts and three hundred and twenty-seven miles railroad. I can easy rope in four days on that. Everything's jake all right."

"And what about the Armada?"

"That bum outfit the Armayda don't crack no nuts in U.S.A. So me and Philip Two quit company right here."

"I congratulate you," I replied, "on your solution. By the way, does the Johnston P. Dunks Corporation engage in the publishing business?"

"Nope, but we've gotten plans for side-lines in guns and suspenders. What's your idee? I don't get you. Mean we could make good on literatoor?"

"Perhaps; but, if you were a publisher, I should like to read your version of *Hamlet*."

THE NEW CANDOUR.

"No. 3 fitting is specially cut for the round-shouldered, flat-chested figure with full hips. No. 4 fitting specially designed for the full-fronted figure."

My wife does a good deal of shopping by post, and I quote the above from a catalogue which came from one of the large departmental stores this morning.

I am bound to say that I view this development in the art of advertising with considerable apprehension. Women may be able to stand this sort of thing, but what about me? Is my tailor going to be perfectly frank about my figure? It is a subject on which I am, perhaps, unduly sensitive. The most mellifluous murmur of "A couple of inches more round the waist than last time, I think, Sir," as I am being measured, is enough to lower my spirits for the rest of the day. To what depths of gloom shall I descend if the unflinching candour displayed by the store to which I have just referred becomes general?

I admit that the new fashion of dispensing with reticence in regard to the physical defects of their customers may give advertisers an opportunity for forcible and picturesque writing which has been denied them hitherto:—



"You've put your boots on the wrong feet, Darling."

"No, Mummy, they're my feet."

ARE YOU BAT-EARED?

Gents' Velour hats specially adapted to meet your case. Only 15/11.

An Unsurpassed Bargain. Real Panamas made to fit SWELLED HEADS.

HOLIDAY WEAR FOR THE KNOCK-KNEED.

Our famous lounge suits in Harris Tweeds are constructed to minimise this defect. Get one! It will add appreciably to your enjoyment of your fortnight by the sea.

SPLAY FEET!

Those splay feet of yours in the enclosure at Ascot! on the greensward at Lord's! on the deck of your host's yacht at Cowes! Well, you can't leave them behind; but they won't be such a blot on the scene if you wear our APOLLO COMPRESSORS. This new line of shoes spells Happiness!

Our DOMINO COAT FROCKS, carried out in the fashionable crêpe marocain, have long bell sleeves, and are especially recommended for ladies with skinny arms terminating in large red hands.

Do you realise how ugly your thick ankles are? But they won't be if you wear JAZZ-DAZZLE STOCKINGS. They achieve their effect by paralysing the optic nerve. Try them!

"Take, oh, take those lips away!" sang the poet. And sometimes one feels that the eyes, nose and chin might be scrapped at the same time. If you have that type of face a visit to our millinery showrooms is indicated. Our PURDAH PICTURE HAT, with drooping brim and panache of ostrich plumes, will effectually conceal the condemned area.

But I can see myself slinking into a men's wear department under the new dispensation and asking timidly for pyjamas. The assistant, after one glance at my shrinking figure, will say, "No. 8 fitting for the short-necked and corpulent. Your arms are disproportionately long, I fancy, Sir. Bandy-legged too, are you not? No. 8B, then." And I shall go home and cry.



Doting Mother (who has been accompanied by child, on a call). "OH, THE DARLING! I'M AFRAID HE'S BEEN AT YOUR JAM, MRS. TOMKYN. DEAREST, KISS MRS. TOMKYN NICELY AND SHE'LL FORGIVE YOU."

THE COMPLETE INTRODUCER.

I AM persuaded of this, that the whole manner of introductions at luncheon and dinner parties must be revised. A spirit of thoroughness must come in.

The other day, for example, I sat at lunch next to someone on whom I had no line whatever. Her name, which I misheard, as I nearly always do, conveyed nothing to me, and we talked odds and ends in a desultory way and were of no use to each other. Afterwards I discovered that she was the wife of a man for whose work I have a peculiar admiration and on this subject I could probably have induced her to be very interesting.

I feel the risks of missing the best of one's partners to be so serious that I have drawn up a scheme for hosts and hostesses which ought to add enormously to the amenities of the table.

I will suppose you to be a man and a guest. As you enter the house or the room—the house is better, because you will have more time to apprehend the matter—you will be handed a card which will run something like this:—First, your name. Then, "You will

have on your right Mrs. Travis Remington. Her husband is alive and they are still neither separated nor divorced. He is a railway magnate. Mrs. Remington's special interests are gardening and water-colour painting. All her children are living.

"On your left will be Miss Rachel Twist, who once had a play about SAVONAROLA produced by the Stage Society. She lives in Florence in the Spring and Summer, and is an authority on the Renaissance."

With this information compactly to hand, you would know where you were, and could tackle either lady with confidence and the certainty of making no particular *faux pas*, while it is possible that from both, since you know their strong suits, you might even acquire something.

Meanwhile each of these ladies has been handed a card, on which you and another man are described. Thus, Mrs. Travis Remington is informed, "You will have seated on your right Sir Foster Pryde, the famous surgeon. But besides being a surgeon, specialising in the brain, he has one of the best collections of Japanese lacquer and is

also an enthusiastic humanitarian, and he keeps a number of old and useless horses at his place near Camberley, where they spend their last days in comfort. Sir Foster is happily married but has no family."

Everyone will appreciate the necessity of mentioning these marital details, so much conversation now turning upon the bond in its various degrees of bondage.

The notice to Mrs. Travis Remington then describes you:—

"On your left will be Mr. Archie Punchible, who is a bachelor much in demand in society. He has never been known to eat at home any meal but breakfast, and that only from Tuesday to Friday. He has travelled much in the East."

Miss Rachel Twist's card naturally must begin with you:—

"On your right will be Mr. Archie Punchible," etc., repeating what we have just seen, and then, "On your left will be Mr. Adrian Scoper, who is an amateur of music and one of the first authorities on SCRIBINE and other modern Russian composers. He knew TSCHAIKOWSKY personally. He also has some very remarkable aviaries of small birds and talking parrots. He is a widower."

Thus informed, Mrs. Travis Remington and Miss Rachel Twist should know how to play their neighbours, and some less meaningless conversation than now often happens should result.

I admit that the scheme will give hosts and hostesses a lot to do; but then guests, if they are worth asking, are worth thought and trouble. The real difficulty will come when some one cries off and there is a last-minute substitute. But that might lead to amusing misunderstandings, and these are always to be desired. An initial misunderstanding can be an admirable foundation of friendship. E. V. L.

Our Cautious Journalists.

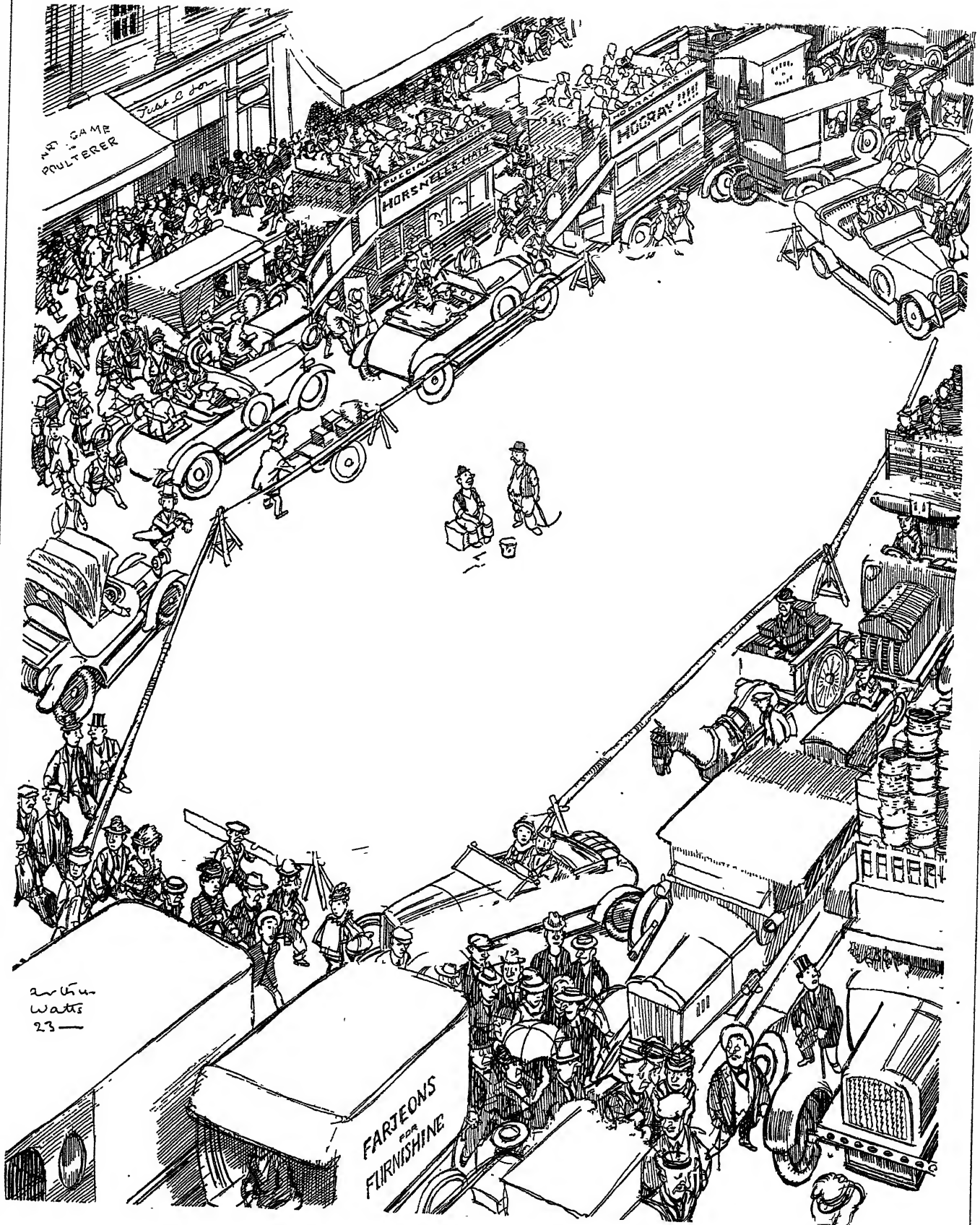
From an article on Oxford:—

"There may be no more Shove Ha'penny, there may be no more Bullingdon Club dinners, but one thing remains steadfast and undimmed, the almost animal spirits of the undergraduates."—*Evening Paper*. We like that "almost."

"THE CHRISTIAN BY HALL CAINE.

Filmed on the actual locations as embraced by the author in Trafalgar Square, Epsom and Isle of Man."—*Adv. in Daily Paper*.

No doubt authors and others have before now been seen "embracing a location in Trafalgar Square"—e.g. a lamp-post—but who that knows the soulful portrait of the Knight of Greeba Castle could bear to contemplate him in such a pose?



THE OASIS.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE PICCADILLY PURITAN"
(AMBASSADORS).

MR. LECHMERE WORRALL, a not inexperienced dramatist, has thought fit to adapt the novel of Miss GERTIE DE S. WENTWORTH-JAMES. They will do it!—will try and stuff the three quarts of the book into the half-pint pot of the play and wonder at the mess they make. Couldn't it be taken as proved at this date that, whereas in the twenty or so chapters of a novel you can move easily enough from key to key, camouflaging your transitions with a cloud of words, you can't with three-dimensional actors and sets cram a dozen conflicting moods into an Act without destroying, not credibility, which isn't essential, but plausibility, which is?

And can't talented leading ladies burlesquing into management stop themselves, or be stopped by the Prospective Managers' Co-operative Self-Protection Society, from taking up a part and saying, "Ah, yes! I could do that bit nicely, and this divinely and that admirably," and so forth; "this is a good play"? No, they can't, but have to buy their experience in the old expensive way.

Piccadilly Puritan is apparently an up-to-date quasi-technical term to indicate a pretty lady, or so I seemed to gather. At any rate *Alice*, a quite nice girl, well brought up, decides to act upon the advice, excellent in general, of her deceased father, which is that she should thoroughly put to the test all apparent eligibles before contemplating marriage, because you never can tell how they will turn out. I presume, though this is not indicated by the lady-novelist, that corresponding tests should be devised by young men. Some jolly games of cross-purposes would result.

Alice, then, posing as a common little thing of dubious morals or at least intentions who is saddled with a drunken aunt (really a most famous and respectable retired actress), induces *Charles* to adopt her, to take her out of her dreadful surroundings, educate her, put her into a nice little flat, pay the rent thereof and make sundry godpaternal visits to her. A course of action naturally misunderstood by a cold world.

Charles, a high-minded, moneyed and travelled ass fresh from the backwoods—a good alternative title for this ingenuous trifle would be *The Quest of the Pluperfect Mug*—engages an obvious wrong 'un of the Grosvenor Square classes to finish his pretty ward, to teach her how to modify her accent, to avoid saying, "Pleased to meet you!" and to master the musical glasses. This brilliant lady's notion however is to pay

her bridge debts by taking *Charles's* pay and introducing for a consideration a goat-like old peer, *Lord Batte*, to her pupil, with good hope of the worst possible results. For *Batte*, to put it succinctly, is emphatically a One.

We watch our guileless *Charles* becoming more and more attached to his pretty protégée, steadily putting himself into acute temptation, and unsteadily but very high-mindedly overcoming it, while *Alice* on her part does all she can to make it possible for him to take what is assumed to be the usual advantage of her. A motor trip, a terrific snowstorm, a honeymooning couple expected at the wayside inn, but delayed by stress of weather, *Charles*



ALICE IN WORRALL-LAND.

Alice MISS DOROTHY MINTO.
Lord Batte . . MR. JAMES LINDSAY.

and *Alice* arriving and being naturally mistaken for the expected visitors—all is in train for the great and final test.

But good angels (sorely tried by this time, I should say) and the little gilt god which he had given to *Alice*, and which she affects to consult as oracle and patron, watch over him. After a pretty little firelight flirtation he shakes himself in a thoroughly right-minded manner, busies himself with his papers and leaves her sleeping or affecting to sleep on the fine hard oak settle by the fire; posts a noble note of "Good-night and God bless you" at the foot of the little god, throws a motor-coat over the fair recumbent figure and with a gesture of magnificent renunciation stalks up to his comfortable bed.

Of course he hasn't—he wouldn't have—the wit to realise how pleasant it will be for *Alice* to wake up at

1.30 A.M. before the cold ashy relics of a noble fire on the bitterest wintry night that ever baulked a Ford.

And twenty-four hours later he glides into *Alice's* maisonette at night, on a strictly godfatherly visit, to find the ineffable *Batte* holding her by the wrist. Naturally, after a few ineffectual passages with *Batte*, whose view of the situation is not so liberal as one might expect of a finished man of the world, he bursts from the flat without a single question, believing the very worst, with *Alice*, the minx, allowing him to believe it—according to plan. For high-minded muggishness this takes a lot of beating.

Here of course the curtain is lowered to indicate the lapse of a few hours, and *Charles* bursts in again to say he can't do without her, whatever her past or present. She explains how she has pulled his leg. He says "Ha! ha!" She has found the exquisitely perfect mug. We wish her joy of him.

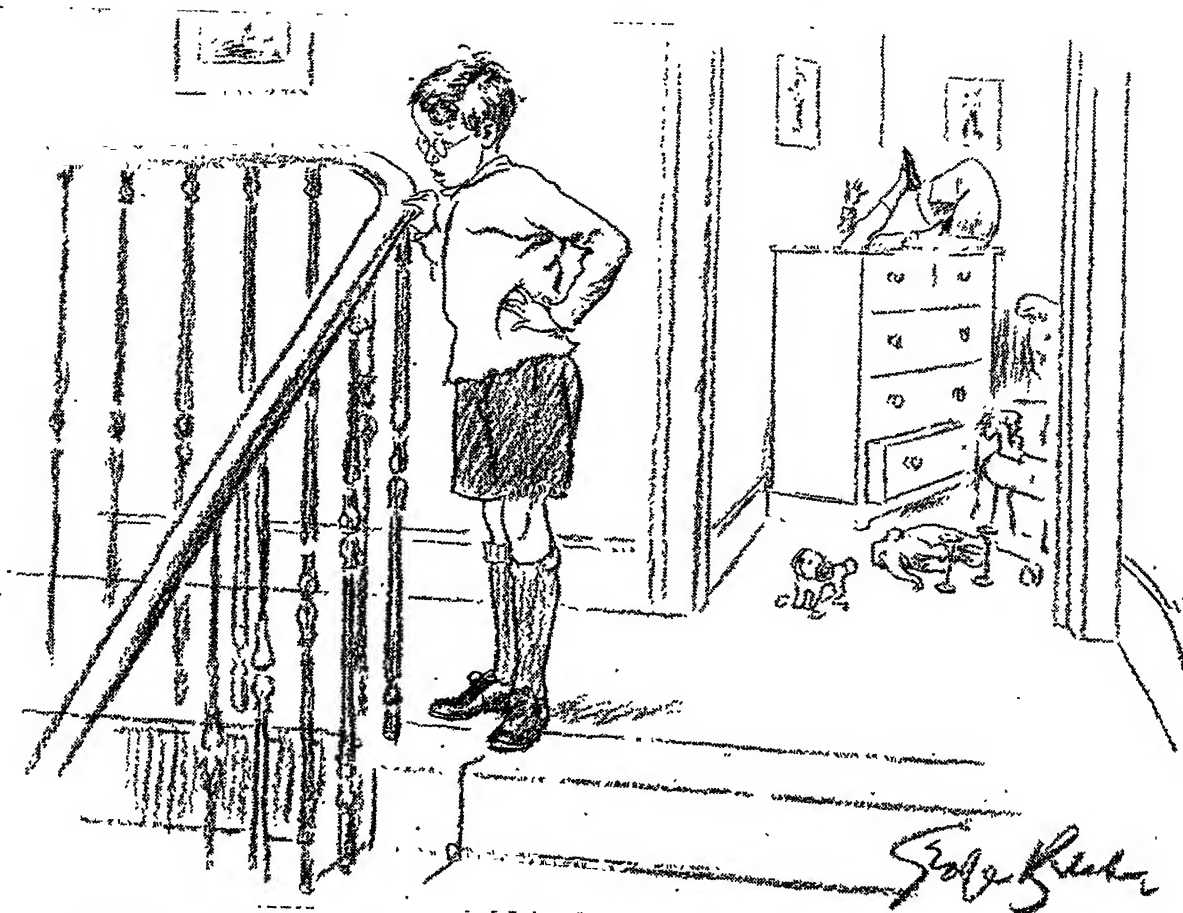
Miss DOROTHY MINTO was quite right. She had a jolly collection of little parts: the common little soul, the outraged flirt, the soul-awakener, the innocent babbling to her mascot, the wistful elf trembling on the borders of fairyland, the leg-puller, the trouncer of corrupt Mayfair chaperons, the friendly little comrade of Buster-Brown maids. All jolly and all so different and unrelated, and mostly so capably well done, and as a whole impossible.

Nobody could like *Charles*, he was such an ass. Mr. LANGHORNE BURTON, I thought, managed him skillfully enough. Miss DOROTHY HALL gave us a quite excellent study of the vague inebriate, and didn't too obviously overdo it, for which she deserves a very good mark. Miss KATE CAREW was quite adequate as the chaperon; and Mr. JAMES LINDSAY plausible enough for the quite unplausible *Lord Batte*. Even the worst nobleman would refrain, as a mere matter of technique, from plunging so swiftly and so violently off the deep end. But the exigencies of compression made it so.

The many sincere admirers of Miss DOROTHY MINTO will have much from her to amuse and please them; but they will regret, I think, her imprudent choice.

T.

A performance of SOPHOCLES' *Antigone*, in English, with MENDELSSOHN'S music, will be given by members of the Workers' Educational Association at the Old Vic., Waterloo Road, on Saturday, May 26th, at 8 P.M., in aid of The Appeal Fund for Women's Colleges at Oxford. Tickets (10s. 6d. to 1s.; boxes by arrangement) can be obtained from the Organising Secretary, Mrs. ARTHUR PERCIVAL, 19, Berkeley Street, W.1.



Small Boy. "MUMMY, WILL YOU COME UP, PLEASE? CYRIL HAS FALLEN AT RATHER A DIFFICULT ANGLE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I PAY "LUCAS MALET" a high but not an undeserved compliment in saying that the distinction of her latest novel, *The Survivors* (CASSELL), is largely due to what theologians would call its "purity of intention." It traces, through the last four years of the War and the first four years of the Peace, the doings of an English county family whose members are all apparently playing the parts demanded by their breeding and tradition. *Rupert* is a notable public servant; *Francis* is indispensable to his uncle's department; *Daphne* and *Diana* are farming; and *Sybella*, before the War the most valetudinarian of widows, has gained an amazing access of youth and strength in running a private hospital. The main theme of the book is *Sybella's* ruthless passion for the youngest and most personable of her wounded officers, and its effect on the career of her daughter *Lydia*. *Sybella* intrigues for a major operation which shall leave her intended husband dependent for ever on her middle-aged ministrations; and *Lydia*, sick (as well she may be) of "the smirched business of sex," turns a resolutely deaf ear to the chivalrous wooing of her cousin *Francis*. The interplay of aversion between mother and daughter is worked out with extraordinary perception and force. But its sinister basis accounts, I think, for a heavier atmosphere and a more lurid phraseology than are serviceable to the book as a whole.

In the modest little panegyric which Sir A. CONAN DOYLE has prefixed to his brother-in-law's last book, the creator of *Sherlock Holmes* maintains that the creator of *Raffles*

was baulked of discerning appreciation by the public's relentless preference for his stories of crime. In reading *Old Offenders* (MURRAY) you realise that, if the late Mr. E. W. HORNING lent his large and sympathetic heart to criminals, he gave it, and gave it with enthusiasm and abandon, to cricketers; and that, the art being equal—and no tale of the dozen here presented is lacking in accomplishment—it is always more interesting to watch him unravelling the intricacies of bygone county cricket than to see him compounding a felony. For pathos, humour and compact beauty of presentment, I would give first place to the last story, "A Bowler's Innings." "Chrystal's Century," which deals with the aspirations of a middle-aged South African magnate to play the game he had neglected at Harrow, runs it pretty close; but boasts nothing like *Dick Unthank's* Homeric catch, whose description is the triumph of the book. "The Jackeroo on G. Block" reads like an Australian BRET HARTE, and has three worthy companions; while there are no fewer than five thrilling concessions to the devotees of "Raffles." The whole volume is attractive and possesses in brief all the qualities which gave its author his unique and irreplaceable hold on English imaginations.

It was a stroke of luck that Mr. DENIS MACKAIL met that queer fish, *Gibson*, at the Caviare Club and did not freeze him with the haughty stare which was the authentic Caviare method of dealing with uninvited communications. Instead, to our distinct gain, he listened with a courteous patience. According to *Gibson* (HEINEMANN) the world is not the relatively dull place it appears to you and me, but full of the strangest folk and happenings on which that sardonic and embittered soul made the liveliest and most

unexpected comments. I don't think I ought to tell you the reason why *Gibson* tried so desperately to get Mr. *Leamington Dunn*, the publisher of *Minnie Baker Saunders*'s immensely popular novels, blackballed, or why he suddenly disappeared across the Atlantic when Mr. *Dunn*, that honest inoffensive man, was duly elected. Perhaps you can guess the painful secret. Mr. *MACRAIL* has a fine capacity for ragging. There is a story, "Gibson and the Specialist," which I commend to the medical profession—a story bristling with untruths and impossibilities, but essentially fair comment. The author's construction of his stories is quite masterly, and you don't feel that you've been sold at the end or that you've read exactly the same story with other names and places twenty times before. A lively wit, a faculty for pointed satire and a fastidious sense of style make this a very distinguished book in its kind.

Sir Edward Pelham, Bart., a reserved conventional Englishman of forty-one, opens Mrs. *ELINOR GLYN*'s new book by falling in love with *Nada*, a gipsy dancer, at a princely party at Petersburg.

Nada was "a fierce creature, sinuous and passionate, with red lips and strange blue eyes," and the Baronet appears to have been slightly intoxicated, for "every one was a little drunk by now—it was three o'clock in the morning." So they married, and the result was *Nadine*. Brought up in the family mansion by a comic governess, the repressive methods of our ancient aristocracy clearly did not suit *Nadine*. Trouble is indicated from the start, when her widowed father declares his intention of

wedding her to her cousin *Eustace*, heir to the title; a dry young diplomat, not at all the husband for a young lady who sits reading the *Story of Bayard* and dreaming dreams. No, the man she wants is clearly *Delaval*, the young American mine-manager from Gold Stamp, whose first name by a singular coincidence happens also to be *Bayard*. So the whole party has to be transported to Nevada and see *Life* as pictured on the cinema, complete with rattlesnakes and guns. The book is called *The Great Moment* (Duckworth), but precisely when that great moment occurred I cannot say among so many. It is full of thrills for the unsophisticated, but a curiously amateurish piece of work for a writer of Mrs. *GLYN*'s experience.

Having invented a perfectly good (if gloomy) Dean, Mr. *ARTHUR LEGGE*, in *The Minster* (JOHN LANE), unaccountably deprives his readers of that dignitary by toppling him from the battlements of his own cathedral. The organist also broke his neck on the roof of the sacred and tragic edifice. As the Dean is the only really respectable person in the story, I had hoped to see him cured of his melancholy and living, as a Dean should live, to a placid old age amid his roses. I was sorry, too, to lose the organist, for *Dr. Folle* had a sort of villainous attraction, though his wife was insensible to it. Anything approaching the

composure, and even satisfaction, with which that lady received the news of her husband's decease, somewhat abruptly imparted to her by the wicked baronet who caused the catastrophe, I have not seen elsewhere in fiction. If Mr. *LEGGE*'s account of Society in a cathedral town is to be accepted, its members must have singularly changed since *ANTHONY TROLLOPE*'s day. Has Mrs. *Proudie* no modern counterpart, nor *Archdeacon Grantly* any successor? Are the inhabitants of a cathedral city to-day all—excepting the Dean—purposeless and silly, not to say vicious? And, if they are, why write about them?

My chief complaint against *The Southlands of Siva* (LANE)—meaning South India—is its persistent neglect of method, which is at times a little disconcerting. From the midst of Tanjore or Cuddapah we are suddenly transported to Ootacamund or Scotland or some other region whither an associated anecdote has diverted our guide. Most frequently the fatal lure is connected with *shikar*, for Mr. *BUTTERWORTH*'s heart is in the jungle; and indeed the

chase bulks too largely in a book whose theme is, by implication at least, of a broadertype. And though most of his many anecdotes are entertaining I should have welcomed some leaven of his views on those graver matters on which his high official position would have made him authoritative. This said, I can commend a volume rich in memories for the Anglo-Indian and presenting, by cumulative effect rather than by direct draughtsmanship, a clear if incomplete picture for those at home. We lack descriptions of this older



Wife. "HUSH, DEAR, HUSH! YOU MUST KEEP THE SOFT PEDAL DOWN. YOU KNOW HOW MUSICAL THE NEW COOK IS."

India of the South; and in these days, when the song of the *Sahib* is so commonly a dirge, there is a melancholy enjoyment in contrasting this study of the career of an Indian Civilian as it used to be. The book is enriched by some hall-marked sayings and writings of the Aryan brother which I should have been thoroughly sorry to miss.

If the principal character in *Dr. Thorndyke's Case-Book* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is sometimes a shade too pedantic, he has at least one other characteristic that commends itself warmly to me. Unlike some workers in the field of criminal investigation, he never blames his assistant for not possessing knowledge which no one except an earnest student of cigarette cards can reasonably be expected to possess; though he does hint that it is to one's advantage to have such information at one's finger-tips. Fortunately the author, Mr. *AUSTIN FREEMAN*, knows everything, and thus his knowledge can make *Dr. Thorndyke* a perfect terror to criminals. Of these seven "cases" "The Blue Scarab" appealed most strongly to me, but this chiefly because I have not yet relinquished all hope of somewhere, sometime, somehow discovering hidden treasure for and by myself. All these tales are ably constructed and told, and they are noticeably free from the ludicrous sensationalism that commonly disfigures this type of story.

CHARIVARIA.

THE new PRIME MINISTER told newspaper interviewers that he needed their prayers and not their congratulations. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is reported to be thinking out one. * *

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's favourite tune is "Maer gwaed a redodd ar y groes." The words (by the look of them) emphasize the difficulties in the way of Liberal reunion. * *

The question of opening the Academy on Sundays reminds us that in certain Art circles there has always been a strong feeling in favour of closing it on week-days. * *

A plague of caterpillars is devastating the plum and apple orchards at Deal and Sandwich. Alas, too late! The War is over. * *

We understand that through a clerical error several Government officials have already arrived at Lausanne for the next Conference. * *

"Bell-ringing for nine hours," announces a headline. There seems to have been a certain dilatoriness on the part of the menial whose business it was to answer the door. * *

Greece has informed Turkey that she cannot find any money for a war indemnity. It is denied that the Turks have offered to take it out in atrocities. * *

A backfire from a Ford car caused a garage to be burned out at Rotherfield, Sussex. The owner of the Ford quite rightly boxed its ears. * *

Discussing a sea-monster recently captured off the coast of Florida an American journalist remarked that it could swallow forty Jonahs without suffering the pangs of indigestion. But not some of the Jonahs we know. * *

Dr. W. W. COBENTZ, of the United States Bureau of Statistics, estimates that it would take two centuries to boil a small quantity of water by the heat of the stars. His authoritative statement confirms our contention that this method will never be universally adopted.

It is estimated that ten per cent. of the nation play golf. About three per cent. of golfers do the same. * *

An architect has discovered that some of the stonework of the Carlton Club has started to decay. The Committee has now requested the Club's Die-Hards not to bite their teeth too deeply into the stone pillars of the building. * *

With reference to the outbreak of fire on a Surrey golf links, the latest theory is that the conflagration was due to the spontaneous combustion of a retired colonel at the nineteenth hole. * *

Following closely upon the non-stop dancing craze comes a rumour to the effect that a Scotsman is about to com-

In connection with the attempt being made to cope with the caterpillar plague in Kent it is said that a telegraph-boy last week chased a caterpillar for miles, but it eventually forged ahead, dodged up a side-lane and was lost to sight. * *

Will all smokers please have their cigarette-cards ready in their hands and thus save busy collectors from being unnecessarily delayed? * *

It is claimed that a new type of omnibus is so constructed that it cannot be boarded when it is moving. What is really needed, however, is an omnibus that can be boarded when it is standing still. * *

A contemporary has published an article on "Dinner-Table Pests." In our opinion there is none worse than the man who whistles while eating soup. * *

A girl has been seen with a tennis-racket in a West London church. Locally this is regarded as an indication of rain. * *

Small gates at cricket grounds are attributed to the fact that the public prefers to wait for pleasanter conditions. When will the authorities awake to the necessity of providing foot-warmers? * *

The revival, after a lapse of a century, of the custom of rowing an

eel pie round Eel Pie Island, in the Thames, is understood to be due to the tireless energies of the Brighter Eel Pie Island Society.

Beneath a picture taken at the Royal Dublin Society's Spring Show:—

"A fine bull that won first prize in Class 8 of the Shorthorn Heifers."—*Irish Paper*.

A native product, no doubt, and racy of the soil that bred it.

From a report of a five-furlong race: "MOLESEY TWO-YEAR-OLD SELLING PLATE OF 200 SOVS.

Foreign Legion (Mrs. Gordon) . . A. Burns 1
Scotch Dame (Mr. Reardon) . . C. Smirke 2

Foreign Legion speedily raced clear, and never being headed, won by seven furlongs." *Yorkshire Paper*.

It looks as if Scotch Dame was left a quarter of a mile behind the starting-post.



The Colonel (with an effort to be friendly). "I SUPPOSE YOU'LL BE GOING TO THE DERBY?"

Sweep. "NO, DON'T FINK SO. I SHALL MOST LIKELY TAKE THE MISSUS DAHN TO THE OAKS—MUCH BETTER-CLASS PEOPLE THERE."

mence a non-stop bagpipe contest. It is anticipated that he will leave a wife and three children. * *

"On appointment, J.P.'s ought to serve a month's imprisonment at Wandsworth," suggests a London magistrate. Nothing is said about those Judges who try cases of murder, but we assume that he would have them hanged at least once. * *

It would appear that economy has at last been adopted by the Government if it is true that the War Office have recently obtained some really good bargains at the auction sales of surplus War stores. * *

Explorers in East India state that they have discovered a tribe of monkey-like natives. The tribe's description of the explorers is awaited with interest.

TO BETTY OF THE NEW FACE.

[An authority upon modes informs us that faces are now being worn in oval shape, after the style of LAWRENCE'S portraits.]

WHEN in the Press, for lack of mirth,
My glance to Fashion's column drifts,
I marvel, Betty, how on earth
You manage those Protean shifts;
No Aethiop yet has changed his hue;
The leopard's spots are still *de rigueur*;
But you, it seems, contrive to do
Just what you like with face or figure.

I speak not of "additional hair"
(To quote the *coiffeur's* tactful phrase)
Which gives your head a tidy air
Whenas you mote by windy ways;
That comes within my mental range,
But what I have a gnawing passion
To know is this—how you can change
Your actual *form* to suit the fashion.

Time was when Woman wore her waist
Up by the armpits; now it dips,
Beneath the site by Nature traced,
To somewhere well below her hips;
But, while her dress from curious eyes
Concealed the means of transformation,
Now openly she rectifies
Her naked jaw's configuration.

As with her bust, the same technique
That fixed its posture or expanse
Is used to model chin and cheek
And reconstruct her countenance;
The lofted brow, the lengthy face
She views to-day with mild abhorrence,
And sculps an oval in their place,
As pictured by Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE.

Ah, Betty, somewhere draw the line,
And leave at least your mouth alone;
Tamper not with its pure design
That Nature loves to call her own;
Lest, when your face looks like a mask,
All the familiar features missing,
I find myself compelled to ask—

"What stranger's lips are these I'm kissing?"
O. S.

POPULARISING POLO.

THERE is a growing demand among the champions of democracy that Polo should be made more attractive to the multitude, and for this purpose it needs to be thoroughly overhauled. To begin with, its name is against it. It has a foreign sound. It should be changed to "Horse-ball." This would appeal to the Englishman's ingrained love of horses and that passion for horse-accidents which in these days of mechanical traction he finds it so hard to gratify. In Polo, as played at present, there are not enough of either. Which brings me to the most important point, namely, that Polo should be played with eleven a side. This arrangement would make it quickly understood by the public. The ordinary spectator finds himself a little perplexed by the tactics employed in Polo in its present form; but if the teams were disposed as for football the game could be played with the certainty of a proper appreciation, signalled by intelligent comment, on the part of the crowd.

A little variation too in the character of the mounts would add to the popularity of the game. Why confine them to

polo-ponies? We suggest the following scheme, which of course is open to modification:—

	ROCKING-HORSE.	
	CART-HORSE.	CART-HORSE.
HUNTER.	GENT.'S HACK, WARRANTED	HUNTER.
	STEADY AND RELIABLE.	
RACE-HORSE.	POLO-PONY.	WAR-HORSE.
	POLO-PONY.	RACE-HORSE.

Then again a little humour might well be introduced into the game. Why should there not be some mitigation of that dignity of bearing which at present lifts it above the range of popular sympathy? There is a strong feeling in favour of having a referee who should be compelled to follow the play at close quarters *on foot*. It is well known what joy it gives the spectators when a football referee receives the leather in his face. What would be their delight to see a Polo referee cut over the head with a ball, or ridden down and trampled under-foot in a forward rush!

This element of humour might be expanded if the favourite players encouraged the onlookers to call them by nicknames. To be known as the Hon. Davenant Portcullis may be very well in certain privileged circles, but a fuller satisfaction would be given to the populace if it were allowed to address him from the uncovered stands as "Culley."

We live in a democratic age and it is high time that Polo should throw off its air of privilege and fall into line with the game most beloved by the proletariat.

THE ATAVIST.

EVERY year, at dawn of summer, Brown announces that he feels
Tired of golf and bored with business; disinclined for proper meals;
Out of patience with the programme of his placid useful life;
Almost sulky with his offspring, half-inclined to bite his wife.

Something's always at his elbow (so he tells me) murmuring, "Brown,
There are beaches, there are forests, there are mountains out of town;
Underneath the river-bridges shines a highway to the sea
Where, before the fresh north-easter, might a man be running free.

"There are tracks across those mountains that your feet are fain to tramp;
There are clearings in far forests lying vacant for your camp;
Come, be bold, abandon business! from your stuffy office fly!
Chuck it all and seek adventure! Try your luck beneath the sky!"

Poor old Brown! He'd be so wretched if his camping-place were wet,
So forlorn without his angel taking care of what he ate;
In a boat he's always sea-sick, on a mountain always blown,
Yet I understand his feelings; they are more or less my own.

Well, the vagrant mood soon passes, but it's hard that such as he
Have to face it every summer (and confide their woes to me!);
That remote barbaric forbears hand their homeless habits down
To awake the wander-spirit in the homely breast of Brown.
W. K. H.

"I do not like 'moderate' men; the moderate man is like a moderate egg.—BISHOP OF ST. ALBANS."—*Sunday Paper*.
Are we to understand that his lordship prefers both eggs and churchmen to be high?



THE "RECONCILIATION" SCENE

(FROM THE FAMOUS ENTENTE DRAMA, LATELY REVIVED AT LAUSANNE).

FIRST COLLABORATOR. "THIS ISN'T A BIT LIKE WHAT WE WROTE. THEY'RE SIMPLY RUINING THE PIECE. I SUPPOSE WE OUGHT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT?"

SECOND DITTO. "YES, I SUPPOSE WE OUGHT." (*Left supposing.*)



"OW YER FEELIN', LIZ?"

"LIKE NOTHIN' ON EARTH—AN' NOT 'APPY AT THAT."

AMBROSE KEEPS A DOG.

I FOUND Ambrose standing outside his house. He had no hat on and looked worried.

"You've come just at the right time to help," he said.

I then perceived that he was trying to capture by blandishments and cajolings a Bedlington puppy with a tennis-ball in its mouth. A little further off were two small boys to whom the tennis-ball presumably belonged. One of them was weeping.

"Is it your puppy?" I asked.

"Yes," said Ambrose. "We've only had him about six weeks, and we can scarcely ever catch him. Here, good boy, good boy, come on!"

The puppy allowed Ambrose to approach until his hand almost touched its nose, and then whisked away.

"It's an extraordinary thing," said Ambrose, "considering the century we live in and how complex our civilisation is, what a lack of co-operation one finds in an ordinary London suburb. Now, if things were properly organised,

I should only have to blow a whistle and everybody would come out of his house and draw a cordon round the creature and we should have him in no time. As it is, one wastes one's time terribly."

"What usually happens in the end?" I ventured, making a faint ineffective grab. "I suppose there are days when you catch him."

"Oh, I have all sorts of dodges," said Ambrose rather proudly. "Sometimes I manage to lead him into somebody else's front-garden—a small one, you know—and then shut the gate quickly. But even then he's amazingly good at dodging round a rhododendron. And the people don't always like it. But the other day I managed to catch him right out on the open common."

"How did you do that?" I asked with some interest, for Ambrose is stout as well as a little short-sighted.

"I manœuvred him," he said, "on to a piece of rising ground, where he was rather higher up the slope than I was, so that the distance between us was really less than he supposed. Then I fell suddenly forward."

"I see," I said. "I am afraid the terrain is scarcely suitable for those tactics here."

"No," said Ambrose, ruefully looking at the puddles upon the road. "Good boy, then! Good boy, come here!"

The "good boy" moved a little further down the road. It was then that the allies began to appear.

A postman who had come to collect from the corner pillar-box was the first. There is, of course, a natural connection between the post-office and puppies, and no doubt it came within the scope of his scheduled duties to render a certain amount of assistance. I must say that he very nearly got his bag over the puppy's back. But not quite. Then there was a young man from the back of the baker's cart, and another from the greengrocer's. A lady also helped, and one or two more small boys turned up from nowhere in particular. But it is much harder to draw a cordon round a Bedlington puppy than one might suppose. We moved in irregular formation up and down the road, now throwing out our right wing and now

our left, but failing to envelop the adversary. A lot of people seemed to be looking out of windows.

"At any rate you have the satisfaction," I said to Ambrose, "of providing a certain amount of entertainment for the community."

"Oh, I am not the only one," he panted, after a cunning but fruitless offensive round a lamp-post. "There's another Bedlington four houses further up that's just as bad as this one."

It was the young man from the back of the baker's cart who, by the brilliant expedient of proffering a bun, finally caused the puppy to drop the tennis-ball. It was not as good a tennis-ball as it had been, and Ambrose gave the two little boys a shilling. The bun, however, did not catch the puppy. He managed to snatch it from the hand of the baker's young man and, retiring by a quick feint up a side street, lay down and ate it with evident satisfaction. The postman reluctantly relinquished the chase, but the Government was still on our side, for his work was taken up by a police-constable.

"Will you have to do this every day in future?" I asked Ambrose.

"Not necessarily," he replied. "He comes back, you know, in the evenings when he is hungry, or even without being hungry if he is not feeling well. He seems to think there is no place like home for that. But my blood is up now, and I am determined to catch the brute."

"We are all Englishmen here, I think," I said simply, "and we mean to see you through."

It was the police-constable, I believe (he may have had Transatlantic experience in his youth), who was the first to suggest a lasso, and the greengrocer's young man who actually contrived it out of a piece of cord and the lead which Ambrose with a wonderful faith had held constantly dangling in his left hand. But it was I who made the successful throw at my fifteenth turn, thereby winning the penny sweepstakes which some time ago had been formed. Crouching close to the ground, waving a deprecatory tail and gazing with supplicating eyes, the puppy was hauled in.

"Curse it all," said Ambrose, examining the collar; "it's not mine at all, it's Winterton's!"

The Wintertons were extremely grateful to Ambrose, but it really was rather trying, for lunch was completely cold.

"What made you think it was your puppy, anyway?" I inquired.

"I saw him out of the window," said Ambrose, "and I couldn't find mine."

"Isn't it rather a pity you've allowed the squad to dismiss," I suggested, "when you may want them again? We



J. H. DOWD-23

Aunt. "BUT SURELY, HAROLD, I HAVEN'T GOT A FACE QUITE LIKE THAT?"
Harold (a modernist in the making). "YOU MUST HAVE, AUNTIE, ELSE HOW DID I COME TO DRAW YOU LIKE THAT?"

were just finding our best form. I'd no idea there was so much sporting talent in these parts."

"I don't suppose Murgatroyd will come back till this evening now," he said gloomily. "If he doesn't come back at lunch-time we never expect him till late."

He was wrong about Murgatroyd, however. We found him behind the drawing-room sofa, sleeping on the remains of what had been a rather valuable cushion. He was entirely surrounded by feathers. He started up, wagging his tail, and came and licked Ambrose's hand. Innocence and affectionate joy

were written on every hair of him. One small brown feather was still adhering to his jowl.

"Well, old boy," said Ambrose, patting his head, "you have given us a hunt."
EVON.

Reciprocity.

"MR. BALDWIN SEES THE KING."
Evening Paper, May 22nd.

"THE KING SEES MR. BALDWIN."
Another Evening Paper, same day.

"East winds will be mainly westerly."
Provincial Paper.

We shouldn't mind that if the west winds weren't so confoundedly easterly.

DOWN TEXAS WAY.

THERE seems to be a prevalent idea that the American golfers did not do so badly out of their visit to this country. They failed to win our Amateur Championship, but they did retain the Walker Cup, thereby leaving themselves, in the opinion of many, more or less all square on the trip. This is a shortsighted view. They have shed one of America's most imposing possessions as a result of their disastrous visit. They have blown sky-high the last remnants of the Great Texas Myth.

It was Mr. GEORGE V. ROTAN who did it. He comes from Texas. On the face of it something must have gone very seriously wrong with the State of Texas if its present inhabitants have time to turn out prospective golf champions. They all ought to be doing things with steers and shacks and six-shooters instead of fiddling about with putters on the sixteenth green. If they feel the need for recreation they ought to be tying the sheriff up in front of an express train, or making love to his daughter, or singing about "coal-black mammies" and "black-eyed susans" and other recognised ingredients of what sounds a somewhat sombre landscape. I am, by the way, one of the few people in this country who know that, whatever J. GAY or C. DIBDIN may have thought about it, in America a "black-eyed susan" is a plant. To teach me this was one of the things that brought America into the War; a kind American officer told me all about black-eyed susans when I confessed myself completely baffled by a reference to them in a song then very popular in billets and places where they sang:—

"Take me back to the shack where the black-eyed susans grow
All around on the ground where I found
the one I know."

But as for standing about the first tee in heaps on a Saturday afternoon, waiting for the chance to drive off in the monthly medal competition, the thing is reducing Texas to the level of Tunbridge Wells. It is enough to bring the whiskers off the frilliest pair of sheep-skin pants that ever leapt into a saddle.

It has done worse than this, I guess. It has brought the pants off altogether, likewise the six-shooters, the lariat and the floppy hat. You cannot play golf with impedimenta of this kind; at Deal and St. Andrews Mr. ROTAN did not even try. Instead of that he reserved them for London and a golfing dinner at the Savoy Hotel. "Mr. George V. Rotan, of Texas," observed a newspaper report of this function, "who was in the garb of a rancher,

with sombrero and pistols, proposed the toast of the British team."

Well, that of course settles it. The dear old get-up which confronts us on the movies has become an archaic garb reserved for ceremonial occasions. It is merely a kind of evening dress; the gentle inhabitant of Texas climbs into it (probably under protest) in very much the same way that we climb into a boiled shirt and white waistcoat. The real business of life is carried on in plus-fours.

If the truth were known I suspect that all the rest of the old Texas has gone the same way as the sombrero and the six-shooters. There are no more black-eyed susans—the green-keeper regards them as little better than worm-casts and puts down weed-killer wherever he sees one. There are no more shacks, only neat little ferro-concrete bungalows where the gentlemen of Texas retire, after a hard day's work on the links, to practise putting on the drawing-room carpet. The steers have all been turned into cold beef for lunch at the golf clubs; the coal-black mammies cook it and supply the pickles and tomatoes. The "bad men" are all reformed characters; their only temptation is to steal golf-balls when acting as caddies. The quickest way to the interest and affections of the sheriff's daughter is to have a handicap in the neighbourhood of scratch. And if it were not for that bunker at the seventeenth (which so persistently spoils his card) her father wouldn't have a care in the world.

Stay, though—he would occasionally. One pictures him at the nineteenth hole retelling the story of the five-yard putt he sank at the ninth. Suddenly a shadow crosses his manly features: "But say, boys, I must quit. I left word for them to put the sheep-skins and the shooters out for me; my daughter's taking me to an evening party." He looks down regretfully at his plus-fours and murmurs, "Now I wonder why people can't take you as you are."

It is a sad picture and I can't think what Los Angeles proposes to do about it. Probably the movies had better leave Texas alone altogether. What is the use of showing us cowboys in a bar when everybody knows that the picture represents nothing more thrilling than golfers in evening dress? What does it matter if eyes do flash and fists are clenched as the bottle circulates? The unexciting truth is that these desperadoes are simply arguing about whether a Blue Dimple goes farther than a Pink Dot. The mere fact that they are there at all suggests that somebody's foursome has been butchered to make our urban holiday. Fiercer and

fiercer becomes this unreal altercation: the bar-tender cowers behind his counter as bowie-knives and revolvers are drawn and flourished. We are unimpressed. The only things that are flourished in Texas to-day are mashies and similar unwarlike weapons.

I am very sorry about Mr. GEORGE V. ROTAN. He may have helped to take back the Walker Cup; but he is undoubtedly leaving behind a bitter disillusionment for all lovers of the dear old Texas.

NATURE RHYMES FOR NURSERIES.

DORMOUSE.

He's nimble as a squirrel, but
He never, never cracks a nut.

He bites the stalk and strips the green,
And grips the pointed end between
His teeth, and twirls it with his paws,
And gnaws and gnaws and gnaws and gnaws.

A rounded opening grows apace
Close-welded to his rounded face;
Deep in the hole he pokes his snout
And scrabbles the sweet kernel out.

He sleeps by day, he sleeps by night,
He wakes in the soft evening light;
Stares round-eyed at the saffron sky,
Combs out his whiskers, leaps on high,
Threads needle-footed, ledge to ledge,
The crazy tangle of the hedge,
And streaks the last gold of the sun
With rippling bands of cinnamon.

He's dainty as a harvest-mouse,
And, like him, builds a private house.

He nibbles grass to threads and weaves
A dome of moss and woodbine leaves,
In furze-bush or in hollow tree,
For cubby-hole or nursery.
Sometimes beneath his bedroom floor
He hides a close-packed winter-store
Of cobs and seeds and things that keep
To feed on if he wakes from sleep.

For when October's rains begin
He tucks his feet beneath his chin,
And winds his tail about his nose
And clinches tight his paddy toes
And drops to sleep; but, unlike you,
Sleeps the whole dreary winter through.
I think this slumber fancy-free
Is just the kind that would suit me.

A Heavy Lie.

"From the 25th tee Mitchell drove over the green. He played back, and left himself a putt of about 7ft, which, however, he missed."
Sporting Paper.

"Calculated on a basis that a rate levied in Oldbury will produce per 1d. in the £, £369 10s. 3d., a rate of 1d. will yield £369 10s. 3d."—*Local Paper.*

We have worked this out and find it absolutely correct.



HOW PAINTABLE THE RIVER LOOKS WHEN I GO FISHING—



AND HOW FISHABLE IT LOOKS WHEN I GO PAINTING!

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

XXIV.—THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT.

The Sad Case of Roderick Dubh.

THE Private View of the Royal Tournament is peculiarly pleasant, because the house (if one may call Olympia a house) is filled with the very young and the very enthusiastic. On the other hand, an audience of which no member has paid for his seat has certain important disabilities. About forty minutes after the advertised time for the opening of the performance, the band of the 12th Royal Lancers had played all the tunes

it knew, and nothing else had happened but the stately march of a Major across the arena, deservedly applauded. And still no one ventured the protesting clap of the impatient.

Chafing, I left my seat and inquired of a huge A.B. in the wings the reason of the delay; and I received a most singular reply.

"Waiting for the Press," he said. "They say they're still at lunch, the perishers!"

Stung by this unjust report, I returned to the arena and started a vigorous clap, and almost immediately I was very glad to see my naval friend running about at high speed and carrying exceedingly heavy weights.

This turn (the Inter-Port Field Gun Competition) is the most thrilling, though not, perhaps, most popular, of all. Eighteen enormous sailors march in, dragging a very small gun. At least, at this stage it *looks* small—a mere eight-hundredweight. Approaching an enemy wall they tear the gun to pieces, and heave it over, bit by bit, clap the bits together again and rush on to a river with high banks, powerfully represented by ramps. A couple of men are miraculously swung across on ropes, and in about ten seconds the gun is flying across in sections on that jolly overhead-railway contrivance which drapers use for sending the bill to the cashier.

By this time the gun looks much larger. It flies across with four or five men clinging to it, and is dropped without ceremony on the other side, either under or on the top of the men as the case may be. So with the carriage (an-

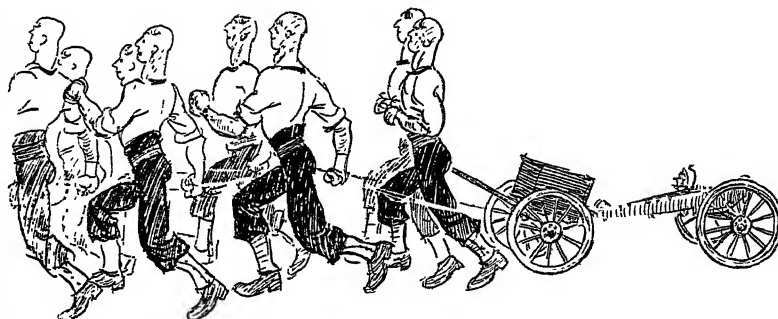
back comes everything across the river again.

The sailor is never so reckless as when he is ashore; and I say without hesitation that this performance is far more dangerous than anything that happens to the ordinary soldier in a real war. That a single man should survive from that desperate *mêlée* of flying wheels, volatile limbers and rapidly descending gun-carriages is a marvel. And this is no mere lubber's judgment, for none of the sailors with whom I talked showed any tendency to underrate the perils of the performance. And one man proudly showed me a few stitches in his hand where a casual limber had caught him. So I hope no one who sees the turn will assume that our intrepid sailors are thoroughly enjoying themselves.

It is, of course, a question whether a gun handled with such violence would hit any but the simplest marks on arrival; and I imagine that any ammunition transported by this ingenious process would have exploded long before the firing began. None the less it is very wonderful. And why anyone who likes sensation and the exposure of others to the risk of physical injury should go to see a stupid boxing-match while this competition is running I don't know.

Of the Musical Ride of the 12th Royal Lancers (Prince of Wales's) there is nothing very fresh to be said, except that it seemed better than ever; and one of the new manoeuvres is particularly clever and fascinating. The programme doubts whether "the public realise the amount of pains and patience that is packed up in the preparation of these attractive spectacles." But the authorities may rest at ease. No one who has ever attempted to urge a single horse in a given direction is likely to make that mistake.

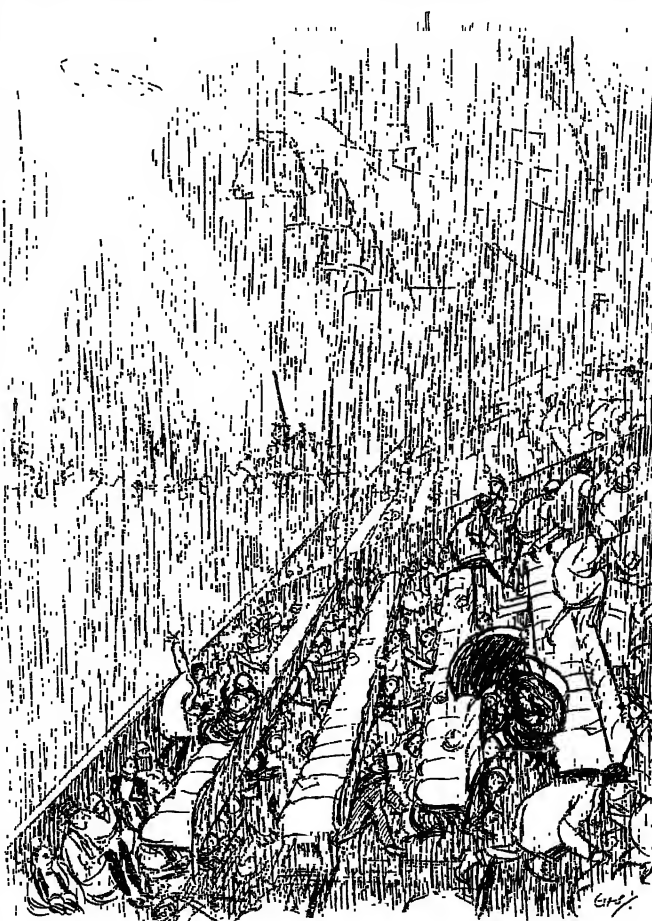
Throughout their intricate manoeuvres the riders hold the reins with one hand only—and that the left hand. There is



THE TWELVE-POUNDER LOOK.

other 6 cwt.), the limber (6½—"including wheels"), and the wheels (120 lbs.—excluding limber)—all at breathless speed, all with men attached like flies. A further wall is then surmounted, three rounds are fired (caps only), and

formance. And one man proudly showed me a few stitches in his hand where a casual limber had caught him. So I hope no one who sees the turn will assume that our intrepid sailors are thoroughly enjoying themselves.



"TAKE COVER."

POSSIBLE EFFECT OF THE ALMOST TOO REALISTIC AIR-RAID.

no more to be said. I beg to suggest, however, that the double "charge" from opposite ends is less effective than the old style single charge, when the entire troop were launched together down the whole length of the arena, gathering such impetus that it seemed as if they must infallibly charge through the end wall. Yesterday I felt fairly certain that they would stop in time—a bad sign. But perhaps the horses have raised a protest.

About the Display of Horsemanship and Physical Training by the 3rd Battery R.F.A. (the Battle-Axe Troop) one is less enthusiastic—not through any fault of theirs. It showed that, if Peace holds, the Army will always be able to make a living at the circuses; it also suggested, by the way, that "all done by kindness" must be truer than many of us think. But personally I have a prejudice in favour of seeing a horse standing on all four feet, the right way up. In that position they interest me far more than they do with two feet placed on a tub, however kindly; and when they suddenly lie down I am only reminded of a street accident.

I can understand the temptation of the Services to reach out into civil life in this way; but it seems a pity. The Tent-pegging and Pick-up-Handkerchiefs-from-Horseback, for example, were astounding, but marred by the same tendency. It is idle to pretend that the British soldier is a born actor, even when dressed as a "tribal chief." I don't begrudge the daring and talented N.C.O.'s any little pleasure they may have had from their wild cries and comic "business," but I fear they enjoyed it more than I did. And if the Army must have comic and dramatic turns—well, there are people who make a business of this kind of thing.

In the same way the most impressive Pageant of Scotland-in-Arms was

a little spoiled by the tedious and deplorable episode of Roderick Vic Alpine Dubh. Without a long and careful study of the programme the death of Roderick at the hands of King James

intelligent beast had had a look at the dead chieftain, he edged away in the most eloquent and human fashion; and not all the horsemanship of the 12th Royal Lancers could induce him to consider the task of transport for a moment.

The situation was now grave. For meanwhile the other herald was half-fainting under the weight of the massive Dubh, and Roderick himself was obviously weary of his position. And the horse sidled and sidled away, after the irritating manner of the creatures. But at last Roderick Vic Alpine Dubh, cool and masterful in death as in life, advanced towards the horse and painfully dragged his lifeless corpse on to its back. And the horse, with a mutinous snort, carried him out.

Unless this incident can be faithfully reproduced, twice daily, the whole episode were better cut.

But the massed Pipers—"A Hundred Pipers" in the flesh!—and the dancing! Whatever one may think of Scotland-in-Arms, Scotland-in-Legs is a grand thing to see and hear. There are those who say that nationality has no real meaning and a Russian is much the same as a Scotsman. I should like to take the "Glasgow contingent" from Westminster to Olympia and hear their observations on the theme. A. P. H.

From a parish magazine:—

"The Vicar gratefully acknowledges a donation of 2/6 towards the cost of new Bookmakers for the Church." The Betting Commission should look into this.

From a statement by Mrs. ANNIE C. BILL, the present representative of the late Mrs. EDDY:—

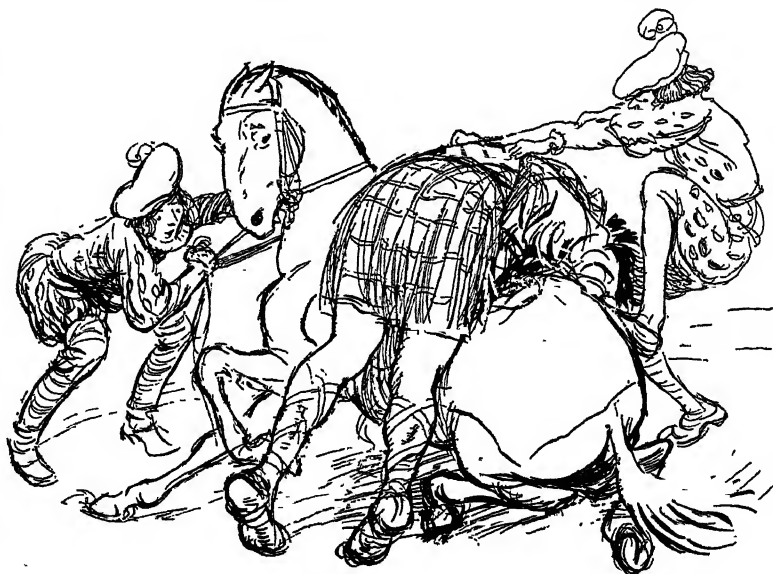
"The general theory of relativity corroborated the operative constitutional sevenfold system discovered by her, which unfolds incidentally the fourth dimension of Mind."

Having thus got the matter at last on to this perfectly plain footing we can all dismiss our doctors at once.



Curry

RODERICK DUBH (to KING JAMES V. OF SCOTLAND). "TOUCHÉ."



Curry

THE REMOVAL OF RODERICK'S CORPSE.

heralds and rode callously away. Now Roderick Dubh was a very large man, with calves an Englishman might envy; and one of the herald's horses was built to the same scale. But when the

HOW I BROADCASTED.

THE other night I was broadcasting. I don't mean listening-in or broad-catching, or whatever people may ultimately decide to call it, but broadcasting. The rest of the universe was doing the listening-in. For the time being the universe was practically divided into two (unequal) parts—me and the rest of the universe. I talked, the rest of the universe listened. That makes you think a bit, doesn't it?

You remember the occasion, of course. You were sitting with your mouth open and a far-away look in your eyes, a pair of microphones clipped tightly to your head. (Forgive technicalities; we broadcasters are like that.) The rest of the family was sitting round, impatiently watching your well-known imitation of a telephone-operator hard at work not putting people through. At intervals they spoke, and you said "Sh!" in a loud voice.

When this had been going on for some time, if you remember, you suddenly heard a voice saying, "Eero gwrrrr ch ch gwrrriow ugh." That was I—broadcasting.

It happened like this. One day last week I was strolling in the garden, listening-in to a thrush that was broadcasting up in Jones's elm-tree, when a telegram was brought to me. I was thinking no harm of anyone, you understand, and nothing was further from my mind than playing upon the universe a low-down trick like broadcasting at it. The critical things of my life always happen at moments like that.

The telegram was an invitation from the B.B.C. to go and broadcast.

If it hadn't had a pre-paid reply-form attached to it no harm might have resulted to anybody. But I never can resist a pre-paid telegram. People who want me to oblige them always send me these things, and I always promise to do whatever they ask. Curse them! I write my answer first (carefully confining it to twelve words) and think afterwards. I always feel that the thing must be done quickly for the sake of the reputation of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL. It won't stand much.

And so it happened that at the appointed hour I presented myself at the broadcasting station. I approached it with a thrill of excitement. High above, dimly traced against a sky of stars,

I could see the widespread aerials of the station. I gazed fascinated at the spidery wires and at the stars beyond, and my thoughts turned to the future when these wires should fling the thought of man across this mighty void and star should speak with star. The romance of science had me in its grip, and I moved as one in a dream. Then I came across a lot more wire, which some fool had left lying about on the ground, and I saw a lot more stars. The romantic possibilities of science are infinite.

casual young men, surrounded by coils and switches and all sorts of shiny little gadgets, were playing nonchalantly with the hidden forces of nature. Beyond it were two further rooms, the ante-room—the green-room of this strange theatre—and opening out of it that dim chamber known as the studio, or broadcasting-room, where the victim sits alone with his soul and holds converse with an unseen universe.

In the first of the three rooms the only thing I understood was a gramophone-horn which was standing on a

side table and uttering ridiculously optimistic prophecies about the weather in an incredibly pessimistic voice.

My guide proceeded to explain a number of incomprehensible things in a flow of words equally incomprehensible. I said, "Oh, yes" and "I see" and "Quite" and "M'm" whenever he paused for breath.

"Mind you," he concluded, turning to me with the air of one making a clean breast of it, "we're only using one-and-a-half kilowatts."

By a strong effort I maintained my iron self-control in the face of this astounding confession.

"Indeed," I answered; "you amaze me."

"Of course," he admitted, "two kilowatts would be much better."

I put my head on one side and considered a thing which looked like a patent knitting-machine, with a judicial air.

"Perhaps in the circumstances three would be better still," I suggested tentatively.

He sighed. "I'm afraid they wouldn't let us use *three*," he said sadly.

"No, I suppose not," I said, sighing in sympathy, but bearing up with a brave little smile. I would have tried to comfort the poor fellow a little, but I wasn't quite sure whether "they" were the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals or His Majesty's Customs. I felt that, as things were, silent sympathy was better. He seemed grateful.

In the ante-room the other conspirators were waiting—I mean the people who were going to broadcast with me. The atmosphere was not encouraging. It was rather like a dentist's waiting-room. There seemed to be that same sense of detachment, as of people who have voluntarily cut themselves off from the ordinary safe world and em-



"CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE."

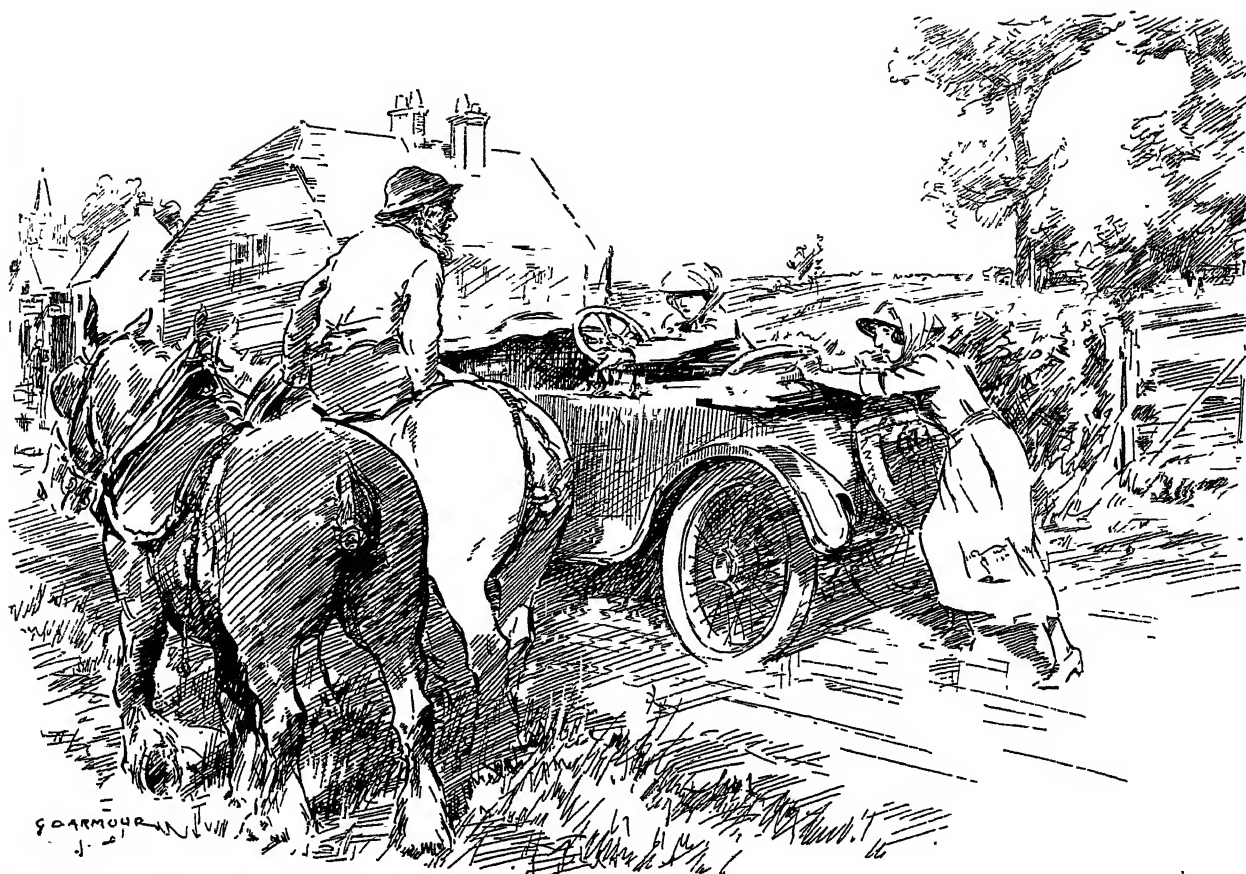
MR. GEORGE MOORE RECEIVES A POPULAR PUBLISHER'S CIRCULAR.

With considerable diffidence I entered the building, told them who I was and added a rough idea of why I had come. They caught on at once, and immediately I found myself being introduced right and left to innumerable human beings, all broadcasting as hard as they could go.

At least, that is what at the time I imagined them to be doing. I found out later that they were just hanging round and smoking cigarettes and saying, "Stand by for one minute, please," at intervals.

"You would perhaps like to see how it is done," said the Broadcaster-in-Chief. "Come and see the wireless-room."

I followed him into a room where



*Lady Motorist (broken down on the Brighton Road). "I WISH YOU COULD HELP US TO GET THIS TO A GARAGE."
Ploughman. "I WILL, MISS, AND WELCOME. I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU WAS PUSHIN' IT TO BRIGHTON SAME AS THAT PRAM RACE."*

barked upon a hazardous adventure. And there seemed to be the same gnawing anxiety as to how much it was going to hurt. Famous singers were obviously rendered nervous by the absence of their diamonds, and well-known comedians seemed to be wondering gloomily whether it was worth while trying to be funny without a red nose. You can't broadcast a red nose.

Then things began to move. "Uncle Arthur," with the perspiration of an hour's bed-time stories for the little ones still upon his brow, staggered into the room and sank exhausted into a chair. The attendants were administering restoratives when I noticed a sinister movement near the door. Two stern-looking men were hustling a large prima-donnaintothebroadcastingroom.

The door shut, and at the sounds which were presently audible from behind it strong men turned pale. It was as though unthinkable horrors were taking place within a mere step of where we sat, and yet we were powerless to interfere.

It was my turn next.

But it was all right. As the philosophers say, I breathe, therefore I am. Nothing happened to me, and I am still to be found intact at the old address.

"Just speak into this in your ordinary voice," said the execu—the stage manager—the—well, whatever he is. Memories of "Just breathe quite gently" floated into my mind, but I gripped my chair and held on.

I looked at the little box with interest.

"Is this all?" I asked.

"That's all," he said.

"And who do you think will be listening?"

He waved his hand towards the open window.

"The universe," he said simply.

I looked out of the window, but nothing was visible except a couple of chimney-pots and a star. I decided that he must mean the star, and I determined to keep my eye on it. I always like to watch at least one member of my audience, just to see how I am going.

It was supposed to be a humorous lecture, but there didn't seem to be much response at first. Considering the size of the audience they might have made more noise. My words seemed to be falling upon a chilly silence, and a profound sense of the hopelessness of human effort began to take hold of me. I glanced out at the star. It was looking a bit blue, but at least

it was still there. I felt that that was something.

Then I came to my first joke. It is a dismal thing to tell a joke to a microphone. If you don't believe me, you try telling your best story into the telephone, without ringing anybody up first, and see how jolly flat it falls.

I finished my joke and paused. The silence was intense. The microphone stared blankly back at me without a tremor. A cold perspiration broke out upon my brow. I felt as though I were falling into a bottomless abyss. I turned my despairing gaze to the window, and suddenly my confidence returned to me. The star was twinkling.

After that all went well. Soon the two chimney-pots started smoking, and I could see that they had settled down comfortably to see the thing out. They were as comforting to me as the two fat men with cigars in the front row are to the music-hall comedian. I felt that I was getting over.

As I left the broadcasting room I glanced through the window for the last time. The star had gone. Convinced obviously that the best part of the programme was over, it had slipped unobtrusively behind a cloud. It was the supreme tribute.



Visitor (at Doctor's house, to his small daughter). "IS YOUR DADDY IN, DEAR?"
 Small Daughter. "NO, HE'S OUT, GIVING AN ANSTHETIC."
 Visitor. "AN ANESTHETIC! THAT'S A BIG WORD. WHAT DOES IT MEAN?"
 Small Daughter. "IT MEANS THREE GUINEAS."

MAY.

A CONTRAST OF EAST AND WEST.

TWELVE months ago the bard
 Was set in Shaitanpur,
 Finding existence hard,
 Nor easy to endure
 The infernal temperature.

Sad earth was but a grid;
 High heaven was but a flame;
 He watched the mercury skid
 To heights he dares not name—
 A sorry sort of game.

Yet, when the hell was worst,
 With ecstasy intense,
 "Unless I perish first,"
 He said, "a twelvemonth hence
 I shall have recompense.

"For I shall be at home,
 Soothed by the summer's kiss."
 And now the hour is come,
 Due is the promised bliss;
 But, mercy! what is this?

Where are the azure skies,
 The zephyrs fond and free,
 The poet's Paradise,
 The Mays that used to be?
 Oh, 1923!

Who thought to satisfy
 His starved and exiled soul
 Watching blue days go by,
 Soft summertides unroll,
 Now concentrates on coal.

Who fled the torrid zone,
 The daystar's frantic ire,
 Now sits a frozen stone—
 Drought for his sole desire,
 His only friend a fire.

Ill-managed is this earth,
 A medley of extremes.
 Is that a theme for mirth?
 Rather a tear beseems
 The poet's vanished dreams.

Hope shattered, faith unpinned
 From Home's deceitful lure.
 Curse England! Happier Hind
 With seasons grim but sure!
 Sing hey for Shaitanpur! H. B.

From an article on Mr. BONAR LAW:—
 "The brains of his former colleagues had
 gone to their heads."—*Provincial Paper*.

A very good place for them, and we
 commend it to the writer of the above
 remark.

THE BUS GAME.

I MAKE this disclosure in order to
 correct an idea that has lately got about
 as to the laziness of the life of a bus
 conductor. No other consideration
 would make me publish a document so
 detrimental to my character. I hope
 that my actions will be exonerated;
 the excitement of the moment, the
 fever of the race, led me to act in a
 way that was hardly honourable. I
 have repented, and now at the call of
 duty I am laying before the public the
 true facts of the case.

I have long had a feeling that Ham-
 mersmith is a dingy spot, and, finding
 myself in that neighbourhood a few
 mornings ago, so great a depression
 came over me that I decided to escape
 from it by taking a bus ride.

Fortune favoured me; there was a
 bus-stop just outside the station, and
 as I emerged three buses, 33, 73 and
 74, were manœuvring round it for posi-
 tion. There was a grinding of brakes
 and the three sorted themselves into a
 neat row: 33, 73 and 74. I approached
 the first, No. 33, to inquire how far it
 would take me for twopence. The con-



THE NEW HELMSMAN.

MR. PUNCH. "IF IT WASN'T AGAINST THE RULES TO SPEAK TO THE MAN AT THE WHEEL, I SHOULD SAY, 'I LIKE THE LOOK OF YOU.'"

ductor listened with an air of distant superiority, then, as if remembering something, he leant across me and remarked to the driver of 73: "Well, who's got the best station to-day?"

"Garn," sourly rejoined the other; "yer wait till yer sees the baulks."

I was mystified.

Meanwhile the conductor coldly recognized my existence. "Roehampton will be tuppence," he said.

I mounted to the top of the bus.

We started; 73 started; 74 started. We moved in a compact column like three platoons of infantry. At the first stop our bus halted; there was nobody to pick up, but before we could start again 73 and 74 went past. I felt indignant. Why hadn't they stopped? It didn't seem fair. I asked the conductor, who approached at that moment to collect my twopence. He muttered something about the rules of the game. I came again to the attack. "Where are the other two buses going?"

"We all goes to Roehampton together," he said; then suddenly, "Damn, a baulk!" and he punched two holes vindictively in my ticket.

I looked ahead. The leader (73) had been hailed by a foot-passenger. It stopped, and as we sailed past I heard its driver shout out, "Well, what did I say?"

The column proceeded; we were now in the centre.

It was then that it dawned upon me. There are six stops on the way to Roehampton (Roehampton is the seventh), and under what appeared to be the rules of the game (*i.e.* that only the first bus should halt at each stop) the bus which started first from Hammersmith should be first at Roehampton—hence the reference to the station. But the baulks put another appearance on matters; one baulk would give the victory to the second bus, two to the third.

The importance of all this was obvious; my excitement grew. As things went at present we should end last; something must be done. I leant over the front of our bus and encouraged the driver. At all costs we must win. Another baulk appeared; we should now end second; oh, if only.

It was at this moment that the dastardly idea entered my head. We were in sight of Roehampton. An old lady, apparently a constant traveller on these buses, was excitedly murmuring, "Two to one on 74; two to one on 74."

I leant forward. "Taken!" I hissed out. "Shillings?"

"Silly," she said. "Don't you know the rules? Pennies."

"All right," I answered.

The last lap stretched in front of us,

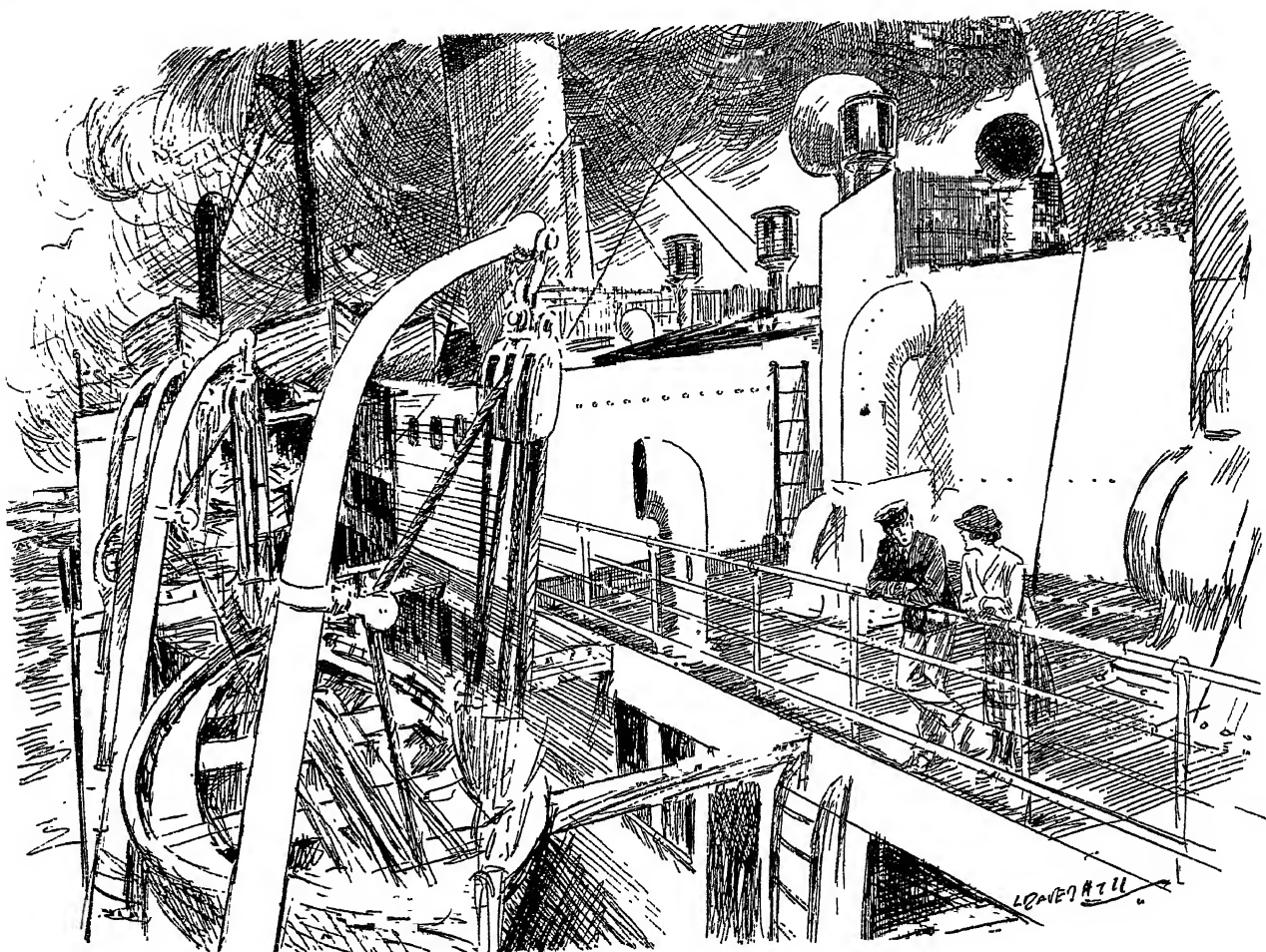


SOLVING THE PROBLEM OF THE PARTNER WHO WON'T KEEP STEP.

but for some hundred yards of it the road was up and there was a policeman regulating the traffic. Everything favoured my wicked scheme. Two cars were coming down the narrow gangway. The policeman held up his hand. 74 stopped; we stopped; 73 stopped. Like lightning I jumped from my seat, down the steps and off the bus. Feverishly I tore down the road: no one suspected me. I reached the end of the gangway and took up a position—all breathless—some twenty yards on.

The policeman lowered his hand; the buses moved on. 74 was leading, and, as they came out into the open road, there was a triumphant smile on the face of the driver; the race was as good as his. I leapt out into the middle of the road waving my umbrella. Reluctantly he drew up, and as I mounted I saw 33 sail past, the old lady perched on top. From a front seat I watched the end of the race. 33 won by a length and a half.

The old lady still owes me twopence.



Ship's Officer. "SOME SHIP, ISN'T SHE? AND ALL DRIVEN BY OIL."
 Fair Motorist. "AND HOW MANY MILES DOES SHE DO TO THE GALLON?"

IN DEFENCE OF "ITALICS."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have read with dismay, not unmixed with resentment, the strange attack delivered in a leading article in *The Times* on the use of the most effective aid to emphasis. Strange, I call it, and not without reason, since the main aim of the writer is to defend, within due limits, resort to invective. "Men of character and reputation," he writes, "are over-timid. They shun emphasis, anticipate criticism and qualify their every statement." This is "the present danger." Yet with amazing inconsistency he proceeds to attack the "small fry" for doing the very thing which he recommends in "men of character and reputation," and assails them for using "the italic character to attract the world's eye to a thousand worthless opinions."

This attack is not only inconsistent; it is highly impolitic. Italic type was introduced by the illustrious ALDUS MANUTIUS, of Venice, and was first used in an edition of *Virgil*, published in 1501, and dedicated to Italy. What could be more injudicious and dis-

courteous, at a time when our *rap-prochement* with that great country has been so happily re-cemented by the visit of our KING and QUEEN to Rome? Indirectly also there is the slight to VIRGIL, who, as the author of the *Georgics*, has always been regarded with a favourable eye by the National Liberal Party.

The suicidal nature of the writer's argument is nowhere more signally manifested than in his unfortunate reference to great masters of invective in the past. Our moderns, he regretfully declares, "seldom hit like MACAULAY or thrust like SWIFT or strike to kill like BOLINGBROKE." But why drag in SWIFT? For it was SWIFT, in his memorable lines *On Poetry*, who wrote:

"To Statesmen would you give a Wipe,
 You print it in *Italic Type*.
 When Letters are of vulgar Shapes
 'Tis ten to one the Wit escapes."

No more conspicuous acknowledgment of the immense value of this aid to emphasis has ever been penned. CARLYLE did not disdain the use of italics. THACKERAY's tribute is more equivocal when, in *The Newcomes*, he

speaks of "documents, profusely underlined, in which the *machinations of villains* are laid bare with italic fervour." But THACKERAY was a cynic and his portrait of *Bludyer* is disfigured by an imperfect sympathy with the methods of that great master of incisive obloquy.

But the use of italic type is not only invaluable in driving home invective; it is indispensable in accentuating and fortifying the intimate outpourings of the feminine mind. It adds flavour to frivolity, pungency to exuberance, intensity to sentiment. Cold print takes on animation and warmth; you can hear the words. The writer becomes a speaker—a voice. On the day on which female correspondents cease to underline (and therefore to italicise) the salient passages in their letters, the epistolary art will be shorn of its chief embellishment.

Lastly, to assume that the use of this stimulating and refreshing device is confined to the "small fry" is a most unwarrantable calumny. For it is precisely his unerring instinct in deviating from the upright rigour of Roman into the

graceful slope of italic type that the genius of our greatest living journalist is most overwhelmingly displayed. These repeated modulations never fail to affect me with profound emotion as I peruse those wonderful explosions of patriotic zeal which make Sunday, not a day of rest, but of ecstasy, enhanced as they are by the invariable reproduction of the noble and distinguished lineaments of the writer. "Small fry" indeed! Rather let us compare him to the latest leviathan of the deep, the colossal super-tarpon which was recently captured off the coasts of Florida.

The predilection of this great master and clarion-voiced Titan of the pen for italicising his most portentous pronouncements is in itself a proof of his impartial and honourable readiness to make the best of both hemispheres. Long familiarity with "the splendour and the havoc of the East," and a reputation, second to none, as an Oriental pundit, has justified him in taking "Asiaticus" as his telegraphic address. But now he devotes laborious nights and days to the composition of those terrific screeds designed not merely to awaken Europe but to electrify England. And to enhance their devastating cogency, to raise their solemnity to the *nth*, if not to the umpteenth degree, he employs the italic method with a high frequency which reduces all previous efforts in this line to contemptible insignificance. In his hands the thing becomes a trumpet, a thunder-bolt and an earthquake in one, and it needs little imagination to evoke the image of the Founder of the Aldine Press, as he paces the Elysian fields, revelling in the sublime uses to which our Georgian Junius has turned the type which Manutius the Elder was the first to introduce.

I am, dear Mr. Punch, yours most faithfully,
HAROLD BILGEWORTH.

THE NEW TOY.

Up you trembled from your place
And my pulses beat a-pace
With your lissom willow grace
At my hand,
With your beauty that destroys
Taste for all the lesser joys,
And your balance and your poise
Nobly planned.

And said I, "My dainty dear,
You shall come and help me hear
In the meadows, green and near,
Pipes of Pan;
We shall see the swallows fly,
And the lazy stream slip by,
And the mayfly dance and die
As they can."

Oh, I vow your company
Is the only thing for me,



Rural Sergeant. "BUSY AIN'T THE WORD FOR IT, SIR. I'VE JUST BEEN TO SOME SLEEP-DIPPING, AND THIS AFTERNOON I'VE GOT TO CHASE THE GIPSIES AWAY, AND TO-MORROW I'VE PROMISED TO KEEP AN EYE ON JACK MASON'S ORCHARD WHEN THE KIDS COME OUT OF SCHOOL. WHY, SCOTLAND YARD'S A PICNIC COMPARED TO THIS."

All your movements music be,
Songs that thrill;
For with you to have and hold
Morning grows more blue and bold,
Ay, and evening's dust of gold
Golder still.

And, when mounts the moonrise pale
To the old melodious tale
Of the grieving nightingale,
Home we'll plod,
While the nymphs, green willows
through,
Steal and peep with eyes of blue
At their shepherd and his new
Fishing-rod.

From a Furniture Catalogue:—
"Caned child's chair, walnut colour, 4 10 0"
Naturally the caned child would have
no use for it.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"An enthusiastic reception was accorded the team on their return. It was quite of an impromptu character, but none the less spontaneous on that account."—*Local Paper.*

"The scoring in the St. Anne's tournament was astonishingly low, and one might jump to the conclusion that it was a very easy course . . . but the eighteenth hole measures about 6,400 yards, so there was at least a good length test."—*Sporting Paper.*

A drive, twenty-nine brassie shots, a mashie and a putt.

From a land-sale advertisement:—
"Soil very fertile, best for tobacco, cereals, deciduous and lugubrious crops."
South African Paper.

To judge, however, by the long faces of our farmers there is no need to emigrate in order to grow the last kind.



Keen Lady Player (to perturbed partner, a stranger brought by invited guests). "I SAY, WE 'LL HAVE TO PLAY UP. THESE TWO ARE HOT STUFF."

Partner. "WELL, I'M SURE I'LL DO MY BEST TO HELP, BUT MY GAME'S REALLY CLOCK-GOLF."

"NORBURY JACK."

A MEETING of dogs was held in the Council-Chamber of the Battersea Home to discuss a matter of importance to the canine race.

In addition to a representative gathering of dogs, among those present were Sir H. A. BARKER, Sir OTTO BEIT, Mr. MUIRHEAD BONE, Sir WILFRID PEEK, and Sir ARTHUR YAPP:

The Chairman, the Mastiff, remarked that the distinguished gathering had been convened to decide what was the best form of testimonial to be presented by his fellow dogs to "Norbury Jack," the Airedale, in recognition of his distinction in receiving, on May 17th last, the bronze medal of the National Canine Defence League for giving warning of fire. Ordinarily, said the Chairman, it was agreed by human beings that a dog's virtue should be its own reward, but on this occasion a little imagination had entered into the case. (Bow-wow.)

It seemed that on the night of April 18th attention was drawn to the blazing of the outhouses by the clamour raised by "Norbury Jack." But for that timely assistance the whole place would have

been destroyed. (Bow-wow.) They were met together to agree upon the form their own testimonial to "Norbury Jack" should take.

The Collie said that, though no doubt it was gratifying to see human beings alive to the intelligence of dogs, this seemed to him a rather trivial performance for so much attention. What dog was there in that room who, in the presence of a rapidly encroaching fire, would not utter sounds of alarm? To make a row under such conditions was practically automatic. (Snarls.) He was not trying to underrate "Norbury Jack's" action; he was merely suggesting that it was not a matter for any special excitement on their part. The medal was putting a premium on a purely instinctive action. Had "Norbury Jack" refrained from making a row, that would have been, if not precisely praiseworthy, at any rate remarkable. He personally was opposed to carrying the matter any further. (Loud whines.)

The Irish Setter here sprang to his feet to say that he totally disagreed with the last speaker, who, like most Scottish dogs, was cold, and parochially

and pedantically logical. (Uproar.) If merit were always measured in that frigid and mechanical way, the world would not be worth living in. He moved that "Norbury Jack" be invited to as rich a banquet as could be arranged. (Bow-wow.)

The Greyhound said he should like to second that.

The Skye Terrier said that there was a great deal in what his friend and compatriot the Collie had put before them. Fire was such a terrifying element that few dogs could forbear from running screaming from it. A sense of self-protection would probably cause them to run in the direction of their masters. None the less it was an admirable thing for the master to recognise the value of such a warning. A medal was all very well as a permanent token, but for real appreciation he, the speaker, was in favour of the banquet as well. (Loud wows.)

The Clumber Spaniel said that what they had to remember was that it was just as easy for a dog frightened by a fire to lose his head completely and run away from his owner as to him, and that in the present case "Norbury Jack"

had run instantly towards his owner. That was the peculiar excellence of this case. Let there by all means be a banquet. (Loud barks.)

The Collie, asking leave to speak again, repeated that he had no animus against "Norbury Jack," but he was against facile sentiment. He was, however, wholly in favour of the banquet. (Bow-wow.)

The St. Bernard, who had come all the way from Switzerland to attend the meeting, said that he was delighted to hear of an Airedale winning a medal for assisting mankind in a humane manner. The circumstance that it was a daily occurrence with himself did not detract from the merit of the deed. (Bow-wow.) He hoped that the banquet would be quickly arranged, as he should like to stay for it.

The Bedlington said that he should throw himself bodily into the banquet scheme.

The Newfoundland said that he agreed with the St. Bernard. He was glad to welcome the Airedale to the ranks of the life-savers.

The Aberdeen said that he had come to the meeting expressly to suggest a banquet.

The Yorkshire Terrier said that though his capacity was small he hoped to do justice to "Norbury Jack's" heroism.

The Pomeranian said that he hoped there would be a banquet, but would take it kindly if there were no plum-pudding.

The Lurcher said that there were conceivable cases where a dog of spirit would be doing his only true duty if he allowed his master's house to burn down. He himself had a master so brutal and exacting that no calamity could be too severe for him. (Wow-wow!)

The Chairman here interrupted to say that, interesting as was the last speaker's experience, it hardly bore upon the situation.

The Lurcher apologised for being so passionately personal and expressed his entire approval of the project of giving "Norbury Jack" a banquet.

The Pekinese (who was accompanied by a Chinese interpreter) said that in his country a dog's chief duty was to its parents and ancestors, but here, he had noticed, parents and children were quickly parted, usually for ever. An English dog normally never saw its father at all, and its mother only for a few weeks. If a dog had neither father nor mother to care for, it was right and proper to be solicitous about owners and, if necessary, give notice of fire. He was in favour of a banquet, and hoped there would be snipes' livers. (Sensation.)



"IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY—"

The Poodle said that he had often done things quite as noteworthy and probably even more heroic than "Norbury Jack," but no one had noticed them. Heroism, he had observed, had got to happen at the right moment, when someone was looking, or it was in danger of being called duty. None the less he should register a vote for the banquet.

The Sealyham, who claimed to be the most popular dog of the day, said that he would gladly extend his patronage to the banquet. (Ironical wows.)

The Spaniel said that the notion of a banquet appealed to him.

Other dogs having expressed their views in similar terms, the Chairman said that it seemed to be the wish of the majority that there should be a banquet—(deafening barks)—and it was not necessary to take a show of tails. It only remained to appoint a small committee to carry out the arrangements. This the meeting was proceeding to do, with assistance from Mr. MUIRHEAD BONE, when I left. E. V. L.

"Enormous clouds flocked to the town by special trains, motor and charabancs."

Daily Paper.

They usually travel by air of course.

INSECT DRAMA.

THE dramatic author who endeavours conscientiously to keep his Muse in step with the mode of the hour is at one moment busy trying to meet the call for good sticky sob-stuff; the next he is immersed in a thick-ear drama, only to find, before his ink is dry, that what managers want is something about worms and woolly-bears.

Warned by the much advertised effort of the Brothers KAPEK, I braced myself to meet the demand for "insect drama," with the result that one roseate dawn of early summer-time found me nestling amid a hoar frost under the lee of a young cabbage, engrossed in gathering material for the big scene in my stirring and spectacular melodrama, *The Trial of the Great White Slug*.

"Not so dusty," said the Actor-Manager, after I had dropped choice fragments of the plot into his large and attentive ear. "That Slug fellow of yours seems about my weight. Pretty good lead, eh? Plenty of fat on it, I suppose?"

"Layers," I purred. "It's the fattest slug on the market. I knew you would like the part. As a matter of fact, the moment I saw the slug I thought of you—I mean, the moment I saw you I thought of the slug. What I should say is—"

"We'll leave it at that," said the A.M. coldly. "What about Miss Tompkins? There'll have to be a part for her."

"I've fixed that. I reckoned on her playing *Vashti* the Earwig. Very strong emotional part, that."

"Sounds as though it might do. Red's her colour anyway. Does *Vashti* have a temperament?"

"An out-size one. You see, though she's the beautiful well-brought-up heroine, she's really a vamp without knowing it. Her ancestors came from Egypt. That's a satirical heredity touch. Post-marriage reversion to type and all that. She pushes her husband over the edge of a nasturtium and vamps off with *Augustus* the orphan Wood-Louse. He converts her in the last Act. Powerful scene, that—under a rosebush. Love triumphant, and so on. I had Mr. Arbuthnot in my eye for the Wood-Louse. Nice sentimental part."

"I suppose there's some comedy business in it?"

"Sure! You see he has to keep

rolling himself up in a ball. That's good for a laugh every time."

The A.M. nodded approval.

"Might go. What else? Got anything out of the way?"

"There's a character I'm rather pleased with. It's a little green caterpillar."

"What's it do?"

"It doesn't do anything except hang on the end of a thread all through the play and twiddle round and round when the wind blows. I ought to explain that it's a symbol."

"Oh, it's a symbol, is it? H'm!

RECENT THEATRE

THE INSECT PLAY

By the Brothers Kap

10 NEW THEATRE, LONDON
DRESS SEAT—10/6

2/4, 11/4, 7/6

GALLERY HUMOURIST VISITS THE INSECT PLAY
EXPRESSLY TO REGISTER DISAPPROVAL IN A
PRACTICAL MANNER.

Symbolism's all right, but there's still a lot of people about with whom it don't cut much ice. Still, we'll let it go. Perhaps you could work in a picnic scene, and make your green caterpillar drop into the jam."

"Or do a trapeze turn," I suggested with the amiable submissiveness that comes with experience. "The trouble is that it's not exactly an easy part to cast."

"I can fix that," said the A.M., ringing the bell for his secretary. "My wife's got a brother who's wanting to quit the Civil Service, and I've sort of promised to bring him out. He's built for the 'still life' business. Made rather a hit, as an amateur, with the Cockroach in *Beetle*, tell your Child

the Truth. I'll do my duty by the family and hang him on the end of a steel wire . . . Miss Perkins, bring me a No. 2 contract form, and tell the press-agent I've got a play he can start talking about."

THE PERILS OF GOLF.

[According to a newspaper interview "a prominent physician," when asked whether golf could be regarded as a dangerous game, replied, "The mental stress is perhaps worse than the physical exertion, especially in the case of elderly people who take the game too seriously."]

By some, I've found,
It's understood
That golf is bound
To do them good.
Alas! the book
Is not so plain—
They overlook
The mental strain.

They little think,
As on they press,
The mind may sink
Beneath the stress:
But, oh, it does!
At length, perhaps,
With one big buzz
Their brains collapse.

Golf, I suspect,
With some I know,
Had this effect
Long years ago;
Too fiercely racked,
The works went whizz—
A painful fact,
But there it is.

Still, do not grieve,
For, strange to state,
They don't perceive
Their fearful fate;
As men possessed
They carry on;
They have not guessed
The mind is gone.

"It is difficult not to bore one's friends with stories of cushion irises in flower. But once they have seen the flowers they are no longer bored. On the whole it is best to cut them."

Provincial Paper.

The friends or the stories?

"In the final tables of the Second Division of the Welsh League (western section) some remarkable coincidences are shown. 544 matches have been played and 544 points gained; 1,112 goals have been scored for and 1,112 against; 233 games were won, 233 lost, and 78 drawn."—*Welsh Paper.*

Strange to say, a similar coincidence occurred last year, and, we venture to prophesy, will be repeated at the end of next season—unless EINSTEIN should turn his devastating attention from geometry to arithmetic.



THE UNDERGROUND'S NEW INTERPRETERS MEET THEIR BANNOCKBURN.

THE TEA-SHOP TOUCH.

I THOUGHT I was getting it at last. I had never called the attendant sprite anything but "Miss" for weeks. In fact the other day, when I was sitting in my accustomed corner and a portly female at the next table suddenly called out "Waitress!" I went cold to my finger-tips and upset my malted milk all over my scone (which rhymes with "bone"). I had mastered most of the other rules too. I always asked, "Is the toad-in-the-hole nice to-day?" before making that dish my final selection. I was even getting used to calling cakes "pastries."

But that cake business was the trickiest job of the lot, and it brought me unspeakable humiliation just when I was sure that I had at last passed all the tests for tea-shop graduateship. It was like this. I have a weakness for cakes—of a kind. I like the sugary sort, the macaroony sort, the marzipany sort; anything, in fact, except the puff-pastry sort. It puzzled me considerably, however, to find that the only way to get what I wanted was to order "assorted pastries" and to rely upon the intelligence and charity of my special damsel to make a discreet selection. She

refused to recognise any generic difference between the two classes, and eventually I accepted her theory and began to feel proficient again.

Then one day I found my own minion gone and a strange one in her place. I confess I felt a bit windy for a moment, but my confidence soon returned. I ordered "assorted pastries," and she brought me a mixed lot, one of which was a superb specimen of the type I really appreciate, exactly the same family, only a giant. The core was of sponge-cake, overlaid with marzipan, overlaid again with wondrous coffee cream most cunningly wrought in whorls and wiggles. I generally manage two "assorted pastries," but this one was a banquet in itself. I congratulated myself on the resultant economy, and also upon the intelligence and good taste of my new handmaiden.

Then the bill came, and I glanced over it with easy assurance. There was a mistake. Evidently the new girl thought me a green-horn. I chuckled; then cleared my throat. "Miss!" I called severely, and, though several people craned their heads in my direction, I never turned a hair. After some minutes had elapsed the maiden drifted sulkily into my neighbourhood,

hand on hip. I pointed accusingly to the bill.

"You've charged me fourpence for one 'assorted pastry,'" I protested. "'Assorted pastries' are only threepence."

She leaned on the end of my table and regarded me as a head-housemaid-of-five might regard a cockroach.

"Pardon me," she said very loudly; "you didn't 'ave a pastry. You 'ad a gatto. Gattos is fourpence."

* * * * *

I always lunch at the Club now and finish with ordinary "cake." Thank goodness I can realize my limitations.

Commercial Candour.

"Estate Agent wishes to share Office, in centre of city, was respectable business man." *Advt. in Provincial Paper.*

"The Bride, in her usual style, was plain and very pretty and was 'given away' by her sister."—*West Indian Paper.*

Rather mean of the sister.

From a teasshop advertisement:—

"All kinds of iced drinks and ice cream confections are awaiting your choice inside."

Daily Paper.

Despite the touch of Oriental flattery in this appeal, our "choice inside" remains, in this weather, unresponsive.

MUSIC AT MEALS.

(By our Medical Correspondent.)

THE influenza epidemic, long overdue, having most inconsiderately failed to materialize except to a negligible extent, the moment seems opportune to discuss some problems connected with music and digestion. Opportune, I say advisedly, because the *Aquitania* has just brought over the famous American Jazz orchestra, specially retained for the opening to-day of the largest restaurant in the world. It is estimated that ten million meals will be served annually at this establishment, and all hygienic reformers have welcomed the announcement that pure ozone will be pumped into all the five public floors from a ventilating plant (*Anemone salubris*: LINN.), installed in the lowest basement.

This is as it should be; but the problem which calls for immediate discussion is different. It is the relation between the quality of the music performed and the digestive processes of those who eat to its accompaniment. Let it then be stated at the outset that meals without music are now regarded by the best authorities as a contradiction in terms. The aim of all enlightened *restaurateurs* and hotel-keepers is to provide an entertainment in which the needs of Polyhymnia shall be reconciled with the promotion of Eupepsia. It is not enough to approach the subject from the angle of the musical purist or the rigid dietetic reformer. We must aim at a broader outlook. And I should be failing in my duties as a psychiatrist, a psycho-analyst and above all as a medical journalist if I did not declare, with all the energy at my command, that Jazz music is (1) far the most efficacious aid to deglutition and digestion, (2) far the most infallible prophylactic against the new ailments which are the penalty as well as the privilege of our generation.

As regards the former of these two claims nothing is better for persons of a hypochondriac turn than to be diverted from the contemplation of their own infirmities. Morbid introspection is impossible at close quarters with a powerful Jazz band. You cannot ignore it. Morally, again, it is most salutary to be obliged to "face the music" as frequently as possible.

But even more valuable is the service rendered to the community by Jazz music as a prophylactic. The combination of pure ozone, as it affects the lungs, with the impact on the tympanum of the accents of the saxophone or the bassoon, is extraordinarily refreshing and invigorating. A new instrument, which will shortly be placed on the market under the name of the Contra-

phagottocytophone, is alleged to possess an even greater power for the destruction of pathogenic germs.

Again, Jazz music vindicates the homœopathic principle in a quite remarkable way. That most distressing and prevalent malady known vulgarly as bombination of the Eustachian tubes yields more readily to the dominion of external din than to any other treatment. It is also a well-known fact that deaf people hear best during the loudest and most stertorous explosions of the trombone.

But a cordial recognition of the curative properties of Jazz music in combination with a liberal diet needs to be tempered by certain reserves.

People who are suffering from acute caracolitis, or that form of vulpine tarantulitis caused by indulgence in non-stop fox-trot competitions; people, again, who are afflicted by sclerosis of the ampeloptic nerve, or regurgitation of the metatarsal helicopter, or any sort of congestion of the anapæstic epitrites—all these will be well advised to take their meals in private.

THE TWO PREACHERS.

*["We are too polite in the pulpit."
The Bishop of CHELMSFORD.]*

Two Preachers lived in London Town,
The Reverend Antoninus Brown
And Meredith McCrusoe;
And both had hopes of reaching fame—
In fact, their single-minded aim

Was certainly to do so.

But, though each had a striking touch,
Their methods differed very much.

For Mr. Antoninus Brown
Would always preach with eyes cast
down,

Except when he forgot to;
He used to speak of God as "Gade,"
And never called a spade a spade
(He thought it better not to);
In short, his manners were so kind
That spinsters thought him "most refined."

McCrusoe, on the other hand,
Was almost anything but bland,
For blandness rather tired him;
His speech was rough, his hair unkempt,
He never hid the fierce contempt
With which his flock inspired him,
But spoke to them in scornful terms
And called them "Meeserable worms."

Now doubtless you have formed your
views

That, while Brown preached to crowded
pews,

McCrusoe was forsaken;
If so (don't think I have no tact;
I must point out the simple fact)
You're utterly mistaken;
McCrusoe's church held half the town,
In Brown's was little else but Brown.

Now to an earnest-minded man
There's hardly any joy that can

Exceed the joy of preaching;
But even that is bound to pall
When nobody is there at all
To listen to one's teaching;
And, pondering this curious fact,
Brown felt the time had come to act.

And so by stealth his way he made
To where McCrusoe plied his trade,

And there with consternation
He marked his rival's angry brow
And wonderingly noted how

He cursed his congregation
(McCrusoe took some pains to show
They were the lowest of the low).

And, musing on his homeward way,
Good Brown decided from that day

His gentle heart to harden;
And so (and this is truth, I swear)
Paid taxi-men their legal fare!

And haunted Covent Garden,
Where strong men greet the dawn with
scores

Of very striking metaphors.

Or, if the day was nice and fine,
He'd leave his home at half-past nine

And make an expedition
To learn the art of repartee
As practised by the gay bargee

According to tradition;
Or frequently for hours he'd wait,
Steeling himself, in Billingsgate.

So when at last, with fearful scowl,
Good Brown began to rage and howl
And dance about with passion,

Putting to very trenchant use
Selected samples of abuse,

He soon became the fashion;
Some even left their Sunday games
To hear him call them nasty names.

And rapidly from Hendon down
Through Golders Green to Camden
Town

His reputation grew so
That in a month or so his name
Was even better known to fame

Than that of stern McCrusoe,
Whose repertoire, though pretty tough,
Was hardly versatile enough.

So, Preacher, if your church you'd fill
And make your congregation thrill,

Pray be a little bolder;
Your party manners please forget
And do not be afraid to let

Us have it from the shoulder;
For after all the Bishop's right—
It's *no* use being too polite.

Another Impending Apology.

From an article on "How We are
Happy Though Married," by a Member
of Parliament:—

"The cheerfulness is sustained because my
wife is never too tired to neglect the prepara-
tion of a meal."—*Evening Paper.*



"SURELY WE HAVE MET BEFORE?"

"MISTAKEN IDENTITY, MADAM. I'M WATCHIN' TO SEE THE PRESENTS AIN'T KLEPTOED."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE main disability of Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT as a philosopher is that the sub-soil of his mind (if I may so horticulturally express myself) does not seem to have been turned over for years, while every resource of cultivation has been expended on the top-dressing. The result is that in *How to Make the Best of Life* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) he blossoms out into hundreds of bright little flowers, of the Virginia stock order, which will bring momentary gladness into dozens of dull lives and which he can have all the fun of sowing again next year—which is more than you can say for perennial philosophies. Starting from the assumption that "the chief thing after all is to keep alive and to perform the feat with pleasure to ourselves," Mr. BENNETT discovers—and he is luckier than most adherents of his school—that a considerable amount of altruism is necessary to the attainment of this ideal. Consequently, though the motive seems to me inadequate, his actual counsels on coming to terms with your temperament and grappling with your education, his views on courtship, marriage, middle-age and public work, are never despicable and often both witty and shrewd. His sense of justice, as evinced in his chapters on employees and children (for the latter, "justice comes next to milk"), should have been allowed to invade his basic principles. The result would have been a book worth re-reading.

I have a considerable admiration for the work of Mr. H. C. BAILEY, author of *Mr. Fortune's Practice* (METHUEN). Mr.

BAILEY can do so many things, in so many different styles, and all so very competently. The last book of his that came my way was a historical romance of the twelfth century, and, though I have no great love for Tales of the Middle Ages, I came to the conclusion that Mr. BAILEY should be permitted, even encouraged, to go on writing them. But this time, apparently, he prefers to do us detective stories in the most modern of settings; and his command of the latest slang and the latest criminal methods seems every bit as complete as his knowledge of the days of STEPHEN. I have read no better detective stories than these since the happy days before our old friend *Sherlock Holmes* came face to face with the great *Moriarty*. Mr. *Reggie Fortune* is in the right line of descent, a pleasant fellow with the true scientific outlook and just sufficient eccentricity to make him interesting. I fancy I have met Mr. *Fortune* before; I look forward with confidence to meeting him again. An excellent medical expert and, I should judge, invaluable to the *Hon. Sidney Lomas*, head of the C.I.D., who was a hard worker, but perhaps a little lacking in quickness of perception, as befits your Scotland Yard official. Of the seven stories in this collection I think "The Young Doctor" is the best, but all are well worth reading.

I liked the opening chapter of Mrs. KENNETH COMBE's new novel, *Dilemma* (HURST AND BLACKETT). Tea-time on the lawn of an English country house certainly isn't a very original setting, but the party assembled redeemed it: *Sir Ralph* and *Lady Keverell*, who was a darling and always talked gardening when the conversation needed a new

direction; their daughter, in love with their nephew; their nephew, in love with their son *Brian's* wife, *Fenetta*; *Fenetta* herself, and *Ida Melford*, the girl who—as everybody thought—should have married *Brian*. They were all so obviously tangled in a net of contrary desires that their history promised to be good reading. But *Fenetta* met her double in a train, and then went travelling with her on the Continent, and the double was killed in the usual railway accident, and the usual confusion between dead double and live heroine ensued. Then *Fenetta* assumed her friend's unpleasant identity in order to allow *Brian*, who, on hearing of his wife's supposed death, had hastily contracted a bigamous marriage with *Ida*, to remain undisturbed, and my enthusiasm cooled. *Fenetta* was very attractive, and of course *Brian* really loved her all the time, only he was jealous of the cousin, whom she continually repulsed; and of course it all ended happily. But people who can weave as well as Mrs. KENNETH COMBE does shouldn't be satisfied with making such shoddy as this.

In *The Life of Sir Ernest Shackleton* (HEINEMANN) Dr.

HUGH R. MILL has given us admirable selections from the abundant material placed at his disposal, and his personal knowledge of his hero is also used with commendable fairness and discretion. I note (on page 117) that Dr. MILL states that, during the SHACKLETON Expedition to the South Pole, it was impossible to land in the Bay of Whales. This opinion, however, is not shared by AMUNDSEN, who wrote in *The South Pole*: "If, when Shackleton passed the Bay of Whales on January 24th, 1908, and saw the ice of the bay in



The New Boy. "Excuse me, Miss SMITHERS, BUT IS THERE ANY PLACE WHERE I COULD PARK MY SCOOTER?"

process of breaking up and drifting out, he had waited a few hours, or at the most a couple of days, the problem of the South Pole would probably have been solved before December, 1911." . . . It has been happily said that SHACKLETON was "very much the Elizabethan." "He was," as Mr. WORDIE, a comrade of his on the *Endurance*, writes, "a Raleigh in many ways—courtier, poet, explorer and lover of his country." In his nature, made for romance, the love of poetry was as true as the love of adventure. One notes the significance of the very last entry in his diary, made on the evening of the night when he was to die, though he had no foreknowledge of death: "In the darkening twilight I saw a lone star hover gem-like above the bay"—words that seem to have been imperfectly remembered from some lines that appeared in *Punch* on July 31st, 1918:—

"In the darkening blue I saw a lone star burning
Gem-like above the bay."

But of all the fine qualities of which this volume gives the record, the best that he has bequeathed to us for an immortal memory are the incomparable courage with which he faced his tasks, and the high optimism that refused to be crushed by misfortune.

Black Oxen (MURRAY)—the title is from YEATS's line,

"The years like great black oxen tread the world"—is a drama of youth and age, love and ambition, in conflict, a brilliant fantasy on a scientific theme which for all I know may be accurately described by Mrs. GERTRUDE ATHERTON. But I cannot make clear that theme without destroying the effect of a very clever and elaborate piece of preparation, which would indeed be to spoil sport. *Lee Clavering*, distinguished "columnist" of a New York daily, budding dramatist and darling of the Sophisticates, as the author happily re-christens the *Intelligentsia*, falls heavily in love with the beautiful, distinguished, masterful and intellectual *Countess Zattiang*, a New-Yorker who had married a very important Austrian Count before the War and the Revolution, and is still something of a power and means to be more in the distracted country of her adoption. Mrs. ATHERTON contrives to make you feel that her heroine is as radiantly beautiful and distinguished as she has conceived her. I am not so sure as to her grasp of high politics and her intellectual fibre. The conflict in *Clavering's* mind between his love and his instinctive shrinking from the lady's masterfulness is particularly well done. You get a plausible

picture too of the life of New York, its energy, its wealth, the social code of its exclusives, the vagaries of its post-war youth, who seem to have gone even further and fared worse than our own. Ladies will please note that the author can describe a gown with point and accuracy, and a beautiful room. A lively, interesting book.

Out of much experience of "dock-walloping" in every quarter of the globe Miss C. FOX-SMITH has made a beautiful book, *Sailor-Town Days* (METHUEN). "Dock-walloping" is

the merchant-sailor's phrase for seeking a berth, and the author uses it in the sense of haunting that strange amphibious fringe where the masts show above the roofs, and the men of the sea—white, brown, black and yellow—one and all the natural prey of the shore-folk, pervade the squalid streets. Here the silent past, rich with the memories of many a noble ship and a company of famous captains, merges into the noisy present with a perfect continuity. For ships may change and the old four-master lie rotting beside a deserted quay, while the new steel twenty-thousand-ton liner swings out upon the tide, but the sailor remains eternally the same. Miss FOX-SMITH knows them all, the old craft and the new, and the crews thereof. She casts no romantic disguise about Foc's'le Jack. She sees him as he is, melancholy, reckless, indomitable, and romantic after all. . . . "Deep down in his muddled mind he knows that stately ship as the symbol of his first love, a love more cruel in her way than this poor Blowsabella of Paradise Street. . . . 'Oh, Lord love ye, Polly,' he says, 'ye'll soon get another fancy man!'" And so he signs on again. *Sailor-Town Days* is the work of an artist, and it is fitly illustrated by the excellent truthful drawings of Mr. PHIL. W. SMITH. I only wish he had given us more of them.

CHARIVARIA.

THE record number of lightning flashes for England, we read, is over one thousand in two hours. We hope the competition is now closed.

A news agency reports that millions of germs were accidentally dropped into the sea by a scientist at Constantinople. Up to the time of writing none of the bodies has been recovered.

It is said that a certain check has been put upon the non-stop dancing mania. The dancers now stop for lunch on Wednesdays.

A contemporary has remarked upon the fact that the PRIME MINISTER is always photographed with his pipe. The theory is that this is merely a subtle move to throw the cigarette-card fiends off the scent.

According to Professor UNWIN the natives of the cannibal island of Pagua never kiss each other. Having seen them on the pictures we don't blame them.

Turkey is seeking admission to the League of Nations. She wants to be admitted bag and baggage. It is possible that her delegates may be given seats near the door.

The Secretary of the National Equine Society states that roads are more dangerous for horses than ever. The motor-car and the continual spraying of the surface with pedestrians would account for this.

A London Coroner recently suggested rubber gloves for painters. But some artists would still go on painting.

A contemporary has been explaining how to tell the age of a fish. If kept sufficiently long there is rarely any secret about it.

In a recent speech Sir ROBERT HADFIELD remarked that he regarded sport as an antidote to revolution. Certainly one cannot picture a domino fan being dragged away from his favourite sport in order to play centre-forward in a revolution.

An Aldershot recruit recently complained that his sergeant-major swore at him for half-an-hour. Others have

done better, of course, but it is possible this one didn't know all the words.

It is said that what most impresses American visitors is the number of Englishmen who are not lecturing in America.

"I am looking forward with considerable speculative interest to the height of the asparagus season," remarks a *Daily Mirror* gossip. This is the sporting spirit that has made us what we are.

The Bolshevik Fleet is to pay a visit this summer to the Baltic ports. We

the specific purpose of devouring inflammable litter that may be lying about. The experiment may be all right until one day a goat eats a stick of cordite and then butts the foreman.

It is not yet known whether the POET LAUREATE will be able to spare time from his official duties to take a holiday this summer.

A correspondent of *The Daily Mail* complains of being annoyed by a cuckoo which begins calling at five in the morning and continues all day. We rely upon a powerful Press to obtain a redress of this grievance.

The latest endurance craze from America is a saxophone contest. As the results are not yet out, we do not know which member of the audience won.

Mr. C. R. W. NEVINSON is reported as expressing the opinion that Art is dying. We feel confident, however, that it will last his time.

Buffers to keep dancing partners apart are being used in Paris. It is expected that this device will soon be applied to British boxers.

A well-known coroner declares that he invariably crosses Sloane Square with his heart in his mouth. The identity of the gentleman who invariably crosses Sloane Square with his heart in his mouth is therefore no longer a mystery.

There is said to be an epidemic of whooping-cough in Mayfair. That is why it is considered dreadfully unsmart not to whoop in West Kensington.

"Anglers should try W— Bros. . . . best trout lies, only 1s. 8d. per doz."

Advt. in Daily Paper.

Cheap enough, but most of our angler-friends manufacture their own.

"The Home Secretary (Mr. Bridgeman), arriving later, was received with loud ironical cheers from the Opposition, and Labour cheers from Ministerialists."—*Provincial Paper*. We do not like these sinister anticipations.

"The play of Othello might get on without the Prince of Denmark more easily than a Christmas dinner without a turkey."

—*Magazine*.

SHAKESPEARE seems to have thought so too.



THE CAPTAIN ON THE BRIDGE.

(According to the Press, the rich living of the officers on modern liners is having a marked effect on their physical fitness.)

understand that they have been asked to bring their own ships.

"The result of the Derby will reach London at about 3.10 P.M.," announces a sporting paper. It should be just in time for inclusion in the 6.30 edition.

Professor SAUNDERS asserts that the bagpipes have been played since 8000 B.C. Quite long enough.

"In my garden peas are in bloom where but a few weeks ago I placed the seed in the ground," writes a gardening expert in a weekly paper. Nature will out.

In the American State Cordite Factory of Maryland, goats are kept for

WHY AGRICULTURE SHOULD BE RELIEVED.

(Lines supplementary to Mr. Punch's recent Cartoon on the advertisements which disfigure the countryside.)

If Pity ever probes my chest
Where chinks betray its triple armour,
'Tis for the trials which infest
The calling of the British farmer;
Summers like this are apt to strain
With other folk their temper's tether,
But, frost or heat-wave, drought or rain,
He simply loathes all kinds of weather.

Though it may not be widely known,
He is by nature gay and sunny,
And would not have that peevish tone
But for the want of ready money;
And so this Bill to ease his mind
With large facilities for credit
Is pleasing to the undersigned
(Though I admit I haven't read it).

Selfishly, too, I share the hopes
That in his rural breast are cherished,
For with our dearest needs he copes
And we should miss him if he perished;
What should we do, if he were dead,
To find a source of mere subsistence,
He who supplies, in beef and bread,
The fundament of our existence?

How close he verges on the void,
How near has come to going bust, he
Proves by the shameless means employed
Of eking out his *res angustæ*:
For leave to spoil some pleasant lea,
However exquisite a scene it is,
He'll pouch the advertisers' fee
And let 'em murder its amenities.

Myself, though also loth to die,
I'd sooner starve to death than fatten
On pickled beans that catch the eye
In pastures where the red kine batten;
And I would suffer any ill
Rather than mend a torpid liver
With the assistance of a pill
Brought to my notice on the river.

Therefore I urge the Law's relief
To raise the farmer's low condition,
Not only that his bread and beef
May save us all from inanition,
But that he may not need the toll
Paid by the fiendish poster-monger,
Nor to the Devil sell his soul
Just to appease the pangs of hunger. O. S.

From a book advertisement:—

"Old Morocco and the Forbidden Atlas.—A delightful story of enchanting travels under Eastern skies."—*Daily Paper*.

If the atlas had not been forbidden the publisher might have found out that Morocco is in the West.

At the Chelsea Flower Show:—

"The Marchioness of — wore a light grey tweed skirt striped with bright green, a grey tweed coat, a light grey hat, and blue fox fur, and a small untrimmed black satin hat."—*Daily Paper*.

And, considering the weather, we think she was very sensible to duplicate her headgear.

THE EARLY HOLIDAY.

I AM lying on one of the couches in the hotel lounge; Frank is lying on another one. The time would be, I should say, about tea-time. It is the last day of our holiday; we have been here three weeks. We were urged here by an advertisement, which ran, as far as I can remember, something like this:—

BE WISE.

TAKE YOUR HOLIDAYS IN MAY OR JUNE.

LONGER DAYS. MORE SUNSHINE.

CHEAPER ACCOMMODATION. GREATER COMFORT.

Travel early and avoid the Crowds.

It is a good advertisement, plainly expressed and modest in its avoidance of superlatives. Moreover, it contains a deal of truth. It is true in very nearly every detail. Not only is the accommodation cheaper than it is going to be later on, but there is practically an unlimited amount of it. There is an air of roominess that is almost uncanny. Looking round me now, I see but one body, and that is Frank's. And it is the same outside—not that anybody would be outside on a day like this. On the golf links there is any amount of room. There are not even any caddies; they are alleged to be at school. We have had the course almost entirely to ourselves every morning, and our golf clothes have had the hotel drying-room to themselves every afternoon.

It may be true about the longer days. Certainly I have never known them longer. Take to-day, for instance. It isn't tea-time at all. It has just struck three. So there is heaps more day left than I thought. We shall have time for a game of billiards and a cocktail and a game of billiards and a lot more things. And even then it will only be dinner-time; and then there will be all the evening left for us to play billiards. Yes, the days are marvellously long.

As for travel, I have never known such comfort. Here surely the advertisement might have allowed itself a superlative. We had a whole compartment of our very own; we pulled up the windows, switched on the heating apparatus, wrapped ourselves up in our overcoats and lay full length on our seats. The hotel bus met us at the station, and we drove up in solitary state without encountering a single vehicle except a butcher's cart that was sheltering under the railway arch. And to-morrow we shall have the bus to ourselves again; and I shouldn't be a bit surprised if we were the only people in the train.

The sole point on which the advertisement has broken down is More Sunshine. Of course "More Sunshine" is only comparative, and it is remotely possible that there might be less; but it is hard to believe. True there was a day, long, long ago, when the sun emerged and we dashed out and watched it drying the tennis-courts. But by the time we had unpacked our flannels and taken our racquets out of their presses there was a layer of hail on the lawns that made them look like a picture on a Christmas-card. And, if there has been any more sunshine since then, it has been while we have been asleep in bed.

Something has just occurred to me. Could we have read the advertisement wrong? Could it have been, "Take your holidays in May and June?" I wonder. I must remember to look at that advertisement when I get back to London.

Later.—I have seen it. But it has been changed. There is (very properly) no reference to May. It simply says:—

BE WISE.

TAKE YOUR HOLIDAYS IN JUNE.

Travel early and avoid the Crowds.

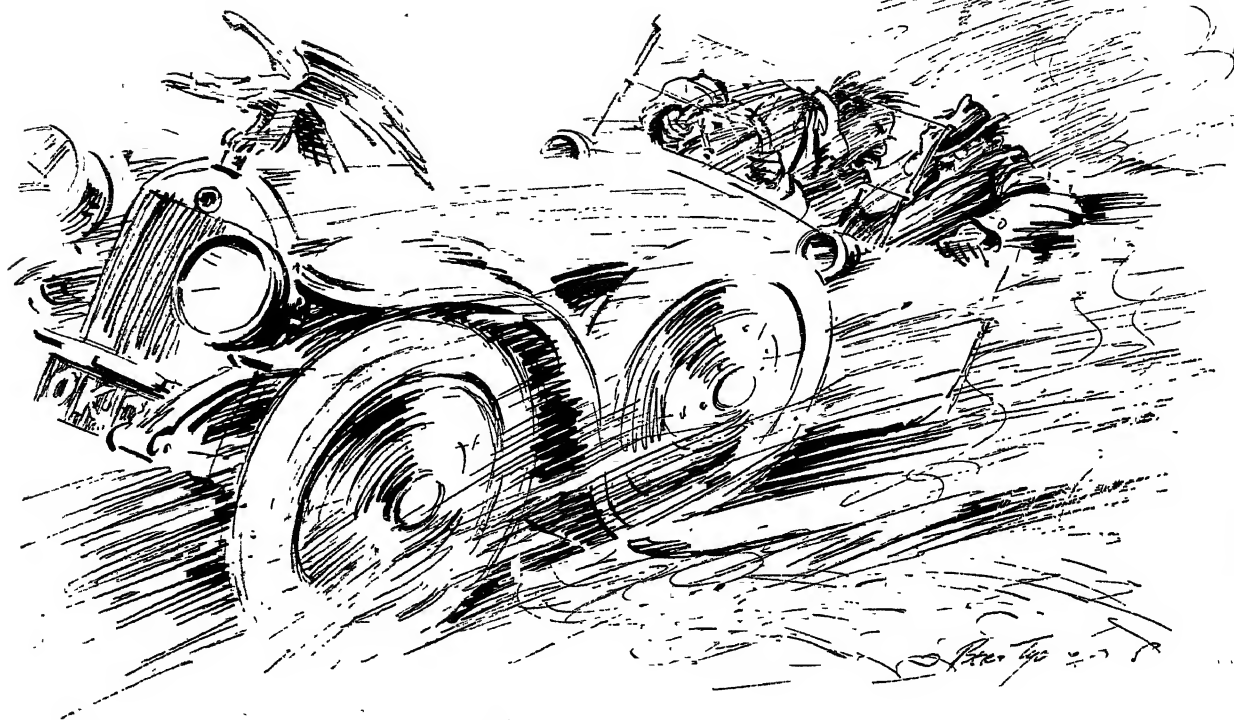
Nothing, you notice, about "More Sunshine."



IRELAND'S EVIL GENIUS.

MR. DE VALERA. "MUCH AS I LOVE YOU, I AM COMPELLED BY CIRCUMSTANCES TO LEAVE YOU. BUT ONLY FOR A TIME."

ERIN (wearily). "WELL, MAKE IT AS LONG AS YOU CAN."



Driver. "DON'T FORGET—CASE OF ACCIDENT—OR ANYTHING—WE 'RE ONLY DOIN' FIFTEEN—MUST TELL POLICE SAME TALE."

REVIVAL OF AN OLD CUSTOM.

WHEN I say that Bamber is the sort of person who will, unsolicited and unashamed, perform a Morris dance in cold blood, I think you will realise what I wish to convey. Anything that savours of antiquity, any old ritual or superstitious observance, is sacred to him. On Candlemas Day, for instance, he burns, of course, nothing but candles; on Hoke Day he dutifully beats brass instruments (to wit, one gong), to the intense annoyance of his neighbours; on All Fools' Day he is very busy indeed—and so, unfortunately, are most of his friends; on St. Vitus's Day he will shake all over as if he had the palsy; at Hagmena he will wander from house to house of his friends, banging on the door and singing carols; on Mace Monday he will eat nothing but bacon and beans, for the simple reason that several centuries ago the inhabitants of Newbury, in Berkshire, used to do the same; and on all sorts of other days, of which you or I have never heard at all, Bamber will do equally appropriate and unnecessary things. I have always felt that it must cause him acute distress at times to reflect that he was not born a girl; so many charming old ways of

discovering the identity of his future husband were closed to him for ever.

Bamber's whole time is spent in the performance of all the old customs that have ever been observed in any part of this island at any time in its history. Whereas our ancestors were sensible enough to confine the practice of most minor customs to certain localities, Bamber goes through them all himself wherever he happens to be at the time.

When I saw him a few weeks ago he was pluming himself on the fact that he had collected a custom for every single day in the year except one; and in spite of his triumph it was clear that that day—a superfluity in the calendar, to Bamber's mind, as long as it was customless—was worrying him a good deal. The vacant date was May the 31st.

And then last week I received an urgent and almost incoherent invitation from him over the telephone to dine and spend the last evening of May at his house. They were having a little party, I gathered, to celebrate something. I accepted.

The party was a jolly one, though nobody seemed quite to know why we were collected together, or what we were supposed to be celebrating.

Just before midnight, Bamber, who

had been consulting his watch about once a minute during the last half-hour, called a halt to the dancing and climbed upon a chair.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he beamed, "I have asked you here this evening to celebrate the revival of a very rare and ancient custom that was practised in the early part of the fifteenth century in a small village in the county of Shropshire, being, as far as I know, indigenous to that one particular community. Yet, strangely enough, this little-known custom has given rise to a saying which is familiar to everybody wherever the English language is spoken.

"I need only add that, as this particular ceremony falls upon the only day to which I have hitherto been unable to assign any tradition, my revival of it is peculiarly gratifying.

"It is now, as I make it, just two minutes before midnight. We will therefore proceed to enact once again—very possibly for the first time for two or three hundred years—this very interesting old custom. Grace, my dear, is everything ready?"

He climbed down from his chair and Mrs. Bamber handed him the card-salver from the hall table. Upon it lay

a brand-new and highly-coloured dish-cloth.

With fitting reverence we crowded out after him into the little hall. He opened the front-door, watch in hand, and we waited breathlessly. In a minute or two twelve o'clock began to strike from the clock of the parish church.

As the sound of the last stroke died away, Bamber took the dish-cloth from the salver and with unerring aim hurled it through the open door. Then he turned and beamed on us once more.

"There!" he said triumphantly. "There! Now, can anyone guess what I was doing?"

We looked at each other blankly. What Bamber had been doing was obvious. He had been throwing a perfectly good dish-cloth into the street. But we rightly imagined that there was more in it than that.

"No," we said dutifully. "What were you doing, Bamber?"

"You can't guess?" he cried happily. "Then I'll tell you. It's June now—been June for a whole minute. And I've just done what we are told never to do till May is out. *I've Cast the Clout!*"

TO THE LATE ADAM SMITH.

(Thoughts suggested by the bi-centenary of the birth of the author of "*The Wealth of Nations*," 5th June, 1923.)

TIME-HONOURED sage, this brief intrusion pardon;

But ah! what changes have been wrought below

Since first you bloomed in this terrestrial garden

Two hundred years ago.

In earth you found a promising young planet,

And, when at all the facts you came to look,

Noting the cock-eyed way in which men ran it,

You wrote a little book.

And soon your praises sounded from the steeples;

Statesmen perceived what you were driving at;

And, acting on your principles, the peoples

Waxed comfortably fat.

But, even if to-day few dare to tread on Your theories, I'd remind you in a word

That a slight rumpus known as Armageddon

Has recently occurred.

And, though in spite of all his depredations

We've more or less survived the monster's shocks,



"FLAMING JUNE."

Voice from the Pavilion. "WHAT'S THE WICKET LIKE, GEORGE?" George. "THAWING RAPIDLY."

'Tis the undoubted truth, Sir, that the nations

Are simply on the rocks.

Forgive me, if you please, for speaking plainly;

But, while we take their means of "wealth" as read,

The problem which concerns us now is mainly

Their poverty instead.

"Lady (smart appearance) would like Office Cleaning."—*Yorkshire Paper*.

At last! The char with charm.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"The pedestrian who attempts to cross a New York avenue, or even a street, is either killed or not killed."—*Daily Paper*.

"Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Grundy, Queen Street, are spending a few days yesterday."

Canadian Paper.

Our Mrs. Grundy, too, always gives the impression of living in the past.

"A General, £40-£50, Wanted (lady flat)."

Daily Paper.

Prostrated, no doubt, by the loss of her last one.

ANTE-POSTAL OPERATIONS.

ANOTHER DERBY.

I.

From Mr. Jonah Punt to Sir Benton Stakes, owner of Apogee, the favourite.
May 25th, 19—.

DEAR SIR,—Permit a stranger, actuated by none but the best motives, to bring some facts to your notice.

The Derby is to be run in a fortnight and you are the owner of the favourite. From all that I know of the horse, its pedigree, its form, its owner, its trainer and its jockey, Apogee ought to win. The opinion of the best judges is also to this effect.

I have no doubt that you have backed the horse yourself; but even if you haven't you stand to make a large sum from the prize and also from the possession, later on, of so valuable a sire.

My object in writing to you is to let you know that unless you acquire my co-operation you cannot win. No owner can win any race if I care to intervene, because my influence is irresistible. I don't go so far as to claim that my intervention can make a horse come in first, but I do emphatically say this, that it can prevent a horse doing so; and it is because I want you to win the Derby with Apogee that I am writing to you now.

Briefly, you must pay me not to bet on him, because if I bet he will lose. Every horse that I back loses. But, as hope springs eternal in the human breast, I go on backing them. I am, however, prepared not to do so if you will make it worth my while. If you will send me five hundred pounds I will put a small amount on every runner but yours and keep the balance.

I adjure you to give this letter serious attention. It may look fantastic, but is not. Every horse that I back loses.

I am, Yours faithfully,

JONAH PUNT.

II.

From "The Seer's" Notes in "The Daily Wire."

The news of Apogee gets better every day and I am told that his gallop yesterday morning resembled nothing so much as streaked lightning. It will be difficult to get 2 to 1 on the day of the race.

III.

From Captain Albright's Notes in "The Morning Telegram."

If ever a Derby could be said to be a cert it is the one to be run next week. Nothing but some disastrous accident can prevent Apogee from winning. The son of Apollo and Gee-whizz is probably the fastest colt that ever entered for this race.

IV.

From Latest Prices.

THE DERBY.

Apogee evens.

V.

From Colonel Knut's Notes in "The Turf Oracle."

It would not surprise me if Apogee were to start odds on, but even then I advise my readers to bet fearlessly. We have this year such a chance to skin the pencilers as has never arisen in the chief of the Classics.

VI.

From Dick Turpin's Notes in "The Evening Wire."

I am told that every man, woman and child connected with Apogee's stable is on the horse, and that Sir Benton Stakes, who invested huge amounts on the colt last autumn, when the price was long, is still backing him even at the present pinched rates. Confidence in horses has ruled high before and has been found to be misplaced; but I am prepared to put my only shirt on Apogee.

VII.

Mr. Jonah Punt to Sir Benton Stakes:
May 30th, 19—.

DEAR SIR,—I am astonished to have received no reply to my letter of the 25th. It was a perfectly serious document, written in good faith, out of the wish for you to add the Blue Ribbon of the Turf to your name. I am not a black-mailer or even a beggar; I am simply your friend, who would like to have some recompense for his thoughtfulness. Five hundred pounds is nothing to a man who is about to win the Derby; to me it would be useful. And one thing is certain: if you don't pay it you can't win. There is no question whatever: horses that I back lose. I have your Derby in my hands. A speedy reply is necessary if you wish to succeed.

I am, Yours faithfully,

JONAH PUNT.

VIII.

From the Notes by "The Thunderer's" Special Racing Correspondent.

For the great race of to-day there seems to be no necessity to look farther than Apogee. This fine speedy colt was never in better fettle, and he will start with the perfect confidence of owner, trainer and jockey. That J. Primus has the mount is an additional reason for assurance. Having previously subjected, with perhaps tiresome iteration, the various candidates to the minutest examination, I need not again repeat my reasons for ruling all of them out. One no doubt will come in second, and one third. The winning horse will be Apogee.

IX.

Mr. Jonah Punt to Sir Benton Stakes, on Derby Day Morning.
(Reply Paid Telegram.)

This is your last chance to stop me. If you don't reply before noon I back Apogee.

X.

Paddock Wire, Morning of Race.

Apogee is in perfect condition and cannot lose.

XI.

Mr. Jonah Punt to Duggie Lurem.

Apogee five shillings win.—PUNT.

XII.

Every paper heading on the afternoon of the race:—

DERBY SENSATION.

OUTSIDER WINS.

APOGEE NOT PLACED.

XIII.

Telegram from Mr. Jonah Punt to Sir Benton Stakes.

I told you so. My bad luck is invincible.

E. V. L.

HORACE ON HIS HOUSE.

[“Home of the Poet Horace, S. Antonio, Tivoli, to be Let, Furnished. Bath rooms. Electric light.”]

Yes, you are right: the written word Will show that luxury incurred

The scorn of my afflatus;

It used to weary and annoy,

For, as I mentioned to the boy,

I did not in the least enjoy

The Persian apparatus.

When THALIARCHUS came to dine

And shared that rustic life of mine,

He seemed content; in fact he

Held as the end of his desire

A flask of wine, a pine-log fire,

And my permission to admire

The snow upon Soracte.

New times, new views: my house contains

Now, as this paragraph explains,

Smart bathrooms all a-twinkle

With silver pipes and knobs and caps—

You know the kind of thing perhaps—

White china clay and cunning taps

For plunge or shower or sprinkle.

Ay, and what's more, on banquet nights

You may observe electric lights

About the ceiling's border;

And when at last, with aching head,

Postumus to his room is led,

You trust he'll find beside his bed

Standard and switch in order.

LUCULLUS might have been inclined,

Bearing his Sabine farm in mind,

As Sybarites to rank us;

But what avails his blame or praise?

The plainer tastes, the simpler ways

Are gone with the forgotten days

Of the consulship of PLANCUS.

MODES AND MASCULINITY.



THE INSPECTION OF THE BRIDE'S WEDDING TROUSSEAU IS A FUNCTION THAT ALWAYS THRILLS THE FEMININE HEART.



WHY DOES THE BRIDEGROOM NEVER GIVE HIS MALE FRIENDS A CHANCE OF EXPERIENCING THE SAME KIND OF THRILL?

A NIGHT IN MAY.

THE moon is riding high in the heaven, a lop-sided moon. I am riding low in the railway carriage, in a lop-sided position too. My feet are on the opposite cushion, and there is a great gulf fixed where there ought to be the middle of a bed. I do not think I shall sleep. I do not think I should sleep even if the fellows who have got the full length of the cushions to lie on stopped snoring. It ought to be *vietato* to snore. *Si prega di non snorare*. I wonder what that would be in three languages. Something pretty horrible in German, I should think.

There seems to me to be rather a hitch about this three-language business in the Italian State railway carriages. I mean, where do the Allies come in, and all that? "*Pericoloso è sporghersi*." Very well. But of course no one ever does lean out of an Italian State railway carriage, because you can't open the window. You push a metal stud with one hand and press down a lever with the other. Then you stop pressing the stud and go on pushing the lever. Then you stop pushing the lever and go on pressing the stud again. Then you stop using the stud and the lever, and try to pull down the top of the glass. Then you swear. *Non vietato imprecare*. Or would it be *imprecarsi*?

But what I was going to say is, why are the French and Italians and Germans told about these things, and not the English, just as if there hadn't been any Great War? "*Ne pas se pencher au dehors. Nicht hinauslehnen*." Obviously one rather ought to encourage a German to lean out of the window, supposing he could work the lever and the stud, which is just the kind of thing that a German would be able to do, and, if he came in two halves at the tunnel, all the better, *hein*? I must write to MUSSOLINI about this. But then I have so many things to write to MUSSOLINI about. Lunch on the Lugano steamer, for instance. The steamer starts from one Italian port and takes you to another; but it passes through Swiss water on the way. It gives you the worst lunch that Italy is

capable of, and the bill is made out in Swiss money. The lunch used to be a bad lunch even in the good old days when BAEDEKER had it, but the exchange was better then. . . .

Never mind. We are not in Italy now; we are in France. We have left Italy, we have passed through Switzerland, we have passed through Vallorbes. Since the Great War I have never seen anything so terrible as Vallorbes. It is worse than Calais. It is worse than Modane. There were no porters at Vallorbes, and when all the terror and strife were past I went back to buy an orange, and was asked

There is so much to read on the ticket, and the man naturally gets interested. What happens, I suppose, is that every now and then he gets bored with talking to the other officials and the soldiers and the police and the international detectives tramping up and down the corridor, and says, "Look here, you fellows, I'm off to have a good read." Then he comes and buries himself in the bright little pages of our tickets, and eats tiny holes all over them with a machine. . . . A regular book-worm, that man. A caterpillar . . . Mulberry leaves.

We have stopped. We have stopped

somewhere in France. I wish I could read the name of the station. Names of stations in France are stuck on to the lamps with paper labels. A practical joker with a good supply of labels could change the whole geography of France in a night. Someone is playing a guitar at the back of the train. Perhaps we are in Provence. I wish I knew more French geography. I wish I had a guitar. I wish I had some cotton-wool. I wish I had something to drink.

We have stopped stopping. We are going on again. The name of the station is Mouchard. Nothing could sound less like the name of a station than that. I expect someone has pasted it on for a joke. The landscape looks very commonplace un-



AMERICAN TOURIST IN GERMANY LEAVES A TRIFLE UNDER THE PLATE FOR THE WAITER.

der the moon, almost like England. In France there are some undulating landscapes, but in Italy, I am pleased to say, this is never allowed. The thing is either a mountain or a plain, and you are not allowed to forget it. If there are mulberry trees there are millions of them in flat straight lines, and if there are vines there are millions of them in hanging squares, and if there is a perfectly inaccessible and precipitous rock three-quarters of the way up the mountain side somebody has had a house or a villa perched upon it, making signals to the builders from the railway line, so that they can get it exactly where it will look most picturesque.

On hot days, of course, when the owner is climbing up to it with a basket of artichokes and a couple of calves and several quarts of Chianti and a hun-

der the moon, almost like England. In France there are some undulating landscapes, but in Italy, I am pleased to say, this is never allowed. The thing is either a mountain or a plain, and you are not allowed to forget it. If there are mulberry trees there are millions of them in flat straight lines, and if there are vines there are millions of them in hanging squares, and if there is a perfectly inaccessible and precipitous rock three-quarters of the way up the mountain side somebody has had a house or a villa perched upon it, making signals to the builders from the railway line, so that they can get it exactly where it will look most picturesque.

On hot days, of course, when the owner is climbing up to it with a basket of artichokes and a couple of calves and several quarts of Chianti and a hun-

dred litres of oil, it must strike him that he was rather foolishly benevolent to have had his house put up there. It must be *pericoloso sporghersi*, too, out of the bedroom windows; but he does not mind that. Everything for artistic effect.

What a long way the moon has travelled! It is still lop-sided. I now see that there are two moons. The second one is violet-coloured and far more beautifully shaped than the first. It is caused by the little globe in the carriage ceiling, which keeps on glowing when the electric light has been turned out. One sees it reflected on the window. It travels on and on. Perhaps, if I fix my eyes on this moon, I shall go to sleep. . . .

The man on my side has kicked me in the small of the back. We have stopped again. I think, on the whole, it was a pity to have drunk Swiss wine at Lausanne. One could have had French or Italian. Perhaps it is always a pity to drink Swiss wine. But the fish was so noble that some effort had to be made to compliment the Swiss people. I am sure that the fish was a carp, and that he came from the Lake of Geneva. He was surrounded by lemons and reposed his head on a peeled apple coloured pink and cut into the shape of a rose. I expect he was carp *à la CURZON*, or carp *à la TOCHICHERIN*, but I have forgotten. It was pleasant to feel that many of the ablest diplomats in Europe may have conferred in front of a carp like that. He was a good carp, if he was a carp, though he cost a lot of money. I should like to have seen TOCHICHERIN paying for his lunch in roubles and the waiter working out the exchange on the back of the bill.

We are going on again. It is now twelve o'clock by summer-time. It is twelve o'clock in France, Italy and England alike. This is a very solemn thought. Yesterday it would have been eleven in France and twelve in Italy and England. Heaven only knows what was happening in Switzerland, but I expect it got the benefit of the exchange. . . .

"*Pericoloso è sporghersi.*" All Italian notices—public notices, that is to say—and railway time-tables and by-laws are meant to be sung in grand opera, especially the ones in the restaurant car. Let me remember. "*Si prega domandare unaricevuta per ogni pagamento.*" Something like that. It racks the very heart-strings. You could not do that with: "*Passengers are requested to demand a receipt for every payment they make.*" . . .

Italian railway-carriages in fact, though perilous, are in every way more charming than ours. There is a reproduction opposite me of some figures of angels from a fresco of Benozzo



Lady. "HAVE YOU MADE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF THE NEW RECTOR YET?"

Rustic. "AY, HE BE A KIND O' CONNECTION O' MINE."

Lady. "WHAT—BY MARRIAGE?"

Rustic. "IN A MANNER O' SPEAKING—YES. YOU SEE, MY SON BE WALKIN' OUT WITH HIS COOK."

GOZZOLI in the Palazzo Riccardi at Florence. We might do things like that. We might put reproductions of SARGENT'S WERTHEIMERS in our trains. We might put them in the Dover boat-train. We might put them in the *Southern Belle*.

My feet are cold, and I have lost my matches. I have never heard anything more persistent than the snoring of these men. Not even cicadas, nor frogs.

Lights, and more lights and houses. We have come to Dijon-Ville. There are subways at Dijon-Ville, and it is defended not to use them. What a terrible sophistication! In Italy dogs and goats,

children and picnic parties, stray genially about the rails till somebody shouts in a fine tenor, "*Il treno!*" and they slowly drift away.

We are going on again. Only till Paris to sleep, and the snores are getting worse and worse. Something has got to be done. . . .

I know what I will do. I will sing. I will sing, "*Pericoloso, pericoloso, pericoloso è sporghersi,*" louder and louder until I wake them up, or until I sing myself to sleep. "*Peri-co-lo. Peri-co-lo. Peri-co-lo. Peri.*" . . .

Good Heavens! The Gare de Lyon. EVOE.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

XXV.—TATTERSALL'S.

LIFE is full of strange adventures; but until I dropped into TATTERSALL'S with George Rowland I did not guess just how exciting it can be.

This Mr. TATTERSALL lives at Knightsbridge, where every Monday he sells horses by auction; and you can tell the place by the number of rich motor-cars outside. One steps out of the jaded throng of shoppers into the vigorous air of the hunting-field. The fascinating smell of the stable; the bronzed and dapper lieutenant-colonels; the dashing and noticeably masculine ladies on the floor of the hall; the row of well-dressed charmers in the gallery, adoring horses, of course, but preferring to do it from an altitude; the waddling, toothless old grooms (what is it in the life of the stable that removes the teeth so surely?); the copers, the subalterns, the yellow-waistcoats, and, oh, the bowlers—all this is very charming; and, enjoying it, one has a new hope for England. It is fashionable to laugh at hunting-people, but I see no reason why they should not exist, the same as the rest of us. They look well and they mean well; and it is well known that the fox enjoys the sport as much as any. No, no, so long as there are plenty of good fellows to ride to hounds there is no fear of the country going to the dogs.

Personally, indeed, I have a special sympathy with them, being fond of boats, for I know what quiet pleasure one can get out of a conversation entirely composed of technical terms, especially if someone is listening who doesn't understand them. George seems to feel this too, though it is my secret belief that he knows as little about hunters as I do.

We approached the chattering crowd in the corner, where the auctioneer was selling "Horace, a bay gelding; makes a noise; good fencer."

"Forty guineas," suggested the auctioneer; "who'll bid forty for Horace for a start?"

No one showed the smallest anxiety to acquire Horace for forty guineas. But two or three men stooped down

and stroked the creature's legs suspiciously (it is an unscrupulous trade, and, as often as not, I gather, a horse is fitted with false pasterns).

"Copers," said George. "That off-fore-leg's filled. By Jove," he went on, sniffing the good stable air, "this brings it all back. For two pins I'd buy a hunter myself. Not had a gallop for years."

"Ten, then," shouted the auctioneer. "Ten guineas bid for Horace—eleven guineas—twelve . . ."

"It's a nice shiny horse," I said. "Good colour. Kind expression. What sort of noise does he make?"

"Roars," said George. "You listen." Horace was torn from the fond hands

I said wearily, for I had conceived an affection for the handsome Horace and resented the way he was being pulled to pieces.

"The tail," said George patiently, "ought to rise at an angle of forty-five degrees from the point of insertion. This one, you see—"

"George," I said, "you've been reading a book."

"I'm talking about *breed*," said George, flushing at the accusation.

"Tell me," I said, "which pack exactly was it you used to hunt with?"

"Oh, well, if you think you know more about it than I do," said George, and moved away in a huff.

Horace fetched eighty guineas, and his place was taken by Flying Fish, a brown mare, tubed.

The people about me, who seemed intimately acquainted with the family life and history of every horse put up, discussed with animation the antecedents of Flying Fish, her withers, her tube, her cargo capacity, her owner, his wife, and the amount the mare would fetch—maybe fifty guineas, and dear at that.

After this despised brute was disposed of there was a stir, and we all pressed forward to see the Braddon Rise Hunt horses sold. The first was Boadicea, and in two two's the bidding for Boadicea was up to four hundred guineas. I observed her

with interest, a noble and beautiful creature, though not, so far as I could detect, more noble or beautiful than Flying Fish.

The bidding was brisk, but, as usual in modern auctions, deplorably stealthy. It ought to be done, as it is done in old novels, with loud shouts from heated rivals in different parts of the hall. It is not. At last, however, I discovered two bidders, one of whom was faintly cocking his right eyebrow at the auctioneer, while the other was almost imperceptibly twitching his nose. But every time it cost them twenty guineas. There were others also who, with furtive movements of the head or hand, occasionally butted in; but these were the two that mattered.

The excitement was tremendous. I favoured Mr. Nose-twitcher; and, fascinated, I watched the auctioneer.

"500 guineas," he boomed. "500



COUNTRY COTTAGE ECONOMIES.

The Theorist. "Ssh! I've given up the books and I'm cooking by ear."

of the dealers and trotted roaring down the hall: but the auctioneer roared better.

"Awful nuisance in the field," said George. "He won't fetch much, you'll see. Good action, though. See how he moves his fore-arms?"

"Yes, he moves those capitally."

"Bit over at the knee, though."

"I don't agree," I said firmly.

"Shouldn't wonder if he forges," said George, well away—"when he's tired, you know. These Irish horses often do. No, I wouldn't give ten pounds for that horse. All right for a lady's hack. No good to hounds, though. Look at his withers."

"Too long, you mean?" I said, hoping I was looking in the right place.

"Not high enough—not for breed. It's not a well-bred beast at all. Look at the tail."

"What's the matter with the tail?"



OUR HECTIC HEADLINES.

Granny. "MY DEAR CHILD, PLEASE BE CAREFUL GOING HOME. I SEE IN VERY BIG PRINT HERE THAT THERE'S SUCH A LOT OF THIS SWEEPSTAKE FEVER ABOUT."

guineas for Boadicea—" Eyebrow was up. "500—520—for a good weight-carrying mare—540"—Well done, Nose!—"540—quit now and you lose her—540—I'm sellin' her—560—fresh bidder . . . 580 . . . Against you, Sir."

And his eye met mine. In my excitement I had blinked at him. I had a sudden, terrible suspicion that I was the "fresh bidder."

I looked away, all of a tremble. "600—620." Eyebrow was up again. I looked at Nose. "620 guineas bid below"—Oh, go on Nose!—"640—640—I'm sellin' her—640—a real hard horse—660—you lose her—660—it's against you—680—680." Brave Nose! Surely he's got it. I glanced with anguish at the auctioneer. "700—700 guineas." Oh, Nose! "700—it's against you." Oh, Nose is done! "700—Against you—Quite sure?—700—I'm sellin' her—700—Quite sure?—700—last time—700!" and down came the hammer. "The gentleman over there." Poor Nose!

"Where does he hunt, I wonder?" I heard someone say in respectful tones. Then a man spoke in my ear, also

respectful: "WHERE WOULD YOU LIKE THE MARE DELIVERED, SIR?"

Good Heavens! I had bought Boadicea! The people near glanced curiously at me. A lady almost smiled at me—the man who had given seven hundred guineas for a horse.

And could I now say, "The fact is, I wasn't bidding. I merely blinked by accident. It's a free country?"

No—a thousand times, no! Already my mare was being led away, the lovely creature. And I followed her proudly to her stall, pursued closely by the official, and a little uncertain what to do with either.

"Well," I said, "she seems pretty snug here. Do you mind keeping her for a day or two? The fact is, my stable's full—crowded out."

"Certainly, Sir. And the name?"

"George Rowland, The Albany," I replied without hesitation. After all he *wanted* one. And he can afford it.

The next move was not at the moment clear to me. But Heaven smiled, and Mr. Nose approached.

"Not thinking better of it, I suppose?" he said, with deference.

"I don't buy hunters for fun, Sir," said I, truthfully enough.

"I was a fool to quit when I did," said Nose. "Got cold feet. Will you take seven-fifty for her?"

"Part with Boadicea! My dear Sir!"

"Eight hundred, then? It's more than she's worth," pleaded Nose.

"Not to me, Sir—not to me; I want a weight-carrier. And I want breed. She's worth a thou' to me—a cool thou'."

(This expression carries weight in any company.)

"Where d'you hunt, then? I don't seem to know your face."

"Philadelphia, chiefly; the Penn country."

"Ah! Call it nine hundred," said Nose, "and split the difference."

"Guineas?"

"Guineas."

"Well, it's a wrench," I said; "but at that she's yours."

"Right," said Nose; "and who shall I make out the cheque to?"

"George Rowland," I said regretfully.

A. P. H.



Golfer (whose unknown opponent has driven a straight two hundred and fifty yards from the first tee). "I SAY, DOES HE OFTEN DO THAT?"
Caddie. "IT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR—'IS FOOT MUST 'AVE SLIPPED."

IN LAudem RAHERE.

[This week is celebrated the eighth-hundredth anniversary of the Foundation of St. Bartholomew's Priory Church and Hospital by RAHERE, the jester-courtier of HENRY I.]

He had a vision beneath the sky of Rome,
 BEAUCLERC's wild-witted fool, whose quips could cheer

The dusk of winter in the palace-hall.
 He had fared far from London's moated wall,
 And he lay sick, the merryman RAHERE,
 In a far land, far over alien foam.

Out of his need for pity and for grace,
 Out of his latent ardours undivined,
 The solemn beauty of his vision grew;
 He raised his eyes and saw BARTHOLOMEW;
 He hearkened, and with the keen ear of the mind
 He heard and laid his hands upon his face.

And so the vow was sworn, the vow was kept;
 So from the haggard waste of marsh and heath
 The goodly house arose where Pity dwelt,
 The house of healing, wherein her servants knelt
 Sleepless; where, at the touch of pain and death,
 The mystic woke that in the merryman slept.

There, on the very ashes of despair,
 Compassion planted her unwithering plot
 Of holy herbs to soul and body sweet:
 A way was beaten smooth for halting feet,
 And the long night of anguish was forgot
 When dawn broke through the eastern windows there.

No more with jewelled colours deep and pure
 Those windows crown the dark triforium curve;

No votive ships with silver sails wide-blown
 Swing from the beam above the altar-stone;
 But the strong passion of pity, the love to serve,
 And the unwearying patient quest endure.

They endure with gathering force, with widening scope,
 Working through unimagined marvellous ways,
 Re-sanctifying the vows that they fulfil;
 And the cowed shadow of RAHERE falls still
 Upon the place where still his Saint may raise
 The eyes of pain to the high vision of hope. D. M. S.

An interesting feature of the Celebration of the Eight-hundredth Anniversary of the founding of St. Bartholomew's Hospital by RAHERE will be the revival of the historic Bartholomew Fair. It originated in the Royal permission given to the founder to hold a Cloth Fair in aid of the funds needed for the erection and maintenance of the Hospital which he was building on the site where it now stands. The Fair was attended for centuries by the concourse of pilgrims who were drawn to Smithfield by the fame of the Hospital and Priory Church of St. Bartholomew.

The revels and sports, which are being held by the students from June the 5th to the 8th, have been faithfully reproduced from the Tudor period, when the Fair was at its best. It is thought that many would like to contribute goods to be sold for the benefit of the Hospital at this revival. Gifts, in money or kind, which will be very welcome, should be addressed to The Matron, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C.1, and marked "Bartholomew Fair."



THE NEW STABLE.

MR. ASQUITH (*observing Messrs. BALDWIN and McKENNA in consultation*). "OH, REGGIE, REGGIE! AND TO THINK THAT IN THE OLD DAYS YOU ALWAYS USED TO RIDE FOR ME!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 28th.—They order some things better in France, but not, I think, the management of political crises. When the House of Commons adjourned eleven days ago for its Whitsun holidays Mr. BONAR LAW was still Prime Minister; on its return to-day it found Mr. BALDWIN ruling in his stead over a new Administration.

While Liberal re-union still halts on the way, Conservative consolidation has made some progress. Lord ROBERT CECIL, tired of his brief flirtation with Labour, has returned to his early love; and Sir L. WORTHINGTON EVANS, no longer under the spell of the Welsh Wizard, has set an example to the Coalitionist ex-Ministers. The general cheers that greeted Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN make it difficult to believe that he too would not be welcome on the Treasury Bench.

The best traditions of the House were upheld by Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD in his sorrowful tribute to Mr. BONAR LAW, who had "won from us a strange mysterious sympathy," and in his playful welcome to Mr. BALDWIN, whom he promised not to give "an easier time than I can help." Mr. ASQUITH and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, past-masters of the lapidary art, were equally good, but no better. The new PRIME MINISTER spoke with unusual emotion of his predecessor,—they had worked together "almost as brothers"—and with characteristic modesty of his own unexpected and unsought elevation. Even more affecting, owing to the circumstances, was the speech in which Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN recalled his long friendship with the late PRIME MINISTER and welcomed Mr. BALDWIN as "the new Prime Minister and the Leader of my Party."

The new Government must atone for the sins of the old. Its first business was the Indemnity Bill. Mr. BRIDGEMAN, in making his *apologia* for his conduct over the Irish deportations, was hampered by constant interruptions—when will the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION induce his comrades to listen to the other side?—and by the difficulty of defending himself without injuring persons who are *sub judice*. But he claimed that his action, whether technically right or wrong, had at least conduced to peace in Ireland, and was surprised to find that the Opposition, who claimed to be the friends of the Free State, should denounce him.

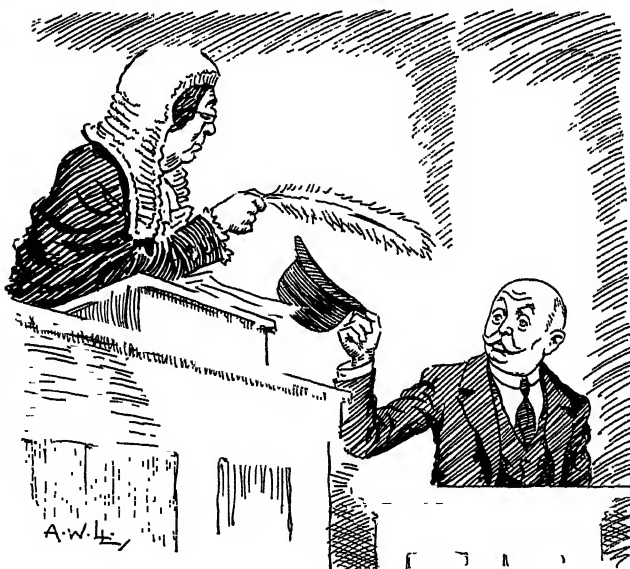
Mr. MACDONALD assured us that his blood boiled (though no one would have guessed it from his outward demeanour) at the thought of what had happened through the HOME SECRETARY'S "good-natured carelessness." Mr. LANSBURY,



BACK TO THE FOLD.

LORD R. CECIL AND SIR L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS.

in allusion to an earlier speech of Mr. BRIDGEMAN'S, observed that "people should not shout till they were quite certain"—an excellent rule which I commend to his own observance. Lord R. CECIL signalled his return to the Treasury Bench by an adroit and conciliatory speech which helped the Government to secure a two-to-one majority for the Second Reading.



HOME SECRETARY (to Mother of Parliaments). "ACQUITTED? THANK YOU VERY MUCH."

Tuesday, May 29th.—The only change in the composition of the "upstairs" section of the Government has been the transference of Lord ONSLOW from the Ministry of Health to the Board of Education. I doubt if anyone has noticed it, even the noble Lord himself, for he is still the maid-of-all-work of the Ministry. This afternoon he had barely withstood an attempt by Lord RUSSELL to repeal the Blasphemy Laws—a matter which might perhaps be held to come within the scope of Lord ONSLOW'S new duties—when he was called upon to explain the policy of the Government in regard to smoke abatement, a subject which appertains much more closely to his old ones.

Before bothering about other people's chimneys the Government should take care that its own are above suspicion. According to a question put in the Commons the London County Council has lately complained of a serious smoke nuisance arising from the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich. This assertion was challenged by Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, who insisted, on the contrary, that there is "great clarity of atmosphere" in the district which returned him to Parliament.

Such resounding cheers greeted the appearance of Sir L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS in the rôle of Postmaster-General that even his powerful voice was unable at first to penetrate the din. Later, however, we learned that the Department did not propose "for the time being" to place advertisements on the backs of postage-stamps. It is supposed that they are waiting for the discovery of a really palatable brand of printer's-ink.

Many of Mr. PRINGLE'S jokes are of the esoteric kind appreciated only by the author, but occasionally he broadcasts his humour. Sir CHARLES OMAN demanded the withdrawal of the silver coinage issued in 1920-22, on the ground that "the various silver amalgams then employed have led to the discolouring or breaking up or flaking of the pieces." Mr. PRINGLE thereupon pointed out that this coinage was symbolic of the Coalition Government that issued it, and "got his laugh."

An undesirable feature of this Session has been the introduction, under the Ten Minutes Rule, of Bills calculated to embetter the Labour Party. Poor Mr. MACDONALD has enough to do to keep his followers in hand as it is, without this gratuitous incitement.

After Mr. REMER's experience this afternoon, however, the new pastime of "red-ragging" will probably be less popular, for he was first heavily tossed by Mr. NEIL McLEAN, and then had the mortification of being deserted by most of his party in the Division Lobby.

The Indemnity Bill passed through Committee, but not until after an all-night sitting, during which the LORD PRIVY SEAL yielded several points to the criticism of the Opposition. But on the whole he must have kept up his end pretty well, for the Labour Members, in the course of their vocal exercises during divisions, announced their intention to "hang Bob Cecil on a sour apple-tree."

Wednesday, May 30th.—"Asylum" is a striking example of a good word gone wrong. Originally a term of mercy it has become a name of dread to many humble people. They will be grateful to the Peers for having decided, on the motion of Lord ONSLOW, to substitute for it in official nomenclature the more hopeful expression, "Mental Hospital."

It is difficult to see why there should be so much pother over the Trade Agreement with the Soviet Government if, as Mr. McNEILL told the House of Commons, no injury to British Trade would be caused by its abrogation.

In this connection the PRIME MINISTER informed Mr. TURNER that the Government were quite aware of, and shared, the desire of the country not to be dragged into another war. It seemed to him unnecessary therefore to call into consultation the Churches, Chambers of Commerce, Co-operative Societies, and Trade Unions. By a strange oversight Mr. TURNER omitted to mention the National Liberal Federation, which, to judge by its proceedings at Buxton, seems to be an authority on the question of "Peace and how to ensue it."

White sheets were much worn on the Opposition Benches this afternoon. Mr. SEXTON formally apologised for having called Mr. REMER a liar on Tuesday, but took occasion to explain at considerable length that the hon. Member had been carried away on "the tidal wave of his own imagination;" Colonel WATTS-MORGAN expressed regret for having interrupted a Minister (the House will be kept busy if every Member guilty of this offence thinks it

necessary to make a personal explanation); and Mr. NEWBOLD, having sent to the SPEAKER "an ample and a complete apology" for disregarding the authority of the Chair, was, on the motion of Mr. BALDWIN, relieved of his suspension.

Memories of the National Insurance Act were aroused by Sir ROBERT SANDERS' remark that under his scheme for helping agriculture by Government credit the farmer would receive "1s. 8d. for 4d." Some Members thought that even that was not sufficiently generous, but did not resist the proposal.



The Matador. "I DON'T KNOW HOW IT IS, BUT THINGS HAVEN'T TURNED OUT QUITE AS I INTENDED."

MR. REMER AND MR. NEIL McLEAN.

Thursday, May 31st.—Question-time furnished *inter alia* the information from the HOME SECRETARY that over five hundred persons (males and females equally divided) had been convicted last year of getting drunk on methylated spirit, a beverage which it seemed impossible to make unpalatable; from the AIR MINISTER that the experimental helicopter was making progress, and had actually risen off the ground; and from the SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY that it was not reasonable to expect him to admit among the advertisements hereafter to be placed upon Inland Revenue receipt-forms those relating to tax-repayment agencies—

"Like a young eagle who has lent his plume To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom."

The SPEAKER evidently saw some justice in Mr. NICHOL's complaint, at the conclusion of the debate on the Education Estimates, of the disproportionate time occupied by Front Benchers, for he declared his opinion that the wisdom of these magnates requires "considerable dilution." Save as regards length, however, little fault was to be found with the speeches of Major WOOD, who made good his assertion that the attitude of the Government was not one of "reaction masquerading as economy," and of Mr. FISHER, who, as the author of the Act of 1918,

which financial stringency has largely rendered a dead letter, agreed that the economies had been effected with a minimum of injury to education.

The "dilution" was small, but of unusually good quality. There was stuff in Sir S. RUSSELL-WELLS' complaint that under the present system teachers were caught too young and had insufficient knowledge of the world, and in Mrs. WINTRINGHAM's plea for more training in the domestic arts; while towards the conclusion of the debate Mr. CADOGAN made an earnest appeal for higher education—"We shall never have a glut of brains"—which, coming from a member of the so-called "stupid party," surprised the Labour intelligentsia into applause.

Friday, June 1st.—After a brief discussion the House of Commons passed the remaining stages of the Indemnity Bill, and, subject to the endorsement of the Upper House, set Mr. BRIDGEMAN free from the obscure terrors of *Premunire*.

"Will the men who borrowed ladder from — Hall kindly return at once, otherwise further steps will be taken?"—*Provincial Paper*. A bad example is so easily followed.

From an article on "Mr. Fender at the wicket":—

"Once more the noisy small boy in his distant corner cannot unquoos himself."

Daily Paper.

Even the printer seems to have been affected.

"S. Saravanamuttu, the Cambridge cricketer, has been scoring most consistently for the University side in its matches, and promises to prove of great value to Mr. Bettington at the Lord's match."—*Sporting Paper*.

It looks as if the Oxford captain had asked him not to try.



"HAVE YOU SEEN THE INSECT PLAY?"

"No—CAN HE?"

THE GREAT ESTRANGEMENT.

In the brave days of old in their souls they were single,
For as DAVID to JONATHAN, HOGGE was to PRINGLE.

If ever they happened to travel *incog*.
HOGGE's title was PRINGLE, and PRINGLE's was HOGGE.

Together they studied the Log of *Tom Cringle*,
Temerarious HOGGE and adventurous PRINGLE!

They were adepts at rolling the mutual log;
They hunted in couples, did PRINGLE and HOGGE.

Together they laughed at *Micawber* and *Jingle*,
For HOGGE was a lover of DICKENS, like PRINGLE.

Together they championed each poor under-dog,
Compassionate PRINGLE, magnanimous HOGGE!

In winter they sat side by side in the ingle,
"Dear BILLY," said HOGGE, and "Dear JIMMY," said PRINGLE.

In summer, at picnics, the viands or prog
Were equally shared between PRINGLE and HOGGE.

And if HOGGE with his victuals was minded to "pingle"
It always impaired the digestion of PRINGLE.

At watering-places each swam like a frog,
Amphibious PRINGLE, amphibious HOGGE.

They tramped the Parade and they basked on the shingle,
But always together, JAMES HOGGE and WILL PRINGLE.

At St. Stephen's, when PRINGLE was questioning, HOGGE
Sat in rapt adoration, alert and agog.

Conversely when HOGGE made the Tories' ears tingle,
None cheered with a heartier gusto than PRINGLE.

They once were twin brothers, like Mago and Gog,
But now they are enemies, PRINGLE and HOGGE.

And with vinegar oil will more readily mingle
Then HOGGE will consent to join forces with PRINGLE.

For HOGGE on the Georgian wheel is a cog,
And PRINGLE refuses to go the whole HOGGE.

O'Higgins, where art thou?

"At a political meeting at Kingstown last night, Mr. Kevin Chiggins, Minister for Home Affairs, referred to the Northern boundary question."—*Daily Paper*.

"A woman can say in two minutes—and keep to the point—what it would take a man half an hour to say."—*Mrs. — at the — Board of Guardians.*—*Provincial Paper*.
Then why doesn't she do it?

From the advertisement of a Napoleonic film:—

"See the Triumphant March to Moscow and the Terrible Retreat across Russia. The Destruction of the All-Conquering Army. Abdication! Banishment! Return. The Battle of Waterloo and Famous Charge of the Light Brigade by the 18th Hussars."—*Provincial Paper*.
Evidently "Some one had blundered."

"A deputation waited on the Otago Acclimatisation Society to-night to protest against the Government protection of paradise ducks. One member complained that they got among his onions and demoralised them."—*New Zealand Paper*.

With intent, no doubt, that they should no longer be fit to mingle with the sage.

THE THEATRE PALACE OF VARIETIES.

"WOULD you like a programme, Uncle?" inquired the Manager, hitching up his left stocking.

I emerged from *Hans Andersen*, whom I had found lying neglected on the floor, and discovered "The Theatre Palace of Varieties" occupying an important site on the dining-room table.

"Thank you," I murmured, and was handed a crumpled scrap of paper which appeared to have been roughly handled at previous performances in the nursery.

I carefully smoothed out the creases and read as follows:—

THEATRE PALACE OF VARIETIES. PROGRAMME.

(1) *Sandy*. (2) *Sambo*. (3) *Bobby*.

INTERVAL.

(4) *Charlie*. (5) *Dolly Dutch*.

(6) *Boko* (Performing *Donkey*).

GOD SAVE THE KING.

From my humble seat at the back of the pit I observed that the stall—there was only one—was well filled by Rosemary, who is two-and-a-half and inclined to embonpoint. Otherwise—for we were the only people assisting at the performance—it was a thin house.

Rosemary is a faithful patron of the Theatre Palace of Varieties. Indeed, if it were not for her steady support, I doubt if the Manager would have the heart to carry on. Here, as elsewhere, theatrical management is a chancy and discouraging business. Mothers and fathers are busy people; the front-door bell may ring at any moment and cause them to disappear in the middle of the show. Uncles and aunts occasionally



"'VAT'S VE BAND,' SHE EXPLAINED KINDLY."

fill a gap, but they are birds of passage and inclined to chatter among themselves when they are present. Rosemary alone sits solidly through every performance. She it is who appreciates

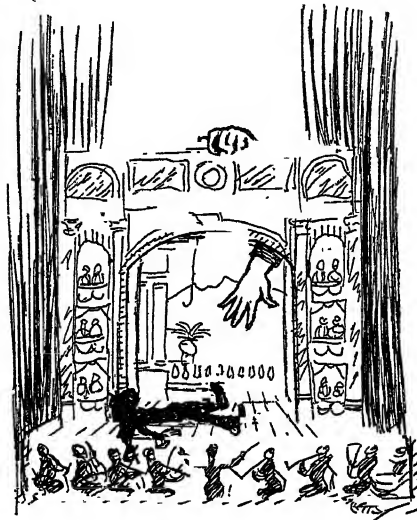
the finer points of the entertainment, and I determined to keep my eye on her lest I should applaud in the wrong places.

"Huwwy up, Bo," said Rosemary restlessly (the Manager, I should explain, is "Bo" to his friends).

On this occasion he was having trouble with the curtain, and presently Rosemary stood up.

"Let's have 'God save ve King,'" she suggested brightly.

"Not yet," said the Manager shortly. "Rosemary must sit down."



"HE COLLAPSED HEAVILY AND HAD TO BE HAULED OFF BY THE LEFT LEG."

Rosemary sat down and, feeling no doubt that something was due to the people in the cheap seats, indicated for my benefit certain svelte youths in immaculate evening dress depicted on the panel at the foot of the proscenium.

"Vat's ve band," she explained kindly, and added shrilly, "Da-da-de-da-dey." It is not every management that can count on so much assistance from the auditorium.

After a few moments the curtain rose reluctantly and disclosed a stately interior.

"Who's comin', Bo?" demanded the stalls.

"*Sandy*," said Bo. "He's fallen off the wire, Uncle," he added in explanation of a further short delay.

"Come along, *Sandy*," said the stalls encouragingly, and sure enough *Sandy* came in full Highland costume. He came head-first and he came rather slowly, but once clear of the wings he displayed amazing agility. After a short but spirited dance he advanced to the footlights.

"Hullo, Rosemary," he said. "Do you know me?"

"I do," said Rosemary stolidly.

"How are you, Rosemary?" he continued.

"Kite well, fank you."

Sandy could think of no suitable repartee to this. He waggled his left leg sadly.

"Bye-bye," he said after a thoughtful pause and slowly withdrew. A true Scot, he looked before he leapt.

"S'all we have 'God save ve King' now?" asked Rosemary wistfully.

There was a disturbance in the wings.

"Why, here's *Sambo*!" said the Manager with well-simulated surprise, and a coon comedian emerged in a posture which suggested that he had a future as a contortionist.

His dance, I regret to say, was a shameless reproduction of *Sandy's*. When it was over, *Sambo*—prompted, I imagine, by a guilty conscience—asked—

"Have you seen *Sandy*, Rosemary?"

"I have," said Rosemary patiently.

Clearly there was nothing more to be said and *Sambo* retired without further remark.

Bobby, a policeman, re-enacted *Sandy's* dance, but brightened the patter by threatening to arrest *Sambo*. For plagiarism, I imagined, but if so it was an obvious case of the pot and the kettle.

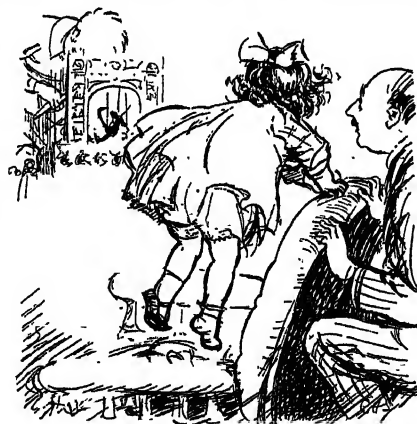
The drop curtain descended unsteadily.

"This is the interval," observed the Manager with an air of relief.

Rosemary stood up.

"God save ve King, God save ve King," she sang lustily.

"No, no!" said the Manager; "not yet. Rosemary shall see *Charlie* now. I know he'll fall off the wire," he went on in a gloomy undertone. Rosemary, although obviously disappointed, resumed her seat. In due course the



"ROSEMARY BOUNCED EXCITEDLY UP AND DOWN."

curtain rose again and a battered figure slithered shakily into the limelight.

"*Charlie Chaplin*!" cried Rosemary ecstatically. It was indeed my old friend *Mr. Chaplin*, but shockingly changed. He was a mere shadow of



STAG OVER!

HAVING SEEN A FILM IN WHICH AFRICAN BIG GAME IS HARRIED BY MOTOR-CARS, COLONEL SILAS K. POSSUM INDULGES IN A DAY-DREAM OF HIS OWN PROWESS IN THE DEER FOREST OF GLEN NA MUICK WHICH HE HAS RENTED FOR THE SEASON.

his old bright self. Any attempt on the part of a man in his condition to hurl a custard pie would have been suicidal. Clearly the hardest-worked member of that hard-worked company, he had paid the penalty of popularity and now he could do little more than shuffle down to the footlights and shed the light of his damaged countenance upon us. But it was enough. The old magic held. He had only to appear to be acclaimed as the best turn so far. But at what a cost to himself! Before he reached the wings again he collapsed heavily and had to be hauled off by the left leg.

Dolly Dutch and *Boko* were hurried through their turns in the most unfeeling manner. They had barely occupied the stage long enough to betray the fact that they had learned all they knew about the entertainment business from *Sandy*, when the curtain descended once again. Then the Manager said importantly, "Now we'll have 'God save the King.'"

Rosemary bounced excitedly up and down. Evidently the management was

taking "God save the King" seriously. The sounds of immense preparations behind the curtain penetrated even to the back of the pit. There was none of your working it off in double-quick time while the audience looked for their hats.

"Now!" said the Manager, and Rosemary stood up unrebuked.

The curtain rose on an imposing tableau. The stage groaned beneath the weight of the entire company grouped as a background to *Sandy*, who occupied the centre (there is only one wire, you see). The others were propped up against the scenery. I began to understand Rosemary's anxiety to witness what was evidently going to be the turn of the evening.

"God save the King! God save the King!" sang the Manager and the audience enthusiastically. *Sandy* danced. As he danced the other performers slid one by one on to the floor, until finally he was dancing on their prostrate forms. It was rather grim but distinctly impressive. On the whole I thought it seemed a fitting climax, in view of the way in which most of them had copied

Sandy's act. Finally he fell off the wire and the performance was over.

"Isn't it funny, Uncle," observed the Manager as he packed up for the night, "Rosemary liked 'God save the King' better than anything—better than *Charlie Chaplin* even?"

But I don't know that it is so funny. After all, most of us can recollect performances at which the "National Anthem" was easily the most popular item.

The Right Man for the Job.

From a list of the new Polish Cabinet:—

"M. Ladislas Grabski . . . Finance."
Daily Paper.

From a notice of the marionettes' performance of *The Tempest*:—

"Ariel must fly, after all, and a small actress on wires can so easily look like a small actress on wires."—*Daily Paper.*
We have always said so.

Of the caterpillar plague in Kent:—

"The trees mostly destroyed are of the plum and apple variety."—*Evening Paper.*
The Army is bearing up.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

(By a Nursery Psychologist.)

THE emancipation of children from the tyrannical régime under which they have groaned so long progresses steadily but slowly. How slowly may be gathered from the reports of the proceedings of the International Conference on Child Welfare held at Carnegie House last week. It is painful to have to record the fact, but honesty demands it, that some of the speakers, while professing sympathy with modern methods, showed a tendency to compromise, and even to relapse into a defence of the reactionary practice of the Pre-Self-Expression period.

This half-hearted attitude was most signally manifested in the remarks of Dr. ELIZABETH SLOAN CHESSEER on the Psychology of the Nursery. An ominous note was struck in the observation that "sometimes it was better for the rising generation that the mother should be a little selfish." The qualifications, "sometimes" and "a little," no doubt partially mitigate the harshness of this counsel, but the harshness remains. And yet on further consideration there is something to be said in justification of the advice. Admitting, as we are bound to do, that self-expression is the supreme aim of education, the example of the parent may excite emulation in the offspring. An absolutely unselfish mother might appeal to the imitative instinct in the child, and tend to develop an equally unrestrained altruism, a monstrous magnanimity, ending in the destruction of all initiative and independence. On the other hand, the example of a selfish mother may very well tend to foster and stimulate a similar disposition in the juvenile mind and accelerate the process of emancipation by leaps and bounds.

The dictum that "elder people must keep in touch with the younger" may, perhaps, pass muster. It is, however, at best a vague pronouncement. The phrase "keeping in touch" is, alas! too often a sinister euphemism for contact which only produces friction, pyromania or other untoward and lamentable consequences.

From this point onwards Dr. ELIZABETH SLOAN CHESSEER's address shows an increasing tendency to the formulation of disputable and dangerous doctrines. "No parent," she says, "should ever say in the presence of her children, 'Mrs. Smith is not a nice person, as she talks about her neighbours.' What she ought to say was, 'Mrs. Smith is a very kindly person. She takes an interest in her neighbours.'" Here we find reaction in full swing. The first remark of the imagin-

ary parent is simply meaningless. But the suggested emendation converts a negligible proposition into a glaring heresy. Mrs. Smith is commended for a benevolence which *ex hypothesi* does not exist, and for a reason which cuts at the root of the enlightened egotism which modern philosophers are unanimous in recommending as the most desirable aim in life.

But worse remains. "Parents must not expect grown-up traits in a child of three." And this in face of the ever accumulating evidence that in art and letters it is precisely to the children of this age that we must look, not merely for promise, but for supreme achievement! "If a child tied a tin to a cat's tail they must find out why the child did it and give it something to care for." In other words the natural instinct of experiment, instead of being applauded and encouraged, is to be made the excuse for subjecting the intrepid infant to a vexatious inquisitorial process. A child of three which, without adult aid, is able to attach a tin can or a kettle to a cat's tail will go far, if his (or her) energies are not diverted into the channels of an oversensitive humanitarianism. For it must not be forgotten that cats like playing with their tails, and when they are decorated with tintinnabulant appendages the interest of the pastime is enhanced. And, as for finding "something to care for," we cannot overlook in this context the repeated warnings embodied in proverbial sayings which emphasize the dangers of an overdue indulgence in carefulness. It was "care," and not tying anything to its tail, that "killed the cat" in the adage.

The same note of interference is sounded in Dr. CHESSEER's remarks that "if a child stole it was necessary to reason with it," and that "all children were naturally thieves and liars." Then why endeavour to curb a natural instinct? Menacity, as we know, can be and often is splendid; and stealing in children is never more than a pioneer effort in acquisitiveness without which the attainment of economic independence is impossible. Moreover a satisfactory redistribution of wealth can never be achieved without a drastic disregard for the arbitrary distinction between *meum* and *tuum*. So that whether we are Individualists or Communists we must demur to the reactionary doctrine propounded by Dr. CHESSEER.

Lastly, we find the same unfortunate dualism, the same weakening of salutary precept by vague, inappropriate or contradictory illustration, in her treatment of the restlessness of the young. "Do not tell a child to sit still. . . . A

child has a right to be restless." Here we have an admirable recognition of one of the cardinal claims of childhood. But the expansion of the argument is deplorable. "You must find the child an occupation, and it might develop into a brilliant politician, a lawyer or something else." Dr. CHESSEER begins with a proper condemnation of the odious policy of restraint which has won a sinister immortality in the martyrdom of "Fidgety Phil." But, when it comes to specific examples of the careers suitable to young persons endowed with mobility and agility, she has nothing better to suggest than Politics or the Law! The emoluments in both these callings are negligible, and in the latter the pursuit of "tranquillity" is now fashionable. Not a word is said of the film-world, the magnates of which are now in the forefront of millionairedom; the variety stage, the composition of Jazz-music, or restaurant-keeping.

Yet it would be unjust to Dr. CHESSEER to conclude our criticism without a word of congratulation on the profound truth enshrined in the words "or something else." The Child, if it does not develop into a politician or a lawyer, a LLOYD GEORGE or a BIRKENHEAD, will unquestionably develop into "something else." For this searching and soul-shaking prognosis all who are interested in the Child and what will become of him (or her) cannot be too grateful.

NATURE RHYMES FOR NURSERIES.

GREEN WOODPECKER.

HER shapely head bedecked with red,
Red of the ripened fruit;
Her gorget gay with frosted grey,
Grey of the lichened root;
Lilting low in her stately glide,
Flinging her laugh at the rain,
She wings, a queen in apple-green,
To her apple-green domain.

Light she lights on the crannied bark,
Laughs as she props her tail;
Tch 'idiidiid! and it's up we go
Hot on a weevil's trail;
Never a chink in bole or bough
But is probed for its lurking prize,
Never an atomy hazed to air
But is marked by her needle eyes.

Tch 'idiidiid! and it's up we go,
Checking each inch of the bole,
Checking each twig of the pitted bough
For the worm that corrodes the whole;
Tzitt! of the noosing whiplash tongue,
Pitter-pat-pat of the rain,
Dive to the root of the next in the row
And up-up-up-up again.

The Googly-Shot.

"Tyldesley showed the crowd his best stroke, a glorious shot through the off fieldsmen to long-on boundary."—*Manchester Paper.*

THE NEW HAT.

Jougasse



A HAT FOR MADAME? SOMETHING QUITE SIMPLE AND CHEAP, FOR THE COUNTRY, TO GO WITH MADAME'S COSTUME? UNDERSTOOD, MADAME—



SEE, THE VERY THING . . . PERFECT, MADAME!—



AND WITH IT, NATURALLY, THIS CHARMING HANDKERCHIEF FOR MADAME'S NECK, OF THE SAME COLOURS—



AND, IT GOES WITHOUT SAYING, THIS SWEET LITTLE JUMPER, FOR THE CONTRAST—



AND, WITH THE JUMPER, THIS DAINTY SKIRT, OF COURSE, TO CARRY OUT THE SCHEME—



AND WHITE STOCKINGS OF SILK, QUITE NECESSARY, AS ONE KNOWS—



AND, WITHOUT DOUBT, THIS DARLING LITTLE COAT TO MATCH THE HAT—



AND THIS CHIC PARASOL TO MATCH THE COAT—AND THIS DEAR LITTLE BAG TO MATCH THE PARASOL . . . AND PERHAPS, IF MADAME WILL PASS TOMORROW, SHE WILL CONSIDER CHOOSING SOME LITTLE DETAIL TO GO WITH THE COSTUME SHE HAS JUST TAKEN OFF, AS, FOR INSTANCE, IT MIGHT BE POSSIBLY—



A HAT?

AT THE PLAY.

"OLIVER CROMWELL" (HIS MAJESTY'S).

IT has been of late the custom in really superior circles to lift the questioning eyebrow at Mr. JOHN DRINKWATER. His new play comes timely to confirm his admirers in their allegiance, to prove *Abraham Lincoln* no mere lucky amateur sketch that "hit off" a great man. In this new mosaic of assured fact, reported words and ingenious conjecture, skilful in detail as in plan, a moving portrait of the great PROTECTOR is presented. One's English blood, especially if it have a faint "red" tinge to keep it sweet and lively, thrills to this pageant of the crisis of the long struggle for constitutional liberty. The real tribute to the author is the unflagging attention accorded by a large audience (assuredly not picked exclusively or even mainly from the politically-minded) to a presentation which was always kept at a level of high seriousness.

No doubt the professional historians will have something to say about it all. For myself I found that, when I questioned what seemed to me unlikely points, my reference books showed me there was better warrant for the author's view than for my own.

We don't, it is true, get any glimpse of that temper which flamed so dreadfully at Drogheda. The emphasis is on the great man's passion for freedom and ordered government, his respect for private conscience, his breadth of mind and understanding of an opponent's point of view, which were not too common attributes of men in that distant (or, for that matter, any) age.

We first see our hero in his Ely house, a kindly, bluff, provincial gentleman, with that queer streak in the character which leads to the zealous minding of other people's business and is considered so unpractical by the common man and so inconvenient by authority. The DUKE OF BEDFORD, with the King's warrant, is enclosing the common of the Ely folk. By a happy coincidence, arranged, I suspect, entirely by Mr. DRINKWATER, a Mr. *John Hampden* and a Mr. *Ireton* are present when the Duke's agents are being told exactly what a plain Huntingdonshire farmer thinks of enclosing Dukes and (if necessary) of encroaching Kings.

At St. Stephen's, Westminster, a scene beautifully contrived—and here let me add a sincere tribute to Mr. DRINKWATER's technical stagecraft as a producer, which was conspicuous throughout—the Remonstrance is being debated, and carried. A branded and maimed victim of the Star Chamber—he happens to be an Ely man!—is introduced and puts a new fire into *Oliver's* passion.

Next a scene in *Oliver's* house, after Edgehill, in which the tired Captain of Horse initiates his recruiting campaign. Then a tent on the eve of Naseby, *Fairfax* holding a perplexed council of war; much abuse of Parliament, anxiety as to the whereabouts of the great

ing, intrigue, and perhaps of haunting memories. The curtain falls on the hero characteristically praying.

A most inspiring essay in re-creative art. First-nighters' applause has little real significance, but the interest that is breathless and does not cough and rustle can't be simulated. That compliment was paid to a fine piece of work finely presented.

Mr. HENRY AINLEY's *Oliver* seemed to me quite a brilliant *tour-de-force*; a make-up of extraordinary plausibility, a clear elocution for which we cannot be sufficiently grateful, and a resolute and almost completely successful suppression of the jerky mannerisms which have been growing of late, distinguished this capable performance.

I thought Mr. W. J. REA's *King Charles* an even finer achievement. There was a suggestive note of rich experience and of that divinity, here rather insolent, that doth hedge a king; beautiful elocution also and finely studied plausible characterisation. Mr. MILTON ROSMER put fire and passion into *Ireton*, and Mr. HARCOURT WILLIAMS, a little hampered by that over-impressive voice of his, was effective as *Hampden*. A prig this *Hampden*, by the way: was his original cut on that plan? Miss MARY O'FARRELL as *Oliver's* daughter, gave us a very charming picture of a Caroline gentlewoman. And Miss IRENE ROOKE's *Mrs. Cromwell* was a really exquisite performance; beauty of voice, gesture

and carriage, humour, pathos, dignity—I don't think it could have been bettered by any living actress. I doubt if it could have been equalled. And I suppose there was not one who did not take pleasure in Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN's delicate singing. T.

"Max" to his Picture-Agents.

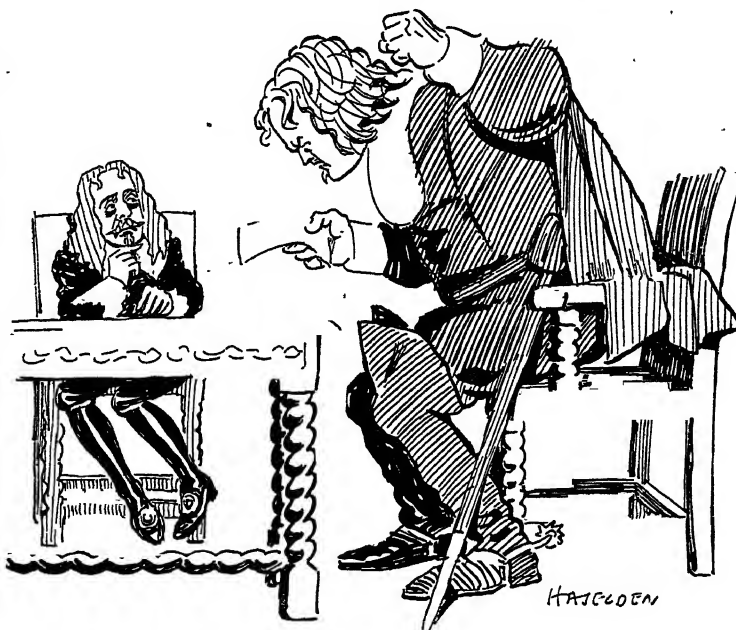
I never meant to be unkind;

In perfect loyalty I wrought it;
But, if you feel that way inclined,
Scrap it by all means; I don't mind,

Now that Sir GERALD's been and
bought it
(Of all our Actor-Knighthood none
Has got a subtler sense of fun).

At a Hurlingham polo-match:—

"Three chillings was the ordinary charge for admission."—*Daily Paper*.
A very seasonable price.



CHECKMATE.

Charles I. Mr. WILLIAM J. REA.
Oliver Cromwell Mr. HENRY AINLEY.

cavalry General, dust on the horizon, the Psalm-singing Ironsides riding into camp and the issue of the morrow's battle assured.

Thereafter an admirable scene with the King a prisoner at Hampton Court; *Cromwell* and *Ireton* offering peace on conditions none too hard; the interview broken by a dramatic disclosure of royal treachery.

A room in *Cromwell's* house near Whitehall. A roll of muffled drums, a moment's silence, a woman's scream, a hoarse crowd-murmur drowned by the drums of doom—and the divine right of kings has been finally challenged and the seed of many revolutions desperately sown.

A final scene of peace; *Mrs. Cromwell* a-dying; and a good-night visit from her distinguished son, now weighed down by long hard years of campaign-



Chorus. "ERE—LEGGO THE BAT; YOU'RE AHT!"

Batsman. "NO, I AIN'T—NOT AFORE THE UMPIRES IS AGREED ABAHT IT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A YOUNG and beautiful wife dropping her wedding-ring overboard on her way back from England to South Africa; a sympathetic (and single) male spectator of this eloquent fact; a brother-in-law waiting on the quay at Cape Town, hospitable but not entirely disinclined to hold the lady responsible for her matrimonial troubles—and the train is laid for one of those animated stories of Colonial life in which Miss F. E. MILLS YOUNG excels. It appears that *Petronel's* unpleasant husband, *Ernest*, is so like his twin-brother, *Edmund*, that, save for a limp and a gold tooth (the property of *Ernest*), no one can tell them apart. The twins, at the time of *Petronel's* marriage, constituted the firm of *Selwyn Brothers* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON); but the partnership had long ago been dissolved, and now the marriage promises to follow suit, *Petronel's* reluctance to give *Ernest's* mistress the status of a wife being gradually overborne by her wish to give *Alan Rutherford* (the spectator mentioned above) the standing of a husband. The plot thickens when the blameless *Edmund* starts intriguing to prevent the divorce of the guilty *Ernest*; and this mystery takes at least thirty thrilling chapters to clear it up. My one quarrel with the book is the unnecessary subtlety of its close. I cannot believe that either *Petronel* or *Rutherford* is sufficiently sensitized to react, in the manner suggested, to the light finally shed on the former's relations with both brothers.

Damaris Packe is thirty-two years old, and her blue eyes are set off by a face incongruously young and rosy in its

mist of silvery hair, which, we learn in more than one passage, went white at the early age of twenty-one. Thus does Miss RACHEL SWETE MACNAMARA cunningly present the attractive heroine of *Golden Dishes* (HURST AND BRACKETT), allotting to her a degree of maturity sufficient to make her popular with feminine readers, while sacrificing no more youthful beauty than she can help. Now and again she may look a trifle faded, but we know that the new silver-grey velvet tea-gown—neck and sleeves edged with fur—will soon transform her into a radiant being. For our author has a true woman's faith in clothes, and thoughtfully provided, early in the book, an old aunt who left *Damaris* all her money. But that led to trouble also, for she was engaged to a penniless journalist; and it is well known that no self-respecting Special Correspondent (in fiction) could endure the thought of marrying a girl with several thousands a year of her own. So *Ludlow Tempest* has the inevitable misunderstanding, and goes out to Italy for his paper, and letters go astray, and clumsy people intervene, and the reader is horribly afraid that the hero will somehow commit himself beyond redemption with the wrong girl. It is all rather machine-made stuff, but the ending has the real romantic thrill, and some of the women are well observed. The men may not be exactly what we like to think ourselves, but no doubt that is how even the best of us look to a discerning feminine eye.

There are two schools of American novelists, those who are all for action and either ignore psychology or just dab it in with an occasional well-directed stroke of the brush, and those who believe that a novelist should be something

between a biologist and a biographer, and assume, quite erroneously, that, if they can only make their characters real enough, they are bound to be interesting. I confess a preference for the former class; their yarns are often readable even when they are bad, while the psychobiographical novel is apt to be tedious even when it is good. Mr. WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY is a really fine writer. His psychology and observation are unimpeachable and his people seem to step right out of the canvas. Nevertheless *The Fog* (MELROSE) is on the dull side. Most of the characters are introduced to us at an early age, and not much is taken for granted thereafter. At page 123 *Nathan Forge* has just begun to earn four dollars a week. Later on, America gets into the War, and for a few hectic chapters there is action and to spare, not in Paris, Vt., but in Siberia. Then, in chapters heavy with sentiment, the young persons are an unconscionable time marrying and living happily ever afterwards. One of the female characters in *The Fog* calls the hero a "hick from a tank burg." Most of the people in the book are precisely that. Mr. PELLEY, who takes them all very seriously and never permits himself to be amused at their expense, has produced a novel of undoubted merit which few British readers will have the tenacity to finish.

I am inclined to think that Mr. A. J. ANDERSON has overdone the psycho-analytical detail of *The Soul Sifters* (HURST AND BLACKETT). True he allows *Jim Cardillian*, invalided home with "psychic trauma," five exhilarating chapters of courtship and hunting before hurling him back, by means of a refusal and an accident, into the slough of Freudian phenomena. But I could have done with a longer respite than the perversities of my author, his heroine and his hero's horse thought fit to allow me. *Molly Temple*, the heroine, only wants "asking properly" to accept *Jim* straight away. But, piqued by his apparent coldness, she enjoins him to forget he has ever proposed to her; and *Jim*, being still a trifle weak in the head, goes on forgetting it better and better every day. On top of this his horse throws him over a quarry, and he is carried to the house of an adventuress of sinister beauty. According to her diagnosis he is suffering from a suppressed passion for his dead mother; and she prepares with abandoned thoroughness to supply the hypothetical place of the late *Mrs. Cardillian*. Luckily *Jim* is enabled, under more disinterested medical advice, to recall his overtures to *Molly*, and everything ends as it should. A delightful married idyll runs through the book, but fugitively. Its development might well have taken the place of several pages of *Jim's* symptoms.

In Mr. COULSON KERNAHAN'S *Celebrities: Little Stories About Famous Folk* (HUTCHINSON) you get a glimpse first of a kindly, modest, tolerant fellow, with not too high a standard of what constitutes a celebrity. He puts himself

right with you from the start with some verses—to tell truth, not very accomplished verses, but very sincere—about his dead dog. A man who has that way with a dog is emphatically all right. Victorians will remember Mr. KERNAHAN as the author of an ubiquitous brochure, *God and the Ant*. He has made many distinguished friends among authors and others; was a New Vagabond; sat on the jury at the *Edwin Drood* trial before Mr. Justice CHESTERTON, the trial which Mr. BERNARD SHAW as foreman of the jury wrecked of vanity prepenne; and refused to be cajoled into the service of Lord NORTHCLIFFE, who had marked him down for a job. Mr. KERNAHAN has an odd habit of telling at great length intriguing stories of men of his time, only to end with the expressed conviction that there's not a word of truth in them. Certainly it's a method of bookmaking and, I am sure, quite ingenuous; there's no calculating contrivance about this honest author. Of all the yarns I liked best that of HAROLD PHILLIPS (brother of STEPHEN, the poet), whose made-up dress tie fell into his soup when

he was dining with the Duchess of ALBANY. Query: What should P. do?



Tailor (on a visit to seaside town). "BY JOVE! WHAT AN OPENING HERE FOR AN INVISIBLE MENDING SHOP."

portrait of the diarist is cleverly drawn, and we are also given several other characters who are really lifelike. Nobody, however, will ever persuade me that a mere girl, however modern, will talk about "home-made preserve." The War, with which this romance is intimately connected, introduced us to many new words, and swept away some of the old ones. But jam still remains jam.

Mr. ARTHUR KEYSER has lived a more varied life than falls to the lot of most of us, and in *Trifles and Travels* (MURRAY), his second volume of reminiscences, he writes about it with the utmost good-nature. If the stories that abound in his book are not always conspicuously brilliant, one may at least say that this defect is not due to their antiquity. He was in Spain during the War, and he writes of that country's difficulties with real sympathy and understanding. And his remarks upon Spanish politeness might profitably be broadcasted throughout the British Isles. Mr. KEYSER'S style is apt to be a little discursive, but many worse faults might have been forgiven in so genial a record.

"It is a peculiar thing, this lust of the Londoner for the country. He must saturate it three or four times a year."—*Scots Paper*. Well, he can't have had any difficulty this year.

The Ungrown-Ups (PUTNAM) suffers from a severe handicap. The tale is told in the form of a diary by a girl who, at the outset of the story, is just thirteen and a bad speller. But "RITA" is far too "literary" to imitate successfully the errors of a child. Her mistakes are exasperatingly artificial. When, however, the girl grows older and more educated the story is pleasantly and fluently told, and will provide many an honest heart with a legitimate excuse for emotion. The

CHARIVARIA.

MANY of the London Hotels arranged special gala programmes for Derby night. Unfortunately for us, the waiter whom we drew in the sweepstake never looked like being in the first three.

In view of the Derby taking place that day, last Wednesday's Lausanne deadlock was adjourned.

Writing in *The Daily Express* Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS tells us that the Derby was "a mournful, melancholy, humdrum, gloomy, introspective, morbid, neurasthenic Derby." Mr. DOUGLAS, we are told, backed the winner; otherwise he might have been tempted to depreciate the festal character of the occasion.

"I do not propose to write an autobiography," said Mr. ASQUITH last week. It is a great relief to know that it does not run in the family.

"The Government has been re-formed," says *The Liberal Magazine*, "by a re-shuffle of the whole set of drab mediocrities." We wonder if the Government knows this.

An American has invented a wireless hat. Mr. CHURCHILL has decided to ponder over the matter as soon as he has finished his correspondence with Mr. PRINGLE.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is said to be keenly interested in the radio home-set, but so far he has not been able to use his halo as an effective aerial.

The latest sporting decision is that in future all collectors of cigarette-pictures will be ordered off if they use the under-arm snatch.

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO, who was reported to be in France, has told a Rome newspaper correspondent that he couldn't be in two places at once. The fact that he recognises this human limitation rather suggests that he is losing his old-time touch.

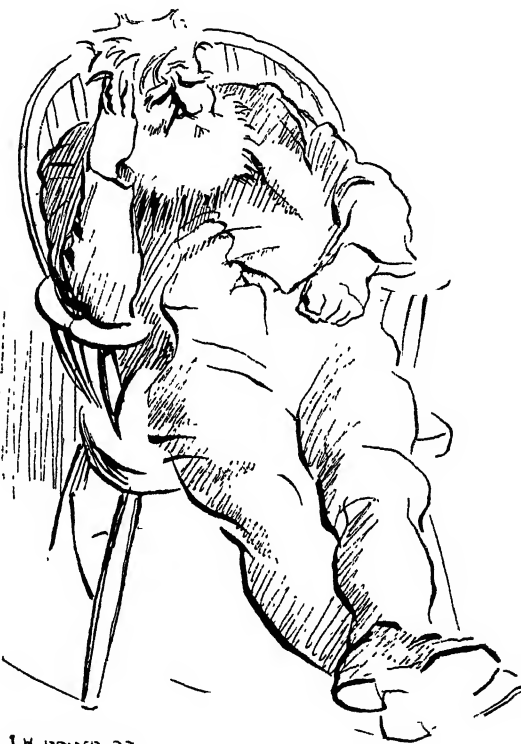
The Conference at Buxton the other day seemed to arrive at the conclusion that one half the Liberal Party doesn't know why the other half lives.

We gather from a contemporary that the founder of the *Ice Cream Journal*

was married recently. On the other hand the Sporting Editor of the *Muffin Perforators' Review* is still a bachelor.

According to Mr. CHERRY KEARTON animals have their own way of spreading news. A cat, for instance, always hastens to broadcast the tidings when stepped on.

The Marquis DE SANTACARA claims to have discovered a method by which human beings may be able to see through stone. Later it is possible that the general public may be able to see



J H BOWD. 23

MacTavish (after his first bet). "WEEL, WEEL, IT'S JUST A WEEK THE DAY SIN AW PIT NA SAXPENCE ON TOON GUAR-R-R-D."

through the Government's new Rent Act.

Glasgow is reported to have disposed of three hundred thousand bottles of Scotch whisky to America. One country's food is another country's medicine.

A squadron of American warships will visit the Clyde next month. Its object is, of course, to bottle the Glasgow whisky fleet in its base.

Two Blackpool men have travelled to London on roller skates. This is carrying the craze for small cars too far.

Owing to the enormous production of artificial silk the American *Drug*

Market Journal thinks the silkworm's job is in danger. In consequence of this very few silkworms are putting their sons into the business.

We think it is only fair to point out that DARWIN arrived at his conclusion about the descent of man from the ape long before the non-stop dancing mania was started.

Bull-fighting is not now so popular amongst English visitors to Spain. This is what comes of the sensation-loving Englishman saturating himself with the feverish atmosphere of County Cricket.

It is announced that four *Daily Mail* girl-farmers have arrived in Canada. Confidence is felt, however, in the ability of the Dominion to cope with the situation.

A large Gorgonzola cheese was found recently by a policeman in the main road at Finsbury Park. It is thought to be a homing cheese which became exhausted during the recent squally weather.

According to a weekly paper, "the new rule of allowing the closed fist has now been adopted by all English players of shove-ha'penny." We understand, however, that there is some anxiety as to what the attitude of Scotland, Wales and the Dominions will be.

We note that a Frenchman named PIERRE LABRIC holds the record for cycling downstairs. It is greatly to the discredit of Englishmen that they have allowed the foreigner to outclass them at this grand sport.

According to a fashion note in a Sunday paper, rubber bathing-shoes coming well to the ankle are this year *de rigueur* with the really smart bathing-dress. This obviates the risk of getting the feet wet.

We are glad to see that there was no truth whatever in the rumour that the Harrow pageant would include an Eton boy led in chains.

NOTE.—Mr. Punch regrets the irreverent tone—as it must have appeared—of a recent "Charivaria" paragraph which touched upon certain words in Welsh, of whose meaning he was ignorant.

DROPPING THE PILOT.

(In the Indian Council of State the Right Hon. S. S. SASTRI is reported to have said, "The Services belong to India, and it is not a question of fixing the proportion of Indians, but of allowing non-Indians [i.e. British] to enter on sufferance.")

LONG since, when Hind was all unvexed by laws
And SASTRI tarried in the womb of Time,
The Sahib championed her hapless cause
And fought her fight with cruelty and crime;
There, while the years ran on in endless chain,
Duty and faith impelled him to remain—
Because Home Rule, in theory sublime,
In practice seemed to harbour certain flaws.

So there he stayed amid the devil's dance
Of sun and sickness, famine and distress,
Careless of self if India made advance,

Conscious of good work's coronal—success;
He made an empire out of anarchy,
A kingdom where a chaos used to be—
And all the time he never seemed to guess
He only did these things "on sufferance."

Right Honourable Sir, that feckless elf
The Greeks called *ἄσπις* points the onward track;
But ere ye send all Sahibs to the shelf
Take very careful count of what ye lack;
Lest, when the mess is well and truly made,
Old times renewed recall the old brigade,
And Mongol or Mahratta hasten back—
On sufferance, of course—to help himself. H. B.

POINTS FOR BITERS.

I HAVE been pondering over an item of news that I found the other day tucked away in an insignificant column that is devoted chiefly to advertisements; it seems to me to merit a better fate. This is the gist of it. At the same London police-court, on the same day, two persons were sentenced by the same magistrate as follows: the first, for biting a tramcar conductor, to two months' hard labour; the second, for biting a policeman, to six weeks' hard labour.

The only reason that I can see for this invidious distinction is that there must be, in the minds of magistrates, a definite scale of assessment for biting purposes. That this is not based entirely upon social differences seems clear; for, though a tramcar-conductor is probably the social inferior of a policeman, yet his biting value is placed higher, namely, as eight weeks' hard labour is to six. Supposing, then, that we are suddenly seized with an irresistible craving to gnaw somebody who is neither a policeman nor a tramcar-conductor, how are we to estimate beforehand the penalty for which we are letting ourselves in?

It seems to me that the personal element has to be taken into account. To a magistrate, for instance, a policeman is a familiar object; he can, if the whim happens to take him, go out and bite rows and rows of them at a time, while they stand respectfully to attention. For anyone else to penetrate the purlieus of a police-court and do the same thing might seem presumptuous in the eyes of a magistrate, but would not be regarded by him as a very heinous offence. Six weeks' hard labour.

But a tramcar-conductor—that is a different matter. Nobody has any right to bite tramcar-conductors, except perhaps the Chairman of the L.C.C. Two months' hard labour.

The case is exactly the same as, let us say, that of an editor, who would be thoroughly scandalised—and rightly so—at the idea of anyone biting a plumber, but would not be greatly affected by the thought of a Spring poet being chewed with the utmost savagery.

On second thoughts perhaps that is not quite a fair parallel; a plumber would rank so much higher in the social scale, wouldn't he?

Well, then, if we wish to get at the biting value of the person whom we have it in mind to bite, we must take into account both his position in life and also, to some extent, the personal idiosyncracies of the magistrate before whom we shall make our bow the next morning. That is to say, if the magistrate happens to preserve game, it would be the mistake of a lifetime to choose a gamekeeper to vent your feelings on; his biting value in such a case could hardly be much less than ten years' hard labour.

In a general way, however, the higher the ordinary victim is in the social scale the greater his biting value must be; for it is clear that he gives a proportionate increase of satisfaction to the biter. Just think; for example, how very much more satisfying it would be to feel your teeth (if he has left you any) sinking into the tough hide of your dentist than merely to take a cursory snap at the organ-grinder outside your window. Therefore, in accordance with the eternal law of compensation, you should get off with a fortnight or so of hard labour for the latter, while your dentist should cost you twelve calendar months' hard labour.

Of course, if your nerve failed you at the moment of impact upon the dentist, it would still be possible to relieve your feelings in some degree by hurrying out and biting twenty-six organ-grinders instead. The penalty would be the same, and to people of grosser appetites the number might even prove more attractive.

But in a case like that, of quality *versus* quantity, the connoisseur would go for quality every time.

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

A NEW series of reprints contains the interesting item:—
Gulliver's Travels. By Benjamin Swift.

It is hoped that the series will ultimately include—

Pippa Passes. By Oscar Browning.

Lalla Rookh. By Frankfort Moore.

Noctes Ambrosianæ. By Woodrow Wilson.

Poems to Saccharissa. By Lewis Waller.

A Short History of the English People. By Plunkett Green.

Rejected Addresses. By the brothers F. E. and Harold Smith.

History of the Reformation. By Ronald Knox.

Rosalynde. By Oliver Lodge.

Leviathan. By John Oliver Hobbes.

The Broken Heart. By Henry Ford.

Tales of Terror and Wonder. By Kid Lewis.

The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. By Perceval Gibbon.

Elegy in a Country Churchyard. By Maxwell Gray.

Essay on the Human Understanding. By W. J. Locke.

Rasselas. By Jack Johnson.

The Cottar's Saturday Night. By John Burns.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"That often despised person, the democratic reader . . . may be innocent of big words from the Latin, like 'homologate.'"—*Weekly Paper.*

From a review:—

"Mr. — has not written a book for a nervous old lady to read alone in a house with a tramp looking in at the window."—*London Paper.*
We should be much interested to learn the writer's views as to the literary *genre* which is really appropriate to these circumstances. Something issued under the auspices of Messrs. CONSTABLE, we imagine.



AUTHORITY BEGINS AT HOME.

EUROPA. "I HAVE CALLED FOR A FRIENDLY TALK ABOUT PROHIBITION WITHIN THE THREE-MILE LIMIT."

PRESIDENT HARDING. "NOTHING DOING, MADAM. IN NO CIRCUMSTANCES CAN I ALTER MY PRESENT ATTITUDE."

THE GOAT. "I WONDER."

[On June 10th the new law prohibiting ships from carrying liquor within the three-mile limit came into operation. About the same time the New York State Legislature repealed its Prohibition Enforcement Act.]



House-agent. "MOREOVER, SIR, THIS HOUSE IS CONSIDERED TO HAVE THE MOST PERFECT LOGGIA IN THE COUNTY."

Profiteer. "WELL, IF WE TAKE THE PLACE 'E'LL 'AVE TO GO. WE'VE DONE WITH LODGERS."

A MUD CURE.

THE rain may have spoiled the rock-gardens; but anyhow it did one good thing: it cured James. Or at least the doctors say that there is every hope of his being cured now that he has taken the first step towards recovery.

His had been a most extraordinarily obstinate case. All his friends and relations had given him up; and even the Harley Street specialist said that it appeared to be an unusually malignant case of aposiopsis, or whatever the thing is called. That does not sound quite the right name; but, whatever its name was, James had it unusually malignantly. It means that, through failure to use a particular organ, you lose the power of using it altogether. James had lost the use of his tongue.

There is no doubt that poor old James had always been predisposed to such a disaster. Conversational agility had never been his strong suit. Indeed, even in pre-War days one fresh topic per month was about all the small-talk that he could manage. When the War came, he learned to talk about the War, and found it as a topic all-sufficing. James, in common with everybody else, came to the conclusion that the War would never end. He imagined that

there could never be any need to master any other topic.

The War did end; and James continued to talk about it. Presently, however, he found that his listeners were growing a little shy of his bellicose reminiscences, and the day came when a cousin (female) told him quite candidly that the War was no longer admitted to polite society as a topic of conversation. James, most modest of men, accepted the verdict instantly and went out of business as a talker. What else was he to do? At twenty-five he found himself too old to master another topic, and it was then that he sowed the first seeds of aposiopsis. In a year he had become an apparently hopeless sufferer, never opening his mouth except at meals, and then only for the purpose of admitting sustenance.

That is the early history of his disease, as the doctors say. Now we come to the day of his astounding cure.

James went to the Chelsea Flower Show in our party. He is fond of flowers. They were poor dumb creatures like himself, who would probably love to talk if only they knew how. Can't you see it in the faces of the pansies, how they itch to say a word or two about the people who pretend to know a pansy from a viola?

We had just emerged alive from the first tent when the thing happened. Sophia, gasping with relief at her escape from suffocation, suddenly switched her gasp to the shriller note of horror.

"Look at the mud!" she cried. "Have you ever seen such mud?"

The mud was certainly of an unusually choice variety: black, rich, slimy and ubiquitous. Carters were carting it away in carts, and small boys were wheeling it away in wheelbarrows. It swirled over our patent-leather shoes and splashed up the sides of our trouser-legs and dresses. We were all staring at the mud when suddenly there came a warning cry from Thomas.

"Look out there! James is going to speak."

Then we all stared at James.

His mouth opened slowly. His eyes bulged, and his cheeks took on a deeper crimson colour. We clustered in a circle round him, regardless of mud; and other people clustered round us. Everybody on the outside thought that in the centre there was some new and gorgeous rock-flower to be seen, perhaps a rock-pæony. James was rather like a pæony, one of those deep-red ones, very full blown.

Then he spoke. "Yes," he said.

We gasped, and the crowd, echoing

our gasp, pressed to obtain a nearer view. A policeman shouldered his way steadily from the outside towards the centre. In the remote distance came the tinkle of an ambulance bell.

"Isn't it dreadfully exciting?" whispered Emily. "I do wish I had brought my camera. It's like the opening of KING TUTANKH-AMEN's tomb." Emily is always a month or two behindhand with her topical allusions.

"Hush!" said Thomas. "He's going to speak again."

James spoke again. Only three words did he utter, but they showed clearly enough to our stricken consciences that the poor fellow's aposiopsis might have been cured months before if only someone had thought of the right cure.

"On the Somme," said James.

LATTER-DAY DINNERS.

OR; HOW TO MAKE EVEN PLAIN
FARE UNEDIFYING

(In humble imitation of the remorseless solemnity and deep note of reverent self-respect which characterise the writings of "The Saturday Review's" Gastronomic Critic, thereby distinguishing his work from the many gayer discourses on the Art of Dining).

At first hearing, the news did indeed present itself as something of a misfortune. Steak and kidney pudding suggested sustenance in the vulgar sense rather than an opportunity for the mature reflections of the epicure. However, the waiter was very firm in his assurance that all other dishes were "off"; and since even sustenance has its place in the scheme of things we consented to place ourselves in the hands of the management.

Our amiability did not go altogether unrewarded. The art of dining is to some extent a matter of anticipation, and by no method is anticipation more greatly heightened than by the carrying out of some final culinary process in view of the diner. This we explained to our waiter, and, touched perhaps by the gravity of our bearing, he consented to serve the pudding from the pan at our table. It is to be feared that this refinement was a new thing to him. It was more by luck than good management that, in removing the cloth from the basin, he avoided both scalding his own fingers (which one could have tolerated) and the much more serious calamity of letting the boiling water assault the rich and unctuous fabric of the pudding's actual circumference. As it was, both the minor and the major calamity were spared us, and without loss of shape or texture the complete edifice was safely transferred to the plate.

Though of sallow complexion such a



First Lady. "SO GLAD I'VE MET YOU HERE. I HOPE YOU'LL FORGIVE THE SHORT NOTICE AND LUNCH WITH ME TO-MORROW?"

Second Lady (equal to the occasion). "THANKS; I'M LUNCHING WITH LADY WESSEX."

First Lady. "REALLY! WELL, IF YOU CAN GO EARLY SHE MIGHT BRING YOU ON WHEN SHE COMES TO ME."

pudding is not without its appeal to the eye of the epicure, and we confess that for a moment or two we were content to admire its bland outline, freely swathed in the generous but impalpable sauce of its own steam. Around its base there now began to creep from the interior the mingled juices of the contents in a gravy which, though perhaps a little too profuse for perfection, yet gave indications that there had been no attempt to economise in the basic ingredients of this well-known dish.

On severing our pudding with a sudden bold stroke we encountered the disappointment for which we had in some degree prepared ourselves. The released aroma, though fragrant, betrayed just that lack of final unctuousness and distinction which we had anticipated. It was an absence which revealed to the expert the fact that the

animal that had supplied the savoury essentials of our dish had not been slaughtered according to the Patagonian method of smothering it to death in a pit of ensilage. When will our English cooks realise that by this method alone can be preserved the full but delicate flavour of the ox? Another way of achieving a really distinguished pudding is, of course, to substitute for beef the flesh of the Siberian mammoth, as prepared by the *mishkavars* of the *babool* districts. (Will correspondents who desire this recipe kindly note that the usual coupon must be enclosed with all inquiries?)

With these observations borne in mind it may be admitted that the present pudding was, within its limits, a commendable production. We were favourably impressed in particular by the light-handed treatment ("unctu-

ous" has, unfortunately, already been used twice) of the surrounding paste. Given the methods ordinarily employed in this country for the securing of suet, it was indeed difficult to imagine that this item could have been bettered. (The unsurpassably ethereal suet employed by the natives of Papua in their celebrated cooking of a somewhat similar dish owes its peculiar qualities to the fact that the animal which supplies it is suspended by a rope from an overhanging precipice and then spun round until it succumbs from vertigo.)

In the matter of the potatoes which accompanied the dish, it was probably unwise to hope for much distinction. Yet the appeal of these well-known tubers when cooked, as they say, "in their jackets" is a blunt one, and we confess without shame that in the case of such elemental things as potatoes we are all for a compensating subtlety of presentation. However, on inquiring for *pommes de terre surprise*—wherein the potato, scooped out to the thinness of shells, is cunningly refilled with a mixture of *foie gras*, caviare and green tea-leaves, moistened with *fine Champagne*—we were somewhat curtly informed by the waiter that this delicacy was also "off" . . .

"THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.
1240th Performance.
Frederick Ranalow as
Macbeth."

Advt. in London Paper.

What we should really like to know is who's going to play *Polly Peachum* in the next revival of *Hamlet*?

Nomen, Omen.

[MR. JAMES WHALE is the stage director of *Father Noah* at the Savoy Theatre.]

MR. WHALE is producing a play on the Ark,

But his *opus* will find its *corona*
As soon as he's given *carte blanche* to
embark

On the further production of *Jonah*.

"On the French stage Sarah Bernhardt (sometimes called 'the Diving Sarah') had no equal."—*Fiji Paper*.

We had always understood that she made a bit of a splash.

BETTOR AND BETTOR.

THE first impression that I received at this year's Derby was that the mortality among grandmothers was on the increase. The second was that backing horses has become the leading British industry. Where a few years ago there were booths on the hill and side-shows and fun, there are now incitements to betting, and little else. Bookmakers were everywhere on Wednesday, almost in their thousands—quite thousands with the tipsters added—and I think

"Why?"

"It's the only grey horse, and I fancy greys. What have you done?"

"I've got something on Apron."

"Apron! But isn't that an outsider?"

"Yes; but aprons are usually in front."

"Ah, I see."

People who bet may be the mugs they are alleged to be, but there is this to be said for them, they can be capable of much more fancy in determining their choice of horses than they display

over ordinary matters. Quite stodgy people think of the most fantastic things. A man I know who doesn't in the least suggest poetry said that he had opened his *Shakespeare* the night before the Derby and had come on the line—

"The primrose path of dalliance."

"There you are," he said (this was before the race): "a perfect forecast. Ellangowan 1, Parth 2, Safety First 3."

"I can follow you with Ellangowan," I said, "and I suppose we must allow Parth for 'path.' But why Safety First?"

"Dalliance," he said. "It belongs to Mr. WHITE of Daly's. 'Dalliance' suggests Daly's."

"Yes," I said. "But dalliance is hardly a virtue in a race."

"That's not the point," he replied, a little testily.

Anyway, he got something out of his bet, for Parth was placed.

Which reminds me that another man that I know backed a certain horse because on the Tuesday he found himself in a Mayfair street strange to him with a very attractive house in it. The number of the house was 6, and the name of the street turned out to be Derby Street; and so he put some money on No. 6 on the race-card, which was Parth at 33 to 1. Idiotic, may be, but better information than the bulk of the Majors and Captains in the newspapers (who are the bookmakers' best friends) had to offer, anyway!

This gambler belongs to what may be called the signs and portents brigade. And then there is the mascot brigade. I met separately three men, all up from



AT THE DERBY.—I.

THE LITTLE BOYS, PACKED BY THE DOZEN INTO TAXIS, ARRIVE FROM THE WEIGHING-ROOM.

that Tattersall's enclosure, too, had more of them than ever before; perhaps because the M.P.s were among them, taking notes (but I don't mean the kind of notes that you mean).

And the only conversation that one overheard anywhere and everywhere was about betting. Thus, in the paddock:—

"What have you done?"

"Oh, I've done Ellangowan."

"Why?"

"I fancied it. I saw Lord ROSEBURY's name on his private box and noticed that he had Number 1. That's a tip, isn't it?"

And in a corner of the grand stand:—

"What have you done?"

"I've done Legality."



AT THE DERBY.—II.

Ingenuous Maiden (gazing at the Police mounts). "I WONDER WHICH IS THE FAVOURITE."

the country for the Derby, who were childishly satisfied (this again was before the race) with the bets they had made, and all for the same reason.

"What have you backed?" I asked the first.

"I've backed Town Guard," he said. "And I feel perfectly sure about it too. Several things have happened all pointing that way. For instance, late last night two men were talking outside my door, and one said at the top of his voice, 'Town Guard can't lose!' 'Town Guard can't lose!'—that's what he said. So I went to sleep quite happy. But the best guarantee is this"—and he pulled out a tiny object from his waistcoat pocket—"this black cat a paper-boy gave me for luck—and you know how lucky black cats are. Well, he gave it me out of a clear sky. For nothing."

"But you bought a paper from him, I suppose?" I said.

"Yes."

"And you gave him something extra?"
"I may have done. All the same it's lucky."

"What have you done?" I asked the second.

"I've done Knockando each way," he said. "And I rather fancy I've been wise. I know what people are saying about the others—Papyrus, for example, and Pharos and Town Guard—but I'm not going to alter. I might have a bit more on, but I shan't alter. And I'll tell you why. I was walking up Savile Row last evening just after I'd made my bet when I heard someone running after me. It was a paper-boy. 'This belongs to you,' he said, and he gave me a little black cat. It's here in my pocket. Now wasn't that extraordinary? A total stranger."

"And then I ran into my third friend. 'What are you doing?' I asked.

"I'm doing Doric," he said. "It's a great tip in our village. A Tracery colt too. I feel very confident about

it; and I'll tell you a rather curious story. I was in the Haymarket yesterday afternoon and I stopped to buy a paper. Now you know what these paper-boys are as a rule—rather rough-and-ready, not the kind that gives things away. But would you believe it, this boy said, 'Excuse me a minute, Sir; I've got something rather special for you. To bring you luck at the Derby.' And he gave me this perfectly delightful thing."

He produced from his waistcoat pocket a tiny black cat.

"So I feel I'm all right," he went on. "I might perhaps put a little on to another horse or two just for fun, but Doric is my long suit."

He replaced the cat tenderly in his pocket. The pocket next his heart.

"What about Papyrus?" I asked. "I'm told it has more than a good chance."

"No," he said. "Any horse but that. How could DONOGHUE win three years running?"

E. V. L.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

XXVI.—THE GLADIATORS.

I took George, in malice, to one of the leading Lawn Tennis Tournaments in the London area. In malice, because George holds a brief (inherited from his uncle) in the tedious case of Cricket v. Lawn-Tennis, and cannot admire Cricket without continually picking the other to pieces. Personally, I play both with restrained pleasure and no ordinary skill; and I prefer to live and let live in the matter, provided no one chooses the day when I field at silly point to discuss the glories of the national game.

It was a very important meeting indeed. The Men's Singles carry the Championship of the South-East Midlands, and the winners of the Men's Doubles have their names inscribed on the Jerningham Vase—indeed, if they win ten years running, they carry off the whole cup. Many first-rate English and foreign players compete there in preparation for Wimbledon; and you will get some idea of the quality of the play when I tell you that every other competitor wears a long white "blanket" coat.

Yet it is a thoroughly "democratic" gathering. I was told that there was everything from a Duchess to a housemaid in the list; and mixed up with tennis celebrities like Mr. Gip Wallace and Mrs. Lethaby Tarr were quite ordinary triflers in common sheet coats.

With some awe we watched these two having a "knock up" before a match. Two or three rows of spectators sat admiring behind the green canvas fence, and remarked at intervals that Mrs. Lethaby Tarr was looking older than ever.

This (if true) is not surprising. George's uncle used to speak of lawn-tennis as a soft effeminate game. But I have never yet seen a lady tennis-champion who showed the least trace of effeminacy. They lead hard lives, and they show it. From Wimbledon to Eastbourne, from Eastbourne to Bournemouth, and so to Scarborough, to Harrogate, to Frinton-on-Sea, to Felixstowe, to Folkestone—all the long summer the stern quest goes on. Then comes autumn, and, devoted still, they follow the sun to the South—Cannes, Nice, Mentone, Monte Carlo. And scarce is the gruelling strain of the Riviera winter at an end when they

must be back in Paris for the Hard-court Championships, calling at Prague, maybe, for the Czecho-Slovakian Spring Meeting, or dropping in at Brussels to take a cup or two off the Belgians.

And so home, and the year begins in earnest at Dulwich or Surbiton. Two months' stiff work, and Wimbledon is round again. From Wimbledon to Eastbourne, from Eastbourne to . . .

Still, it is a free country, and any lady may grow wizened, lined and tanned in the pursuit of glory without a word of protest from me. As for the men, they look more weather-beaten than the average mariner; and what can be

But I doubt if George discovered much tenderness or sentiment at that tournament, or even that "pretty-pretty" element which is supposed to belong to lawn-tennis. It was a grim business. A bitter summer day, with a fresh north-easter blowing; and the hair of the lady-players was tied to their heads with strong linen bands, or fastened down with nets. And the more angular and elderly wore skirts down (or up) to the knees, and their long white legs flashed in the gloom, spattered with mud. And their noses were blue with cold, and they smote the ball with set faces of agony and despair, as

if every stroke might be their last. And they leaped and slithered, careless of appearances, so long as they could keep the ball, and the circulation, going. And photographers knelt shivering at the side, waiting for a lady to fall down or jump hideously into the air.

And all the time officials bawled through megaphones, "WHERE IS MISS MUTTON?" LORD WILLIAM SPRATT!—MISS MUTTON!"—"ARISTIDES!"—"LORD WILLIAM SPRATT!—MISS MUTTON!"—"ARISTIDES!" And, Miss Mutton not arriving, these men grew very wild and snappy, and spoke crossly to women: women who had gone away to lunch without permission, and women whose partners could not be found, and women who had kept Gip Wallace waiting, and women who refused to umpire on the ground that they were short-sighted.

And the spectators, huddled in overcoats, glued their eyes to the ball, their heads going backwards and forwards like clockwork dolls,



"CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE."

THE PETT OF LAMBETH.

nobler than that? Nay, they have something of the same simplicity. I liked the unaffected modesty of Gip Wallace as he removed his blanket-coat, and selected one of three racquets, and banded a ball or two across the net, and glanced nervously at the audience as if half-afraid that someone would be watching him, and put on his blanket-coat again, and exchanged a word or two of chaff with M. Tik, the well-known Dalmatian player, and shouted boyishly to the Secretary to expedite his opponents, oblivious apparently of the fifty ladies who sat at hand. There is something very charming in the unconscious showing-off of a well-built British youth.

wasting no time on the irrelevant conversation which you hear at cricket-matches. The game's the thing.

"I wish I'd gone to Lord's," growled George at last.

"Why?"

"Because it's a better game."

"As a social function," I replied, hoping for a rise, "as an occasion of companionship and beauty, cricket has no equal, I admit. But you'd hardly describe it as a good game?"

George opened his mouth, but did not bite.

"Look at the time it takes," I went on; "look at the standing about, look at the sitting about! And when you've done this for three days, as often as

not you're no further than you were before."

"It's a manlier game," said George, as I expected. "For one thing it's played with a hard ball."

"You mean it may be dull, as a whole, but at any moment you may be knocked on the head? Long periods of intense boredom varied by moments of intense fear? Like the War?"

"That's about it," said George sulkily. "You've got to stand up to fast bowlers and all that."

"But, George," I said innocently, "there must be more in it than that. You can get that sort of thing out of crossing the Strand, or boxing, or even golf, or League Football. Of course they're very much alike, really, aren't they?" I added wickedly.

"What are alike?" growled George. "County Cricket and League Football."

George saw red.

"My dear ass, there's not the smallest resemblance!"

"One's played entirely by professionals, and the other's played almost entirely by professionals. There is a difference, I suppose."

"I'd rather have a cricket pro. than one of these amateur tennis experts, any day," said George hotly.

"They do make rather a business of it, don't they?" I agreed. "But we were talking about the *game*, not the players."

"Well, I'm talking about the players," said George incautiously. "And what I say is"—(When George reaches the "What-I-say" state of mind a child can handle him)—"look at Lord's—the Varsity Match—Public School Cricket—and then look at this"

"You mean the greensward, the white flannels, the pretty ladies, the fine old trees—the sheer beauty of the thing?"

"Oh, well, if you like to put it like that," said George, a little shamefaced.

"In other words, as I said just now, cricket is a first-class social function, compact with sentiment and beauty?"

"Oh, shut up about beauty," said George snappily. "Yes, I daresay."

"And that's the real reason you admire the game so much," I went on. "Not because it encourages the team-spirit, and not because it's played with a hard ball?"

"Yep," said George, "I expect you're right."

"Then why can't you say so?"

"I dunno," said George. "Sounds a bit snobbish, I suppose."

"My boy," I said weightily, "it is better to be frankly snobbish than to deceive yourself with a lot of gup about hard balls."



"WHAT IS IT, EMILY?"

"COOK!"

"SHE HASN'T GIVEN NOTICE?"

"NO; BUT SHE WILL IF I DON'T PUT HER UP FOR THE TENNIS CLUB."

"I'm going home," said George shortly. "Just look at that feller!"

I looked. The man with the megaphone was yelling desperately, "MISS MUTTON! MISS MUTTON! LORD WILLIAM SPRATT!" Four wizened ladies were bounding about Court 2, their legs all angles, their unlovely locks straining at the nets. The crowd round Court 1 had doubled. Gip Wallace was again removing his blanket-coat. Cleverly he balanced a ball on the end of his racquet. He exchanged a word of chaff with M. Tik, the well-known Dalmatian player. . . .

"George," I said suddenly, "you're perfectly right; they ought to play tennis with a very, very hard ball." A. P. H.

NATURE RHYMES FOR NURSERIES.

FOX CUB.

You'll never taste a cockerel
If you neglect your sense of smell;
You'll never check a leveret's flight
If you neglect your sense of sight;
You'll never baffle wit of hound
If you don't know each inch of ground;
You'll never baffle wit of man
If you leave off where he began.
Come, little cub, pull up your socks
Or you will never be a fox.

"Proposals to erect Smelling Works."

Colombo Paper.

As a counterblast to "India's spicy breezes"?

SHOCKING TRAVESTIES.

XIII.—THE SOCIETY NOVEL.

THERE are several types in this kind of fiction, but one of the most popular is that in which the heroine is very lovely, wayward and indiscreet, and there is a hero (not necessarily the man who marries her), almost superhuman in his self-denial and magnanimity. Everybody in the book is very intimate with everybody else, and as they are all called by their Christian names and there are a great many of them, the reader gets rather confused in the middle. But there is almost certain to be a good straight melodramatic scene at the end. We shall call our story

*The Eleventh Commandment;
or, Bertram Intervenes.*

"And he made a covering for the tent of rams' skins dyed red, and a covering of badgers' skins above that."—*Exodus xxxvi. 19.*

So Sonia was coming to Garth. And she was going to be married to Bill. Hardly knowing what he did, Bertram leant his forehead against the cold marble of the smoking-room mantel-piece and kicked his left leg with his right shoe. In the billiard-room he could hear the monotonous clicking of the balls as Rupert played himself a hundred up for the sixth time in succession, while from the lawn outside came the short staccato bark of senseless laughter with which Basil greeted the holing of a four-inch putt on the clock golf links. A blight seemed to have fallen upon the house-party ever since the news came. Where was Rosalind? He did not know. Writing out the dinner menu, it might be, on a slate in her bedroom, or going for a walk towards Boring with the wolf-hounds and the Pekinese.

Dick and Jane would be playing bumble puppy, and General Ponsonby most likely in the library. Half-mechanically he touched the bell.

"I am going out to feed the gold-fish," he said to the man. "Bring some bread-crumbs to the pond."

As he crossed the lawn he noticed almost unconsciously that part of the binding of Basil's putter had come undone. His head whirled. He could not escape from a feeling that he alone was alive, and that all the others, Dick, Basil, Rupert and the rest, were figments of a dream. The very house which he was leaving was a monstrous castle of cards which might collapse at

any moment. The expressionless manservant carrying the Wedgwood bowl upon the silver salver seemed a puppet of his imagination alone.

He sat down on the rustic seat, which had always, he remembered, been a little hard, and buried his head in his hands. Many men had been in love with Sonia at one time or other, and most of them at more, and now she was going to be married. She was going to be married to Bill—Bill Allardyce, whom he had promised Lady Allardyce ever since his privateschool days to guard and pro-



Sailor (obliging at a moment's notice). "MIDDLE AND LEG, PLEASE."

tect. He remembered the immemorial pride of the Allardyses, their seclusion from the world, Bill's complete innocence, his frank contempt for everything that was not quite playing the game.

Bill and Sonia. The semblance of her face, now mournful and pensive, now flushed with hectic excitement, seemed to rise from the pond in a sort of mist before him. He threw some bread-crumbs at it, and it went away. What was he going to say to her, to Bill, to Lady Allardyce, to any of them? More clearly than anything there stood out the picture of that night when, tired and frightened by the drunken revelry and *chemin de fer* in Rupert's rooms,

Sonia had crept round to his flat and asked to be taken in. He remembered how he had stroked her hair and she had straightened his tie. And then he had made her up a bed on his sofa and tucked her up for the night. . . .

Had he been a fool to insist next morning that they must be married at once to save her from any possible tarnish of scandal? He had not seen her since, except for that brief hurried ceremony at the registrar's office, for always his chivalry had insisted that there should be no obligation, no bond

between them. It had been enough for him to hope. Reluctantly enough, at the time, she had agreed. It had helped them, of course, that the registrar's office had been burnt down that night. No record existed save that which Sonia held. Yet somehow he had never imagined that she would marry again. His Sonia! How had she ever come to meet Bill? And how was it that, seeing him every day at White's, Bill had failed to tell him of their love?

The crunch of a footstep on the gravel path and the scent of a cigar aroused him from his meditations. It was General Ponsonby. He was discreet and kindly, a shrewd old man, a contemporary of his father. There could be no harm in putting the case hypothetically to him.

"What do you think, Sir," he said, making room on the garden seat, "about this engagement of Bill's?"

"There is a tide in the affairs of men," murmured the General, sitting down with considerable care and keeping the ash on his cigar.

"Supposing one is Bill's oldest friend and knows something about—against—something that Bill ought to know?"

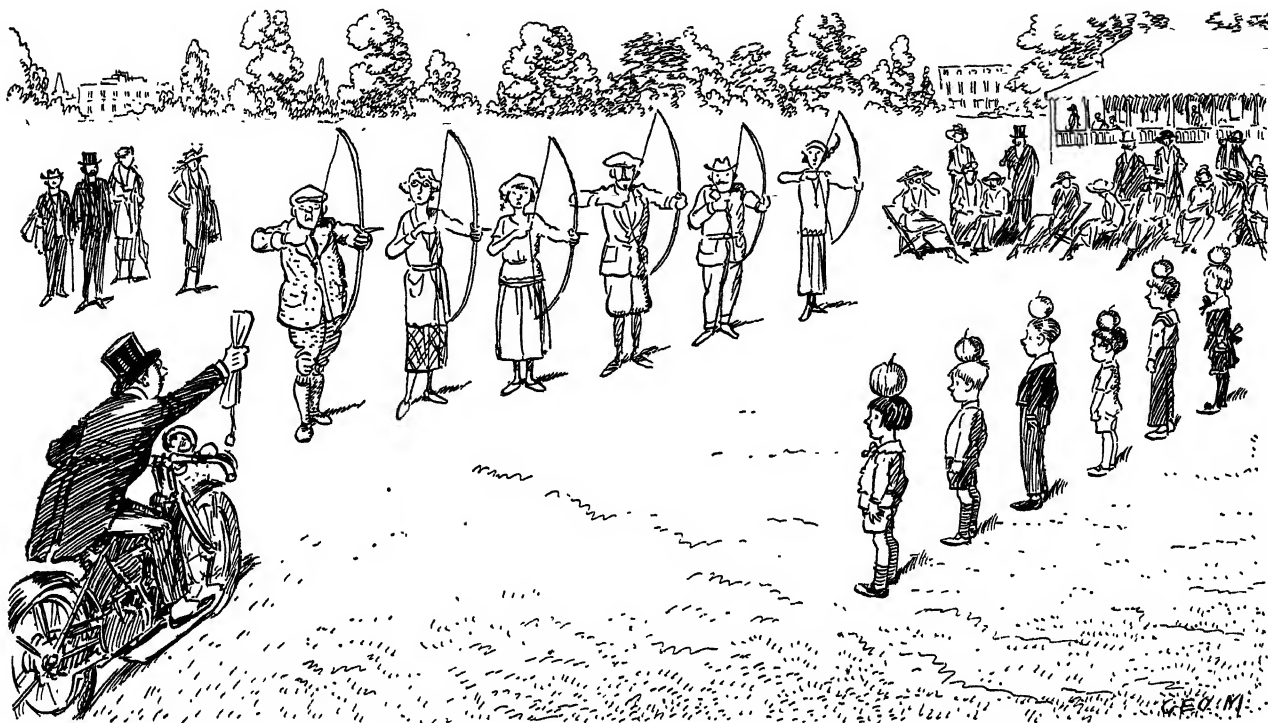
"The quality of mercy is not strained," said the old man solemnly. "Then you think that if she had already contracted . . ."

"It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night."

"But supposing . . ."

"Ay, ay! Antipholus, look strange and frown."

Bertram sighed. Obviously there was no help here. After all, there was the whole of the historical plays and *Cymbeline* to come yet. He rose from the seat and the General got up with him. As they moved from the shrubbery on to the lawn a burst of sunlight



UNDESIRABLE REVIVALS.

A DESPATCH-RIDER FROM THE HOME OFFICE ARRIVES IN TIME TO STOP THE "WILLIAM TELL" COMPETITION ORGANISED BY THE TOXOPHILITE SOCIETY.

flooded it, as though all the figures gathered there had been suddenly illuminated by the limelight of a stage.

Dick was whistling softly to himself. Jane was reading *The Illustrated London News*. Sonia was there, talking to Rosalind. Bill was saying something to Lady Allardyce. Basil was lying down studying the lie of a putt. Rupert was mixing cocktails at a small table under the upas-tree. Sir John Allardyce was blowing his nose. The whole atmosphere was tensely charged with electricity. To Bertram the sense of boding unreality grew almost oppressive. What was he going to say?

As they moved forward into the sunlight Sonia detached herself from the group on the lawn and came towards them. Her face was pale and she moved jerkily. Her bobbed hair, cut with a low fringe in front, gave her the appearance of a Dutch doll. Her dark eyes swam with tears.

In a moment the immensity of his love welled over him, and he knew that he could never tell. Then he realised that there was something worse, something beyond his power to help.

"What is it, Sonia?" he cried anxiously, as the General moved away, his lips framing slowly the line—

"Come, Sir, to dinner! Dromio, keep the gate!"

"It's all up, Bertram," she said, with a wan smile on her strained face. "They know."

"They can't possibly."

"They do. Rosalind has a cutting from *The Graphic*—a photograph with our names underneath, taken outside the office. Lady Allardyce knows. They all know. Look"—and her voice broke—"look at Bill."

Bertram looked at the group again. Rupert was still mixing cocktails; Basil beginning the back swing for his putt. Bill was sitting on the ground, with the face of a heart-broken man. Lady Allardyce had taken one of his hands and Rosalind the other. Sir John was holding a small piece of paper which fluttered in the light breeze. Dick and Jane had vanished into the rhododendrons.

"Sonia," he whispered, and the voice seemed to come from someone he did not know, "do you care for him so much? Couldn't you even now be happy with me?"

She shook her head.

"If I can't marry Bill, my dearest, there is nothing for it but the pond."

"It's only two feet deep," he said, with a desperate attempt to be cheerful. "I measured it just now."

And then suddenly the burden rolled itself away from his mind. He strode into the midst of the group and took the piece of paper from Sir John's trembling hand.

"I think some of us are under a slight misapprehension," he said, speaking gaily, "about this—er—this photograph. Sonia tells me that you think you recognise

"We simply recognise that Sonia is trying to commit bigamy, that is all," said Rosalind, looking at him with hard eyes.

"Pardon me, I think not," said Bertram coolly. "Let me read what is written underneath:—

"CUPID STILL BUSY.

"Mr. Bertram Rendall with his bride (Lady Sonia Carnwath) and friend, outside the Marylebone Registry Office."

"Well?" said Lady Allardyce in a voice of stone.

"Do you deny that you were there, Sir?" cried Sir John; and behind him came the hoarse bark of Basil as he holed the twelfth in one.

"And Sonia?" said Rosalind fiercely.

"We were both there," said Bertram, looking straight at her; "but the paper made a trifling mistake. Sonia was merely our witness. I married the friend."

"Sonia!" gasped Bill, getting up.

"The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries and fifes," murmured General Ponsonby, shaking hands with Sir John.

"Make it a Bronx, Rupert," said Bertram, turning sharply towards the upas-tree, "and be quick." EVON.

"This Freedom."

"Speaking of non-unionists, Mr. Hodges said they had come to the conclusion that the presence of non-unionists was a challenge to their progressive freedom, and they would compel them, in the interests of freedom, to join trade unions."—*Daily Paper*.



"HOW CLEVER OF YOU TO REMEMBER ME AFTER ALL THESE AGES!"

"OH, I KNEW YOU AT ONCE. I SAID TO SYLVIA, 'HERE COMES MRS. BROWNE IN HER BLACK-AND-WHITE FROCK.'"

THE ACCIDENT.

(Suggested by a SHEPPERSON picture.)

ONCE Clown and Harlequin
(Down-a-derry-down),
Tired with fooling in
Fine London Town,
Went out a-maying
As Art requires,
Went out a-playing
Sportsmen and squires.

See them for Surrey, then,
Quitting Town's coil,
Dressed like noblemen,
Lords of the soil;
Filled with the fever
Called holiday,
Tailcoat and beaver—
Pretty men they.

Wore they, genteel of taste,
Pants debonair,
Shapely, slimly chaste,
BRUMMEL's despair;
Guns long of barrel,
Ramrod and horn,
Matched their apparel,
Manfully borne.

Gallantly go they in
Gait nimbly nice,
Clown and Harlequin,
Modish, precise;
Till in a choral
Cope they began

Hearing the floral
Flutings of Pan.

Pheasants, in circumstance
Burnished and gay,
Cried, "Oh Ignorance,
Guns—and in May!"
Rabbits, rude drummers,
Scoffed, "Even so,
Who cares for mummers,
Maytime or no?"

Nymph through a thicket fled
Whiter than curd;
"Rabbit," the one said;
Tother, "A bird;"
Where shadows shifted,
Sunshine caressed,
Pieces were lifted,
Triggers were pressed.

Loud their pop-popping wakes
Echoes at noon;
Nymph, though unscathed, makes
Daintiest swoon;
Drooping so frailly,
Lowly laid,
Slenderly, palely,
In the green shade.

See them prank forward now,
Pride in their eyes,
But beneath the bough
Such a surprise!
"Dryad," one reckoned,
"Demme, too bad;"

"Naiad," saith second;
Both say, "'Tis sad."

Chafed they her hands till she
Found herself, but
Kept she impishly
Both eyes quite shut;
Wrung they hands over
Her all in vain;
Came, stars for cover,
Home once again.

Soon as their backs did turn,
Soon as they'd done,
Folk of copse and fern
Made woodland fun;
Pheasants choked finely;
Rude rabbits thumped;
Dimpling divinely
Nymph up jumped.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"I do not quote from it—you might as well
proffer a flake chipped from the Venus of Milo
as a sample of the work of that great sculptor."
Sunday Paper.

Or a steak from the heifer which he
carried round the stadium at Olympia.

"A reader reports the appearance of the
nightjar on Saturday (May 20th) . . . During
a long series of years my informant has never
noted him before May 14th, or later than
May 16th. This year he was ten days behind
time."—*Daily Paper.*

We are not surprised—except at the
arithmetic.



THE SECOND EFFORT.

GERMAN GOOSE. "IS THAT ANY BETTER?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 4th.—Times have changed since Mr. "BOBBIE" SPENCER made his historic joke, "Mr. SPEAKER, I am not an agricultural labourer." The general impression left on the mind by the debate on the Agricultural Rates Bill is that every Member of the House is an agriculturist of sorts. I suppose it is the result of the War-allotments.



"AS A FARMER."
SIR ALFRED MOND.

Still it was something of a shock to hear Sir ALFRED MOND, who is nothing if not urbane, announce that "as a farmer" he intended to oppose the Bill. His theory, and that of the Labour Members, who also opposed it to a man, was that the proposed relief in rates would not benefit the farmers, and still less the labourers, but would go into the pockets of the landlords.

As "another example of Liberal unity," Mr. GEORGE LAMBERT announced his intention of voting for the Bill, "the first gleam of agricultural sanity that has shone through this House for many years." Sir JOHN SIMON, on the contrary, declined to accept the Bill as a satisfactory solution of the agricultural problem; but his learned brother, Sir ERNEST POULOCK, doubted if he had any real knowledge of that problem, and challenged him to "set a row of peas."

Sir ROBERT SANDERS, who wound up the debate for the Government, has an advantage over most of his predecessors in the Ministry of Agriculture in that he really looks the part. In reply to "the stale charge" that all the benefit of the Bill would go to the landowners he pointed out that after the Act of 1896 rents did not rise, but wages did;

and he quizzed the Opposition by inquiring, *à propos* of the Unionist victory in the Berwick Division, whether they really thought that Mrs. PHILIPSON's twelve thousand supporters were all landlords. The Second Reading was carried by 286 to 127.

Tuesday, June 5th.—As an ordinary citizen I do not altogether share Lord BEAUCHAMP's objection to the possibility that special constables might be called upon to perform work in connection with an industrial dispute. Suppose there were a strike of stokers at an electric light works (the example he gave) I should be very glad to know that there were some hefty young specials ready to take their places and prevent my household from being plunged in darkness. Lord ONSLOW, however, always anxious to oblige, promised to



A BONNETFUL OF BEES.
LIEUT.-COMMANDER KENWORTHY.

make it clear in the regulations that a special constable should not be "required" to perform such work.

By virtue of his office the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE is the most encyclopædic of our Ministers. He confessed himself stumped, however, by Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY's demand for statistics of the quantity and value of the honey produced in the United Kingdom. No one, it appears, is in a position to state the average production of the British bee. The hon. and gallant Member should keep a careful watch on the activities of the large collection hived in his bonnet.

Novelists on the look-out for fresh names for their heroines might take a hint from the dye industry. Loud complaint was made because the Board of Trade has lately refused to permit the importation of "Rosazine B," "Rhodamine B" and "Indanthrene red."

Thirty years ago Lord WEMYSS (then Lord ELCHO) established and maintained a reputation as a Parliamentary humourist by his annual speeches for

or against the Derby adjournment. But Major BARNETT's well-meant attempt to recall the spirit of the past met with no success in this duller age. Even his plea that Members who would be called upon to revise the recommendations of the Betting Tax Committee ought to be given "access to original sources of information" did not move the PRIME MINISTER.

Wednesday, June 6th.—Not all the Peers were at Epsom with my Lords DERBY and WOOLVINGTON. Enough were left to pass the final stages of the Indemnity Bill. Before the Third Reading Viscount GREY moved his amendment, declaring that the Executive should require Parliamentary authority to arrest persons without bringing them to trial. Lord LONG thought the motion superfluous if it was merely intended to proclaim what every constitutionally-minded person already held, and mischievous if it should tie the hands of the Government in a grave emergency. But Lord SALISBURY considered it only right, when the Government were asking for an indemnity, to reaffirm those fundamental principles which by a legal accident they had infringed.

The Betting Committee set up by the Commons were paying an official visit



THE BETTING-TAX PROPOSAL.

MR. MORGAN JONES GIVES THE MATTER
HIS PERSONAL ATTENTION.

to the Derby in order to pursue their investigations *in situ*, and apparently a good many other Members had gone to keep an eye on them. Sir C. KINLOCK-COOKE was among the faithful few who remained. In the interests of his constituents he protested against the action of the Admiralty in providing special trains for sailors on leave, so that they had no time to make any purchases

before being rushed away. He got no sympathy from Commander EYRES-MONSELL, who apparently considered that the charms of Devonport, as of Glasgow, lay in "the facilities of getting away from it."

In moving the Second Reading of the Rent Restriction Bill, Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN observed that this was the last and the most difficult of the three important Bills he had introduced during his brief career as a Minister. Its object was gradually to extricate the country from the vicious circle in which a shortage of houses was followed by a rise in rents, a rise in rents by Government control, Government control by a further shortage, and so on *da capo*.

Mr. SIDNEY WEBB, who moved the rejection, annoyed "Comrade" KIRKWOOD (who had previously described the MINISTER OF HEALTH as "a stupid man") by admitting that some landlords were good—or at least better than others. But his remark that, "statistically considered, rural England is a tiny part of England," coupled with his description of the Bill as "an eight-spiked harrow" which would furnish "eight loopholes," suggests that his practical acquaintance with the "tiny part" is more peculiar than extensive.

The rumour that a party of Labour Members was observed at Epsom this afternoon must be without foundation. Else how could Mr. RHYS DAVIES have remarked on the fact that the Bill was being discussed "on the very day when the British aristocracy is masquerading in its luxury at the Derby races (*sic*)"?

Thursday, June 7th.—How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds makes deeds ill done! I wonder what the late SPEAKER of the Commons would have said to a Member who moved an Amendment to a Bill without having given notice. Yet, seduced by the easy-going methods of the Upper House, Lord ULLSWATER was guilty of this very crime, and was properly, but oh! so gently, rebuked therefor by Lord DONOUGHMORE. After due apology, Lord ULLSWATER moved his Amendment (designed to put the Cumberland fishermen on something more like equal terms with their hereditary competitors across the Solway), but could not induce the Government to accept it. "Again," he said reproachfully, "the Scotsman has got the better of the Englishman."

It looked like real self-sacrifice on the part of Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY to suggest to the PRIME MINISTER the placing of a time-limit on the speeches of Members, for, as Sir H. BRITAIN kindly pointed out, the hon. Member's own speeches one Session filled four hundred and thirty-four columns of the *Official*

Report or one hundred and eighteen more than those of any other Member. But apparently the gallant Member's objection is to the length and not to the frequency of speeches. Like the PRIME MINISTER, he observed complacently, he always set a good example in the matter of brevity.

The House filled up rapidly towards the end of Question-time, as if some notable declaration of policy were expected from the Government. But, as it turned out, the phenomenon was merely caused by curiosity to see the new Lady-Member take her seat. Mrs. PHILIPSON has in her time faced larger audiences, but never one more appreci-



THE GOVERNMENT STRONG MAN.
MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN.

ative than that which greeted her when she walked up the floor. Among many ejaculations (none of them hostile) was a remark variously heard as "Cheer up, National Liberals!" and "Cheer up, Nancy!"

But "Nancy," otherwise Lady ASTOR, did not require any cheering up. She beamed approval on her new colleague, and later on made a lively speech in support of the Rents Restriction Bill, and in praise of its author, "who has a heart as large as any hon. Member on the other side of the House and a head far better." The House preferred her view to the class-conscious criticisms of the Scots Labourites, summed up by Major PAGET as "the Glasgow Hymn of Hate."

The Egyptologist at Epsom.

There is no doubt that had TUTANKH-AMEN made a book it would have been on Papyrus.

THE LAST LEPRECHAUN.

It was a Spring day and the blackthorns were in flower, shaking down "Easter snow" when the wind blew. It was a day when you could believe anything possible. I did. When the south-west wind slapped me on the back and said "Hulloa!" I laughed and said "Hulloa!" too.

I was walking across a bog in a western corner of County Mayo. I mustn't tell you where, for it is the ideal spot for the greatest watering-place in the Dominions. If a millionaire knew of it he would develop it at once. He would bring a railway from Westport and make golf-links and a pier and rows of villa residences called Atlantic Terrace and Mountain View Avenue, and there would be pierrots and donkeys and bathing-boxes. When I'm a millionaire I'm going to develop it myself, but at present no one seems to know about it but the C.D.B. Inspector and his wife, the seagulls and certain rambling donkeys.

Loneliness stretches across miles of bog and miles of sand, and beyond that is the greater loneliness of the Atlantic. On this Spring day there was apparently no one on the whole earth but myself. But I was wrong; there was something small and green scrambling over the tussocks of grass in front of me. I thought it was a wounded frog, and I put my hands down and caught it. Then I saw that it was a tiny man in a green coat and knee-breeches and a top-hat. But he was wounded. One leg was tied up with grass, and he shrank when I touched him; so I sat down at once on a large tussock and let him rest on my knee.

I knew at once that I had caught a leprechaun—a "gracie," as they call him in some places. I knew too that, if I could keep my eyes upon him, he would have to lead me to his crock of gold. But somehow I forgot the gold; it was so pitiful to see the little wounded creature, and his eyes that looked at me so earnestly were very sad. He seemed so old and so young at the same time—which is quite possible, as you will know by examining a baby's face.

"You're hurt?" I said.

"I am so," he answered. "'Twas a taste of a shtone from the land-mine went off last night at the cross-roads. I was travellin' at the time when the shock of it shook me from my shtanding an' the divil of an old shplinter had me bet."

"Can I help you?" I asked. "I'll carry you where you like."

"Will you now, honey? It's not the wee crock of gold you're afther?"

I turned my face from him.

"You may disappear if you want," said I; "it's not the gold."

He laughed a queer little tinkle of a laugh.

"Ah, you've more nature in you than some," said he, "so let you carry me down to that rock for enist the sea. The wind is kind this day and I'll wait till Thimselves do send the boateen for me."

I carried him down to the rock and set him down carefully.

"May you not die till they can make your coffin from a gooseberry skin," he said politely. But I lingered, anxious to hear more.

"Will you be safe?" I asked. "Do your friends know where you are? And are you thinking of leaving Ireland?"

"I am so," he answered, nodding his head. "They're all gone but meself, an' barrin' the accident I'd be away this minyit. 'Tis no country now for fairies. They've no life in it at all these times. How would they dance with the country all broke up? Look-at now; the little pot of gold I had was blown up from in-under the butt of the old bridge where I had it hid these hundreds of years. Thimselves don't like it. There's no place safe from thim boys, tearin' an' rampagin' an' burnin' all around. The banshees is all gone out of it."

"I'm sorry," I said, even though life has now one fear the less.

"'Twas this way, honey. The old houses all being burnt down an' the rale old families all put out, the banshees has lost their employment to be keening at the deaths of anny that died. Why would they keen an' no one to hear thim an' say the civil word? So they took Thimselves off, an' they can't be blemt."

"And had you no work?" I asked.

"I had not. Thimselves had no heart for the dancing, an' sorra shoe did they ever wear out. 'Twould make you lonesome to be sitting there an' never a shoe to mend. But there's no heart in the country now. My grief upon thim foolish lads!"

He rocked himself to and fro till his little top-hat nearly fell into the sea.

"Where will you go?" I asked dismally, looking out to the distant islands of Clew Bay.

"To Tir-na-n-oge," he answered, "where you'll buy happiness for a penny, an' there's no one crabbed or cross, but pleasure and dancing in it all day. SAMUEL LOVER went there when he died. Poor man, he'd be heart-scalded to come back an' find *Handy Andy* a gunman; 'tis well he's there with Thimselves. And ALLINGHAM is there along with him, an' little *Brigit* that was lost, and all of them. 'Tis



Doctor. "I'M AFRAID I MUST CUT OUT YOUR—"

Patient. "NOT MY APPENDIX, DOCTOR?"

Doctor. "NO—YOUR APÉRITIF."

time I went. They'll never hear my hammer any more on bog or hillside. Let you tell thim they've driven the fairies out of Ireland."

At that moment I turned towards the land and saw a black dog slinking along. He limped with an injured hind-paw.

"Whose dog is that?" I asked.

The leprechaun shouted with joy.

"'Tis the pooka!" he cried. "Do you not know him, child? The fairy black dog. He's been hit with a bullet or the belt of a shtone, I'm thinking. Wait now till we see what he'll do."

The black dog crept up to the rock and the little man whispered in his ear. Then he turned to me.

"He'll swim to Tir-na-n-oge an' I'll go on his back," he shouted. "We're the last. Sorra a minyit we have to lose."

The black dog took to the water, the leprechaun perched on his neck. For long I watched them till they vanished in the West. I had seen the last of the fairies leaving Ireland.

That was a year ago. But things have changed; and now—who knows?—perhaps they will come back again.

"European Wants to Learn processes of match-making."—*Advt. in Indian Paper.* Perhaps some experienced mother of daughters will offer suggestions.

"Mr. C. H. Taylor, the Westminster Freshman, has been awarded his Blue by the Cambridge captain."—*Sporting Paper.*

A reprisal, no doubt, by Mr. ASHTON for the Oxford Captain's capture of Mr. SARAVANAMUTTU (see our last week's issue, p. 544).

RECENT CONCERTS.

(By a humble disciple of the Musical Critic of "The Morning Post.")

THE MATRON'S FUND.

FRIDAY'S Concert—the proceeds of which are devoted to the cure, by auto-suggestion, of the patients received at the Hospital for Musical Morons—introduced several new works of varied worth and significance. Foremost among these was Mr. Hamish McLurkins' "Tragic" overture, which has for its motto the lines:—

"There was an old man of the Dargle,
Who purchased six barrels of gargle."

Scored for a small orchestra, this engaging work, though perhaps too sombre in hue for general use, revealed the composer's inventiveness in illustrating the successive stages of the tragedy without unduly stressing the painful bronchial symptoms involved in the scheme. More cheerful in its implications, but less original in its thematic material, was the unpretending Rhapsody, "In Mannequin Land," by Mr. Ivo Struggles, a young composer of whom, if he is fortunate enough to gain a further hearing, it may be safely predicted that more will be heard.

The remaining items in the programme do not call for special mention, unless an exception be made in favour of two songs by Eno Salter, which, though hampered by the vagueness of their melodic curvature, indicated possibilities of a salutary evolution on the lines of sobriety and sanity. It remains to be added that Sir Wellcome Burroughes was in charge of the Royal Choral Society's Orchestra.

A NEW CONDUCTOR.

M. Pobeloff, who made his *début* at the Emperor's Hall on Monday, does not use a bâton, but, after the classic manner of HIPPOCLIDES, stands on his head and waves both legs with notable agility and dignity. Though M. Pobeloff's gestures are at first sight somewhat disconcerting, familiarity soon accustoms the eye to their intrinsic appropriateness. And yet for a perfect appreciation of his methods it would no doubt be better if the audience, as well as the conductor, could adopt an inverted posture.

In addition to directing spirited per-

formances of Quantock's Symphonic Variations on a Botulistic Theme, and Silas Stoot's "Jim-Jam Jazz" Fantasia, M. Pobeloff appeared as an executant in a Concerto of his own composition, in which the solo is assigned to the Shoe-horn, an instrument of a singularly ingratiating quality.

MR. TITUS QUELCH.

Though many exponents of modern pianism attempt Sandburg's "Beano" variations nowadays, very few of them have explored the proper avenues of approaching this exhilarating composition. But Mr. Quelch must be regarded as immune to this reproach. The casualties in his spirited interpretation were perhaps too numerous, but they were abundantly redeemed by the ex-

Pasht" from Percy Woglom's opera of *Nefretiti*. She was, however, less happily suited in songs in which the element of normalcy was more pronounced, since they depend for their adequate rendition on the command of a larger measure of the *suaviter in modo* than Miss Waley at present possesses. She was assisted by Miss Sallie Killick, Mr. Benjamin Bismuth, Madame Tabb-Lloyd—the syncopated contralto—Mr. Pummalo Duckworth (pianist) and Messrs. Murdstone and Pruffle (accompanists), whose collective efforts met with favourable acceptance from a sympathetic audience.

Mlle. Sonia Plovdiv, the Roumelian contralto, undoubtedly fortified the claim she has already made on the suffrages of the musical *élite* by her

tasteful performances at her second recital on Monday evening. Her intonation was frequently at fault; her phrasing lacked organic cohesion; as a *coloratura* singer she leaves much to be desired, and the enunciation of her words was so imperfect as to render it impossible to say whether she was singing in French, English or Roumelian. Otherwise her efforts were decidedly praiseworthy, and afforded a pleasing exhibition of temperamental individuality and a refreshing absence of that timidity by which British artists are too often restrained in their vocal ebullitions.



"WHAT DID I DO WRONG THEN, BOY?"

"PLEASE, ZUR, YOU NEVER 'IT 'N."

uberance with which the soloist eliminated the element of banal respectability. His belligerent beanfeasters were portrayed to the life, though the tone produced occasionally imposed a severe strain on the naked tympanum of the auditors.

He also played Bobolinsky's "Lime-light" sonata, a group of pieces by Prenk Bib Doda (the Albanian composer) and his own ingenious Fantasia on Ardengo Soffici's best-known book, *Bifszf + 18*, in which the realistic imitation of the typewriter was manipulated with remarkable hardihood.

RECITALS.

Miss Catalina Waley, who gave a concert at the Klaxon Hall on Wednesday night, is a high soprano of the *Astispumante* type, revealing in the upper register a peculiar feline timbre which justified her including the "Song of

A voice of ample sonority and unimpeded emergence from the laryngeal cavities imparted vitality to Miss Messalina Timmins's singing at the Einsteinway Hall on Tuesday, but the vitality was material rather than spiritual. A consistent adhesion to the same tone-quality and mental mood detracted from the elasticity desirable in a programme which ranged from the lapidary rigours of BACH to the iridescent cachinnations of Sigismund Bopp. It was only fortuitous when a song transpired that lent itself to the inflexible urge of her constitutional forthrightness and the somewhat glutinous *timbre* of her opulent contralto. The unobtrusive assistance rendered by the accompanist, Mr. Sacha Porbeagle, deserves a meed of grateful recognition. The mixed parentage suggested by his impressive name is happily reflected in the light and shade of his digital equipment.



Owner of the car (recovering consciousness). "IT'S ALL RIGHT, YOU FELLOWS, YOU CAN PICK OUT HERE WITHOUT PENALTY."

LOVE CHUCKED OUT.

[“The London County Council proposes to move the Shaftesbury Memorial Fountain from Piccadilly Circus.”—*Daily Paper*.]

Eros, God of Love,
And of Piccadilly,
Deftly poised above
Baskets full of gilly-
Flowers and mignonette,
Scented stocks and roses,
Violets dewy wet
For patrician noses—

There you stand, you knave,
Like a guard on duty,
Puncturing the brave,
Getting home on beauty;
When your arrows fly
And your bow-string twangles
Lovers stop to buy
Bouquets, scent and bangles

For some gentle maid,
And the tongue-tied hero
Courts her in the shade
Of the Trocadero,
While impoverished Earls,
Belted like Orions,
Woo distracting girls
At the Maison Lyons.

None elude your aim—
All the poets say so;
Lesbos' love-sick dame,
P. OVIDIUS NASO,
And a hundred more
Say there's ne'er a marrow
But succumbs before
Your invading arrow.

Still, you've met your match
County Council codgers,
Chaps you'd never catch,
Real old stuffy stodgers,
Say you must depart,
You who, willy nilly,
Pink us in the heart,
Out of Piccadilly.

All this love, they say,
A preposterous fuss is,
Therefore hence, make way
For the motor-buses;
Up to Rotten Row
Or towards the river
Get you with your bow
And your foolish quiver.

We shall miss you, boy,
From the Hub of Pleasure,
And, when maids are coy
And we have the leisure,

Down to Belgrave Square,
Or where'er your site is,
We'll conduct our fair
Claribels and Clyties.

There, to ease the smart
Of a true believer,
Kindly plant a dart
In each fair deceiver;
And 'twill little skill,
Where the graybeards poke you;
Londoners will still
Seek you and invoke you.

ALGOL.

Our Candid Advertisers.

“Nursery Governess, gentlewoman; three children; no living with family.”
Advt. in Daily Paper.

Declaration by the new Member for Berwick:—

“I am standing simply and solely to keep the seat warm for my husband.”
Sunday Paper.

It seems an odd method.

From an article on “Telling Your Character”:—

“Black eyes denote passion and vehemence.”
Provincial Paper.

Usually on the part of the other fellow.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE OUTSIDER" (ST. JAMES'S).

BECAUSE he practised surgery of a sort without having taken a diploma, *Anton Ragatzky* was naturally regarded by the profession as an unqualified outsider. But he was that in another sense, being in fact, when we first meet him, an unmitigated bounder; so that, although we might have been pleased to see him cure the incurable and thus defeat the rather stuffy lot of distinguished surgeons who refused to give him recognition, we were put off at the start by his mountebank manners, his itch for "advertisement," and his blatant belief in himself.

In the course of an attempt to establish his popularity—and incidentally to take revenge on the professional experts—by curing the crippled daughter of the great surgeon, *Jasper Sturdee, M.S.*, he becomes more tolerable under the influence of her beauty; but the author contrives to leave his motives obscure, and to the last we are in doubt as to whether he wanted to heal her for her own sake, that she might win the love of the man of her choice, or to serve his personal ends. Anyhow, the interest we took in the result of his experiment was not due to sympathy with him, but largely to our concern for the welfare of his very attractive patient. In view of the title of the play, I doubt if this was the author's intention; but then I also doubt if Miss DOROTHY BRANDON had any definite intention at all in her main scheme; certainly she does not appear to have taken sides in the match between the outsider and the regulars, for she allows them to finish all square.

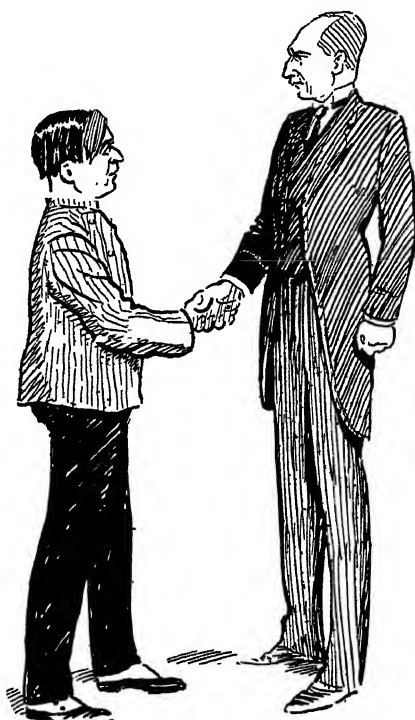
Though the excitement is maintained up to the eighteenth green, far the best part of the play comes in the Second Act, before the match begins and while a fierce struggle is going on about the preliminaries. Here the character of *Lalage Sturdee* is revealed with that devastating candour which is the privilege of the woman-writer when she analyses her own sex. At first you may think that *Lalage* is pure spirit; angelically resigned to her deformity and finding solace for her loss of common human joys in the ethereal pursuit of Art and in the devotion of the lover whose words she sets to music. Now you learn from her own lips that she is no angel, but a creature of earth, with a marked instinct for passion. From her knowledge of life (which must have been strictly limited) she is convinced that men habitually marry women for their bodies and not their souls. Will any man desire her crippled body?

She admits (not too consistently)

that she has known men who would marry her; but she suspects that it would be from pity and not from passion; and it is passion that she craves.

This is a change from the hallowed type of woman that wants to be loved for the beauty of its mind or soul, and condemns the brutality that prefers physical to spiritual attractions. *Lalage* is prepared to suffer any torture of the rack if she can only get her body healed and so secure the lover who now stops short on the platonic side of passion.

These revelations she makes in the presence of her father and his fellow-



THE OUTSIDER AND THE INSIDER;
OR, HANDS ACROSS THE PALE.

Anton Ragatzky . . . MR. LESLIE FABER.
Jasper Sturdee, M.S. MR. DAWSON MILWARD.

surgeons, frankly protesting that she can afford to bare her soul before men who are inured to the spectacle of nakedness.

Miss ISOBEL ELSOM has always had exceptional charm, but in this scene she showed an unsuspected strength. I could have wished that her rare combination of beauty and intelligence had not been wasted on so indifferent an object; for *Basil Owen* (MR. EVAN THOMAS), her lover and "librettist" (as I thought I heard him describe himself), failed to convince me that his attractions were adequate. True, he was never meant to be much of a hero; but all the more need to account, by some compensating seductiveness, for the hold that he had on *Lalage's* affec-

tions. The best to be said of him was that he made it abundantly clear that marriage with her was conditional on her being cured, so that the rest of her body should be made as satisfactory as her face. If this was the only cause of the fascination he had for her she must have been easily pleased.

MR. LESLIE FABER worked hard and honestly at a very difficult job, making the character and motives of *Ragatzky* as credible as the author would let him. As *Jasper Sturdee* (who was not the stage-villain that his Christian name implied) MR. DAWSON MILWARD exhibited, to begin with, the right professional hardness of heart in his contempt for "bloodless surgery," but ultimately conquered our sympathies by giving proof of an emotional humanity only just compatible with the correct dignity of this actor's familiar comportment.

As for the dialogue of the Honorary Staff of St. Martha's Hospital in the First Act, though I have never assisted at a symposium of the profession, I am confident that no men—not even knighted surgeons—talk like that.

Miss BRANDON's play relies upon two things—the self-exposure of *Lalage's* soul and the speculative interest excited by the attempt to cure her body. The second of these two attractions—for those (if any) who read the press-notices—loses its value after the first night; the other, if the game of auto-analysis is not too *vieux jeu*, may, with Miss ELSOM's interpretation to revive its piquancy, suffice to ensure a moderate success. O. S.

"THE LILIES OF THE FIELD"
(AMBASSADORS).

A man who can make new jokes that are quite decent, in both senses, about mothers-in-law and a clergyman's twins, deserves well of the Republic. Of course MR. JOHN HASTINGS TURNER has done more than this. He is the successful author of some of the more coherent and least banal revues, wherein his engaging little playlets have formed the pleasantest part of the programme.

When the curtain dropped on the First Act of *The Lilies of the Field* I had a horrible feeling that the Second and Third Acts could not possibly be worthy of it. It was positively brilliant—ingenious, witty, original, intriguing, fantastic. I stole a glance at the face of one of the more sardonic and austere, not to say truculent, of my colleagues, to find it actually beaming. Alas! my forebodings were not altogether without warrant. There were *longueurs* of the most distressing in the Second Act; things were said twice and thrice, and the key changed from the light fantas-

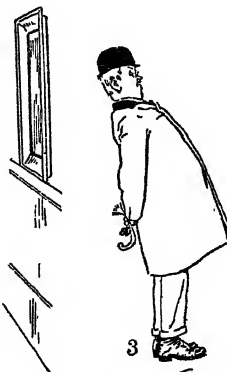
ART AND PHYSICAL TRAINING.



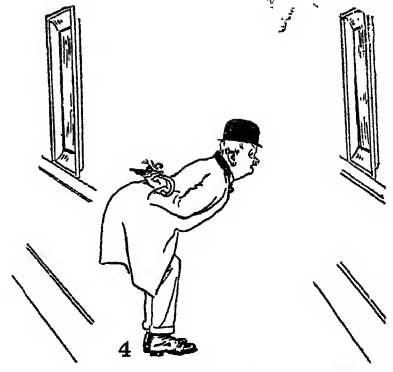
POSITION 1



2



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10



11



12



13



14



15



16 RESUME POSITION 1
FOR NEXT PICTURE.

tic to the heavily sentimental with a bang. However the situation was brilliantly retrieved in the Third, and I went home well-entertained and contented.

The *Rev. John Head*, a charming feckless idiot, and his vague wife, *Ann*, are very poor, as is the way of vicars and vicaresses of our age. They have twin daughters, *Catherine* and *Elizabeth*. These twins are by no means vague, and they are great pals. *Catherine* has the beauty, *Elizabeth* the brains.

It is the twins' birthday, and *Mrs. Rooke-Walter*, *Ann's* mother, comes with a present—twelve yards of the very best *crêpe de chine*. That is for one of the twins. The other is to have a month in London, in the Season. Which twin is to have the latter present? Ah! a man is coming to lunch. It shall be, says Grandmother privily to *Ann* and *John*, the one that makes the best impression on the man. And *John* foolishly babbles the gist of this to *Catherine*, who is sporty enough to tell *Elizabeth*, so that they can start fair. They toss for the honour. *Elizabeth* wins and, on the ground that it is more effective to make the second entrance, gives the first to *Catherine*, who is to have five minutes.

Catherine's gambit, "How do you do? Shall I show you the garden?" is perhaps a little abrupt. *Elizabeth's* is to appear in the totally changed character of a shy young virgin of the early 'sixties. The young man—he turns out to be young and rich—is enchanted with *Elizabeth*. As *Elizabeth* says emphatically, he clicks. Unfortunately (or fortunately as it proves) he comes in unperceived while she is recounting her triumph and celebrating it with the most modern of songs and dances, and steals silently forth.

So the scheme of an excellent game of cross-purposes is very adroitly laid down. *Elizabeth* goes to town and clicks there in a set of Victorian revivalists who find her too utterly adorable and *dernier cri*.

The trouble begins when *Elizabeth*, discovering that she really loves her *Barnaby*, doesn't dare to confess and doesn't care to go on deceiving. But this superstructure is too solid for the light foundation. I cannot quite make out whether *Mr. Turner* wrote it too heavily (I suspect the influence of the very dangerous *BARRIE* formula) or whether *Miss Albanesi* took it a little too heavily. Possibly a bit of both. Anyway I think she must be induced to play it much more lightly if that Second Act is to be saved from failure. The device—very obvious when done, yet entirely ingenious and surprising when first presented—by which the author cuts *Elizabeth's* knots, I will not spoil sport by disclosing. The play is rounded

off by the triumph of *Catherine*, who enchants a whiskered young ass into sacrificing his face-fluff and proposing, to be accepted.

Mr. J. H. Roberts's handling of the *Vicar* was beyond praise—a quite enchanting performance. He was helped by his author, who wrote a thoroughly human part, which had nothing to do with the stock padre of farce. Not a gesture too florid, not a tone overdone. Enough to make the success of the play, despite any slight error of judgment as to key.

Miss Gertrude Kingston—need one say?—made a living and thoroughly entertaining thing of the mother-in-law. *Miss Bruce-Potter* made *Ann Head* attractive and plausible.

And there was much else to admire. *Miss Albanesi* was quite excellent as the true roguish *Elizabeth* and in the lighter passages as the pseudo-Victorian. *Miss Edna Best* played most attractively. You know it does help even the prettiest of actresses to have a well-written part. I wish they believed it oftener.

Mr. Clifford Mollison gave a delightful study of a silly ass and *Mr. Austin Trevor* was more than adequate in a not very showy part. I suspect there were some lapses of memory which practice should eliminate, and so heighten the finish of this polished little comedy. Very well worth seeing. T.

HIS NUDITY.

A BURMESE STUDY.

His Nudity is six years old;

His head is shaven bare;

His skin is sleek and tawny-gold

And dirty to despair.

But you'll forgive his neck and nose

And any smeary part

To watch him ride on buffaloes

Or drive a bullock-cart.

And, when his family, hip to hip,

Squat round the common rice,

To every once the others dip

His Nudity dips twice.

He scares the paddy-birds, he riles

The squirrels with his squirt,

And pelts the basking crocodiles

With little lumps of dirt.

There's not a crow that dares to flout

His stone's unerring spin,

And when His Nudity goes out

The pariahs go in.

He knows no hymn, he knows no psalm

Of heaven or earth beneath,

But he can climb a toddy-palm,

A knife between his teeth.

And when the evening shadows fall

And ghosts begin to creep,

He rolls into a little ball

And wriggles off to sleep. J. M. S.

NEW HOPE FOR THE DRAMA.

OLD-FASHIONED playwrights like SOPHOCLES, SHAKESPEARE, SHERIDAN and SHAW could satisfy their audiences with plays in which the characters—or most of them—were human beings. The modern dramatist is beginning to realise that man is the dullest creature on earth. Hence his passionate eagerness for fresh sensations in the shape of wire-rigged marionettes and clock-work Robots and pantomime Insects.

Presently we shall have somebody re-writing *Romeo and Juliet*, to be acted entirely by cats. We shall have the balcony scene, with *Thomas Romeo* on the garden wall and *Tabby Juliet* gazing complacently at him from the window-ledge; while later the scrap with *Tybalt* and the lapping-up by *Romeo* of poison from a saucerful of milk ought to bring the house down. The only difficulty will be that five of the characters have to die, and, as they would each have nine lives to be disposed of, the presentation of forty-five death-bed scenes might tend to become monotonous.

As a curtain-raiser to this there might be a one-Act sketch entitled *A Mixed Grill*, presenting a *ménage à trois*, in which the lover, a cutlet, tries to come between the heroine, a kidney, and the husband, a pork sausage.

Opera should in time react to the new movement. I picture *Faust* performed entirely by motor-cars, with the hero as a second-hand six-cylinder Pan-Royce; *Marguerite* as a dainty little two-seater; *Mephistopheles* as a wicked red char-à-banc, and the Soldiers' Chorus as armoured taxi-cabs. Applications from repairers to renew the youth of *Faust's* limousine would be open to tender.

But wait until you see GRIFFITHS' latest masterpiece. The heroine will be a white corpuscle, employed in a vast organisation with millions of other corpuscles, under conditions which deprive them of any individuality. You will see in this a scathing indictment of the Capitalist system. Interspersed amongst the Whites are the Reds, who are always agitating. The villain is a polished and fascinating Diphtheria bacillus.

Under his persecutions, assisted by a female germ of the new dancing fever—a strong "vamp" part—the heroine is about to give way, when the antiseptic hero enters and destroys all the bacteria.

I may be too sanguine about this modern movement, but I seem to see in it the dawn of a new and better life for the drama.



Local Umpire (who is also a member of the Church Choir). "JARGE COPS 'IM ON THE LEG WITH 'IS FIRST BALL AN' NEVER SAYS NOTHIN', SO I SHOUTS ALTO-LIKE, 'OW'S THAT?' AN' THEN I SHOUTS BASS-LIKE, 'HOWT!' AN' HOWT 'E GOES; AN' THAT'S 'OW WE WON THE MATCH."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

To "those of us who trail the cloudy, if glorious, appendage of a pre-War education," Mr. PHILIP GUEDALLA'S *Masters and Men* (CONSTABLE) comes as a sop to prejudice and a balm to self-respect. Not only are the temerities and temperances of his seven-and-twenty small essays unmistakably Victorian in their proportion, but their author is legitimately confident that that proportion is, on the whole, a just one. Conversely, "though it seems (as he says) almost brutal to test the little fellows by the canons of literary perfection," he shows himself highly intolerant of those vendors of *personalia* who were just starting business before the War and have more or less monopolised the market ever since. "The Egoists" deals directly with these; and "A Colonel" and "Ministers of State" have both (inevitably enough) a word or two under the same head. Of the remaining essays, that inaptly named "A Few Foreigners," which decides with admirable grace of allusion what historical elements go to make up the "Frenchness" of France, is the one I shall first re-read. But "Dean Inge" is good, "Mr. Pitt" is better, and "Mr. Disraeli, Poet," is better still. There is one plea I should like to put in on behalf of Mr. GUEDALLA'S vivacious style. It has reached the phase when a little more sweeping and a little less garnishing would render it even more effective and enjoyable than it is.

In reducing the mutual attraction of a man and a woman

to so much natural history, the novelist runs the risk of dispensing with the decorum of humanity without substituting the almost equally rigid conventions of the animal world. The result is a book like *The Ghost Moth* (HEINEMANN), in which the erotic experiences craved for and obtained by the humpbacked daughter of a Yorkshire greengrocer acquire a visibility quite unknown to the nocturnal revels of her vague little prototype. It is all very well for Miss KATHLEEN CRIGHTON LION to assure us that the ghost moth is "the most shameless of her species . . . the only moth who has so little delicacy that she pursues the male." It is none the less hard that any insect should be forced to play sponsor to *Hannah Cheall*, who, so far from pursuing the male by night and for one season only, spends a minutely-chronicled youth and middle-age over very little else. She fails to enkindle the *dilettante* naturalist whose conduct of her education is largely responsible for her bent towards physical pleasure; and an effort to arouse the interest of her father's 'prentice fares no better. Finally she scores a complete victory over the deacon of a local chapel. The book is written with unusual care and with considerable felicity of detail. Perhaps its gravest defect is a total lack of humour.

Mr. STEPHEN MCKENNA has done no character so vivid, so lovable or so complex as *Joan Prendergast*, a bobbed-haired girl in her early twenties, clerk in War Office Extension L.A.7, much approved by her chiefs as competent, and looked up to by her colleagues as of the high world; piquante rather than pretty; intelligent, steadfast, uncon-

ventional but not unrestrained—the heroine of *The Commandment of Moses* (HUTCHINSON). The time is just before the Armistice and four lines in *The Times* tell her starkly and without warning that Colonel Curtis Archer has been killed. She had given herself to Archer, whose domestic troubles she knew. She must bear her sorrow alone, for no one can be told. One of Archer's officers is able to hear her confession and ease something of her pain. Very skilfully and touchingly Mr. McKenna makes you see her great love and her desperate anguish. Indeed the first part of this book is the best piece of work I have seen from this clever pen. Thereafter it seems to me a false note is struck. Joan, long holding out against any other love, at last shows signs of yielding to the impetuous wooing of Jack Keithley, heir to a three-hundred-year-old mansion and Puritan tradition. His friend Mullbank, Joan's confessor, debates whether he is not bound in honour (because forsooth Jack's parents place great confidence in him) to tell all to his friend. As he knows the circumstances, knows too that Joan is more than ordinarily fine and clean, the question simply does not arise so far as he is concerned. The girl's own duty in the circumstances is of course another matter, and very definitely her affair. And I am sure that the fine Joan of the first part would not have failed in candour. . . . An admirable novel, nevertheless.

Mr. EDWIN A. WARD's *Recollections of a Savage* (JENKINS) has, in addition to its author's robust anecdote, a secondary claim to notice on this page by reason of the large amount of space given to PHIL MAY. After Mr. E. J. ODELL, but for whom all Savages would have fewer recollections, PHIL is Mr. WARD's hero, and not the least of the good stories told of him is that which narrates how the old actor (now both the Father of the Club and a Brother of the Charterhouse), deeming the deed necessary, played the Good Samaritan and conveyed the artist to his bed at a late hour, and left him sleeping, only, after returning painfully on foot to their spiritual home in the Adelphi, to find PHIL boisterously merry in the bar. The helplessness had been a ruse, and he had rushed back in a hansom directly his benefactor's back was turned! Among other remarkable men of whom Mr. WARD has to tell is the late EDWIN CLEARY, as imaginative a financier as can ever have existed. The late Lord NORTHCLIFFE and CECIL RHODES make characteristic appearances, and the long Japanese episode is full of interest, spiced with Far Eastern ginger. Some of Mr. WARD's stories are not quite worthy, and this is particularly the case with regard to those connected with the artist BRITTEN. One sentence in the preface, touching upon the late J. J. SHANNON, R.A., reads rather oddly: "Shannon was my life-long friend, and we still mourn his loss." "Still" is a little strange when a man has been dead for less than half a year and the author is so warm-hearted a Bohemian.

The Transformation of Philip Jettan (MILLS AND BOON) was from a country squire talking crops to a painted and perfumed gallant talking French. At first Miss STELLA MARTIN's story suggested possible material for a rather amusing comedy. Young Philip, driven from his country

pursuits by fair *Mistress Cleone's* scorn and his father's impatience, goes to France, learns to fight and dress and pose in the course of a few months, and becomes a favourite in Parisian Society—the Parisian Society, you should be apprised, of the eighteenth century. Then home he comes to try whether *Cleone* loves the man or the "painted puppet." After a series of amusing entanglements he brings his *affaire* to a happy ending, then takes his bride back to France that she may see him in what he calls his "*milieu*." It is all very light and pleasant, with plenty of silk and satin and jewellery, and one caustic old lady, of whom we do not see enough, as a relief; but there is so little depth or real feeling or even probability in it that I began to doubt before the end whether as a comedy it would have a very long run. On the whole I am inclined to say, as *Philip* would have said, "*Mais non*, I do not think so."

As the public generally were unacquainted during the War



A LINK WITH THE PAST.
A DISTINCTIVE NOTE IN HEADGEAR FOR
EX-GUARDSMEN.

with the reasons why the enemy was able to obtain supplies, in spite of the preventive action of the Navy, they will read Rear-Admiral CONSETT's book with amazement, if not incredulity. For in *The Triumph of Unarmed Forces, 1914-1918* (WILLIAMS AND NORRIS) he states that the traders of this country, by pouring vast quantities of every commodity into Scandinavia, whence they found their way into Germany, enabled the enemy to continue the War for some three years. From 1914 to 1917, when America, entering the War, put an embargo on exports, the British exports to the Scandinavian countries, which built up huge industries for supplying Germany (to the exclusion of Great Britain), were doubled, trebled and quadrupled. The reader, confronted with this appalling indictment, will naturally urge that he must hear the other side before forming his opinion. It is right to say, therefore, that Admiral CONSETT deals very fairly with the official explanations of the matter, and, in my view, his arguments are conclusive. Moreover they are presented, not for the purpose of

creating a scandal, but in order that the same thing may not occur again in similar circumstances.

When you have read *My Golfing Life* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), as told by SANDY HERD to CLYDE FOSTER, you feel that you have gained another friend. For this is above all a friendly work. Its stories, often amusing and always apt, do not contain venom enough to kill an ant. And when SANDY passes from the tale of his life to offer you practical guidance his advice is not booming delivered from the Olympian heights where champions sit, and in language that makes a neophyte despair, but is so simply imparted that even I, desperate case as I am, feel that I must be a fool indeed if I cannot get something out of it. So I wish SANDY and his book all the luck in the world, and if during this week he wins his second open championship I shall be one of his many friends who will openly rejoice.

"Hobbs again failed to score. He started forward, changed his mind, and then made no attempt to defend his wicket with his hat." Only bowlers can perform the hat trick. *Sunday Paper.*

CHARIVARIA.

A NEW YORK journal is endeavouring to coin a new name for the inhabitants of the United States, to replace the word "American." Passengers on British vessels suffering from Prohibition within the three-mile limit have thought of quite a number of good ones; but most of them are too pictorial.

It is stated that Prohibition is having a stimulating effect on the jewel trade. Moderate Americans, however, content themselves with half-a-pint of diamonds before lunch.

A San Diego message reports the resignation of the Chilean Cabinet. Other sporting events last week included the Golf Championship, the opening of the coarse fishing season and an official forecast of fine weather.

It is estimated that there are about twenty-six thousand telephone operators in this country. We appreciate the reason why most of them prefer to remain anonymous.

A *Westminster Gazette* correspondent in Vienna was informed that the Bulgarian revolution started at three in the morning. For our part we are no good at revolutions till we have had our morning tea.

A bottle believed to have been thrown overboard from a vessel off New York two years ago has been washed up near Kingsbridge. It was empty.

There is still a persistent rumour that *The Daily Mail* is arranging to send the principal inhabitants of Thanet on a short trip to Central Africa in order to get them sunburnt before the season starts.

According to a critic, American film producers strive to make financial rather than artistic successes. It is heartbreaking to have our illusions of the American film industry shattered like this.

A golf-ball driven through a bedroom window at Huntingdon knocked over a candle and set fire to the room. With great presence of mind the golfer is said to have played another ball, smashed a fire-alarm glass in the neighbourhood and so summoned the brigade.

A shortage of the better brand of

cigars is expected next year. No such good news ever reaches us about the other sort.

A professor of the Madrid College of Science has invented an artificial method of producing rain. We can only hope that he is thoroughly ashamed of himself.

According to a morning paper, the residents in the northern province of China have been compelled to hand over one-sixth of their income to unscrupulous bandits. In this country of course no one talks like that about tax-collectors.

A wedding-ring belonging to a Brix-

rocate the "Hats off to France" movement.

The L.C.C. Improvements Committee cannot recommend the removal of Charing Cross station south of the Thames. An alternative scheme will therefore be put forward to divert the Thames north of Charing Cross station.

A pugilist known as "The Fighting Postman" has made his debut in London. Now we know who uses the parcels for punching practice.

A *Daily Mail* reader states that he has heard the footsteps of a fly. We can only suggest that he should wear cotton-wool in his ears.

A dental film is to be shown for propaganda purposes. It is our opinion that, if it includes a retarded-action picture of a grinder being drawn, it will defeat its own object.

Mrs. ROSITA FORBES describes Sweden as a plumbers' Paradise. We picture it as thronged with seraphic beings flying to fetch their mates.

The Indian Civil Service, we read, is in the melting-pot. But we were under the impression that it always was.

"Summer Comes to England," says a *Daily Mail* headline. Another scoop for our enterprising contemporary.

It was lucky for COLUMBUS that he did it before the immigration compound at Ellis Island was thought of.

By breathing slowly through the nose it is possible, we hear, to get one's second wind even stronger than the first. We only hope that bagpipe players are kept in ignorance of this fact.

We have just heard of an American who drank a quantity of prussic acid in mistake for bootleg whisky. It was a merciful escape.

According to a Sports Journal all the racing pigeons liberated in Ireland last week returned at once to their homes in England. We don't blame them.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.—We cannot give the name of the manufacturer who first conceived the idea of including a few cigarettes with each cigarette-card.



Diner. "THIS IS PRETTY TOUGH FOR A SPRING CHICKEN."
Waiter. "WELL, SIR, YOU KNOW WE'VE HAD A PRETTY TOUGH SPRING."

ton lady has been discovered in the gas-meter. The question naturally arises, "Do therms marry?"

Several London Councils have banned cricket on public recreation grounds because it tends to cut the turf up. The idea might be extended to golf on some of our more picturesque links.

The proprietor of a Skegness restaurant has just received payment for a meal served twenty years ago. This only goes to show that if you exercise patience the waiter will eventually bring the bill.

M. PHILIPPE MILLET writes in the *Paris-Midi* that Frenchmen ought to take off their hats to Lord ROBERT CECIL. We were sure that sooner or later our courteous Allies would recip-

THE DOMESTIC SERVANT PROBLEM.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see that one of the witnesses examined by the Domestic Service Inquiry Committee is reported to have spoken slightly of evening dinner as a "fetish and nothing else with a certain class." As I belong to "a certain class"—I hope I am not peculiar in this—the above comparison touches me nearly, and I have been at the trouble of looking up "fetish" in my dictionary, having constantly confused it in my mind with "totem." I find that it is "a material object, whether natural, as the tooth or claw of an animal, or artificial, as a carving in wood or bone, supposed to possess magical powers or to be endowed with energies or qualities capable of bringing to successful issue the designs of the owner, preserving him from injury, curing disease," etc.

As far as the first part of this definition is concerned, the evening dinner prepared and served to me by our cook-general might well be compared, in respect of its edible qualities, with a fetish; but in the matter of magical powers calculated to promote the proprietor's welfare, whether of body or mind, they have nothing whatever in common.

Yours faithfully, CITY WORKER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I attribute the unrest among the domestic servant class to the fact that females were employed during the War as waitresses in Clubs, and that in many cases they have now been replaced by ex-service men. After the brilliant table-talk to which they were in the habit of listening, often to the neglect of their duties, in these Clubs, and especially in military Clubs, they are naturally dissatisfied with the low level of conversation obtaining in ordinary dining-rooms.

Yours obediently, EX-BRIGADIER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—It is a popular fallacy that crime among juveniles and adolescents is largely attributable to the cinema. On the contrary, its influence always tends towards spiritual expansion and uplift. This explains the discontent—one might call it the divine discontent—now prevalent among the young of the domestic class. Imagine the feelings of a maid-of-all-work on returning, after one of her evenings out, from a typical high-grade American movie. Her heart is away at a hand-gallop over the boundless prairies of God's own country *She has heard the call of the cow-boy!* How can her soul be content with the comparatively limited confines of her attic?

Yours cordially, THE PICKBANKS FILM EXPORT CO.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The crux can be solved by wireless. The unpopularity of domestic service is due to the suspicion that servants are treated as if they belonged to a lower order of intelligence than that of their employers. This suspicion might easily be corrected if the kitchen were given a broadcasting set of its own. In this way the same masterpieces of Literature and Music would penetrate to the ears of mistress and maid at the same moment. Their two brains would throb as one. And we should hear no more of these invidious distinctions which warp the young life of the general of to-day.

Yours to command,

THE UNIVERSAL AERIAL SYNDICATE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—“Abolish the living-in-system and the problem ceases to be.” As an active member of the Society for the Emancipation of Tweenies I heartily welcomed this sane advice from a witness who has herself been in domestic service. But it would be a still greater boon to servants if the sleeping-out system were applied instead to their masters and mistresses. It would mean a much wider

choice of bedrooms for domestics, who at present are often given the worst accommodation in the whole house; and it would do away with the harsh necessity for early rising, which is the hall-mark of serfdom. On returning at, say, 10.30 or 11 A.M., master and mistress would be welcomed by a maid very different, in point of self-respect, from the down-trodden slave that now brings their morning-tea before she has had time to perfect her toilet.

Yours faithfully, PENELOPE STUBBS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I foresee considerable danger in this proposed scheme of using one kitchen in every street as a club-room where domestic servants could meet for social intercourse. At such gatherings my own maid, who is exceptionally well treated by me, would naturally sing the praises of her mistress, and this might lead to envy and discontent among other domestics, which in turn might embitter my relations with my neighbours.

Yours very truly, AMELIA POOTLE.

[The following letter reaches us from the same address: 22, Como Villas, Brixton Rise.]

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—I am all for this idea of kitchen-clubs where us girls in service could meet, like generals used to meet in the War, to talk over the best way of downing the common enemy.

Yours respectfully, GLADYS WICKS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I ascribe the present trouble to the prevailing notion that if a girl goes into service she brands herself as belonging to a lower social stratum than those of other employees. For this error you yourself must bear some measure of responsibility. You seldom, if ever, represent a domestic servant as anything better than the equal of her employers, whereas it is a matter of common knowledge that when her master or mistress enters a post-office or a tea-shop they are at once made to recognise that they are the social inferiors of the ladies who condescend, after a suitable interval, to serve them.

Yours, more in sorrow than anger, O. S.

WIT TO MEASURE.

[Extracts from recent advertisement of well-known tailoring house: "... with an eye to feminine admiration . . . a man's wit lacks point and brilliancy unless helped by the right attire . . . Buy my perfect-fitting cut-to-measure shirts of best Sea Island cotton . . . backless dress-waistcoats . . . Spitalfields silk cravats," etc.]

THANKS, gentle Sir, for this well-meaning word
Of good advice, but I shall not be rash;
And all your suitings, though it seems absurd,
Shall never tempt my cash.

No "perfect-fitting cut-to-measure shirt
Of best Sea Island cotton," striped cerise,
Shall animate my humour. To be curt,
I have no need of these.

Not from a backless waistcoat—shirt to match—
Nor from a silken tie of wondrous knit
Shall I seek counsel, Sir, when I despatch
My sparkling shafts of wit.

I scorn the help of Spitalfields' cravats,
And if you say, "Without all these you'll sink
Lower in female eyes," I'll answer, "Rats!"
Or "Tush!" or "I don't think!"

Mid serried ranks of girls I shall not miss
Your tailoring, Sir, for wit may live in rags;
As proof, I may say I am writing this
In old grey flannel bags.



THE BALKAN COCKPIT.

FERDINAND THE FOX. "I WONDER IF I GET ANY PICKINGS OUT OF THIS."



Gushing Female. "DON'T YOU ADORE THE THING HE'S JUST PLAYED? TO ME IT COMBINES THE ROSEATE FRESHNESS OF A DEWY MORN IN SPRING WITH THE TENDER BITTER-SWEET OF ONE WHO HAS FOUND TRUE LOVE TOO LATE."
American. "SAY, YOU SPOKE A MOUTHFUL."

LINGUA ITALIANA.

I SHOULD like to make a little clearer my position with regard to the Italian tongue.

I am not a fluent conversationalist in Italian; I have been discouraged—damped, I might almost say—about this.

The first time I framed a fairly long sentence in Italian (I was talking at the time to a waiter in a café and I desired a particular kind of drink), he answered me in four simple words. He said—

"Can you spik French?"

I regard this as being the most thorough-going and complicated snub that it is possible for one linguist to administer to another. I take it that what the fellow meant was this, "I can speak English myself as well as you can, old cock [*gallo antico*], and there is no real reason why our conversation should not be conducted in that vile tongue. In deference, however, to your silly desire for showing off your acquaintance with foreign languages, I suggest French as a medium of intercourse. You are probably a little better at French than you are at Italian." *Sapristi!*

After that there came the rather

awkward little episode of the wooden matches.

I went into one of those shops where you can buy tobacco and matches and postage-stamps, and indeed, if you really want to blow the expense, large cakes of salt.

I said in my rather Parisian French, "*Des allumettes, s'il vous plait,*" and the man handed me a little box with an elastic spring full of tiny wax vestas. Each of these vestas will light a cigarette, if you are extremely quick, and about a thousand of them will light a pipe *inglese* if you care for smoking wax. I don't, so I tried to remember the French for "wooden."

It's a curious thing, but I couldn't.

I left the shop and referred the matter to a man who was at that time my friend, and whom I had left standing outside.

"Can you remember the French for 'wooden'?" I said.

It's a curious thing, but he couldn't either.

"Why don't you go and point to the things?" he asked.

"Well, you try yourself," I told him.

In two seconds he returned with an ordinary box of wooden matches.

"How on earth did you get them?" I inquired.

"I went in and said, 'May I have a box of wooden matches, please?' " he replied.

One cannot afford to have a friend who has a hold like that over one, but fortunately I was able, a little later on, to push him off a steep precipice into one of the deeper Italian lakes. I have forgotten which. I think it was Maggiore.

Nevertheless after that day I made a point of trying English first.

I have a considerable difficulty also in understanding what Italians say to me, at such times as they see fit to use their own tongue when they talk. They seem to me to run on rather, and to get excited, especially over a question of figures.

But when it comes to reading Italian, and more particularly modern Italian, there are few more accomplished translators than I. Italian newspapers present no difficulty to me at all. Phrases like "*La Francia e il Belgio non possono acconsentire ad abbandonare le garanzie,*" or "*In un machet di boxe disputato ieri, Carpentier ha battuto Nilles all' 8.0 round per knouch out,*" are as simple to me as my morning *Daily Mail*. And I happened to pick up in Siena a large book in Italian, which I was able to read almost from cover to cover without referring more than once or

twice to a dictionary. It is a jolly book, dealing with the wanderings and amazing adventures of a circle of Italian eccentrics; and the part that I liked best I think was the very vivid account which it contained of an Italian cricket-match.

I had not been aware previously that the Italians played cricket. I knew that they played football, for I had seen the advertisement of a match that was played on Ascension Day at Florence (I have forgotten the names of the teams; I expect they were *Guelfi Confederati* and *Palazzo Ghibellino*), but I know that it was so hot on that day that passing from the sunny to the shadowed side of the street was like going from purgatory into paradise. And I knew that the Italians held rowing contests, for I had seen them doing it on the lakes. I particularly liked the way the victors stood up in their boats when they passed the winning-post and shouted and waved their arms. One never sees that done at Henley; I don't know why. But I was surprised about the cricket-match, because I should not have supposed that cricket was a game very well suited to the Italian temperament. How readily, though, the technical terms belonging to our national game slip into the Italian tongue I can prove to you by quoting a little (if you will pardon me) from my book:—

"Bellissimo giuoco—nobile esercizio—ginnastica eccellente—stupendo—magnifico . . . Muggleton apriva la giostra . . . Il Signor Luffey l'ornamento il più splendido di Dingley Dell, era destinato a respingere le palle del terribile Dumkins, e il Signor Struggles fu eletto per rendere il medesimo servizio all' invitto Podder . . . Correte, Correte—un'altra! A voi su! Tirate—prendete—fermatela! Un'altra! No, si, no, gettatela, gettatela . . . ma Dumkins e Podder rimasero invincibili."

The fielders in this match are called *le vedette*, and "*Dita di burro!*" seems to be what an Italian shouts when one of the *vedette* drops a ball in the deep.

When I repeat to you that I translated all this and much more than this without using a dictionary, I hope that there will be no further complaints about my knowledge of Italian literature, whatever lapses I may make from time to time in the spoken word.

EVOE.

"The three daughters of Mr. and Mrs. —, in turn, have been top girl in the examinations for secondary scholarships in the borough. Mary, the eldest, gained hers in 1916. Alice was top girl in 1920 and Helen has now been successful in this year's examination, in which 1,100 children competed.

She was committed to the Assizes."

Provincial Paper.

The authorities evidently thought it was time to give some other family a chance.



Sitter (on completion of the portrait). "WELL, OF COURSE IT'S A VERY JOLLY THING, BUT IT ISN'T ME."

Artist. "NOW I SHOULD HAVE SAID, 'IT'S YOU, BUT OF COURSE IT ISN'T VERY JOLLY.'"

NATURE RHYMES FOR NURSERIES.

HIS GRACE.

On his revolving pedestal,
In lofty scorn of one and all,
The Gobbler flaps his farthingale
And cracks the fingers of his tail.

What! feed with barnyard rabble,

HE,

One of the old nobility,
One who in ducal robes attired
Need only pose to be admired?

Oh, never, never try to shock
The feelings of the Turkey Cock;
If you say anything ill-bred
He'll die of apoplectic red.

But if you keep your proper place
You may perhaps appease His Grace;
Just whistle like a maniac
And he will gobble-gobble back.

Journalistic Candour.

"AMUNDSEN SUPPORT EXPEDITION.
Lying Base Established.

(From our own Correspondent.)"
Daily Paper.

"The Government has proclaimed martial law throughout Bulgaria. All the newspapers, with the exception of the 'Utro,' the organ of the Government, have been suppressed."

Provincial Paper.

This confirms the rumour that the new Bulgarian Administration had encountered some initial difficulties.

THE LOST ART OF LISTENING.

OVER the tea-cups at my brother-in-law's place I tried to explain some of the critical features of the political outlook, but I became discouraged by the following early development of the dialogue:—

Myself. . . . and the German insolence must receive no encouragement from our statesmen. The British public—

Jimmie. Mother, may I have another piece of cake?

Mary. No, darling.

Myself. The British public

Jimmie. Oh, please.

Mary. A very small piece, then. (To me) Yes, the British public, you were saying?

Myself. The British public will know how to treat a Government which seems to show more concern for Germany than for our own country. (To George) And there must be a sweeping curtailment of our dangerous commitments in the Near and Middle

George. What is the latest figure of the net sales of *The Daily Mail*?

Such a reception—by no means uncommon—puts a stop to all intellectual discourse, for more good talkers than would be supposed are thin-skinned and require encouragement if they are to give of their best. And I maintain that, if the standard of the modern conversationalist is low, the reason lies in the decadence of the modern listener.

All famous talkers, such as SOCRATES and Dr. JOHNSON, could count upon a faithful coterie of expert listeners. Children need not necessarily be a nuisance; they too can help. RUSKIN, for example, when expounding his Ethics of the Dust, was supported solely by a team of bright little girls who played heroically into his hands all through the piece. But nowadays any kind of audience is very hard to find, and if conversationalists wish to keep their form they often have no option but to talk to one another. It is not uncommon to see a couple of specialists—golfers, rose-growers, anglers or the like—engrossed in a discussion which in reality is a give-and-take affair of lengthy soliloquies delivered, approximately, turn and turn about.

The commonest kind of listener surviving in our day is the man who merely murmurs non-committally from time to time, "Yes, yes," or "Quite." He is, of course, better than nothing, but it is the dream of every accomplished talker to enter into a happy little circle of people who, listening intently and with bright expression, will occasionally interject intelligent remarks from which the speaker may be assured (a) that he

is not boring them, and (b) that he is keeping within their depth. Or still better to have listeners of such attainment that they can express views (*very briefly*) which may be showily exploded by the orator, or which will remind him of a fresh aspect of the subject deserving of elaboration by him.

Given an audience of this nature, tea in the pleasure at my brother-in-law's would become a long-drawn feast of reason:—

Myself. . . . and I am of the opinion that the Germans do not care a straw for our Government.

George. Do you mean to say that they are flouting us?

Myself. I do. The Germans are laughing up their sleeves; but they would never have allowed us to laugh up our sleeves if they had won. I sometimes wonder whether it would not have been wiser to allow FOCH to march into Berlin.

Mary. The Germans could pay if they wanted to?

Myself. Certainly. The Germans alone have done well out of the War. They have no internal debt and they have secret hoards of gold abroad. Meanwhile the groaning taxpayer in this country is being asked to pay for a Navy which he does not want and for an Army which has no one to fight.

George. But I thought there was danger of a war with Turkey?

Myself. The Marquis CURZON said there may be war. But I fancy the British public will have something to say about that. *The people do not want another war with Turkey.*

Mary (with poised sugar-tongs). That is reasonably said.

Myself. The nation takes no pride in the Marquis CURZON's dialectical triumph over a simple untutored Turkish general like Inset—I mean, ISMET PASHA. *The only common-sense solution is to make peace with Turkey.* I wish we could clear out of Mesopotamia today and Palestine to-morrow.

Jimmie. Before asking Mother for another piece of cake, Uncle, I should like to inquire whether we have not a mandate for Mesopotamia and Palestine?

Myself. Yes, Jimmie, we have. But when you are older you will learn that a mandate does not mean giving the Arabs Urban District Councils which they do not want, nor, Jimmie, does it mean squandering the taxpayers' money on ballrooms and palatial residences for civil officials.

And so on. A comparison of the two dialogues will give a slight idea of what my brother-in-law and his folk missed the other day through their flippancy and lack of concentration.

If you say that my remarks in the

imaginary example are altogether too powerful and too striking to occur spontaneously in actual conversation, I can only reply modestly that, if you will find me the right kind of listeners, I will engage to talk at that level for a month of Sundays.

POPULARITY.

Of small importance is the art
Whereby a Premier rules the Lobbies;
For capturing the people's heart
He must rely on private hobbies.

BALFOUR was photo'd with his cleek
Whenever he had time to snatch it;
And men are living yet who speak
With bated breath of GLADSTONE'S hatchet.

Still Hatfield shudders when it thinks
Of burst retorts and shattered vessels
Exploding in the cause of "Stinks,"
Which gripped the Father of the CECILS.

An equal daring marked the whims
That made our recent Wizard's pleasure;
With conferences, golf and hymns
L. G. indulged his hours of leisure.

ASQUITH, a scholar from a boy,
Preferred distractions less exciting,
And reading formed his greatest joy
(At least till MARGOT took to writing).

The personal touch, the human note,
Gained each a place in our affection,
And he was surest of our vote
With whom we shared his predilection.

So STANLEY BALDWIN's come to stay,
Endeared to every man and brother;
He shows a universal trait
That binds us all to one another.

A British statesman, true to type,
He's quickly caught the public favour;
He smokes a common briar pipe;
And long may he enjoy its flavour!

A Royal Boon.

Notice observed outside a picture-house in a Black-countray town on the occasion of the PRINCE's recent visit:—

"NO MATINEE (sic) TO-DAY
GOD BLESS THE PRINCE OF WALES."

"2-Seater For Sale, cheap; would exchange for good Solo."—*Advt. in Evening Paper.*
Or sell for an old song?

"A 5-tone bell, weighing over a hundred-weight, has been removed from the Clive College Bridge decorative scheme."
Evening Paper.

So much for the fame of the stone balls on the Bridge of Clare!



"'ERE, ORACE, COME OFF O' THAT! 'OW DO YER THINK THE POOR AIRMAN CAN SEE 'IS WAY WITH YOU A-SPRAWLIN' ON THE LETTERS? IF YER MUST PLAY ABAHT WITH 'EM, SIT AT THE END AN' MAKE A FULL-STOP OF IT."

THE CANAL CURE.

I WONDER how many of my countrymen, harassed by the necessity of choosing between the many ways of spending a happy holiday, are aware that in this homeland of ours there are something like five thousand miles of canals. Not all in one piece, of course, but many of them quite long enough for any reasonable purpose. Yet how many posters ask us if we have heard the "Call of the Canal"? Everything else—sea, river, mountain, moor and so forth—calls to us regularly every summer, but the canal barely whispers. It is too modest. If it shouted a bit we might take notice. Some of us might even write songs about it.

As it is, the Englishman never lifts up his voice in praise of his canals. Neither the Grand Junction nor the Manchester Ship, to say nothing of the Regent's Park and the Basingstoke, has inspired any type of popular song. The Englishman will sing, and without reserve, of the sea, which invariably makes him sick; of the river, which gives him a back-ache, and of the open

road, which smothers him with dust. But you never hear a beefy baritone letting off about the joys of navigating a canal.

And yet the water in a canal, provided it is not stirred too much, is pleasant reliable water. It does not climb over the side and smack you in the face, or nick you round a bend and shoot you over a weir while you are engaged in telling the old, old story to the lady of your choice. Nor does it distract you with varying moods. It does not want to go one way in the morning and another way in the afternoon; it has no sudden fancy for hurling itself down-hill or leaping over rocks.

And there are no motor-charabancs on a canal—only barges. The very word is suggestive of a perfect rest-cure. Moreover there is a sense of regal pride and stateliness about travelling in a barge: one glides along in spiritual companionship with QUEEN ELIZABETH, HENRY THE EIGHTH, ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, and other exalted ghosts. The navigation of a barge necessitates no fussy tinkering with machinery, no

strenuous hauling on the tops'l halyard, no sudden and disconcerting jibbing of the boom. One simply leans against the tiller with a pipe in one's mouth and looks picturesque. A small boy and a stalwart horse do the rest. Which means that the average citizen, boasting no seafaring qualifications, save perhaps the possession of a few drops of piratical blood in his veins, can set forth upon a canal without any more nautical display than the wearing of an appropriate yachting-cap with which to impress an occasional lock-keeper.

Not that a lock-keeper is easily impressed. He lives too close to the fundamentals of life for that—so close, in fact, that it often takes some time to wake him up. His movements are the movements of a man for whom time is no bugbear, and who loves to play for hours with the jolly wheels and sluices which are his pride and joy. If another vessel is within the range of his naked eye he will expect you to wait for it. That is the joy of life on a canal; there is no feverish hustling.

And yet no one makes posters or writes songs about it.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

XXVII.—ROMANCE.

THE Season was now far advanced and neither George nor I was engaged to be married. Sadly we wandered through the papers at the Club, *The Times* full of marriages arranged, the photographic weeklies full of betrothals, the cheaper papers full of "Romances." And both of us, I think, were conscious of a yearning in the vast male Smoking-room.

Romance! It was the Derby that first set us yearning, for *The Daily Glass* asserted that with the winning of the Blue Ribbon by a tenant farmer Romance had at last re-entered the premier contest of the Turf. Not since *Hermit* was successful in a snowstorm, etc., etc. And on the next page was an account of the betrothal of the cousin of a peer to a typist whom he met on the Metropolitan Railway. This also was described as a Romance.

Now, if I am ever to be married, it must be a Romance. And George agreed. But what is Romance? George maintained that it was "love, and all that." But, as I pointed out, if the son of a peer is engaged to the daughter of a peer, that is merely a popular betrothal. There is no Romance in that, unless they met in an aeroplane, or an omnibus or a saloon bar. It is Romance if a solicitor's clerk wins the Calcutta

Sweep or a farmer's daughter is elected to Parliament. For Romance, according to the dictionary, is something remote from everyday life, as all the papers know. And the truth is that no members of the royal, upper or middle classes can have a Romance unless they marry beneath them. Which is discouraging if you know no typists.

"A lot of fellers get engaged at dances," said George. "Rather rot, I think. You can't dance properly if you're making love all the time."

George was taking me to a Society dance, with Joan and Daphne, at the hospitable house of Sir Thingummy Jig. George did not know Sir Thingummy, nor did any of us; but Daphne knew some people who had been asked to bring some people; and Daphne brought George, and George brought Joan and

me. And I take this opportunity of thanking Sir Thingummy, on whom to this day I have never set eyes; nor Joan neither; nor George; nor Daphne.

In spite of George's warnings I walked with excitement up the red carpet. For Joan is Joan; and from the books I have read about High Life I knew that there would be charming corners in palatial conservatories, soft lights and the smell of flowers, and music dimly heard through palm-trees, while I proposed. Indeed, if Romance could anywhere approach the humdrum lives of the rich, I imagined it would be in a conservatory at a dance.



MANNERS AND MODES.

NOW THAT FASHION HAS ADOPTED
THE COMEDIAN'S UMBRELLA—

THE COMEDIAN WILL HAVE TO
FALL BACK ON THIS.

That night there were four other dances competing with Sir Thingummy's, to all of which George had been invited. I was surprised that he did not go to Lady A——'s, or Lady B——'s, or even the Honourable Mrs. C——'s. "Lady D——'s nice, too, isn't she?" I said. "Hasn't she got a wonderful house?"

But there are moments when I don't understand George. "You wait till supper-time," he answered darkly.

To judge by the crowd Sir Thingummy's dance won easily. It seemed a small house, and the guests were already fighting on the stairs like two contending tides. We entered a sort of Gulf Stream and were swept into the narrow Ball-room, which at the moment was as like a Tube train in the "rush-hours" as it is possible for

a room in Mayfair to be. Only at one end of the train a band was playing; and the people who were being crushed and squeezed and trampled to death in it were smart, distinguished, and in evening dress; and, instead of clinging to each other with shut eyes in a coma, they were all in motion or simulating motion, and talking at the tops of their voices. When I say motion I don't mean motion from one spot of the earth's surface to another, for that was almost impossible. No, no, each couple shuffled back and forth in the place in which they happened to be; and some by hard shoving, elbowing or kicking

endeavoured to clear a small breathing-space about them, or squeezed a passage between two weaker couples; and some made no attempt to gain ground at all, but practised that charming vertical jiggling step, like china heads on springs, remaining in the same place but taking more exercise than any.

Meanwhile some imperceptible tidal movement carried the whole mass slowly round the room, at the rate of about one revolution to every four or five tunes. And it was exciting, after some ten minutes' hard dancing, to find yourself in an entirely new part of the room, opposite the fireplace instead of opposite the band.

At one end was a narrow blow-hole or passage into a smaller

room, where the band was wholly inaudible and the gay guests danced to imaginary music, some waltzing, some two-stepping, and some just walking about in each other's arms. To avoid being sucked through this blow-hole a man had to fight hard, and beyond it the conditions of living would have shocked a sanitary inspector.

I had been surprised at first by the dulness of the ladies' dresses, but I now understood; one doesn't wear mess dress on active service. For the same reason I soon learned not to apologise. It was *sauf qui peut*, and no quarter asked or given.

Some people can do this kind of static or mass dancing with an air; but my style of dancing demands a wide open space, and I fear I shall never learn to kick people in a rhythmical manner



Nervous Young Mother (rendered incoherent by her children's bad behaviour). "ONE HAS TO MAKE ALLOWANCES FOR YOUR DARLINGS, MUSTN'T THEY?"

or tread on their toes in the fashionable way. Somehow the teachers of dancing leave us unprepared for this kind of function. Instead of instructing us in empty rooms, they should pack their studios with hired men and teach us to hack our way through a team of football gladiators. Then one could face Society unafraid.

Joan and I battled twice round the room, tight-lipped. (We had lost the others long ago.)

"Sad to think that all these girls are trying to get married," I heard someone say. And suddenly I remembered. "Romance!"

We went out and looked for the palms. There was not a palm in the house. We looked for a quiet place to sit down in. Then we looked for a noisy place to sit down in. The whole house was swarming. The one quiet spot was the Card-room, but rather than propose in the presence of twenty people playing Bridge I was prepared to remain a bachelor for life.

And all the time more people poured in at the front-door—some fresh from Lady A's, some from Lady B's,

some from both. I couldn't understand it at all.

At last we found a long queue in the hall and leaned against the end of it, played out. We were there for an intolerable time. Now and then I shouted that it was very hot; sometimes Joan shouted that she was thirsty. There is nothing like a dance for getting to know people.

After about half-an-hour there was an ugly rush, and we found ourselves in the Supper-room. Fate took us to a table, at which there were George and Daphne and two other couples, and three empty champagne bottles.

Almost immediately these were replaced by full champagne bottles.

Five minutes later these were replaced by three bottles of the same size.

Five minutes later I began to understand the popularity of Sir Thingummy's dance.

Such champagne! And oh! such lots of it.

I began a simple sum. If there were ten tables in the room, and if every table was provided with champagne at

the rate of three bottles per five minutes, and if this rate was maintained from twelve till three (as to judge from the queue it was likely to be); and if there were two thousand guests in the house; and if Romance cost thirty shillings a bottle; then (a) what was the total distance from everyday life? and (b) how did Sir Thingummy make his money?

George leaned towards me with a mysterious glance at Daphne.

"Old boy," he said, "congratulate us."

It may fairly be said, I think, that George's engagement was a Romance.

A. P. H.

Our Erudite Advertisers.

"I did not see the champagnes because, like the Spanish fleet in 'The Rivals,' they were not in sight."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

To think that Mr. Puff of all people should forget *The Critic*! "Sherry" in the Shades will not be pleased.

"The Dinner was purveyed in Mr. —'s best style, and was followed by a series of musical items rendered by members."

Vegetarian Paper.

"That's torn it!" said the guests.

JAMES AND THE WOMEN'S FREEDOM LEAGUE.

NOT all my friends on the Stock Exchange are indifferent to the Women's Freedom League. James, for instance, is quite enthusiastic about it and thinks that it ought to be widely supported.

It came about like this. James suffered for some time from a moustache. It was one of those neat little plum-coloured excrecences, contracted during the War, that go so well with plus-fours, but it was out of place in Old Broad Street. Latterly his clients had appeared to be fascinated by it, as it was changing its hue in places, and their attention used to wander when he was talking to them. He lost several commissions this way and he decided to sacrifice it to the god of Mammon.

He reached this momentous decision one Friday at lunch-time, and made for the nearest barber's, for this job was too big for a safety-razor.

The "Stockmorton Shaving Saloon" was empty, excepting for a nice girl. She was, according to James, a very charming girl, and she was pottering about with bottles and things on the shelf. He thought perhaps it was the cashier, so he took his hat off and sat down to wait. Then the following conversation occurred:—

She (brightly). Good morning, Sir.

James. Er—yes. Good morning.

She (engagingly). Yes, Sir?

James (looking round to see where the barber was). Er—yes. (He hates women to intrude in any business matter. They cramp his natural style.)

She (smiling). What is it that you want?

James. Er—yes, of course. I want a shave, you know. (He said afterwards that she must have known that he didn't go into a barber's to get a pair of boots or a type-writer.)

She (suddenly active and businesslike). Then you're next. This chair, please.

And before James knew how it happened he was sitting in the chair and she was tucking the towel round his neck. Then she started swishing with a brush at the shaving-soap.



"JAMES INGURGITATED ABOUT HALF-A-PINT OF SOAP-AND-WATER."

Evidently, thought James, she was the assistant. Probably, when it was all ready, she would fetch the barber up from the cellar and hand the patient over to him. But when she advanced towards him, cleverly balancing a huge blob of lather on the top of the brush, James was so annoyed at the way she was usurping the male barber's functions that he opened his mouth and ingurgitated about half-a-pint of soap-and-water before he could shut it again.

He then explained that he wanted his moustache off. That, of course, was to give her a chance to lather it. She did. But even then she did not call out for the missing barber. She stropped a razor and began to shave it off herself!

James says he never felt so undignified in his life. He

couldn't say anything, for some of the soap was irritating his nose and he was doing his best not to sneeze, for fear she would snip the end off it.

Having finished his upper lip, she turned to strop the razor again before beginning on his chin. Suddenly she looked at him steadily and said, "I thought I knew you, but I wasn't certain until I saw you clean-shaven. You're Mr. Perkins, of the Stock Exchange, aren't you?"

"That's my name," said James.

"Do you remember," she said, still stropping thoughtfully, "a young man named Albert Jones, from Surbiton? He was one of your clients. You persuaded him to put all his money into Patagonia Rubber, and he lost it all. He was completely ruined."

James couldn't think of any fitting reply to that, unless perhaps he could buy large quantities of hair-oil and stuff from her that he didn't want in order to make up for it.

"Yes," said the girl, trying the edge of the razor on a hair to see if it was sharp enough, "he was my fiancé. He was going to marry me; but after that he threw me over."

She gave the razor another two or three strokes and raised it high in the air.

"That was due to you," she said.

James said afterwards that he could see that razor gleaming in the air as though it was ten feet long and three feet wide. All his past life came up in front of him and his legs turned to jelly, so that he couldn't have run if he'd tried. All he could hope was that it wouldn't hurt much more than having a tooth out, and that the sight of the blood wouldn't upset the barber, because she was such a charming girl, you understand.

"That," she went on dramatically, "was the end of my girlhood dreams. I was prepared to face poverty with him, but he declined that prospect. My faith in men was shattered for ever. It was through you."

She caught hold of James's soapy nose with a daintily manicured finger and thumb. James held his breath. He felt as though his jugular vein was as big as a hose-pipe.

"I was disillusioned," she continued, "and in consequence I joined the Women's Freedom League. Then I saw things in their true light. I learned that it was far nobler to be independent and follow a profession of my own than to be the slave of any man. It is to you that I owe this freedom, and I can never repay you. Anyhow, I won't charge you for this shave, so there!"

James now supports the Women's Freedom League. He says that there are some jolly sensible girls in it—and good-looking too.

"NEAT SEAMANSHIP."

SYDNEY.—The barquentine *Laura* arrived at the height of a southerly gale. As no tugs were available at the time she proceeded up the harbour under her own sail, pass-bag of gunpowder on the kitchen range ings until she found a suitable anchorage."

Very "neat" indeed.

New Zealand Paper.



"'THAT WAS DUE TO YOU,' SHE SAID."



A BROAD-MINDED POLITICIAN.

Angler. "ARE YOU KEEN ABOUT POLITICS, DONALD?"

Donald. "AY—I'M A GREAT READER O' THE PAPERS."

Angler. "OF ANY PARTICULAR PARTY?"

Donald. "WEEL, IT DEPENDS ON WHAT THE SANDWICHES IS WRAPPIT UP IN."

ENIGMA.

[The output of short stories has recently been increasing so rapidly that the ordinary annual anthology will no longer suffice. A new publication, entitled *The Best Short Stories of the First Quarter of 1923*; *Women Writers, A to F*, is reported to be in the American Press. Pending its appearance the following story by Eleanor Vulpine has been selected as a typical example in this kind. It is reprinted with permission from *The Mug*, U.S.A.]

THIS is Githa's story. She never did, of course. But you know that. Why, was a different matter. Lomer might have told you, but he went off to Japan, magnetically and suddenly lured to a vision of mimosa and little tea-houses and great sprawling dragons.

And Teague himself, of course. He would be the one to know most about it; but you couldn't ask him.

Possessive. That was the adjective Linda Ramillies used about Ronald Teague. She would sit hanging on to the arms of her chair, her whole being crying out: "It's wrong, wrong! He's mastering you, body and soul!" But Githa didn't notice. She was like that; at least so Linda said.

He went to tea with Githa after his

wife died. You can picture her in that little Queen Anne drawing-room of hers, presiding over the tea-table and the egg-shell china, the cakes arranged as a colour symphony, yellow and black and pale and hectic red. You know the sort of thing. He came in and, after she had said, "Another cup, Ann," they waited.

"My wife," he said. Just that.

"I know," she answered, and there was a long silence, like twine, while she watched him twisting his fingers into cats' cradles, saw his eyes, brackish like mountain tarns. Oh, why did it make her feel so faint, so weak with joy to watch him—just to watch?

When he left she stood by the door with that serene, eupeptic smile, quiet yet assured, her fingers grouped on the lintel like the left hand of a cellist.

And then the picture. Just a tree twisted against the skyline, and the figure. But her, intangibly yet definitely her. Something yielding and at the same time obdurate about it. And in the corner the red seal, like a vaccination mark.

"Mrs. Rolleston," they told her.

"Why—why—why?" The question swam across a stretch of black velvet

before her eyes. Bertha Rolleston! The sort of woman who won golf prizes, medals and spoons. Stuffed fish on the mantelpiece and golf-balls in the bowl for visiting-cards; a rocking-horse in check skirt and brogues.

Her drawing-room was a haven. The Queen Anne lines were strong, secure. Then he rang her up. His voice over the telephone was like cold water gushing from a tap. Might he come to tea? And Lomer was in mid-ocean; a P. & O. flirtation, with gymkhanas and freckled English girls in muslin. KIPLING, and that sort of thing.

Teague coming in. Were all men like that—calm, so conscious, so assured? TIBERIUS—or ALEXANDER SELKIRK—or LANDRU? Masters, anyhow.

She was sweet, of course.

"Your poor wife!" That was the note—viscous, plangent, like golden-syrup coming out of a jar, spelling initials on the plate.

He said she was inscrutable, but that perverseness was her charm.

Thesestrivings—heart-beats—strophe and antistrophe.

Her hand knocked over a cup, black



Daughter (who has overheard previous conversation between her parents). "DADDY, THE FLIES IN THE OINTMENT HAVE COME. MUMMY IS SHAKING HANDS WITH ONE OF THEM."

Spode. It lay shattered, an ebony star spilled on the carpet, symbolical. She showed him the new hand-painted screen. An emblem; Briony had done it. "Briony!" His voice bit.

For a moment she had remorse. The river; swirling black eddies like boiling soup and a corpse floating face upwards. Ronald Teague. But in Cornwall Bertha was driving the Ford. "Tomorrow's the tournament!" No, she wouldn't. She hardened, crystallised. "Your poor wife!"

So he went, and then she left off powdering and let her hair grow. You must have noticed; it's a sure sign.

You don't understand? No, you wouldn't. Nor do I. But there it is.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"Any sort of compromise that would be accepted seems out of the question so long as both parties adhere to their full claims."

Provincial Paper.

"GLASGOW SHIP'S EXPLOITS.

For four months she lay at anchor outside the territorial limit of the American coast and sold whisky ad lib to a fleet of fast motor cutters."—*Scots Paper.*

But she will have to be careful. "There's many a slip" at this sort of game.

OF THE PARTRIDGE.

WITH GRATITUDE.

SOME folk Philomela praise,
Some the merle his love-notes' graces,
Till the lengthening Summer days
Silent leave the greenwood places;
But the partridge, boon and brown,
That's the fowl that wise men
treasure;

In the days when jack-hares clown,
In the days dog-roses crown,
In the days when leaf falls down,
She's a pattern and a pleasure.

On the windy morns of March
In the cutting, clean Spring weather,
O'er the ploughland's purple arch
See the couples haunt together;
She's a lady, he's her knight—
BAYARD's self in small survival—
Full of dance and full of fight
And the season's sheer delight,
True as steel and pebble-bright
On the track of any rival.

June is come and June hath put
Parenthood, its sweets and bitters,
On them; they've their lot at foot,
Tiny things of tiny twitters;
Oh, they guard them gallantly
'Neath high Summer's streaming
banner,

Bucklers of the first degree—
Watch 'em if you want to see
Just exactly how to be
Parents in the perfect manner.

When professors of the gun
With the port expound their fancies,
Venture, "What's the best of fun,
What's the sportiest of chances—
Grouse, upon a Grampian gale?
Pheasants, o'er the oaks arriving,
Rocketers that mount and sail
Till the very skies they scale?"
"Nay," they'll tell you without fail,
"Nothing's up to partridge-driving."

Birds that run or fly at ease,
From the titmouse to the moa,
All were saved, mankind to please,
In the Ark by Father NOAH;
But our partridge, if you woke
NOAH and for a nicer asked him—
Courting where the Spring's new
broke,
Leading forth her tiny folk,
Slipping to the guns like smoke—
Ah, he'd say you overtasked him.

Commercial Candour.

"GOOD NEWS FOR SOUTHEAST.

The Great Sale which has been held at the Labour Hall, London Road, positively finishes this week."—*Local Paper.*



THE MAID-OF-ALL-WORK.

Mrs. BRITANNIA. "WHY ALL THIS FUSS ABOUT THE SERVANT PROBLEM? THERE'S MY BALDWIN—CAN TURN HER HAND TO ANYTHING; KEEPS THE HOUSE IN ORDER; CHECKS THE ACCOUNTS; DOESN'T WANT ANY EVENINGS OFF; VERY TACTFUL WITH MY VISITORS—ESPECIALLY FOREIGNERS; IN FACT A PERFECT TREASURE."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 11th.—The only comfort to be drawn from Mr. McNEILL's reply regarding the attacks upon British subjects by Chinese brigands was that he had no reason to attribute bad faith to the authorities at Peking. Dr. CHAPPLE suggested that the condition of China might be improved if the inhabitants were encouraged to smoke cigarettes instead of opium; but the UNDER-SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS had no evidence in support of that theory.

"Is not that a lot of money for a pond?" asked Sir HARRY BRITAIN on learning that the restoration of the lake in St. James's Park would cost upwards of thirty thousand pounds. Sir JOHN BAIRD's reply, "It depends upon the pond," will be approved by thousands of little Britons, to say nothing of the waterfowl, who are expected to re-enter upon their inheritance before the end of July.

Generally speaking the man who tells a debtor not to be in too much of a hurry to pay what he owes is a popular character. But Mr. HILTON YOUNG, who opposed the arrangement by which sums of forty, forty-five and fifty millions are to be allocated to the new Sinking Fund during the next three years, found no support for his views. Mr. LEES-SMITH, an economist who thinks in something less paltry than millions, described the proposed amount as "meagre." Mr. ASQUITH hoped the sums mentioned would be regarded as a minimum, but otherwise approved the Government's proposal. He earned the gratitude of Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS, who announced his intention of saying "Ditto to Mr. PITT." "BURKE," corrected Mr. ASQUITH.

The Tea Duty afforded a peg (not, of course, in the convivial sense of the word) for a long discussion on Imperial Preference, in the course of which the SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY quoted Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN's description of it as "a spiritual recognition of a spiritual unity." Mr. PRINGLE retorted that "the rubbish that did duty in the last Parliament would not do duty in this one." (Mr. PRINGLE, it should be observed, was not a Member of the last Parliament.)

Tuesday, June 12th.—Question-time was mainly occupied with Caledonia's grievances. Sir ROBERT HUTCHISON repeated his complaint that Edinburgh Castle is no longer garrisoned with Scottish soldiers in full dress. Mr. MACPHERSON mentioned the horrifying fact that the HIGH COMMISSIONER of the Church of Scotland on a recent occasion was escorted by men of the Highland Light Infantry in ordinary



George B. Thompson

New Vicar. "NATURALLY YOU MISS THE LATE VICAR, MRS. CHIGGS, BUT I EXPECT YOU AND I WILL SOON BE FRIENDS."

Mrs. Chiggs. "I 'OPE SO, SIR, AS SOON AS I'VE 'AD TIME TO GET USED TO YOUR STRANGE FACE."

khaki—"an insult to HIS MAJESTY and to Scotland."

Mr. KIRKWOOD's trouble was of a more prosaic kind, and related to a damaged breakwater in the Island of Lewis. Captain ELLIOT's reply, that successive Governments had decided that it was not worth repairing, only incited the hon. Member to further effort, and he concluded an enormously long "Supplementary" by asking, "Will he no' answer some of that?" Fully five minutes were taken up with his appeals to the SPEAKER to procure him an answer and with the SPEAKER's requests to him to "put the Question on the Paper."

The principal sufferer was Captain BERKELEY, who, on inquiring, quite re-

spectfully, why he had not been allowed to put a certain Question, was told by Mr. WHITLEY with most uncharacteristic asperity that he apparently wished to take over his (the SPEAKER's) functions, and must wait until the Chair was vacant. Captain BERKELEY was, I fancy, receiving vicarious punishment for the sins of Mr. KIRKWOOD.

The PRIME MINISTER was at Cambridge receiving an honorary degree from his old University. Accordingly it fell to Mr. BRIDGEMAN to move a vote of condolence with the KING on the death of Princess CHRISTIAN; and very well he did it. There was a touch of genuine feeling in his allusion to HER ROYAL HIGHNESS's sympathy with the poor and suffering, and in particular to

the great work she had done for the cause of nursing. The Vote was supported by Messrs. CLYNES, ASQUITH and MACPHERSON.



ANOTHER INSULT TO SCOTLAND.
MR. MACPHERSON.

On the Finance Bill Mr. AMMON moved the complete abolition of the duty on table-waters, on the ground that it was ruining the trade. JOHNSON-HICKS, however, declared that the trade was suffering, not from the tax, but from the decline in demand. Probably the Clerk of the Weather is principally to blame.

The discussion of what are known as "the McKenna duties" turned much more largely on the personality and prospects of their author than on the merits of the duties themselves. Extracts from his speeches were hurled across the Table, and sarcastic regrets were expressed by the Opposition that the Chancellor-designate of the Exchequer was not present to give his 1923 opinion of his 1915 proposal. Mr. ASQUITH referred to his former lieutenant as a "spectral figure hovering on the political horizon," and declared that to debate his duties in his absence was "like playing Hamlet without the Ghost."

The House however approved the duties in a series of majorities, 71, 74, 76, 78, approximating to the best scores in the Open Golf Championship.

Wednesday, June 13th.—Considerable curiosity had been

aroused by Lord BIRKENHEAD's announcement that he intended to call attention to the growth of Socialism and to ask the Government whether they meant to curb the power of the trade unions to make compulsory levies for political purposes. Would he level his darts against Ministers as well as Socialists, or would he take this opportunity of ending the vendetta that he has pursued intermittently since last autumn?

His speech did not precisely answer the question. The only Cabinet directly attacked was that to which he himself had belonged; its offence being that for three days it had this question of Socialism on its agenda without coming to a decision or even a discussion. But there was an undercurrent of suggestion that the present Government ought to grasp the nettle from which their predecessors had shrunk, and would be poor creatures if they didn't.

Lord HALDANE, whom Lord BIRKENHEAD had pictured as the *Casabianca* of Socialism, retorted by referring to an Australian friend of his who, although "a strong Conservative," was yet as much opposed to the present Government as the EX-LORD CHANCELLOR. "Do not say that," interjected Lord BIRKENHEAD; "I am a very strong supporter of the Government." The Peers laughed, but the words remain.

Achilles has emerged from his lonely tent.

The attempts of the Government to turn an honest penny by putting adver-



THE BOY ON THE BURNING DECK.
LORD HALDANE.

tisements on official documents are not uniformly successful. Objection being taken to the recommendation of a patent food on the medical certificates supplied by the Ministry of Health, Mr. N. CHAMBERLAIN promised to see whether other advertisements could be substituted "without loss of revenue." As the revenue in question is barely four hundred pounds the critics thought that the State might survive the sacrifice.

Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, while supporting the Government, could not refrain from a little dig at Mr. McKENNA and hoped he would not infect the Cabinet, when he joined it, with his heterodox views on the subject of inflation.

Thursday, June 14th.—Time was when the beginning of June was signalled by the burgeoning of white hats in all quarters of the House of Commons. But fashion and the weather have both changed. To-day the appearance of Captain ARTHUR EVANS in the traditional headgear created a sensation on the Opposition benches, where Member after Member begged the proud owner's leave to handle the strange survival. Unfortunately one white hat does not make a summer.



Hecratio (referring to the Ghost). "TUSH, TUSH, 'T WILL NOT APPEAR."

The Ghost (aside). "Oh, WON'T IT!"

MR. ASQUITH AND MR. MCKENNA.



Friend (for about the tenth time of asking). "WHERE 'S HER HEAD NOW?"
Owner (fed up). "STILL FORWARD."

On the India Office Vote Mr. TREVELYAN attacked the VICEROY for his action in "certificating" the increase in the Salt-Tax.

Lord WINTERTON replied that the Indian Budget must be balanced, and the only way of doing it was to increase the Salt-Tax by a sum which averaged only one rupee per family. The noble Lord is long in wind as in limb, and took nearly two hours to develop this and kindred themes. But there was time for Mr. FISHER to express general approval of the VICEROY's action, while hoping that it would not be often repeated.

A couple of Railway Bills furnished several Members with opportunities of airing particular grievances. Sir F. BANBURY came to the rescue of the Companies, and, replying to a specific complaint of Lord EDNAM's about window-fastenings, said that they had been altered "because the noble Lord's constituents cut off the straps and used them as razor-strops."

Another Impending Apology.

From an account of the West Indian cricketers:—

"The contingent number sixteen—five each from Barbados and three each from British Guiana and Jamaica. The Barbarian five are the captain, H. B. G. Austin, George Challenor, P. H. Tarilton, H. W. Ince and George Francis."—*Provincial Paper*.

Lines of Remonstrance.

(By an Indignant Psycho-Analyst.)

OH, GRIEVOUS and grim are the tidings,
And evil the omens we draw
From the last of the many back-
slidings

That sully the name of the Law;
Moreover the news is as senna
Or vinegar, all unalloyed,
To the marvellous sage of Vienna,
Good SIGISMUND FREUD.

For DARLING, abruptly resigning
The rôle of the jester, affirms—
Without hesitation defining
His view in implacable terms—
That pleas for relief that are found in
Sub-conscious temptations are
banned

As having no warrant or ground in
The Law of the Land.

At a time when supreme self-expression
Is hailed as the ultimate good,
Such freaks of judicial aggression
Must firmly be checked and with-
stood;

Or else we shall sink by swift stages
Until we at last re-enact
The scenes of the barbarous ages
When children were smacked.

Shall insolent Judges, ignoring
The infinite labour and pains
Expended by us in exploring
Humanity's dustbins and drains,

Dismiss, with a jaundiced or green eye,
Like moles in their infamous dens,
The claim of the noble *obsceni*
Subconscia mens?

No, no; all the stars in their courses
Are fighting to help and to heal,
With other impalpable forces
To whom we address our appeal;
Come down, then, unmoved by this
snarling,
This petulant carping at crime—
Come down, and redeem us from
DARLING,
O Spirit of Slime!

A Doubtful Recommendation.

"Smart Rough-haired Terrier Puppies, six weeks: parents kill anything, and used to poultry."—*Advt. in Poultry Paper*.

"It is intended to produce during the season the best modern plays in English, and the next on the list is Peter Ibsen's 'Ghosts.'"—*Sunday Paper*.

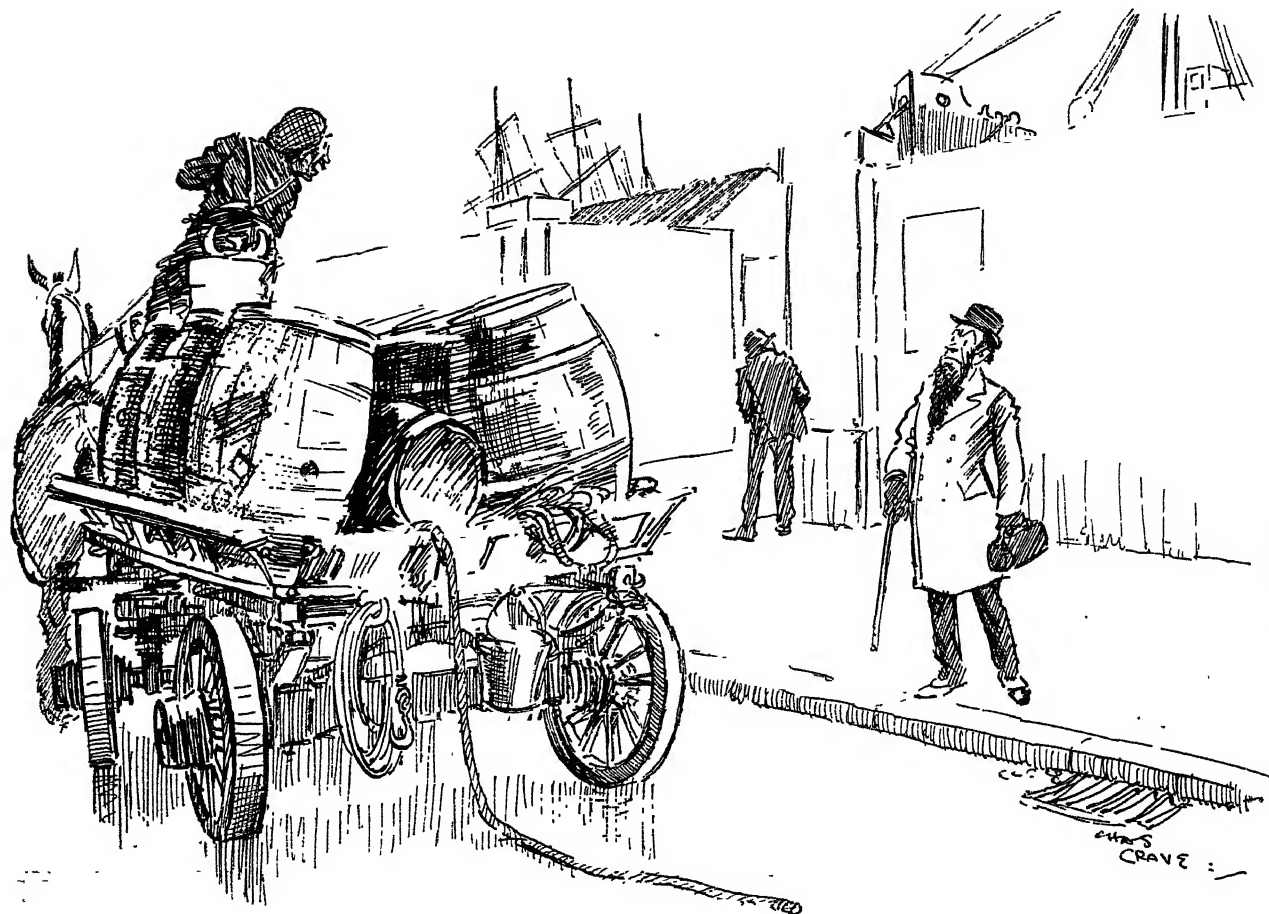
We trust they will not forget that other masterpiece, "George du Trilby," by Henrik Ibbetson.

From an account of the May races at Cambridge:—

"There was an enormous concourse of people to watch the races. No fewer than eighteen were recorded during the afternoon, an unusual number for the final day. This brought the grand total up to 64 for the four days."

Sporting Paper.

Exactly the same, by a singular coincidence, as the number of bumps.



"I SAY, YOU OUGHTN'T TO LET YOUR ROPE DRAG ALONG LIKE THAT. IT'S DANGEROUS."
 "GARN! TUCK IN YER WHISKERS."

THE POPPLETON PAGEANT.

The Vicarage, Poppleton.

To the Hon. Sec., Pageant Committee.

DEAR SIR,—The Vicar desires me to write to you to say that on mature consideration he feels that he cannot assume the rôle of KING CHARLES II. in the Pageant unless the part of the lady with whom he is expected to converse can be eliminated. I refer, of course, to NELL GWYNNE. Moreover, he fears that his Bishop might not like him to say "Odsbodikins!" and "Odsfish!" even in so excellent a cause.

Yours truly, MARY GIBBS.

Labour Hall, Poppleton.

To the Hon. Sec., Pageant Committee.

SIR,—The attention of our local branch has been drawn to the fact that a scene from SHAKESPEARE'S play of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is to be enacted in the episode dealing with QUEEN ELIZABETH'S visit to Poppleton. As the scene in question is one which holds the British working man—in the persons of a weaver, a tinker, a joiner, a tailor, and others—up to ridicule, we take exception to it, and beg to say that unless it is deleted we shall com-

municate with the Unions to which these characters would have belonged if they had lived in a more enlightened age, when they will take any action they think fit.

Yours truly, J. BROWN.

The Laurels, Poppleton.

To the Hon. Sec., Pageant Committee.

DEAR SIR,—I have been induced, after much pressing and at some inconvenience to myself, to undertake the part of QUEEN BOADICEA. I must beg to protest against the bad manners of the young man who has been engaged to produce the Pageant. In my humble opinion Boadicea should be the embodiment of gentle dignity, quiet, unhurried—in short, an *English lady*. I strongly object to being bellowed at through a megaphone and told to "Speak up!" and to "Get a move on!" If this sort of thing continues I shall be reluctantly compelled to give up the part and at the same time to withdraw my promised subscription to the funds.

Yours sincerely,

BELINDA HARRINGTON GRIGG.

The Grammar School, Poppleton.

To the Pageant Committee.

DEAR SIRS,—I am writing on behalf

of all the fellows in the Lower Fourth, to say that we hope you are going to have the king who died of a surfeit of lampreys in the Pageant. We want to see that more than anything. Also the Duke of CLARENCE, who was drowned in Malmsey. Young Mullins, who is a very decent kid, says he'll get his father, who, as I expect you know, is the fishmonger in the High Street, to supply you with herrings, which will probably look fairly like lampreys in the distance, *for nothing*, if you will give him some idea of how many would be wanted for a surfeit.

As to the butt of Malmsey we think if you had claret cup in the butt and sold it afterwards for fourpence a glass it would be a good idea; but Vane, whose uncle keeps the Station Hotel, thinks you would need an off-licence, even if you made it very weak.

Yours sincerely, GEORGE BIRCH

(for self and others).

From a *feuilleton*:—

"... Bridgewater turned to Reginald with a differential smile."

Exposing a set of "gearbox teeth," 'no doubt.

HUSBANDRY.

I HAVE not the gardening instinct. To speak to me of the pistil of the polyanthus kindles no spark of intelligence in my eyes, and to my coarse palate the radish of the professional radish-monger is no less succulent than the radish that is reared by an amateur in a suburban kitchen-garden.

The bucolic temperament that finds pleasure in a Saturday afternoon of shirt-sleeves, soil-tillage and sub-angular loam, is not mine. I can gaze with equanimity on a thistle, and the dandelion that desecrates the sanctity of an onion-bed may count on my tolerant connivance.

Doris is different. Horticulturally she has ambitions which incline her towards a snobbish exclusiveness. She can see no charm in chickweed, and my catholic taste in herbaceous borders tends to nettle her. Only by subtle references to a regrettable delicacy of constitution and by a pained surprise at her callous insistence on the therapeutic value of digging was I so long able to escape the serfdom of the soil and preserve my leisure for the links.

But, when Doris, fingering a catalogue of seeds, glanced from me to our dishevelled borders and back at me, I realised the futility of further efforts at evasion.

"If only you had more energy," she sighed.

Speaking botanically, I resented the stigma of inertia. Planting my feet firmly on the hearthrug, I raised my eyebrows.

"This unhealthy hankering after hollyhocks," I began; but Doris pouted.

"Mignonette," she breathed ecstatically, "and broccoli, and spinach, and carnations. We'll grow them all."

With mixed feelings I watched her write out an order to the seedsman.

* * * * *

There is very little in horticulture. In two days, during Doris's absence in town, the entire arable area was dug (by a jobbing gardener), and in less than an hour the entire seed supply was decently interred (by me).

Doris on her return was ecstatic. She had not, she confessed, credited me with such prowess with the spade. She would be very proud of her garden.

I cannot dwell without emotion on the weeks that followed. Doris, her forehead puckered into a frown, would daily wander about the garden peering at the tender shoots with questioning incredulous eyes. She became silent and thoughtful, and I detected in her attitude towards me a certain chilliness. Even now, with the garden a riot of luxuriant vegetation, I have a feeling that something is amiss.



Amateur (in difficulties). "I CAN SEE WHAT'S WRONG; YOU'RE OUT OF DRAWING. HAS ANY ORDINARY ARTIST NOTICED IT?"

Yet what more can she desire? Peas (early, green, wrinkled) and scarlet-runners climb gracefully over our front porch; broad beans, shouldertoshoulder with artichokes, wave beneath the drawing-room window; the herbaceous border is thick with broccoli, sprouts and spinach; beetroots and radishes are flourishing in the rockery.

Everything is doing well. The hollyhocks in the hot-house have already thrust their heads through the window in the roof and bid fair to break all altitude records. Cucumbers adorn the rustic arches and marrows are pendent from the pergola. Carnations add a dash of colour to the rhubarb bed, and lettuce thrives in the window-boxes.

Doris, I think, is a little difficult to please. Beyond the cryptic remark that I lack the bump of locality, she

has made no comment, and I am a little hurt.

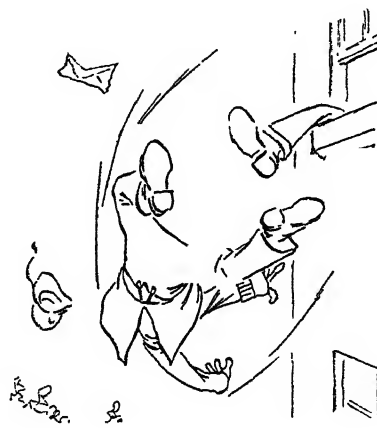
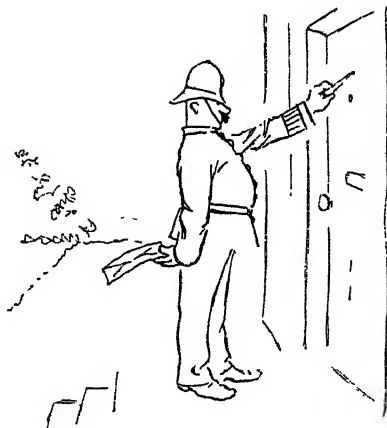
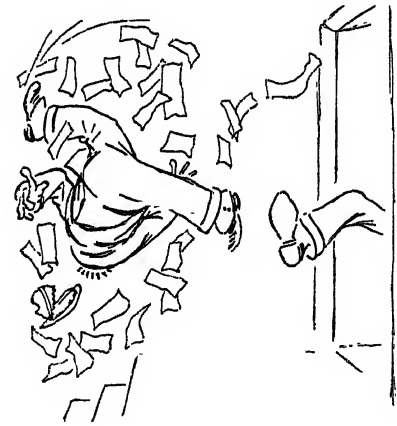
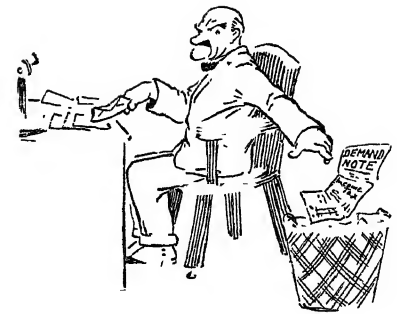
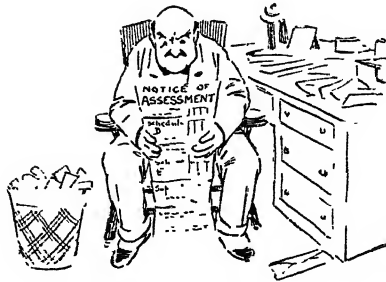
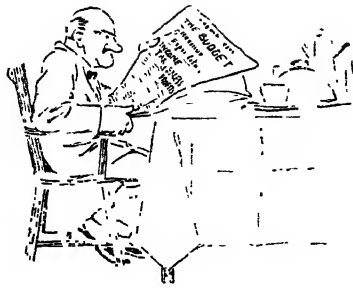
Yet I fancy she is not entirely untouched by my display of devotion. Only this morning, when she plucked a spray from what I had hoped might prove to be the mignonette bed, pinched it between her fingers and inhaled the perfume, I saw tears well up in her eyes.

I am afraid she is pining for the mignonette. So far I have failed to locate it, and am a little anxious. I have an uneasy recollection of having fed the parrot

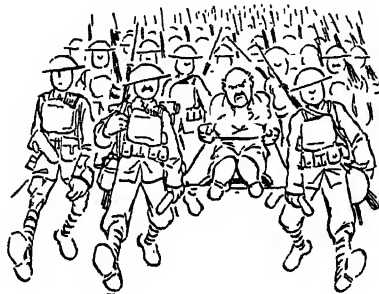
"Somerset made an excellent recovery from an indifferen sar, he score a the lunch interval being 108 for two wickets."—*Sunday Paper*.

What really worried the printer, however, was the "T" interval.

Jouyassen



THE MAN WHO WOULD NOT PAY HIS INCOME-TAX.



THE MAN WHO WOULD NOT PAY HIS INCOME-TAX.

LUCK OF THE WEEK.

I.—THE MAN-ABOUT-GROUND.

IT was during KILNER's admirable innings in the Yorkshire and Middlesex match at Lord's that I saw a new road to eminence suddenly open. It was when a man in the crowd—evidently one of the many visitors from the Northern county—called out, "Go it, Roy!" Why KILNER should not be named "Roy" I cannot explain, nor why it was odd that this spectator should know the name; but both facts seemed to be equally surprising. We looked at the speaker with wonder and respect, and it was then that I realised how distinguished a life it would be to go from ground to ground calling to the cricketers by their Christian names. The familiar use of the simple word "Roy"—if it is simple, which I doubt—conferred lustre on the man who uttered it. He was quite an ordinary-looking fellow, and before he spoke he was negligible and neglected. But now he was very near the rose; he had a foot on the steps of the throne. If only I had a stronger voice, what (I thought) a career of triumph could be mine!

Even as it is I may try. I see that Surrey is playing Essex at the Oval at the end of next week, and I must find out the names of the teams and make my debut there as a man-about-ground (very different from ground-man, I assure you). But how to get at the right names? Because it doesn't follow that the name that the public knows is the name that the hero's real intimates employ. For example (to leave the cricket-field for a moment), it is possible that in domestic circles Mr. EDMUND GOSSE is known as "Willy," Mr. RUDYARD KIPPLING as "Joe," and Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT as "Enoch" or "Eno." Sir JAMES BARRIE may be "Matt" to his closest friends. And *Wisden* offers no help; indeed *Wisden* is curiously reticent even about the names given in baptism. There seems to be a tradition—almost the 56th Law of the game (not "Rule," as *The Times* has been calling it)—that cricketers shall have initials and initials only.

Take the case of HENDREN as an instance. I turn to *Wisden* and find this: "HENDREN, E. (Middlesex) b. Feb. 5, 1889." Now I here put it to Mr. PARDON, who otherwise conducts *Wisden* with such discretion, that it isn't good history to leave it at that; because to all his admirers this darling of the gods is just "Patsy." But how are the enthusiasts of 2023 to know that the great HENDREN was called "Patsy," unless *Wisden* tells them?

And—what is even more serious—how am I to know what to call out at the top of my inadequate voice at the Oval on Saturday week if *Wisden* is useless? I know that HOBBS is "Jack," and that HITCH is "Bill." I have heard that DUCAT is "Andy," and that STRUDWICK is "Harry." I have an idea that Mr. FENDER is "Percy," but probably "Perce" would suggest a closer tie. After that there is not a Christian name that I know. According to *Wisden*, SANDHAM is "A.," PEACH is "H. A.," SHEPHERD is "T.," RUSSELL is "A. C.," FREEMAN is "J." I wonder what the Rev. F. H. GILLINGHAM ought to be called. Only by discovering can I cut any figure as a man-about-ground. I do happen to know that Colonel DOUGLAS is "Johnnie," but I shall have to be a little careful there. Colonel DOUGLAS may not like strangers to call him "Johnnie," and he is a champion boxer.

II.—BLOWN TO AN AGUE.

Another West African letter, the writer of which was smarting under an affront, real or imaginary, suffered in a Lagos bank:—

DEAR SIR,—Of necessity, I am compelled to complain to you Sir, the haughtiness embossed on me some hours ago.

It came to pass that I appeared before the Cashier on the Counter

this morning purposely to draw some amount and I, being hasty, invoked his attention which resulted in an insult from him with the most abusive word "silly" repeatedly; which struck me to the utmost and blew me to an ague. And this insulter at once reported to the accountant, asked him to close my account simply to punish me prejudicially after having stained me respectability with unfair words.

I cannot pose as one possessing the authority to speak the faults of the staff but as a regular customer enjoying mutuality, and I believe if such a process does not receive a full stop which it deserves, it will be a means to suffocation to the progressive regularity of the customers and the advancement of the company.

The English language is far too limited to adequately express how achy I feel when such an abuse was focussed on me.

I do not write to teach your worthiness what to do, but respectfully conjure a precaution to suppress such a practice.

Awaiting your justifiably reply,

I remain,

Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

I see no reason why the writer of that letter should abuse the English language for its inadequacy. E. V. L.

A PARTING.

"I COME ashore off a Cardiff tramp—the worst as ever I see; She was all the things you could name," said Bill, "as a ship's no right to be; She was gritty an' grimy, an' smelly an' slimy, the same aloft as alow, But it's always 'ard at the last," said he, "when it's time for a man to go.

"There was nothing to pleasure a seaman's eye in the blessed whole shemozzle; She was ugly as sin from her slab of a stern to her blunt old lump of a nozzle; She rolled like a pig an' she steered like a dray, she crawled like a bloomin' 'earse, An' the things she done in a seaway, Lord! they'd make a parson curse.

"But there I stood like a bloomin' fool on the quay in the drippin' weather, An' looked at 'er, an' thought o' the things us two 'ad seen together— The work an' fun as was over an' done, the pals, the sprees ashore, An' the times we'd 'ad both good an' bad as 'd never come round no more.

"An' I spat in the dock, an' I turned to go with a kind of a mist in my eye, An' a fool of an ache in my fool of an 'eart as I said, 'Ol' girl, good-bye;' For let 'em be good uns or let 'em be bad, an' let 'em be fast or slow, It's always the same with a ship," said Bill, "when it's time for a man to go." C. F. S.

"As my wife (*née* Mrs. H. —) having left my protection of her own free will and pleasure, I do not hold myself responsible in any way for any debts incurred by her."—*Notice in Indian Paper.* How sad! And she seems to have been a born wife too.

"LAST 'WET' SHIP FOR U.S.A."

There is a general impression that all this is only temporary, and that within a few weeks the restriction will be lifted by diplomatic action. If it is not the shipping companies are faced with serious loss at a time when travelling is only 75 per cent. as heavy as it was in other post-war years. —*Liverpool Paper.*

The report that Liverpool had "gone dry" in sympathy with America appears to have been exaggerated.



AS SHE FONDLY HOPED SHE APPEARED WHEN
EXECUTING HER FAMOUS VOLLEY.



AS THE CAMERA (WHICH, PRESUMABLY, CANNOT
LIE) TOLD HER SHE APPEARED.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. EDMUND GOSSE's second series of *Sunday Times* essays, *More Books on the Table* (HEINEMANN), is the friendliest and most charming of volumes. Although it explicitly waives any attempt to teach, and professes to aim solely at the sharing of experienced pleasure—a rather invidious distinction this, Mr. Gosse, from the teacher's point of view!—there is scarcely a page in the book but is full of rare information. Its author has certainly set out to make the best of his forty subjects; but he has at least two methods of indicating distaste. One is an obvious but incomparable irony—I like it best in "Snapshots at Swinburne" and "Georgian Poetry"—and the other is a subtle withdrawal of personal enthusiasm in favour of a sort of general benevolence, which remains, like the Cheshire cat's smile, long after substantial sympathy has evaporated. Leaving you to note for yourself the essays in which this phenomenon has occurred, I will point out one or two of the thirty odd in which it noticeably hasn't. The exquisite "Two Blind Historians," an all too brief account of THIERRY and PRESCOTT; "M. Bourget's Novels," with its timely reminder that English criticism of French letters has no need to "echo the latest opinion of the boulevards"; and "The Laureate of Wedded Love," a delightful appreciation of Mr. OSBERT BURDETT's "The Idea of Coventry Patmore." Whichever you elect to read first, you must not skip the preface.

"A Pious Opinion is one Faith may hold and the faithful may reject without heresy." This quotation adorns the wrapper of the interesting volume of essays by Sir CHARTRES BIRON, which he calls *Pious Opinions* (Duckworth). Therein, pleasantly bound up in covers of green buckram,

you may find a sufficiency of scholarly gossip about various eminent authors and characters of the last two centuries, ranging from RICHARDSON and SMOLLETT to THACKERAY and TROLLOPE, not forgetting (as in duty bound) a certain famous magistrate who preceded our author at Bow Street. There is also a paper on that curious enigma who, under the working name of "PSALMANAZAR," wrote an imaginary account of his residence and sufferings in the island of Formosa, thereby imposing upon the simple scholars of the reign of ANNE, and who, after his repentance, won the respect of so downright a moralist as SAMUEL JOHNSON. This is, I fancy, the only paper in which Sir CHARTRES ventures on ground that is not already well-worn, but he reprints an essay on the technical accuracy of DICKENS in matters connected with the law courts and brings a store of inside knowledge to bear on the history of FIELDING. Sir CHARTRES is always readable; but he really should be more careful with his proofs. The pages dealing with "The Genius of Mr. Thackeray" contain more than their due share of blunders. Even with those well-known "duelling pistols in rosewood case (same which I shot Captain Marker)" he goes wrong; the unfortunate captain becomes "Markham" in our author's hands. Sad, for a member of the Titmarsh Club!

I have only two grounds for complaint against the author of *Oxford Oddities* (ALLEN AND UNWIN), and neither is serious. Mr. V. J. SELIGMAN, author of two excellent War books, is still a victim to the lure of alliterative titles and begins a little heavily. But as a kindly though acute critic of post-War Oxford and of the inevitable clash between traditionalists and individualists, the "men who were" and the men who don't want to be "as you were;" as a satirist of snobs and prigs and the jargon of essay societies; as a rebuker of Press misrepresentation of Oxford, whether by sensational, Labour or Die-hard journals,

he writes with a refreshing sanity. There is a *crescendo* of interest and humour the deeper you get into his book. The squibs on scientific history are a little laboured, but there is "judicious levity" in his portraits of the humourist *malgré lui*, the worshipper of notabilities and notorieties, and the "precious" conversationalists of North Oxford, "that bourne from which no traveller returns without feelings of the deepest relief." It is a dispassionate survey of "the folly of the fray" as well as its ferment, enlivened by many happy phrases, as when he distinguishes the "Undergraduettes" of Oxford from the ladies who embellish "Commem." by describing the former as "not provocatively feminine;" or finds that examinees have only two kinds of questions to deal with, those they know nothing about and those they know too much about—adding that "the latter prove the more difficult to answer;" or, in his aphorisms on Public Schools, observes that "not all Wykehamists are as clever as they appear to be; a few (a very few) are cleverer, and all are nicer."

Mr. J. SAXON MILLS, in his *Life and Letters of Sir Hubert Herkomer* (HUTCHINSON), has kept himself so completely in the background that, without a definite effort, one would never stop to notice how well his work is done, being completely absorbed with the artist himself, who indeed never was one to accept any position less than that of principal. In one way, of course, the biographer of a painter is fortunate, for illustrations reproducing representative paintings are not mere additions to his subject, but essential parts of it. Mr. MILLS has known how to make cunning use of this advantage, and the result is a most readable book, in which Sir HUBERT HERKOMER—the VON is dropped from the name whenever possible—is shown to have been, whether in his art or in his faculty for inspiring friendship and hostility, or even in his versatile crazes for matters of trivial moment, one of the most vivid personalities of his day. Mr. MILLS quotes some very attractive letters from HERBERT SPENCER, in which the philosopher solemnly finds fault with the shape of nose and length of hair allotted him in his portrait. The artist's language on that occasion is not recorded, but from the impression of him which the writer gives us it seems probable that it was adequate to the occasion.

Mr. C. E. LAWRENCE has woven into his *Lass of the Sword* (MURRAY) some strands not usually favoured by your ordinary tusher—complexities of character and subtleties of motive, a striving after beauty and a note of fine idealism. Nor has he spoilt his story withal. *Lass of the Sword*, that was drudge to a brute of a foster-father and a rabbit of a foster-mother, would forsooth be a knight, right wrong and find out the secret of her doubtless noble birth. So she sallies forth on her great quest with a mere cudgel and a bow (with which she makes some very poor shooting), and meets

the gentle knight, *Tristram*, with whom she falls in love and from whom she naturally refuses any assistance, though you might have thought she needed a bisque or two in the difficult game against such enemies as her foster-father, *Gleb*, and the gross knight, *Bryon*, to whom she had been sold, to say nothing of the reputed dragon in the enchanted woods. She quits her like a true man, is knighted *Sir Rosalind of Lone Tower* by the Emperor *Brevin* of Dornivaux, and is recognised by some equivalent of the strawberry mark as the long-lost daughter of a very noble lady. One can smile at our serious author alternating slabs of austere Laurentian Wardour Street with such comfortable sentences as "She yearned to cook and so to improve the comestibles, but at present was a little shy of suggesting it."

Miss BEATRICE GRIMSHAW possesses to an exceptional extent the gift of atmosphere, and *The Valley of Never-Come-Back* (HURST AND BLACKETT) has temporarily transported me from the rigours of an English summer to the climate of Papua. From each of these nine stories I have got a sense of holiday which makes me feel kindly disposed to her. But not to the point of asserting that Miss GRIMSHAW has all the qualities that should go to the equipment of a writer of short stories. Reluctantly I must admit that some of these tales are made from rather slight and flimsy material. But it is a pleasant collection; and the next time she offers me the chance of a similar holiday I shall be quite ready to take it.

Of Miss I. A. R. WYLIE's six *Side Shows* (CASSELL), the first, "The Wonderful Story," with its dignity and restraint, is so incomparably the finest that the remainder of the entertainment left me a little disappointed. Indeed "The Inheritors," by far the longest of the tales, seemed to me lacking in all the qualities which

make "The Wonderful Story" so attractive. Of the remaining four, "Elfreda and the Busman" and "Lord Bolshevik and Lady Circumstance" are the best; but more than once I found myself wondering if Miss WYLIE's touch is light enough for such themes. The publishers tell me that "these stories are probably the best that Miss WYLIE has yet written." I note "probably," and am no more confident about it than they appear to be.

The many readers who have followed the work of Mr. HILTON BROWN, I.C.S., in these pages will welcome the chance of having it in collected form. He has called his "miscellany of verse" *The Second Lustre* (BLACKWELL). Mr. Punch commends this little volume to all lovers of style, and in particular to those who know their India.

"Monday was Rose Day at Spilsby and roses were the only wear."—*Lincolnshire Paper*.

We can only hope Monday's weather at Spilsby was more tropical than it was in town.



R.A. 1906



R.A. 1910



R.A. 1917



R.A. 1924

A PORTRAIT-PAINTER WHO ACHIEVED DISTINCTION BY HIS RENDERING OF THE HIGH LIGHT ON A VASE (R.A. EXHIBITION, 1906) FOLLOWS UP HIS SUCCESS.

CHARIVARIA.

At Ascot, we read, there were some wonderful fur coats of sable, ermine, mink and moleskin. There were some races as well. *

EX-KING FERDINAND is alleged to have been behind the Bulgarian revolution. We can well believe that he felt safer there than in front of it. *

Mr. ROBERT LYND has written an invocation to the sun. We sincerely hope that some good will result from this sporting appeal. *

It is reported that BATTLING SIKI recently allowed his lion to bite a pedestrian, then fired a revolver in the air, knocked down a waiter, threw a jug at a *café* manager and insulted the police. One of these days we think this coloured boxer will go too far. *

Dealing with the Finance Bill Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS admitted that he was an ardent consumer of ginger-beer. We like to see a Cabinet Minister going the pace now and then. *

A new bowler discovered in Hampshire takes a run of forty yards before delivering the ball. This should give the batsmen more time to compose their Press reports. *

According to a news item, Chertsey haymakers wore overcoats the other day. Nothing was said about spats. *

It was advertised that at the Theatrical Garden Party a poet would write poems to order. We were grateful for the publication of this warning. *

A new road-machine now being tested is capable of tearing up and removing a ton of earth at each operation. We fancy we have gone round with the golfer from whom the inventor got his idea. *

We do not mean to suggest anything, but we notice that, as soon as Senator HIRAM JOHNSON of California arrived in London, Lord BIRKENHEAD made up his mind to visit the United States. Perhaps it is just as well that America should know that she cannot have it all her own way.

Under a new Bill it is proposed to mark all imported meat. Why has no one taken up the suggestion that boarding-house keepers should have the resistance-force figures engraved on their steaks by a monumental mason? *

"Broadcasting is becoming more perfect every day," announces a contemporary. We understand however that, until a method of transmitting italics is invented, Mr. LOVAT FRASER will not speak from 2 LO. *

The British War Debt contribution paid to the United States recently was fifteen million pounds. There is some consolation in the thought that this is something British that got past Ellis Island.



SPREAD OF THE STONE-PAVED GARDEN CULT.

Scientists have found a petrified man who has sat with his feet elevated for thousands of years. The explanation is that he particularly wanted to be found in that position. *

A Bill now before the Illinois House of Representatives will make marriage possible on the same day as divorce. It only requires a further bill which will make divorce possible on the same day as marriage to round off a perfect day. *

The expedition sent to India by the New York History Museum reports that it has not succeeded in finding a pink-headed duck. That may be so. What we want is a house to let. *

Two thousand Wolf Cubs have given a grand howl in the court-yard of Somerset House. The affair was arranged, we understand, by the Brighter Somerset House Society.

Now that the beaver craze is over quite a number of men are having their beards bobbed for the summer season. *

A fisherman in Cromarty has built for himself a house in the record time of thirty-seven days. He is evidently no bricklayer. *

High tides have been playing havoc with the children's sand-pictures at many of our seaside resorts. Several Urban Councils are taking the matter up with the Admiralty. *

The inquiry being conducted by the Committee on Domestic Service is to end. It has only had a short run in London, but lovers of light entertainments are hoping that some enterprising manager will arrange a provincial tour. *

We are informed that, owing to the inclement weather, several mosquito bites have been postponed. *

Over a thousand English school-boys are to pay a visit to France during the coming vacation. Arrangements are being made for them to have cigarette-cards forwarded to them. *

Five thousand bees go to make a pound, we read. We are glad to know that it isn't necessary to use force. *

A Peckham correspondent of *The Evening News* has found a partridge in his garden and is retaining it in his chicken-run. We can only hope that it will keep till September. *

The ex-Khedive ABBAS HILMI has expressed the hope that he will again occupy the throne of Egypt. Gloomy beggar! *

"When M. PADEREWSKI will answer no more questions," says a *Daily News* reporter, "he just shakes you warmly but firmly by the hand." Not by the neck, you will note. *

Bolshevism is said to be making headway in Mexico. Pessimistic Mexicans predict that very soon no man will be able to call his revolver his own.

"An analysis showed that in three ounces of lead there were found 4 or 5 grains of lead." *Evening Paper.* Somebody must have been swinging it.

TO M. PADEREWSKI.

*A small Ode, supplementary to the
Cartoon on the opposite page.*

LONG missing from your heavenly place,
O Polar Star,
You've heard the high gods' order, "As
you were!"

And there you are;
And, from the firmamental space
To which you now recur,
Once more on happy ears
Descends the harmony of the spheres.

To Earth you came;
And Earth, that wondered, saw you
seize
And hold aloft o'er darkened lands
The torch of Freedom in those hands
So light to touch the ivory keys.
Ah, then 'twas roses, roses round your
feet!

Now from your country's service thrust
apart—

The patriot's thankless meed—
Thrown from that perilous seat,
You that had spent your all for Poland's
need—

Turning to seek the next best thing,
To Music, to your first love, back you
bring
The youth and unstaled passion of your
heart.

We cannot all
Be Premiers all the time,
However excellent our aims;
And (not to mention names)
I would that others, when they fall
From that sublime
And arduous estate,
Might, for their better peace (and ours),
Employ their vacant powers,
Impotent now to sway the Lobby,
On so superb a hobby. O. S.

ANOTHER "RISE."

In the dark ages, before Lords
ROTHERMERE and BEAVERBROOK had
begun to dictate trenchant and power-
ful articles for popular consumption on
Sunday mornings, journalists were re-
garded as particularly low fellows of
the baser sort, mere hired scribblers,
unscrupulous disseminators of libels
and scandal.

Things have improved a little since
that period, but I confess I had not
realised the extent of the advance
until I encountered the following state-
ment by "The Clubman" of *The Pall
Mall Gazette*:—

"One place [in Soho], where trout was pre-
pared very well, was like a branch dépôt of all
the Courts of Europe.

A friend of mine, who happens to be the
brother of a Prince, advised me to try the
place. Then a Princess of my acquaintance
said she went there to eat the trout.

I then heard that a former candidate for

the Lord Chancellorship went openly to this
particular haunt, without any sort of disguise.
I then went there myself."

Obviously things are looking up.
When a journalist hesitates to be seen
in a Soho restaurant until its cuisine
and respectability have been vouched
for by a Princess, the brother of a
Prince and a former candidate for the
Lord Chancellorship, the profession
may be said to have "arrived." Individ-
uals may still be on the rocks, but as a
class journalists are clearly in the swim.

In view of this change in their status
pressmen and their traditions should
certainly undergo a little of the "re-
construction" so ardently recommended
in recent years. Being no longer
loiterers at street corners, frequenters
of pot-houses and consumers of snacks,
it behoves such of them as may have
been addicted to these habits to mend
their ways. Personally, I propose to
be more careful in future where and
with whom I eat.

Hitherto I have accepted hospitality
from any hand, however lowly; but
never again. I shall think twice before
I allow myself to be persuaded by
barristers, stockbrokers or artists to
enter the low haunts they themselves
find congenial. On receipt of such
invitations I shall instinctively ask
myself—

(1) Does the cuisine attain the high
standard of achievement essential to
the sensitive digestive organs of a
journalist?

(2) Is this the sort of place in which
a journalist can afford to be heard
drinking soup?

Before I consent to grace plebeian
revels at "Italiano's" or "Spaghetti's,"
I shall insist on seeing the proprietor's
birth certificate, income-tax receipt and
list of previous convictions. When I
have been satisfied on these preliminary
points I shall take counsel with my
friends, Princess Popoffsky, the Rajah
Bong, the ex-Crown Prince of Begonia
and a former candidate for the Stage-
Doorkeepership of the Hilarity Theatre,
who wishes to preserve his anonymity.
Should they decide that my journalistic
dignity would not be impaired by so
doing, I might be induced to confer
distinction on the place by toying with
a haddock *à la matre d'hôtel* within
its walls.

Like the exclusive "Clubman," I
shall only feed where greatness has first
sampled the fare. I am a journalist,
and I shall be glad if you will remem-
ber that resounding fact. (*All bow.*)

From a golf report:—

"The visitors won by 11 to 7 pints."

Welsh Paper.

At the "nineteenth hole," we presume.

THE PERILS OF POLITENESS.

George Rowland is a man—and there
are many such—who, having a multi-
tude of friends and the faculty of making
himself congenial to all sorts of men,
supposes that all his friends must be
equally congenial to one another. A
little Euclid is a dangerous thing.

For years he had been talking to me
about his dear friends "the Turners,"
and striving to arrange meetings—in
other words, meals—at which it would
at last be revealed to each of the two
parties how right George had been in
saying that both of them were the best
people in the world. But for years we
were never all available on the same
day.

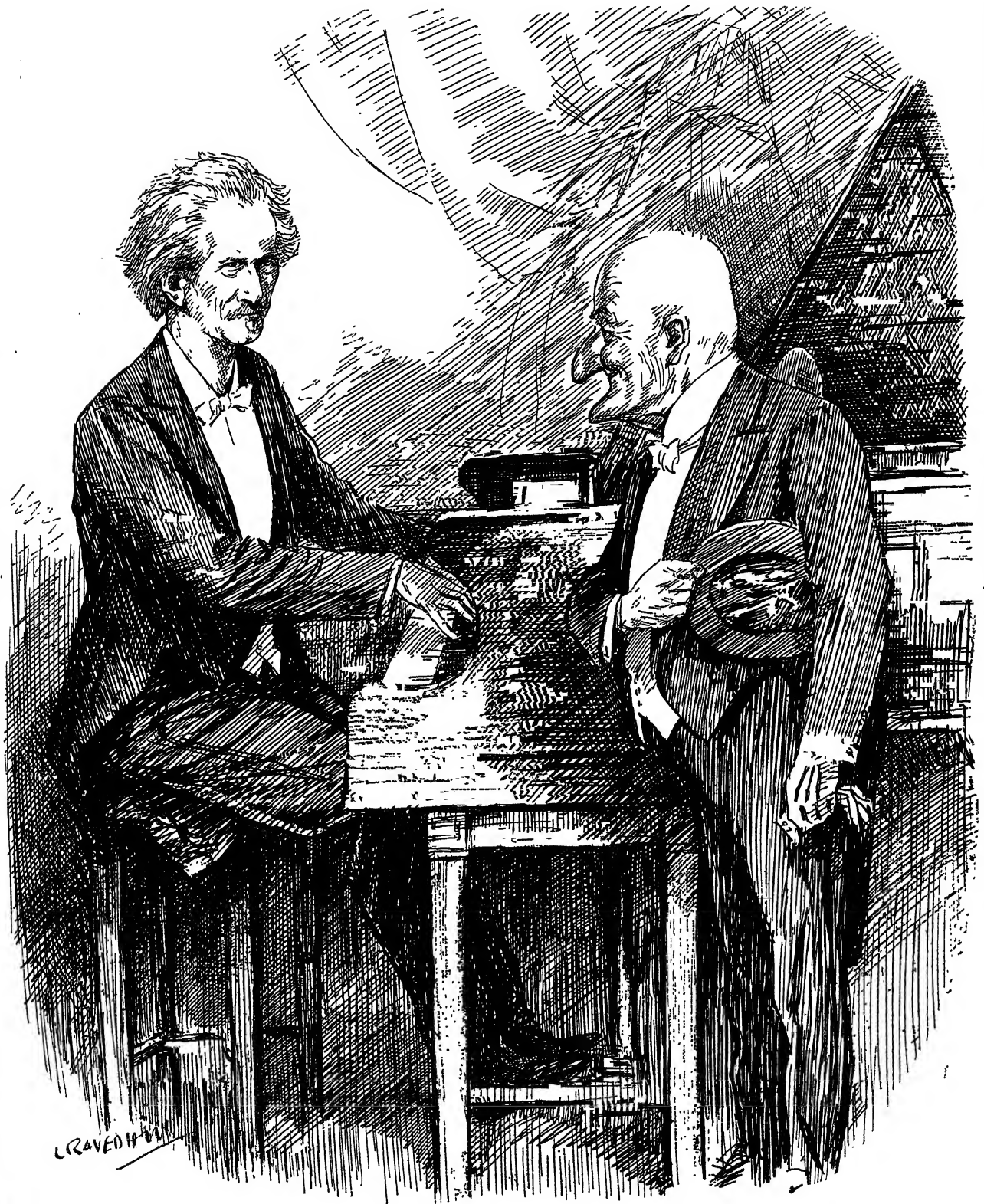
Then at last, a few weeks ago, the
Great Introduction was arranged.
George and I were invited together to
a little dinner with the Turners at their
charming flat in Chelsea. George was
as excited about it as a young man
introducing a new love to an old one;
and by this time, well though I knew
George, I confess that I was beginning
to feel a faint interest in the Turners
myself.

Now it would be idle to pretend that
I have more than one white waistcoat;
and even my stiff evening shirts are
limited in number. Life had been a
whirl of pleasure during the previous
week, and on going upstairs to dress I
found that both the waistcoat and the
shirt were at the wash. However, my
soft shirts are the envy of Hammer-
smith; the white tie had seen worse
days; the black waistcoat was, after
all, a waistcoat; the tail-coat had been
specially made for me, and in this
picturesque if unconventional combina-
tion I rushed out of the house. After
all, Chelsea is so Bohemian and jolly—
they wouldn't mind. Still, for my first
meeting with the Turners . . .

I was late, of course. No man can
arrive punctually at a Chelsea home.
But, thank Heaven, I had company.
Two men in opera-hats bustled into
the hall of Ormonde Mansions with
me, and, squeezing into the lift, we
passed upward together, glowering in
the usual way.

A tiny cloud, I thought, passed over
the brow of my hostess as she greeted
me, and I feared that Mrs. Turner was
perhaps not quite so Bohemian as I
had hoped. But there were several
ladies present: how right I had been
to wear a white tie!

The cloud passed in a moment and
she introduced me. "Do you know
Mrs. Mumble?" she said; and I said
straight out that I did not. Then there
was a General Mumble, a Sir Charles
Mumble, a second Mrs. Mumble, Miss



AN ALTERNATIVE PLATFORM.

MR. PUNCH. "AH, M. PADEREWSKI, IF ALL THE EX-PREMIERS I KNOW OF COULD FALL BACK, LIKE YOU, ON THE CONSOLATIONS OF HARMONY!"



"GREAT HEAVENS, AMELIA! NOT A DATE PUDDING AGAIN? WHAT DO YOU TAKE ME FOR? A SHEIK?"

Mumble, Captain Mumble, Mr. Stanley Mumble and another Miss Mumble. In fact, as usual, all the Mumble family were there. I was introduced as plain Mr. Mumble and felt at home at once.

"So glad to meet you at last," I said respectfully to my hostess. "I've heard so much about you."

"That's very kind of you," she said with some restraint.

"But where's our mutual friend?" I asked in surprise, for George was nowhere to be seen.

"He won't be a minute," she said shortly. "A little late."

"As usual," I said brightly.

"Yes, he's terrible, isn't he?" she said, thawing at last, as if she had only just placed me. Or, more likely, as if she was just beginning to recover from the sight of a friend of the immaculate George clothed in a black waistcoat, tails, and a white tie.

The maid announced that dinner was served, and while Mrs. Turner was giving her some last-minute instruction or other our host came in, full of apologies, and hurriedly shook hands all round. He was a charming fellow, with beautiful manners, as George had often explained, but even he could not keep a tiny film of blankness from his eyes as they rested on me. I must be a terrible sight, I thought.

Evidently, though, he repented at once, for he said most heartily, "So glad you could come, Mr."

"So glad to meet you at last," I said with sincerity, for here was clearly the perfect gentleman, especially as I suspected that he had not the faintest idea who I was.

"Any friend of Sibyl's" he began, but the ladies were trooping out of the door, and all the male Mumbles followed in a bunch.

"I'm afraid we're an odd number," said Mrs. Turner in the dining-room. "Will you sit there, Mr.?"

I sat down with alacrity on the left of the younger and more beautiful of the Misses Mumble, and, with less alacrity, on the right of the General, to whom I attributed a complete lack of sympathy with Bohemianism.

"Rotten staff-work, Sibyl," said Mr. Turner playfully.

"Well, I like that!" she exclaimed, with a reproachful glance at her lord, at which he looked puzzled, and glanced quickly at me and very quickly away again. At which it crossed my mind that George's estimate of the Turners' anxiety to meet me had perhaps been exaggerated. So like George. Meanwhile, where was George? Not coming after all, it seemed. That was like him, too. He had flung a perfect stranger at the Turners' heads, made their party an odd number, and not come himself; and the Turners, with superb politeness, were making the best of it, and in spite of my clothes. Meanwhile . . .

"Have you read *Darkness*?" Miss Mumble was saying very sweetly.

What a delightful girl! What admirable soup!

Darkness led to *BARRIE*. And *BARRIE* to favourite authors. And so to *KIPLING*. And she had been to India. But no, she had not met my cousin Smith out there. All the same the world was a small place, wasn't it? She remembered once . . .

What a good dinner! What fish!

The conversation became general. I told the story of Lord *CHARLES BERSFORD* and the American. A huge success. What charming people! George was right. What wine!

The conversation became particular.

Had I read *Darkness*? No, I hadn't read *Darkness*. Yes, she remembered I'd said I hadn't read *Darkness*. She hadn't read *Darkness* either. But Mrs. Graham had read *Darkness* and said it was good. Mrs. Graham was her greatest friend. They had yachted together. And then, of course, it came out that all her passions and enthusiasms were mine—Sailing, and Gardening, and the Drama and Singing in the Tube. It was amazing. And Mrs. Graham was the same.

"What Mrs. Graham is that?" I asked idly, capturing a new potato. I felt that I had known the Turners for years.

"This one—Sibyl."

"You mean Mrs. Turner?"

"No, I mean Mrs. *Graham*—our hostess."

I put the potato back.

"Oh," I said, in a cold sweat, but marvellously calm. "Then which is Mrs. Turner?"

"There's no Turner here that I know of. There are some people called Turner in the flat below, though. Perhaps you're thinking of them?"

"It's just possible," I said. "As a matter of fact—"

"Sibyl asked them to come to-night, but they're giving a party themselves. Nice people. It's funny you haven't met them."

"It is," I said. "Quite funny. By the way, you might tell me what I ought to do;" and in the strictest confidence I explained the situation.

Miss Mumble giggled stealthily for some time. Then she said, "You can't do anything. You can't get up and make a scene in the middle of *this* party, and you can't arrive in the middle of the other party. You'd better stay here and brazen it out. The *Grahams* won't discover till you've gone, because each of them thinks the other one invited you. If you go now you'll only make a fool of—of them. In fact, I think it's your *duty* to the *Grahams* to stay."

"How true," I said. "And a man's duty—"

"Of course," she went on, "you might slip out when the ladies retire."

"I shan't go till then, anyway," I said with some decision.

It was a very jolly party. After the ladies had gone the General talked amusingly and ceaselessly; and after that Miss Mumble sang; and no awkward questions were asked, and we were all great friends. I thrust the *Turners* out of my mind altogether.

At about ten a lady and gentleman and a young man came in.

"Oh, Sibyl," said the lady, "we thought we'd look in for a few minutes after all. Our principal guest never turned up."

"Hullo, Pat!" said the insufferable George.

"Hullo," said I. "So we meet at last, Mrs. Turner." A. P. H.

Another Impending Apology.

"TWO DIFFICULT PROBLEMS BEFORE THE GOVERNMENT.

Lord Derby and Reparations."

Headlines in Provincial Paper.

"Required, Refined Help for chronic ladies."

Advt. in Local Paper.

A case of persistent gentility.

"Lady —, in a dress shaded from cyclamen to violet, had a skirt of cyclone tissue."

Daily Paper.

The "tempestuous petticoat," indeed!



"LET'S 'OLD 'IM A BIT AND GO 'ARVES."
"NO."

"WIN ANYFINK AT ASCOT?"
"WELL, 'OP IT THEN. WOT DO YOU KNOW ABAHT 'ORSES?"

A SILVER LINING.

[It has been decided that professional Association Football Players are manual labourers, and are therefore liable for Health Insurance. An unemployed footballer will be entitled to draw out-of-work pay.]

Pro's, whose fortunes thousands follow,

Heroes demi-deified,

Are you sad that you must swallow

Such an insult to your pride?

"Why," you ask, "associate us

With the wretched sons of toil,

Giving us the navy's status,

And the clod's that digs the soil?"

There is one small point, however,

Which, O Pro's, is on your side;

Only play the game and never

May its logic be denied—

Trite though be the observation,
Everybody understands
That a manual occupation
Must involve the use of hands.

So, to earn that fifteen bob, you'll
Never even have to shirk;
While your hands are off the globe
You are always out-of-work;
You should cull immense enjoyment
From a game wherein you may
Draw your dole for unemployment
And your ordinary pay.

Judicial Candour.

"Imposing a fine of 40s., the chairman remarked that, although the magistrates did not attend the carnival, there was no doubt there was a good deal of horseplay on the front."

Evening Paper.

A LYING RUMOUR.

["The film serial is dead."] *American Trade Publication.*

THE serial dead! From Los Angeles itself the news has come, and so it should be true; and yet the thing is incredible.

The serial dead! Nonsense. I know death well. I have seen much of it and in many forms. Death is a thing which comes to villains in the last episode of all, or to minor characters in the course of the plot, or occasionally to the heroine's father, a decent old man, early in the action and before we have learned to love him.

But the serial itself dead! The very idea is preposterous. Heroes and heroines never die. No really good character ever dies. How, then, is it to be believed that the serial would let itself die?

Of course I don't deny that things may look black for the serial at the moment. Death may seem inevitable. But I understand these things pretty well and I feel confident that the serial will extricate itself. I have seen such things happen time and again.

I have seen *Dick Ransom*, the young sheriff of Oaktree City, bound hand and foot to a machine-saw bench, with the whirling blade rapidly approaching his inert form. A yard away . . . a foot . . . six inches! "*Did Dick Ransom Escape the Buzzing Death? See Episode 13 in this Theatre on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week.*"

I saw. He did. As a matter of fact, an independent villain, over-zealous for destruction, had previously mined the saw-mill so as to make sure of his victim, and he blew it up at the very beginning of Episode 13, when the blade was about an inch from *Dick's* head, with the result that the machinery was disorganised and *Dick* was thrown clear, emerging from the *débris* some thirty seconds later little the worse for his adventure.

And then look at *Hamilton Duvene*. He never died, and, Heaven knows, he asked for trouble if ever mortal did. For six months he pursued the most evil and bloodthirsty party of criminals that it has ever been my pleasure to watch, over practically the whole of the known world, and finally concluded the serial by wringing from them the stolen half of the treasure-map.

Once, I confess, I gave *Duvene* up for lost. He was strapped to a chair in the aquarium-cellar of the bogus Chief of Police, with the water up to his chin and rising still.

But it was only the fifth episode, and next week *Sadie* saved him all right. It was a close thing, but she had him out

of it; and so rapidly did he recover from his exposure that by the end of the reel he was hanging by a rope, head downwards, over a disused mine-shaft with two strands of the rope cut and *Fernandez* working at the third with a knife.

Lightning Jake the cowboy, *Hellfire Peters*, *Smiling Jack Barter*, *Maisie* the lady detective,—all these came very near to death at least once a week; but none of them ever died. And *Gloria Norton*, heiress of the Norton millions, she who was left as dead on that desert island—did she not wake from her coma just as the *Aquitania* (I think it was the *Aquitania*; it looked like it) sent its party of pearl-hunters ashore to prospect the place?

No, there must be some mistake about it: the serial cannot be dead. Perhaps it is shamming dead, or perhaps the whole report is a lie framed by some nefarious comedy-king to discredit our beloved instalment film.

Why, even as I write I see parading in the street below an ancient man bearing a sign inscribed:—

COMMENCING THIS WEEK

(THURS., FRI. AND SAT.)

HANDS OF BLOOD.

ENTHRALLING NEW SERIAL.

LOVE. MYSTERY.

ADVENTURE.

Dead, forsooth! I know my serial far too well for that. The serial will never die.

TO A SUBURBAN NIGHTINGALE.

We be boy and girl from Sussex, we be lately come to town
From a liddle old red village up along by Trueleigh Down,
And we misses things o' Sussex, like the birds we used to hear,
And we takes it very kindly you should come and sing so near,
Like you sung to us last year;
Yes, we takes it *very* kindly you should settle down so near.

There be green oak-woods in Sussex, there be bluebells there, and may,
And we couldn't help but wonder why you didn't choose to stay,
But we sort of thinks together that you come because you *knew*
Just how bad we wanted Sussex and how bad we wanted you;
'Twas a gentle thing to do,
And we takes it very kindly and we kindly welcomes you.

At a dog-show:—

"The Judge, Mr. —, V.S., rigidly adhered to the principle of merit regardless of all other considerations."—*Dublin Paper*.
Ireland is evidently improving.

THE MONOCLE EFFECT.

THE eye-doctor sat at his desk writing busily. I remained motionless in my chair, awaiting the verdict and staring blankly at the alphabet upon the wall. I had been through all his tests, and always my right eye had lagged behind my left. I wondered what he was going to do to me. I had a horrible fear it would be rimless pince-nez. If so I should refuse. Goggles I would wear for reading; tortoiseshell, amber or horn, or even, if necessary, blue spectacles; but pince-nez, never. My nose revolted at the very thought of them.

The eye-doctor suddenly swung round in his chair.

"Do you think," he asked, "you could wear a monocle?"

A monocle. I hadn't thought of this. Could I wear a monocle? I considered for a moment. What would happen if I wore a monocle? What would people say? Was I rich enough? Men who wore monocles all looked rich. I had never seen a man like me wearing a monocle. Would it make me look rich? And dignified and distinguished?

I borrowed a monocle from the eye-doctor and tried it on. I looked at myself in the glass. It was wonderful. It gave me a new air of confidence and prosperity on the spot. It *made* me. It was just what I had been needing all my life.

"What do you think, doctor?" I asked.

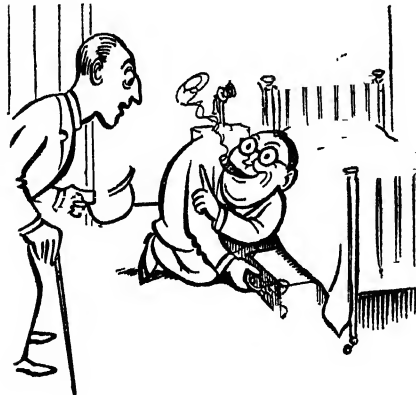
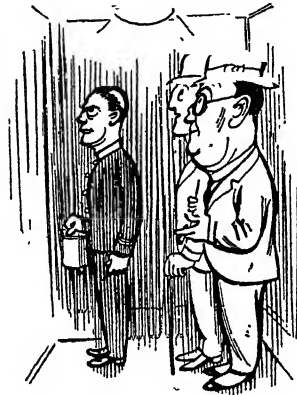
"That's all right," he answered. And so I bought a monocle.

* * * * *

And now about those men who wear monocles I have only this to say: If they appear prosperous, they deserve prosperity; if they look dignified, they are; if they seem to have confidence, they have it. I salute them. I take off my hat to them. They are masterpieces.

For myself I do not any longer wear my monocle. The following are some of the reasons:—

- (1) Everybody stared at me and thought I looked an ass.
- (2) I looked an ass.
- (3) My eye would only half open behind it.
- (4) My cigarette set the cord on fire.
- (5) I could never blow my nose.
- (6) My eye breathed on to it and made it like a railway-carriage window on a frosty morning.
- (7) It left me only one eyebrow to look surprised with.
- (8) I was compelled to smile with my right cheek to keep it in.
- (9) It made me feel lop-sided.
- (10) I was always fishing it out of my tankard and my soup-plate.
- (11) It is smashed to smithereens.



J.M. BATEMAN '23

TRUE AMERICAN HOSPITALITY.

FATE MALEVOLENT.

"It is idle to tell me," said the stern man, "that Fate is merely a tissue of undirected caprice. I am as persuaded that we can be the conscious sport of Chance as you are that Chance is blind. I had another proof of it only last week.

"Last week," he continued, "it was my bad fortune—or it may be good fortune—to lose the last tooth in my lower jaw. I express myself as in doubt as to the effect, beneficial or otherwise, because the people that I have since met have been divided into two camps: a very small one, which applauds the good sense of myself and the wisdom of my dentist, and a very large one, which says that all this extraction is rubbish, a passing craze, and that I shall never cease to regret it.

"I have had a suspicion all my life that everyone's own dentist is the best and all other dentists are mischievous impostors; but never has that theory received so much support. 'What a pity you didn't consult my man!' is a phrase that I have heard twenty times a day. If I had any ivory left you would find it engraved there.

"All I can say at the moment is that whatever benefit may proceed from this dental operation, nothing but discomfort was the immediate result, for with the last tooth went the plate also; and for a few days I was a pitiable object.

"Now, I don't want to probe into dark secrets, but I dare say that some of you know what a plate is, and are aware that, in order to pronounce certain words, especially those beginning with sibilants, two rows of teeth are important.

"Very well, then. I come to my point.

"You say that Chance is blind, that the Fates are innocent of deliberate mischief and malice. In that case will you explain why it is that it was not until I was without my full speaking apparatus that I found myself in a company that was discussing poetry and looked to me as an authority? And it isn't as if they were discussing poets that have honest patronymics, such as BROWNING and BLAKE and BRONTË and BYRON and MARLOWE and MARVELL and MOORE and DRUMMOND and PATMORE and POPE. I did all I could to keep the conversations to such as these; but in vain.

"Further, they talked about impos-

sible books. I ask you if it was not through some malignant and supernaturally diabolical pre-arrangement, rather than accident, that, within a few moments of sitting down, the lady next to me asked me to tell her the name of Mr. A. E. HOUSMAN's most famous book? This work has been published for years and no one ever required me to mention its title before. They have always known it. Why should it happen on one of the first days of my life on which to say 'Shropshire' was an impossibility? Tell me that.



"CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE."

MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS DESERTS HIS DARTMOOR.

"I made some sort of an effort, but only to be further humiliated, for she then asked me what was my favourite place in Mr. HOUSMAN's county. Now, my favourite places are Shrewsbury and Church Stretton; but do you think I tried to say so? Not I. I said Ludlow, and in saying so told a lie and betrayed Salop.

"I again pass over some fairly thin ice, of which SHAKESPEARE and SHELLEY were the constituents, and come to a final treachery on my part, forced upon me by the same inquisitive female. 'That beautiful poem called *The Song of Honour*,' she said; 'do tell me the name of its author.'

"Now nobody has much better reason than I to know that it is by Mr. RALPH HODGSON. But put yourself in my place—you who also have suffered from the new wholesale dentistry. To us, of all names, 'Hodgson' is the worst, as in a second's time, mentally rehearsing it, I discovered. And here we have malevolent Fate again. The *Shropshire Lad* question might just possibly have been chance; but the *Song of Honour* question coming so soon after settled everything. Clearly I was being pursued; I was a victim; the naughty gods were in want of something to make them laugh.

"You who have been plateless too, what would you have done? There were two courses. One was to feign ignorance and say, 'I've forgotten'; the other was to take refuge among the friendly labials and pull the lady's leg. I took the second course. 'Wasn't it BIVON?' I replied.

"That was the end of that ordeal. But I was not through yet; the gods not having enjoyed sufficient mirth, worse was to come. Later in the evening my hostess, who is fond of abstruse matters, was speaking of a remarkable case of clairvoyance which she had read in the paper. She produced the cutting, but, finding that she had left her glasses somewhere, she asked me to be so good as to read it. You who know what it is to be without the lower row will give me all your sympathy when I say that the first sentence began, 'A very curious instance of the working of what may be called the sixth sense'—and so on. But I did not get as far even as that. No sooner did my eye, foraging ahead, alight upon 'sixth sense' than I extemporised the finest coughing fit of my life and passed the cutting to a neighbour.

"Blind chance indeed! Intentional mischief every time!" E. V. L.

Commercial Candour.

From a German trade-circular:—

"Our — Fountain-pen is a revolting invention."

Another Headache for the Historian.

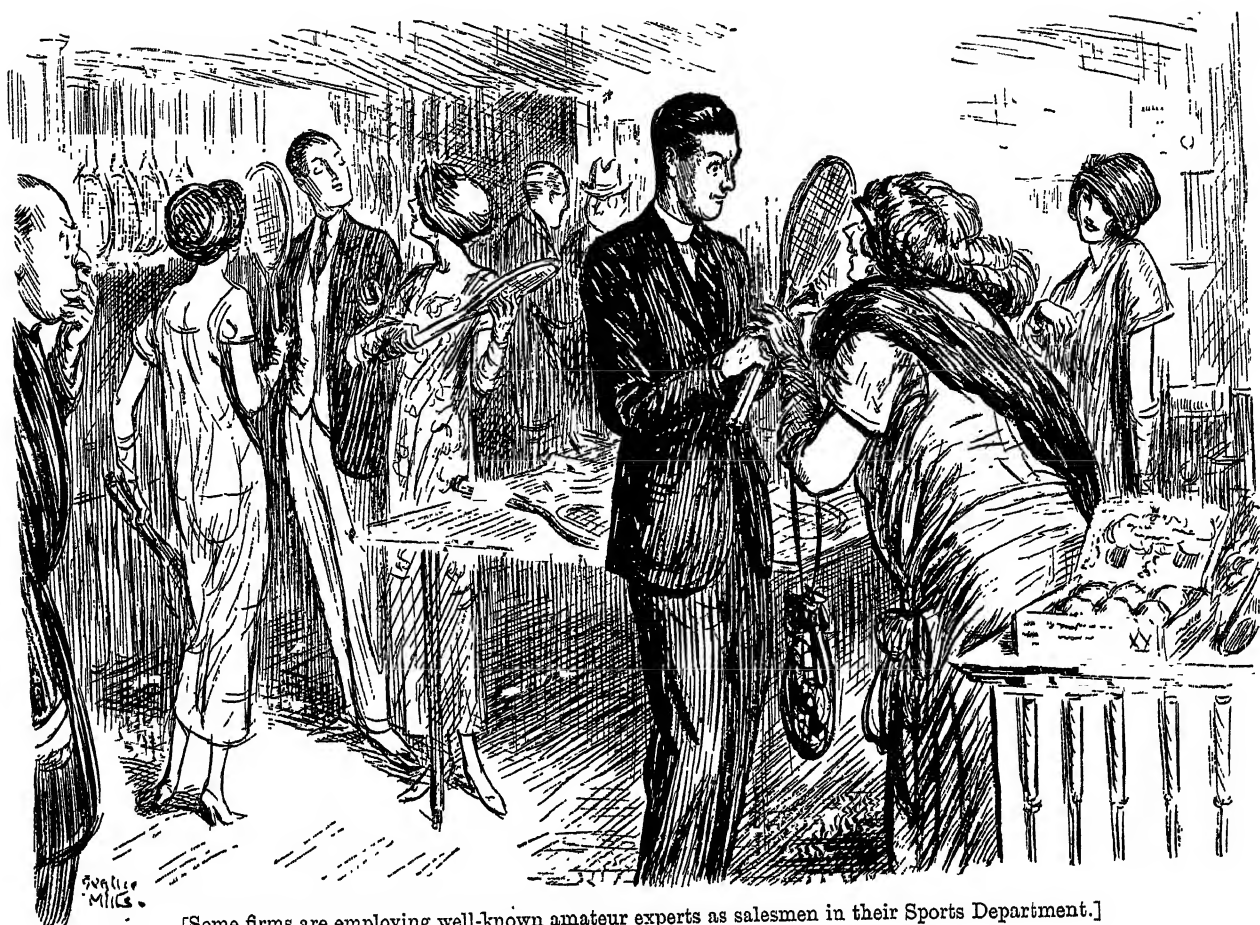
"A BRIGHT ASCOT.

SUNSHINE AND NO RAIN,"

Daily Paper, June 20th.

"DRESS AT ASCOT.

FASHION SHOW SPOILED BY THE WEATHER."
Same Paper, Same Day.



[Some firms are employing well-known amateur experts as salesmen in their Sports Department.]

Sport Expert. "YOU'LL HAVE THIS RACKET, THEN?"

Mrs. Lyon-Hunter. "YES, PLEASE; AND (confidentially) A DOZEN TENNIS-BALLS TOO IF YOU'LL COME AND PLAY AT OUR PLACE ON SATURDAY."

SHOCKING TRAVESTIES.

XIV.—RUSTIC LIFE.

It is perhaps almost unnecessary to mention that novels about rustic life should be drab, very drab. It is usual to place them in Sussex, but there is no hard-and-fast rule. The following story can be translated into Devon or Northumberland for a trifling fee.

BLINDWORMS.

Chapter I.—JACOB AND ELIZA.

The April evening closed with a soft insistent patter of rain. Inside the cattle-shed Jacob Penniford watched Eliza Bantony milking the roan cow. Every now and then a long sigh was heard, a hoof stamped, or a chain scraped in the ring. The hot white jets of milk made musical tinklings in the pail. The girl, her head pressed against the huge strawberry-coloured flank, moved rhythmically with it. The warm sweet smell of cows filled the whole air of the shed. Jacob himself smelt more of loam than of cows. Eliza smelt partly of cows and partly of cheap eau-de-Cologne. He had been courting her for fifteen years.

"Hev you got naun to say to me to-night, Eliza?" he said at last.

"Naun," she replied.

"It's a dunnamany times you've said 'Naun' to me," he complained. "Sims lik you hanker after Mus' Martin yet."

"Sims lik I doan't want you vrothering here till you've a praäper house of yer own fer me to live in," she said tartly, or as tartly as possible, and, leaning back for a moment, she drew her right hand across her forehead, pushing back her fair hair. Several drops of milk trickled down her cheek. She had known that Jacob would ask her again to marry him that night. He had said so when he went out to market with the tegs. Whenever he came back from taking the tegs to market, and even when he came back from taking the yeowes to market, he always asked her to marry him. She did not really love Jacob, although she did not mind his smelling of loam. She was proud of herself and of her dairy and of remembering always to put two dots over her *a*'s and her *o*'s when she talked. But she hated living with her aunt. She wanted a home of her own. And then there was Robert . . .

Jacob went out of the shed and looked across the lane over the big disused quarry called Bodger's Pit, and the meadows behind it, beyond which the roofs of Siltworthy could just be seen. The house called Blindworms, where Eliza lived with her aunt, stood just to the left of the quarry. It had been a manor-house once. Then it had been a comfortable farm. Then it had been an uncomfortable farm. Now it was a ruinous cottage, with two quaint chimneys that thrust themselves high into the air.

The rain had stopped, but another dense bank of clouds was rolling up rapidly from the south-west.

"Looks lik there'll be a valiant lot more rain," muttered the man to himself. Even as he spoke a drop fell on his sinewy loam-stained arm. No secrets of the weather are hidden from the shrewd eyes of the South Saxon folk.

Chapter II.—ELIZA AND ROBERT.

At a point between Penny Rascal and Pike Squattering, two miles after the turning towards Billiam and Squelchooze, and a mile before that which takes you to Trotting Horses, Bog-slaughter and Church Muckwell, there



OUR GARDEN PARTIES, JUNE, 1923.

Considerate Hostess. "MY DEAR, WON'T YOU HAVE A LITTLE HOT SOUP BEFORE FACING THE HOMEWARD JOURNEY?"

is a gate. May had been wet, and in the deep pool of mud caused by the trampling of cattle round this gate stood a girl. Her yellow uncovered head looked almost like that of a struggling swimmer, for the mist that rises every evening from the twin valleys of the Bother and the Bug was already breast-high in the road.

Eliza Bantony was waiting for Robert Martin. Racegoer, hedge-goseller and poacher by turns, the only son of old Mrs. Martin of Blindworms was a disgrace to the countryside and spoken of with hoarse jests and soft Sussex oaths in every bar-parlour between Stickingplaster and Quickshaves. But he had a way with women that no woman could resist. The heart of a Sussex peasant-girl is in general as dull to romantic emotion as her eyes are blind to the beauty of a Sussex lane; but every nerve in Eliza's being thrilled as the crunching sound which she knew to be that of Robert's boots drew near. With a squelch she drew herself out of the mud. He held her to his breast and stroked her hair.

"Raäbert," she said, "you're praäper drunk."

"Wot if I am, wench?" he answered. "You love me, doan't you? Have you bin waiting long? Unaccountable spannelled up wud muck you be, sure-ly."

"Ay, it's valiant mucky I be, Raäbert," she murmured; "but I doan't care so's I'm wud you."

"How's mother?" he said a few moments later.

Robert Martin had not been at home for nearly a fortnight.

"Middlin' tedious queer at times," she told him. "Be you comin' home for a good while now, Raäbert?"

Mrs. Martin had for years been blind, deaf and dumb, and Jacob and Eliza did all the work of the little farm between them, except during Robert's occasional spasms of industry. Mrs. Martin sat all day, even in summer, by the kitchen fire. Occasionally she moaned. When she wished to say anything to Eliza she wrote it down on a slate and rapped with her stick on the tiled floor. Then Eliza would take the stick and rap out an answer in Morse on the old woman's head. There was something sad and terrible about this, and the girl found the long evenings in the Blindworms' kitchen very wearisome to bear at times, for Jacob, who slept at Siltworthy, seldom came round when his work was done. Sometimes she would go out for a time and sit in the cattle byre for company. Sometimes again she would visit the sheepfold and sit amongst the tegs.

Robert Martin smiled at her simple question.

"No, no home-coming for me," he said. "It be larmentäble poor fun at home. I'm fer Lewes races ter-marrer."

"Raäbert," she cried, blushing hotly, "why doan't you come home praäperly fer always, and marry I?"

He laughed.

"Raakon I'm not the marrying sort," he said.

She felt she hated him then. "She felt she loved him too. Then she felt that she hated him again. Then she felt that she loved him as well. The two emotions were mixed. Now hate, now love, was uppermost in her being, but she could not disentangle the two. She was only a simple Sussex peasant-girl. She had had no time to study FREUD. She tore herself away from him and ran down the wet road. In a moment she was swallowed up in the mists that rose from the twin river valleys of the Bother and the Bug. She could not disentangle these two mists from one another any more than she could disentangle her hate and her love. She did not even try. She just ran on.

Robert laughed again. He shrugged his shoulders and dug his hands deep into his coat pockets. In one of them was a Bible. In the other was a gin for hares.

Chapter III.—ROBERT, JACOB AND ELIZA.

It was mid-June at Blindworms.

Mrs. Martin had written down on her slate, "Is Raäbert coming hoöme to-night?" and she had put in the two dots very carefully in both places.

Eliza had tapped three times on her aunt's head in answer, which was the signal for "Yes, un be." And Mrs. Martin had nodded twice.

Jacob was sitting in the kitchen with them. He had not gone home after his work. He had been obliged to stay behind and poultice an ailing teg.

There was a strange sense of boding in the air. It was as if the coming of Robert that night meant more to them all than it had ever meant. Eliza thrilled through her whole body at the thought of his nearness, and could not hide the excitement in her eyes. He must be at Siltworthy, drinking, now.

The lit lamp stood as usual in the kitchen window to guide him home from "The Red Lion," across the fields, for there was no proper path. After a while Jacob got up and began to move restlessly about the room. Eliza did not speak. She was darning one of Robert's thick poaching socks. Suddenly Jacob said—

"I mun go out and look to teg agaän. Art coming wud me, Eliza?"

He took a lantern down from a hook on the wall and lit it, fumbling with the matches. Eliza went out into the night. It was raining sharply.

"Teg's in byre," he said, as he stood at the door. "I put un in there fer the night."

Then he went back softly into the kitchen and blew out the big lamp. Mrs. Martin moaned loudly, but she did not rap with her stick.

Inside the cattle-shed Jacob clutched Eliza's arm.

"Eliza, thou mun marry me," he said insistently. "Raäbert's naun to ee—naun, I tell ee, naun but a larmentäble great sot!"

She stood silent while he argued and pleaded. Now and then the teg bleated piteously. Jacob held her arm more tightly still. He had placed the lantern in a window of the byre. Earnestly though he talked he seemed to be listening for something. Listening.

"I'm going back," said Eliza at last, flinging open the door.

As she spoke there was a sound of falling earth on the far side of the lane, followed by a dull heavy thud and the rattling of small stones.

"What be that?" shrieked Eliza wildly.

Jacob snatched the lantern and they ran out together. Robert Martin lay with his neck broken at the bottom of



Wife. "WHAT SUNDAY IS THIS?"

Husband. "FIRST SUNDAY AFTER ASCOT."

the disused quarry called Bodger's Pit. Eliza fell weeping on his body.

"What could ha maäd un fall?" she sobbed. "What could ha maäd un fall?"

"Sims lik he were valiant drunk," said Jacob. Then he went back softly to the house and lit the kitchen lamp. Mrs. Martin moaned again.

The rain had stopped and there was a moon. The mists, surging upwards from the twin valleys of Bother and Bug, seemed a great sea, in which the tree tops and the two quaint chimneys of Blindworms floated like derelict hulls.

EVOR.

Q. Should a banker tell?

A. Why not? What does he keep a teller for?

NATURE RHYMES FOR NURSRIES.

BUTTERFLY.

BUTTERFLY silver and butterfly gold
Were struck from quartz by the elves
of old.

Butterfly green and butterfly red
A goblin clips from a woodpecker's
head.

Butterfly purple and butterfly blue
A fairy stills from a drop of dew.
Butterfly yellows of every shade
A pixie steals when the butter is
made.

Butterfly browns a brownie sends
Straight from the hole where the rain-
bow ends.

Hundreds and hundreds and hundreds
of things
Go to the making of butterflies' wings.



OUR BALLROOM CAVEMEN.

Masterful Person. "THIS IS THE WAY I USUALLY HOLD MY PARTNERS. IT IS THEN A SIMPLE THING TO MOULD THEM TO MY WILL."

WHITE FLANNEL TROUSERS.

Hints to Bachelors on how to iron them.

FIRST take the trousers off—a golden rule which obviates many subsequent complications. Then, having washed the garments, rough-dry them; in the gas-oven is perhaps the best method. Beginners are warned that hanging them over the bed and blowing on them is a tedious and now discredited process. After drying, carefully sort the trousers into legs, and place one of them along the table in a position convenient for ironing.

Next take an iron, five to seven pounds, and heat it over the gas until it is of the right temperature. Several simple methods of testing the temperature are open to the ironer. A popular and easy one is to hold the iron close to the cheek. If the whiskers are burnt the iron is too hot; if they are only singed it is just right. Should an accident unluckily occur, it may be useful to remember that the one word, "Fire," is sufficient to call up the fire-station. If the extreme course of sending for the

fire brigade is not considered necessary an alternative scheme is as follows:—Go the chemist's and buy three-penny-worth of fuller's-earth; also get seven pounds of plaster-of-Paris and some silver-sand from your oilman. Mix them all in a pail, together with three quarts of water, one white-of-an-egg and a lemon-rind. Then plunge in the burning face. The mixture will be almost immediately effective and the conflagration subdued.

Sometimes it may chance that the ironer has a bald head. This is very useful for testing the heat of the iron. If the instrument is of the right temperature a pleasing sensation, not unlike summer sunshine, will be experienced. This should not be prolonged, as any very unusual experience is apt to be a shock to the system. Should the iron be again too hot the bald head will tend rapidly to brown. An excellent remedy is to baste with melted butter trimmed with parsley.

The actual ironing is of less importance. The instrument should be propelled here and there over the trouser-

leg, and any tendency of the garment to stick to the iron must be firmly resisted. In the event of an unhappy attachment the offices of a bread-knife may be employed to effect a separation, tyre-levers being necessary only in the most desperate cases. Coming along the straight the iron may be given its head, but round corners and over the jumps, such as the permanent turn-ups, steadiness and nerve will require to be cultivated. Should the iron burn the fingers, proceed according to instruction for burnt bald head.

With these few hints we leave the subject, promising the student that if the instructions here laid down have been faithfully carried out he will create a sensation when next he appears on the cricket or tennis field.

Political Candour.

"I want you to bear these facts in mind as the reason why I have always said we will exact the last penny we can out of Germany up to the limit of her capacity; but I am not going to mislead the public on the question of the capacity until I know more about it."

Report of a speech by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.



IN THE CHAMBER OF RECORDS.

WILLIAM OF NORMANDY. "MY GREAT WORK'S STILL GOING STRONG. HOW'S YOURS?"
DAVID OF WALES. "SCRAPPED!"

[The Land Valuation Clauses of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's Finance Act of 1910 have been repealed by a vote of the House of Commons.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 18th.—Dr. NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER was in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery. From the eloquent addresses that he has been delivering up and down the country I gather that he would like the U.S. Government to take a more active interest in world-affairs. It would be interesting to know whether, after listening to the multifarious questions addressed to British Ministers, ranging from Trans-Jordania to Ireland, and from Russia to Dar-es-Salaam, he has in any way modified his view.

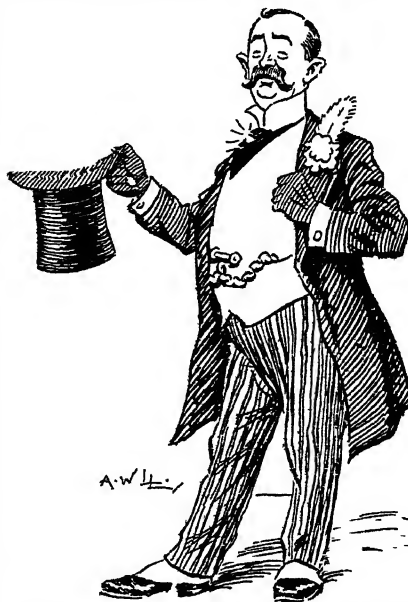
He must have been struck, I think, with Mr. McNEILL's tactful manner in dealing with the difficult questions involved in America's restrictions on British liquor and British immigrants. For the former, he hinted, a *modus bibendi* might be conceded in return for an extension of the three-mile limit to twelve; for the latter, he feared, the only remedy was for British immigrants to go somewhere else.

At present the Foreign Office is resting content with its epistolary triumph over Soviet Russia. Asked what the next step was to be, the UNDER SECRETARY replied that, until the Government saw how the agreement worked, it would be premature to "break fresh ground"—a process too often synonymous, where Russia is concerned, with unearthing another plot.

Equally admirable in phrase and in delivery was Commander EYRES-MONSELL's reply regarding the stoppage of the Admiralty's supplies of turtle from Ascension. For a hundred-and-fifty years, thanks to the initiative of Sir GEORGE YOUNG, great-great-grandfather of Mr. HILTON YOUNG (who, by a happy accident or a capital piece of stage-management, entered the House just as his ancestor's praises were being sounded), My Lords in Whitehall were furnished with calipash and calipee from the island, which for this purpose was rated as one of H.M. ships and was manned by a naval crew. But H.M.S. *Ascension* is no longer to be permitted to "turn turtle"—lest, I suppose, a bad example should be set to other naval units.

Tuesday, June 19th.—Lord STANHOPE, basing himself on the incontestable proposition that if the War had lasted longer our commissariat anxieties would have been even greater than they were, suggested that the Government should calculate in advance the supplies of foodstuffs that would be required in future wars, and formulate their agricultural policy accordingly. Lord CLARENDON said the Government were not unmindful of the problem, but con-

sidered that it would be very difficult, owing to the varying conditions of defence and transport, to fix its limits. If, as other experts tell us, we are all to be bombed into another world at



ONE OF OUR SUPER-TAXPAYERS.

MR. JACK JONES.

the outset of the next war, the prospect of starvation presents no additional terrors.

The announcement that, after spending a hundred thousand pounds on two bore-holes and getting only thirty pounds' worth of oil in return, the Government had abandoned their experi-



"HOIST WITH HIS OWN PETARD."

MR. PRINGLE.

ments in the Lothians, gave great pain to Mr. SHINWELL, who believes that the possibilities of Scots boring have not been fully exploited.

In support, possibly, of his theory,

Messrs. BUCHANAN, KIRKWOOD and MAXTON subsequently wasted a quarter-of-an-hour of Question-time and occasioned a discreditable scene by their attempts, in defiance of the SPEAKER's ruling, to obtain a reply to a Question which was fully answered last week. It is quite time, I think, that Mr. LEES-SMITH repeated the lectures on Parliamentary Deportment which he delivered at the opening of the Session.

The debate on the Finance Bill was enlivened by Mr. JACK JONES's description of himself as a payer of super-tax. Otherwise it went on peacefully enough under the judicious conduct of Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS, who has already learned the difficult art of saying "No" without giving offence. Soon after midnight he said it to a proposal of Sir WILLIAM BULL to repeal certain clauses of the Finance Act of 1909-10, and so get rid of the last vestige of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's land valuation. Sir WILLIAM offered to withdraw the clause, but the Liberals insisted that it should be formally negatived. In the ensuing division the Government Whips were withdrawn, and no Minister voted, but in spite of that the clause was carried by 195 to 126. Hoist with their own petard, as Mr. PRETYMAN put it, Mr. FRINGLE and his friends tried to put the blame first upon the Government, whom they accused of a "breach of faith," and, when that charge failed, upon Mr. TREVELYAN of the Labour Party. It was a quarter past two before the House was allowed to rise.

Wednesday, June 20th.—After giving Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY a brief account of the revolution in Bulgaria, Mr. McNEILL added, "All this information can be gathered from the newspapers." But to a further question as to whether the ex-Tsar FERDINAND was in any way connected with it the Minister replied that he had no information to that effect. Is it possible that he had not seen Mr. Punch's cartoon?

The Committee on Domestic Service costs fifteen pounds a day. Sir HENRY CRAIK was plainly of opinion that it was a waste of money. But think how it has added to the gaiety of the nation!

The MINISTER OF LABOUR was unable to tell Major KELLEY how much of the improvement in trade was due to the resumption of work in seasonal trades, on the return of summer. The hon. Member had omitted to say on what date that phenomenon occurred.

Asked by Sir ARTHUR HOLBROOK to extend the hours for the sale of tobacco, the HOME SECRETARY replied that he was unaware of any considerable demand for the removal of the existing restriction. If Mr. BRIDGEMAN would pay a visit to Fleet Street one of these



Mistress (referring to bronze bust). "THAT, JANE, IS A PORTRAIT OF MY BELOVED FATHER."
New Maid. "Lor', MUM, I SHOULD NEVER HAVE THOUGHT HE'D HAVE BEEN A COLOURED GENTLEMAN."

fine evenings about five minutes to eight and see the agonised rush of journalists to the tobacconists to get the modest ounce which alone enables them to support their arduous labours, he would, I am sure, change his opinion.

Some of the Labour Members would exercise a greater influence by their undoubted gifts of speech if they were not so firmly possessed of the idea that all the evils of the Commonwealth are due to Capitalism. It was rather pathetic to hear Mr. BUCHANAN end an eloquent argument against applying the "cat" to a particularly vile type of criminal by declaring that these wretches were a product of "Capitalist society."

The same notion pervaded many of the Opposition speeches on the Report stage of the Housing Bill, and eventually provoked from Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN the uncompromising declaration that the bias of the Bill must be on the side of private enterprise. The Socialists lifted up their voices in horror at this assertion, but (in spite of Ascot) did not seriously diminish the Government majority.

Thursday, June 21st.—Lord NEWTON was alarmed by a report that a Select

Committee was to consider the question of the sittings of Parliament, "in consultation with the Authorities of the House of Lords." Much as he respected those officials, he considered that the Peers themselves should be represented on the inquiry, which would, he hoped, incidentally put an end to the myth that the House of Commons consisted of hunting-men. Lord SALISBURY allayed his fears with the assurance that the tribunal proposed would be a Joint Committee of both Houses. Without reflecting upon the sporting proclivities of the Lower House he handsomely admitted that the interests of hunting must not compete with the work of Parliament.

Scotland's latest grievance, as presented by Captain WEDGWOOD BENN, is that the new time-gun at Edinburgh Castle is indistinctly heard throughout the capital. Some of the burgesses have made bitter complaint, I understand, that through not hearing the report they have missed their usual hour for taking a "hauf one," with serious detriment to their digestions. Colonel GUINNESS was cruelly unsympathetic. He reminded his questioner that neither London nor Dublin required this violent reminder, and flatly refused to

increase the charge of the gun—and the taxpayer.

The Labour Party's Bill to increase the Minimum Wage of the miner under the Coal-mine Agreement brought forth many excellent speeches. Mr. ADAMSON, who moved it, relied chiefly on sentiment, and advised the House not to worry about where the money was to come from. Mr. J. C. GOULD produced a mass of statistics to show that to adopt the proposal would be to ruin the industry. Mr. HARTSHORN countered with an array of equally plausible figures demonstrating the poverty-stricken state of the average miner. Sir P. LLOYD-GREAME pointed out that the miners were at least better off than the ship-builders and engineers, and warned them not to exchange the solid benefits of the Agreement for "a statutory mirage."

In the course of winding up the debate the PRIME MINISTER once more revealed the vein of idealism that runs through his hard common-sense, and begged the miners to show the statesmanlike virtues of "courage and patience," and not prematurely to wreck an Agreement which, apart from its advantages to themselves, furnished a great example to other industries. The Bill was rejected by 230 votes to 154.

AT THE PLAY.

"SUCCESS" (HAYMARKET).

I NEED hardly say that the word is here used ironically. Nobody—and Mr. MILNE least of all—would think of calling a play "Success" if the word was to signify, as it quite well might, the achievement of some very noble quest. Here, of course, it means "what the world calls success" (as the good books say). When we first meet him *The Rt. Hon. R. Selby Mannock, M.P.*, who had started by neglecting the chance of a love-match, and making a marriage of social convenience that would help his career, has had this kind of success, is indeed within a stride of the apex of his political ambition, the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. But he has lost his soul in the process. Success (in the author's happy phrase) has "closed in upon him" and gradually crushed it.

It is, with a difference, the situation in *Youth and Art*, where the woman reproaches the man:—

"But you meet the Prince at the Board;
I'm queen myself at *bals-paré*;
I've married a rich old lord
And you 'redubbed Knight and an R.A.
Each life's unfulfilled, you see;
It hangs still, patchy and scrappy;
We have not sighed deep, laughed free,
Starved, feasted, despaired—been
happy."

With a difference, for here the man worked honestly at his ambition, while Mr. MILNE helps his argument by making his *Mannock* (a diminutive, I assume, like "hillock") attain success by influence, by tactics not too honest and by a knowledge of his Prime Minister's foibles.

But his soul is not finally crushed without a great struggle. A meeting with an old schoolfellow revives memories of the girl they both loved in their boyhood. The next day he happens, by a useful coincidence, to be entertained, after a speech in the country, at a house where he and Sally used to stay in their young days. He sleeps, for choice, in his old room that was next to hers, and sees her in a dream that recalls their old intimacy and shows him what a mess he has made of his life. The next morning he comes upon her in their old haunts, and she turns out to be his hostess, *Lady Carchester*, wife of a drinking peer. She still cares as much as ever for her boy-lover, and he easily gets her to promise to go away and live with him in some suitably secluded spot. He only stipulates for a week in which to settle his affairs, which will naturally need a little rearrangement. As in *The Statue and the Bust* (BROWNING again), the morality

of this method of emancipating his soul is not allowed to affect the question.

He honestly means to see it through, but the habit of "success" is too strong for him; and when, with five days of the week yet to run, he is offered the Exchequer, he telegraphs to put the lady off.

It is the ambition of every good humourist to be taken seriously (at the right time), and Mr. MILNE was bound before very long to give us a play with a weighty motive. If we still think that humour is his best gift, he has at least made us believe in him in his new aspect. Anyhow the critics cannot this time repeat their rather dull complaint that he doesn't put enough stuff into his

Anybody who knows his reminiscent Etonian ought to have appreciated this.

I think it a fault in the play that we are shown very little of the woman's side of the matter. The tragedy of *Sally (Lady Carchester)* was at least as great as *Mannock's*, and it was not of her own doing, which must have made it worse to bear. Yet in the rather slight and colourless picture that we get of her she doesn't seem to have aged a single day in the course of some twenty years or more of disappointed love.

If I have another fault to find, it is that Mr. MILNE is apt to assume too quick an understanding on the part of his audience—though, as a rule, that is a rather gracious fault. I don't complain that the argument of his dream-scene (for the rest a charming fantasy) was difficult to follow; that is the way with dreams. But I do complain that I was left hazy—and so were some even more intelligent friends of mine—about the identity of the second-rate person who turned out to be *Lord Carchester*, and about his relationship to *Sally*, who turned out to be his wife. It is no good telling me that I ought to read my programme (where the characters are given in the order of entrance) if the theatre is in darkness.

I thought too that Mr. MILNE assumed in *Lady Carchester* a greater intelligence than could be expected of her when *Mannock*, by way of letting her know that he had cancelled his proposed elopement, telegraphed the cryptic words, "I beg your pardon." His secretary, to whom he dictated this private telegram (would he have done that?), wanted to know if she would be likely to understand it. It seemed a reasonable, if rather obtrusive, question to ask. *Mannock* replied that she would; but I doubt it. If I had been *Lady Carchester* I should have taken it to mean that he was merely apologising for the impropriety of his proposal; and I should have wired back, "Don't mention it."

Mr. MILNE was exceptionally well served by his company. Mr. CHARLES CHERRY's *Mannock* was really admirable in all moods. Mr. REGINALD OWEN, as *Bertie Capp*, gave a clever study of a P.M.'s Private Secretary, an autocratic position that lends itself to an eyeglass and other indications of pompous cynicism. Mr. REGINALD BACH, in a very distinctive sketch, showed us how relatively humble may be the status of a mere Cabinet Minister's Secretary. Mr. HALLIWELL HOBBS had a difficult task with the character



THE PARTY WHIP RECEIVES NOTICE OF A PAIR.

Lady Jane Mannock . . . MISS GRACE LANE.
Bertie Capp . . . MR. REGINALD OWEN.
Freda Mannock . . . MISS JOYCE KENNEDY.

work. But with this new solidity he loses nothing of the lightness of his touch, though perhaps his humour is here more cynical because it has to do with the seamy side of politics. *Mannock*, it is unnecessary for me to tell you, is not of Mr. MILNE's persuasion; and indeed at one time, when his son revolted against his Parliamentary morals and showed signs of Socialistic tendencies, I feared that we were in for a political tract. But the author spared us this trial, and nobody's feelings could have been offended by dialogue so fresh and closely "observed." I was particularly pleased—though nobody else seemed to share my joy—with a remark made by *Mannock's* daughter when he and his friend *Eversley* began to talk of old days. "Was he your fag at school," she asked, "or were you his? It's always one or the other."



RACING TAGS FOR TOUGHS.

A CASE OF "COMING UP UNOBSERVED ON THE OUTSIDE."

of *Eversley*, the school-friend of *Mannock*, and his performance was as good as anything in the play. Mr. JOHN WILLIAMS, who played *Mannock's* son, was fresh and natural, as always, and Miss GRACE LANE, in the worldly-wise part of *Lady Jane Mannock*, had many subtleties of expression. The dream-children, Masters BROMLEY and SHAW and Miss RITA SEYMOUR, as *Nite, Squier* and *Buteus Maiden*, made a brave show.

Finally—she was the last to put in an appearance—Miss MOYNA MACGILL, as *Sally*, was very pleasant indeed to look on, but at least a couple of decades too young for a contemporary of the middle-aged *Mannock*. I found her also far too static. I am certain that *Sally* would never have sat so still at such a crisis of her career. And surely she might at least in her character of hostess have moved to greet her guest, even if he had not been the love of her life.

A good play, I think; perhaps the best that Mr. MILNE has given us, and that is saying much. But I still look forward to the time when he will shake himself clear of the BARRIE influence (I am tired of being forced to recognise this influence in his work) and face the problems of human existence without

the adventitious aid of what *Bertie Capp* would have called the dream-stunt.

O. S.

GREETINGS TO GEORGE FREDERICK.

THOUGH the old, who shy at "movements,"

Find it hard to keep abreast
With the progress of improvements
Making mainly for unrest—
Such as pictures in the papers
Of the lipstick-using clan,
And the epileptic capers
Of disciples of SUZANNE;—

Though the char-a-banc's incursion
Devastates our rural nooks;
Though we find but scant diversion
In the films of vamps and crooks;
Though we travel ever faster
To the earth's remotest shores,
And the voice of the broadcaster
Pierces through our bedroom doors;—

Though unending talk of "gesture"
Dominates our Prassmen's prose;
Though the modern woman's vesture
Harder in its outline grows,
Since the call of medish duty
Forced her to be slim and straight,
And the curves of rounded beauty
Vanished from the fashion-plate;—

Still, amid the general welter,
Certain features stand like stone;
Certain souls can find a shelter,
An oasis of their own;
And, eschewing the Satanic
Snortings of the jazz baboons,
Simple folk, from Deal to Alnwick,
Still delight in simple tunes.

Still the music-loving million
To the Crystal Palace flock,
Filling Paxton's glass pavilion
Thrice a week at two o'clock,
Undeterred by high-browed sneering
At their lack of taste and brains,
Simply for the joy of hearing
HANDEL's everlasting strains.

A Topsawyer.

"Good All-round Man, not too young; can do anything from sawing wood to dictating letter to an Archbishop."

Advt. in Canadian Paper.

Our Sporting Metaphorists.

"Whitcombe has been knocking continually at the door of fame for the past three or four years, but he has never quite reached the top-most rung of the ladder."—*Daily Paper.*

"At long last one of the younger school of British professionals has won his golfing spurs. For years they have been banging at the door with little success."—*Sunday Paper.*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE are not so many writers of historical romance that one of the ablest of them can be allowed to quit the ranks, even for a season, unregretted; but I think Miss MARJORIE BOWEN has more than justified the departure which gives a modern Italian setting to *Stinging Nettles* (WARD, LOCK). This setting, a desolate villa backed by pine-trees and the tram-line to Viareggio, and faced by "the grey tumble of the waves" that overwhelmed SHELLY, is admirably adapted to the tragic story of *Lucie Simonetti*, English authoress, her husband, *Pio*, epileptic, consumptive and moral degenerate, and *Carlo Ghisleri*, the great Venetian doctor whose fortunes become intertwined with theirs. *Lucie* is one of those unequally developed women who have less than the normal esteem for passion and intellectual companionship, and look upon the possession of children as the highest, if not the only, prerogative of lovers. *Pio* has failed her on all three counts, and her "Farnese Hercules" of a Venetian—an interesting type interestingly presented—proposes to make amends for his deficiencies, but is thwarted by his own skill and *Lucie's* refusal to anticipate her husband's death. Their long dilemma and its strange conclusion are treated with poignant sympathy and charm. The English prologue and epilogue strike me as unnecessarily ugly, though no doubt Miss BOWEN might reasonably plead their value as foils to the graciousness of the rest.



A STREET COMEDIAN SUFFERING FROM STAGE-FRIGHT ON BEING CONFRONTED WITH A QUEUE OF HIGH-BROWS.

You remember the "Squeak!" quoth she, "I'm out of it all!" with which the slim mouse of the nursery-rhyme watched from an obscure and narrow hole of her own the cat's *battue* of her great relations? Something of this (I admit) discreditable exultation I experienced on finishing *Silhouette* (CHAPMAN AND DODD), in which Miss A. M. ALLEN pounces with a characteristically feline admixture of claws and tenderness on the feminine element in the League of Nations. I know my exultation is discreditable. I know I ought to feel a certain compunction on seeing the flower of public-spirited womanhood represented as having considerably less humour, refinement and generosity than the average Mothers' Meeting. I know I ought not to take it for granted that Miss ALLEN "knows her Geneva" quite as intimately as her publishers suggest. I know *Miss Eustacia Lee Howard*, applicant for the post of International Secretary and described by another delegate as "a Bosom and a Voice," is not intended to be typical, though I am afraid her colleague is. Yet the air of Miss ALLEN's arena is sufficiently shrill with the voices of representative publicists to leave me additionally thankful that I have no personal stake in their activities. Considerable care has been lavished on the drawing of one admirable figure, the middle-aged Labour delegate known as A. G. She more than repays her creator's artistic outlay.

Mr. H. A. VACHELL, yarn-spinner by trade, forester by adoption and horseman by paramount conviction, puts the action of his new story in and about the New Forest country and more particularly in *The Yard* (HUTCHINSON) of one *Tom Kinsman*, a horse-dealer honestier than the common run of his calling and full of that queer loveliness which comes to those who deal kindly and knowledgeably with the finest of the friends and servants of man. A Zeebrugge hero, now stockbroking, arrives in the forest to hunt the fox, the stag and one of the daughters of an old squire-centaur. The gallant sailor, much at sea on a horse in his first hunt and deplorably mis-clothed, finds a comrade and coach in *Tom's* daughter, *Margery*, who has the highest courage and the lightest hands in the county. The Squire's daughter is carried off by a hard-riding Baronet, leaving our hero free to consider the possibility of what his ambitious father is inclined to view as a misalliance; and obstacles to the course of true love are duly negotiated. I didn't quite believe in the murder of *Tom's* long-absent wife, which was only a patent device to get old *Tom* into

trouble and haul him out with flying colours. But I found *Margery* a most attractive and unusual heroine; and I commend this history to all, whether of the authentic hunting brigade or mere outsiders who like a clearly-told tale. Mr. VACHELL delivers himself of much wise and kindly counsel as to acquiring mastery over the horse and at the same time winning his friendship. But I do think that he writes a little too easily, and I add him to my fast-growing list of authors who have been guilty of misapplying that fatal tag of *Hamlet's*—

"more honoured in the breach than the observance."

I am not quite sure, in spite of her quotation from ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON—"to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive"—that I really understand why Mrs. BEATRICE KEAN SEYMOUR has called her new book, *The Hopeful Journey* (CHAPMAN AND HALL). It begins in 1853, and traces the lives of a woman, her daughter and granddaughter, with several others of each generation, bringing the family history down to the present day. *Judith*, the grandmother, bows to the "alien tyranny" of "larger bones and stronger sinews" and regards unfaithfulness in husbands as regrettable but inevitable. *Eve*, her child, at the opposite extreme, punishes her devoted *Frank* to the end of his life for something that happened long before they married; while *Mona*, their tolerant daughter, discriminates between her feelings to the extent of electing to be the mistress of *Garth*, whom she loves in one way, and, after his death, a devoted wife to the detestable *Shane*, whom she loves in another. There is something "hopeful," I admit, in travelling towards a point of view which makes equal demands upon, and offers equal sympathy to, men and women; but *Mona* and *Shane* do not seem very happy examples of its effect. The end of *The Hopeful Journey* lacks something of the distinction of the beginning, but the



"No, Mr. JENKINS DON'T TAKE ME TO ASCOT. YER SEE IT AIN'T QUITE THE 'AIL-FELLER-WELL-MET' WHAT THE DERBY IS."

book is so full of thought, observation and interest that I went willingly, if a little uncertain as to my destination, every step of the way.

Dedication (CAPE) is by HENRIETTA LESLIE, and opens with *Jimmy Younger* standing in the middle of the Agricultural Hall at Islington, having come up from his Northern farm with the intention of buying a patent mechanical milker. But he is too genuine a lover of the country to appreciate this base if economical device, and so leaves the Hall with his money still in his pocket. It comes in useful shortly afterwards when he meets *Sarah Atherway*, about to drown herself in the river at Chelsea. *Sarah* had written a novel called *The Thread*, exposing the horrors of the dressmaking business, and now had thoughts of committing suicide because she did not feel equal to repeating the success of that Zolaesque work. So *Jimmy* must needs give her the money designed for the mechanical milker and eventually marry her. In the end, being one of those fellows who can never do enough in the way of self-sacrifice, he gives up also Five Ponds Farm, which had been in the family since the Wars of the Roses, and comes to a Bloomsbury lodging-house because *Sarah* cannot write in the country. And then the bank that holds his money fails—not an uncommon blow in fiction. *Sarah* at length finishes her second novel, only to be told by her publisher that he wouldn't have it at a gift. Incidentally he brings it home to her that in her self-absorption she may have been a trifle hard on poor *Jimmy*; so that in the end she permits him to take her out to Australia and try farming again. A simple but not unpleasant work, of the sort that reviewers are apt to call "com-

petent," constructed in workmanlike fashion, but unlikely to arouse violent enthusiasm.

A Tale of Indian Heroes (HUTCHINSON) contains the stories of the *Mahābhārata* and *Rāmāyana*, reduced to portable size by Mrs. FLORA ANNIE STEEL. The *Mahābhārata* in its literal English translation runs, so we are told, to "thirty-two thick volumes." Mrs. STEEL has contrived to compress both this epic and its twin into one volume of tolerable dimensions. As far as I am capable of judging, for I do not pretend to have traversed the originals, the work of abridgment has been excellently done. *Bhishma the God-given* stands out as a magnificent figure, fearless, superbly wise and faithful unto death. Through all these tales there shines the glamour of great deeds. And they abound in the beauty of wisdom, of which the following passage affords an instructive example: "So *Kaikiya* cast off her ornaments, dishevelled her hair, and, putting on a garment of woe, threw herself down in the anger-chamber that was reserved for Queens in a passion." An admirable idea this anger-chamber, and I could wish it were not confined to ancient times and reserved for queens. In many houses of to-day it would be as useful as a bath-room.

"To the Editor of *The Daily Express*.

Sir,—What is 'the lost story of the grouse in the gunroom,' to which you allude? I have never heard of it, and I am a keen sportsman."

Most authorities consider that it refers to the dangerous expression of discontent on the part of the middies when rounders on the quarter-deck was prohibited.



DEPRESSIONS.

A FAINT watery gleam was diffused through the air, and the upper edge of what is believed by astronomers to be a round yellow-coloured ball appeared for a moment above the barrier of gloom.

"Hallo!" said a strangled voice. It is very difficult, of course, to speak nicely through a muffler.

"Well?" said the lugubrious citizen, who had been examining the turf of his tennis-lawn, with a frown.

"Don't you know me?" asked the voice. "I am Sol, you know, Old Sol. You must have seen pictures of me in the Art Galleries, a bright young man in a chariot with four flaming horses in front. You must have read about me in the papers. They mention the number of hours that I shine at the spas and the various seaside towns."

"Oh, yes, I remember now," grunted the other. "'001 Brighton, '002 Blackpool, and all that sort of thing. But I'm afraid I get your quotations rather mixed up with those of the German mark."

"Now I call that being really rude," cried the Sun rather shrilly.

"Well, I don't know," grunted the citizen. "If there's anything besides the mark that suffers from such a tendency to dwindle and fluctuate as you do, I should like to know what it is. We've had rainy summers before. I can stand *them*. You always used to shine for an hour or two between the storms, and that dried the grass a little. But this kind of continual cold cloudiness on the top of all my other miseries"

"Such as —?" inquired the reputed disc.

"Well, taxes for one thing. If I were to tell you what my expenses are one way and another, now that the children—"

"Please, please!" protested the Sun, looking more watery than ever.

"And servants. I wonder if you have the faintest idea how impossible it is to get a well-trained parlour-maid?"

"If you don't mind, I think I shall go in again for a moment," said the Sun.

"Or a cook," continued the citizen inexorably. "I don't know whether you'll believe me, but only the other day our cook"

"I can stand almost anything but that," wailed the so-called source of light. "Don't, *don't* tell me what your cook did the other day!"

"It's precious little *you* know about cooking, anyhow," sneered the other. "And look at the political troubles I have to contend with too. The Ruhr, for instance, and the Near East. I'll tell you what it is; I

believe a great many of these matters would have righted themselves already if we had only had a little sunshine to help. People would have been happier and more contented, and it would have oiled the wheels."

"Now you really are being unreasonable," cried the alleged orb. "I notice also that you haven't mentioned trade. Perhaps you haven't happened to remark that your exports are going up every day?"

"I suppose you think you're going to take the credit for that?" growled the citizen. "People are working harder, perhaps, in order to keep themselves warm."

"And then there's your stable Government. You mustn't forget your stable Government, you know."

"Don't let me hear that word 'stable' again for goodness' sake. I backed Town Guard."

"Did you really?" said the Sun, almost smiling. "I suppose you picked up over Ascot, though."

"Well, if I'd only backed the King's horse for the Hunt Cup

"There you are again," argued the Sun. "There no staunchness about you. You put no faith in the King's horses, and none in mine. Have you any more petty inconveniences to mention before I retire for the day?"

"Hundreds of them. There's a *coup d'état* in Bulgaria, and a chaos in China, and a lack of houses and first-class lawn-tennis players at home. But I think I could stand nearly all of them if only the weather improved. Look at my strawberries and my peas. And I suppose you're not going to deny that the polo season started three weeks too late, all owing to you?"

"You talk," replied the ailing luminary, "as if I liked not shining. You seem to think it's fun for me to have to go about in an overcoat. As a matter of fact it's my one desire to make you comfortable and happy. But I am not responsible for these depressions from Nova Zembla or wherever it may be. They come upon me unexpectedly and swallow me up, just as reparations, crises and increased taxation and loss of championships come upon you. It is precisely for that reason that I have arranged with a very old friend of mine, whom, by the way, I happen at this moment to see approaching

And, pausing here, the Sun actually managed to hoist the greater portion of his face for a moment above the cloud barricade and to make a futile attempt at a welcoming smile.

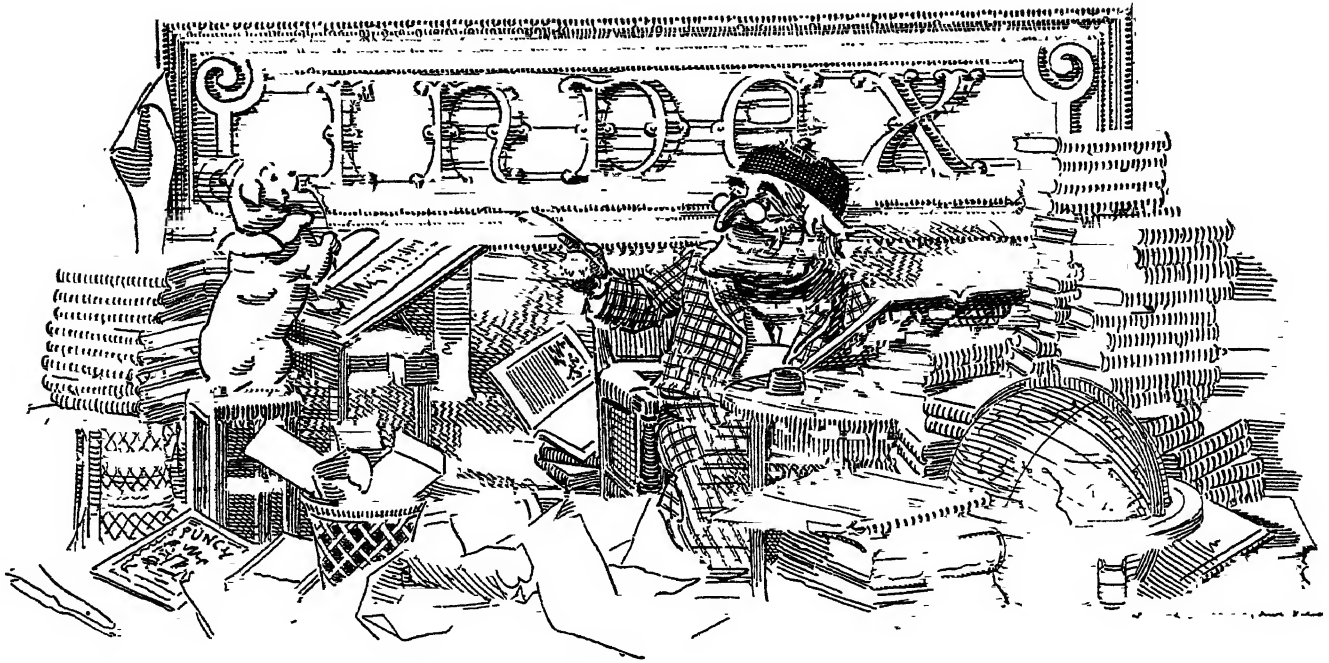
"I should never have thought you had such a bright-looking friend," remarked the citizen, turning with considerable relief towards the little old gentleman who now appeared upon the scene. "And what may be your arrangement with him?"

"Merely to produce an illustrated essence of the sunshine which I am unfortunately prevented from distributing myself, and

"And to present it to you," said Mr. Punch, who had now drawn near enough to be able to perform his appointed task, "in the shape of my

One Hundred and Sixty-Fourth Volume."





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